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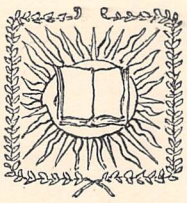

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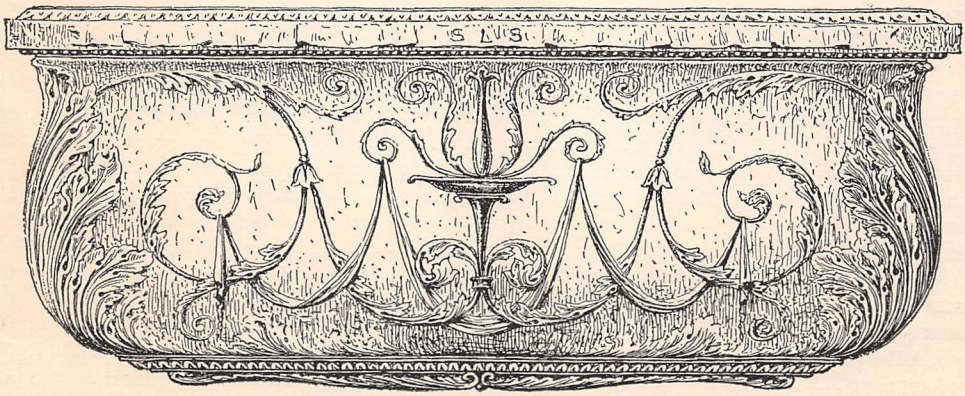

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THE MIRROR.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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A SUBURBAN COUNTRY PLACE.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.

THERE have been times when the word «suburban» rang pleasantly in the ears of the citizen of New York. Such must have been the times, long ago, when Greenwich village and Chelsea village were the summer resorts of local magnates, and when Harlem village (legend affirms it) was a health-resort so placidly umbrageous, Dutch, and small that people who could not sleep in town were sent out there, assured of a week of unbroken slumber. And such, again, were the nearer times when all the isle was still suburban north of Washington Square, covered with farms, and dotted with country mansions that were often set in forest-like domains, and often fronted on the East or the North or the Harlem River.

Claremont, at the end of Riverside Drive, near the tomb of General Grant, suggests in a rather humble way what these mansions were, and in a very magnificent way what their outlooks were. Others linger, desecrated, here and there, closely pressed by new-laid brick and stone. And away up at the extreme tip of Manhattan there are still a few quiet, shady places which may call themselves suburban in the old and honorable sense. But everywhere else around the outskirts of Manhattan the term has gained an unattractive, hybrid meaning. To speak it with pleasure, New-Yorkers must apply it to those remoter regions which can be reached only by a railway journey of considerable length. And then it is incorrectly applied, for a real suburban place is rural in aspect, but urban in convenience—private, green, and peaceful in itself, yet close in touch with the true self of the town.

Our other great Eastern cities tell almost the same suburban story as New York. Only Boston has fared better. Here, too, in some directions, the old suburban villages have been cut into parsimonious villa lots or solidly built over. But in other directions they survive, and retain to a great degree their genuinely rural look. They are threatened by the town, but not yet overborne. And thus they have historic interest as well as intrinsic charm. They tell of fast-vanishing conditions which can never be revived, because suburban life, to be at its best, needs for its center a city of the first importance and yet of modest size, with neither railways nor trolleys to carry its crowds and its hastiness far afield.

II.

THE most beautiful suburban country place that I know lies near Boston. One view of it was shown the readers of THE CENTURY some time ago in an article describing the work of its owner, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, in creating the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University.[1] It lies only four

[1] «A Tree Museum,» by M. C. Robbins: THE CENTURY, April, 1893.

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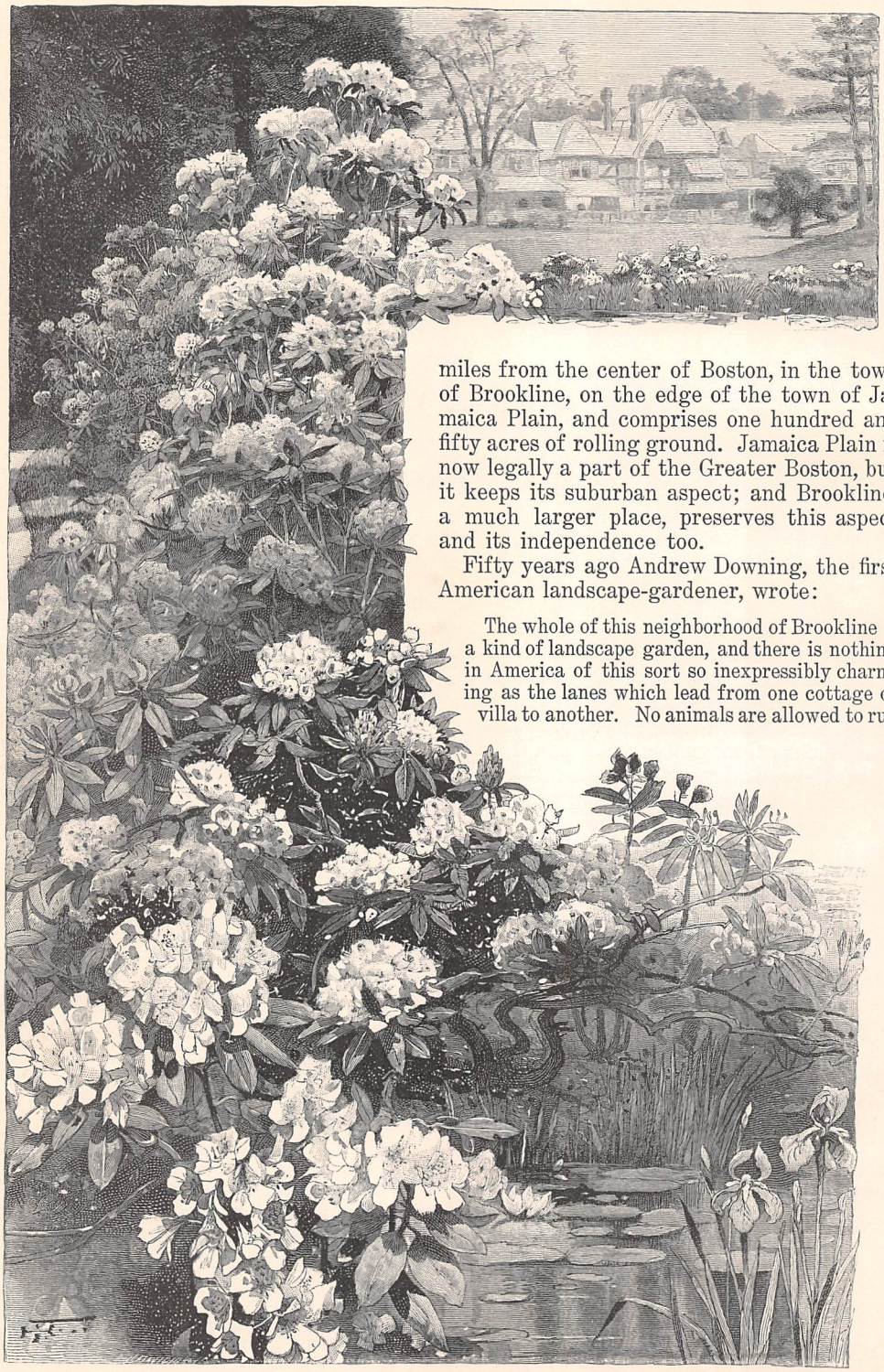


miles from the center of Boston, in the town of Brookline, on the edge of the town of Jamaica Plain, and comprises one hundred and fifty acres of rolling ground. Jamaica Plain is now legally a part of the Greater Boston, but it keeps its suburban aspect; and Brookline, a much larger place, preserves this aspect and its independence too.

Fifty years ago Andrew Downing, the first American landscape-gardener, wrote:

> The whole of this neighborhood of Brookline is a kind of landscape garden, and there is nothing in America of this sort so inexpressibly charming as the lanes which lead from one cottage or villa to another. No animals are allowed to run

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

AMONG THE RHODODENDRONS.

at large, and the open gates, with tempting vistas and glimpses under the pendent boughs, give it quite an Arcadian air of rural freedom and enjoyment. These lanes are clothed with a profusion of trees and wild shrubbery, often almost to the carriage-tracks, and curve and wind about in a manner quite bewildering to the stranger who attempts to thread them alone; and there are more hints here for the lover of the picturesque in lanes than we ever saw assembled together in so small a compass.

Brookline has now some eighteen thousand inhabitants, and of course it does not look just as it did in Downing's time; but with regard to its southern portions Downing's words are still surprisingly true. The picture that it leaves upon the stranger's mind is a far-spreading, varied picture of broad and well-built winding roads, and narrower, wilder lanes, all canopied by goodly trees, and of pleasant, unobtrusive houses, large and small, encircled by grounds that are sometimes very small but often almost park-like in extent, with trees to rival those by the roadside, smooth turf, luxuriant shrubs, and prolific flowers. And the most careless eye perceives that if such a town had been built on a level, it could never have been Brookline. Brookline's site was naturally picturesque—richly wooded, everywhere rolling, in some parts really hilly, and often boldly broken by huge gray ledges of rock. Thus every place has personality, and plays its part in a panorama of perpetually changing charm. But the most beautiful and most interesting of all is Mr. Sargent's. It is larger than any other, it is very diversified in surface, and it has been treated with exceptional artistic skill.

«Holm Lea» is not an old place in the sense that, as we see it, so our great-grandfathers saw it in their day; but it is old in the sense that for generations it has been a suburban home under conditions similar to those which prevail to-day. Several suburban places have been united to make this large one—altered, remodeled, virtually recreated; but the traditions of the spot have not been broken or its spirit changed.

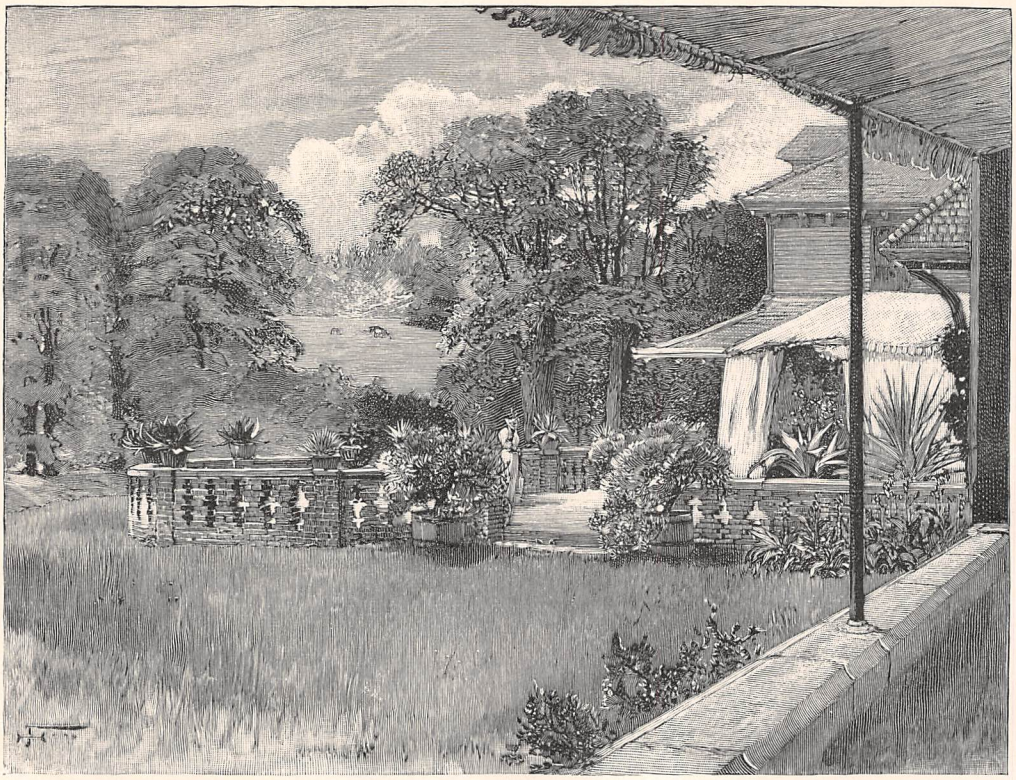
The State-house stands only four miles away, and in less than half an hour one may drive into the heart of the city along the beautiful new parkway, seven miles in length, which runs from Boston through Brookline to Franklin Park in Jamaica Plain. Yet the conformation of the ground, assisted by its skilful planting, makes this place of one hundred and fifty acres appear much larger. When the trees are in leaf no eye can discern where its boundaries lie, or can cross the foliage of the middle distances to dwell upon anything except far-off hills and spires; and even in winter there is scarcely any visible proof that it forms part of a large town close to a very large city. Everywhere it affords

AZALEAS IN THE TENT.

a sense of unthreatened peace, of intimacy with unthreatened nature, which could not be more complete if woods and fields alone encircled it; and this fact amply justifies that lack of extended outlooks which, of course, would be an unpardonable fault if its surroundings were really fields and woods.

III.

Mr. Sargent's house has been altered and enlarged more than once during the last twenty-five years; but its oldest, central portion has a special interest for students of



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

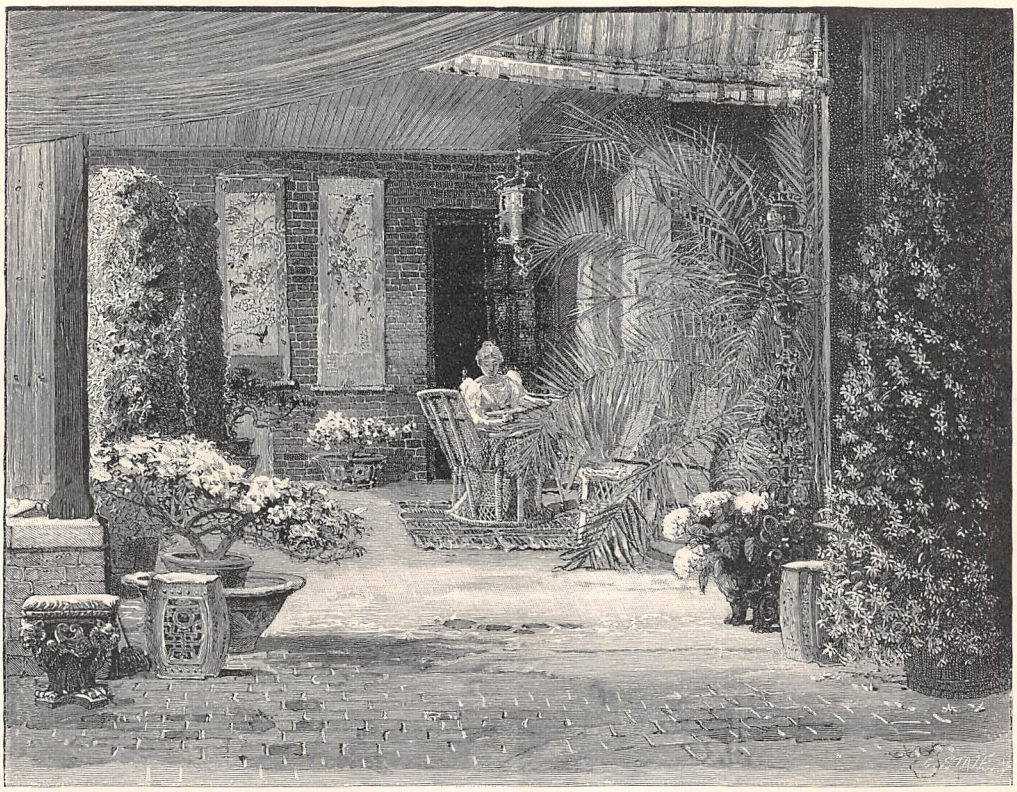
THE OPEN TERRACE.

the history of American horticulture, because it was once the home of Thomas Lee. Downing, in his «Landscape Gardening,» says in regard to the cottage of Thomas Lee:

> Enthusiastically fond of botany, and of gardening in all its departments, Mr. Lee has here formed a residence of as much variety and interest as we ever saw in so moderate a compass—about twenty acres. It is, indeed, not only a most instructive place to the amateur of landscape-gardening, but to the naturalist and lover of plants. Every shrub seems placed precisely in the soil and aspect it likes best, and native and foreign rhododendrons, kalmias, and other rare shrubs are seen here in the finest condition. There is a great deal of variety in the surface here, and while the lawn-front of the house has a polished and graceful air, one or two portions are quite picturesque.

This is what I meant when I said that the traditions of Holm Lea have remained unbroken and its spirit unchanged. The place created by an amateur horticulturist, who was locally famous and useful in his time, has not been surrendered to the Philistines. It has passed into the keeping of a man of similar taste and of much profounder knowledge and wider fame. The old Lee house is the nucleus of the present house, and the old Lee place, when joined to one that had long been owned by Mr. Sargent's father, became the nucleus, the artistic center, of the domain which has since been extended much more widely.

The house as it now stands is unpretentious, and can be classed with no recognized «style» except the native rural American. Yet it is not by any means an ugly house. Its frank simplicity is a great merit; all its features evidently serve the ends of comfort and convenience; and, moreover, it looks at home on the spot where it stands. This, in the country, is the main thing,—the fitness of the house to its environment,—and therefore general outlines are more important than any features or details. From every point of view this house looks well, because it composes well with its surroundings, and stands solidly and comfortably upon the ground, as though it had been built because just here nature had specially prepared for a house of just this kind. But of course nature had done nothing of the sort, nor did accident evolve the harmony which now exists. The proportions of the house have been considered with reference to its station and its backgrounds, the near plantations have been adjusted to



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

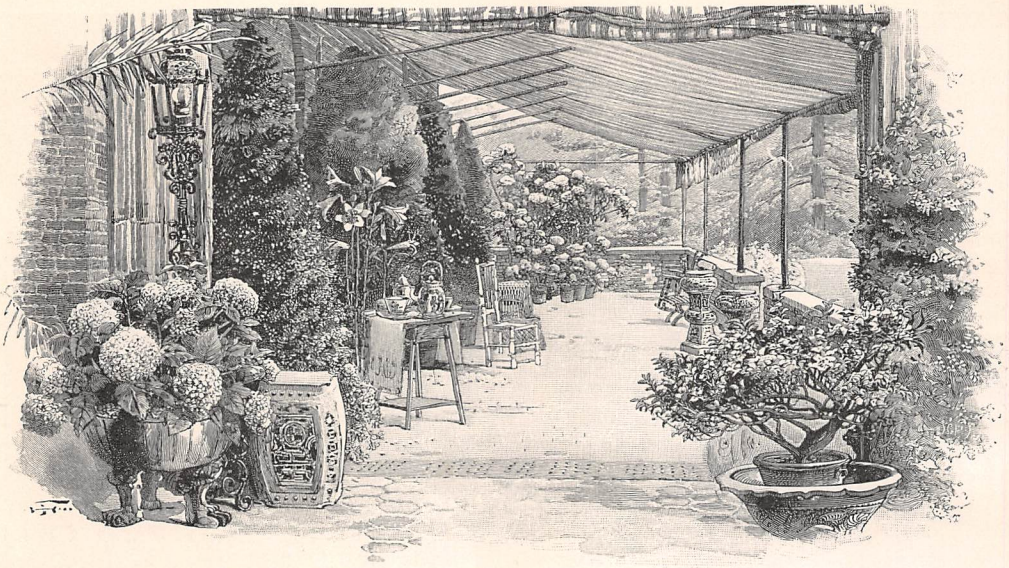
THE OPEN TERRACE.

its presence, and its walls have been artistically united with the soil by suitable terraces and by fringing lines and masses of shrubs.

As it is with the house, so it is with every part and corner of the place. None of its features is the result of accident. Each, in one sense or another, is the result of art. And this is the reason why I have wished to speak about it. As far as they go, Mr. Fenn's drawings describe it better than any words; and if the whole of its interest lay in its obvious appeal to the eye, more drawings and no text would be the better commentary. But just as truly as any landscapes ever painted upon canvas, these living ones, wrought upon the surface of the ground, are the outcome of man's imagination and sense of beauty, of his judgment and executive skill. If we do not realize this fact, we cannot rightly value their loveliness or their apparent naturalness; above all, we cannot appreciate the most remarkable merit of the place—the way in which many landscape pictures, differing widely in their character, have been combined with breadth, repose, and unity of general effect. Holm Lea justifies a written commentary because it is an admirable object-lesson in regard to the aims, the methods, and the possible results of landscape-gardening art.

IV.

THE work of the painter, the sculptor, or the architect is throughout a work of creation. His brute materials are supplied to him, but the thing which he makes with them is in all its parts his own. On the other hand, the landscape-gardener is not wholly a creator. The thing which he produces was in some degree begun by nature. His task is to originate in one spot, but to preserve in another, to suppress here, and to alter there. Yet rearrangement and elimination are artistic processes as truly as invention itself, and in each and every case the result—the finished work of art as a whole—is novel, is artificial, is a created thing. Thus the artist in gardening stands, as an artist, with the painter, the architect, and the sculptor, just as the poet who turns a true tale into a work of art ranks as high as the poet who invents his theme. But every one does not remember these facts. The triumph of landscape-gar-



ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE TERRACE.

dening—of the naturalistic as distinguished from the formal branch of gardening art—is to create results which look as though, with very little assistance, nature might have produced them in some particularly gentle and human mood. And therefore nature usually gets the credit for almost the whole of the landscape-gardener's work, just as she does for almost the whole of the story-teller's when his tale is known to be «founded upon fact.»

If the next stranger who visits Holm Lea could be told in detail how the place has been made,—patiently and artfully, year after year and day after day, acre by acre and foot by foot, always with the intrinsic charm of every smallest feature, yet always with the broad effect of the whole, steadily kept in mind,—he would probably be much amazed. But if he chanced to know something of nature and something of art, he would not be amazed at all. He would be aware that nature had simply covered these slopes and levels with the wild beauty of unbroken forests. He would understand that the changes wrought by centuries of human possession could not result in civilized beauty without the exercise of artistic intelligence. He would tell you that in every branch of art intelligence means imagination, knowledge, and patience—the imagination which foresees desirable results with clearness, the knowledge which knows how to produce them, and the patience which shuns no difficulties, is eager to remedy all mistakes, and thinks nothing really good if it possibly can be bettered. And he would add that the landscape-gardener stands especially in need of all these qualities because his materials are not inert. Nature's materials must be handled with reference to her own intentions and her own methods; and as they keep on growing and keep on dying, the task of creation and the task of elimination are never at an end. The most perfect pictures must perpetually be retouched, and sometimes a new ideal must be substituted for one which can no longer be completely realized.

V.

PROFESSOR SARGENT'S house is intended for winter and for summer habitation. The long brick piazza (shown in perspective on this page as you would see it if you were sitting beside the young lady portrayed on page 7) is covered only by a canvas awning. When this is removed in cold weather the drawing-room windows receive the afternoon sun, while in warm weather the light that filters through it shows at their best the ornamenting ranges of potted plants, brought from the greenhouse in their blossoming season to be replaced by others as their beauty wanes. But that part of the piazza where the damsel sits is solidly roofed for greater coolness in summer, and in winter is inclosed as a conservatory; and beyond it spreads an open brick terrace, delightful, above all, on moon-lit summer nights, when the planta-

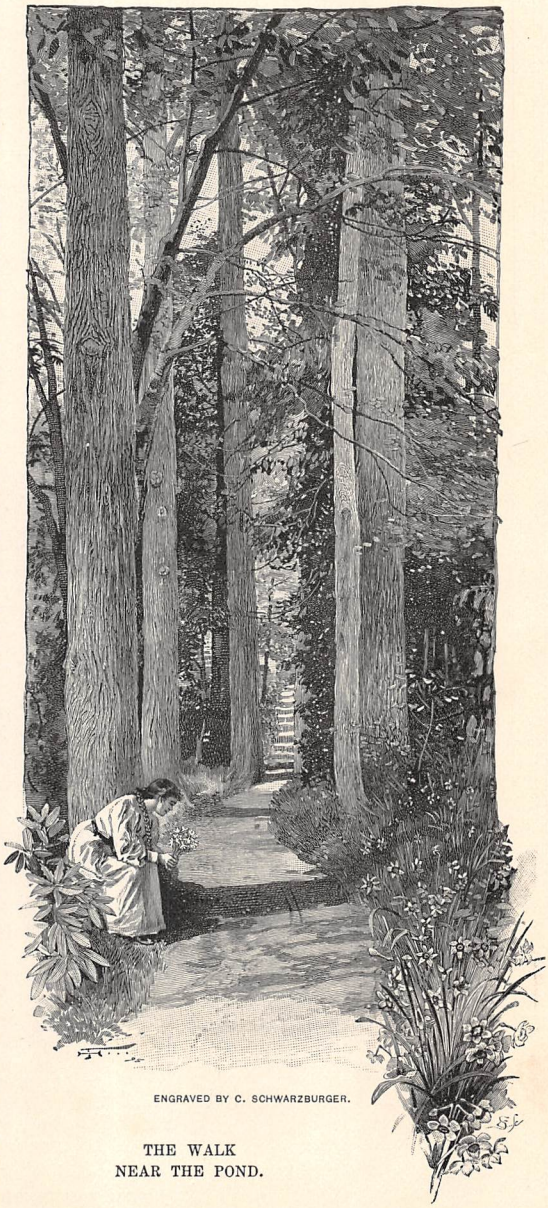
tions around the lawn, silhouetted against the somber blue, show that their sky-line has been as carefully considered as the masses of light and shadow and the contrasts of color they reveal in the daytime.

I should like to describe the splendid display of hothouse azaleas which in June fills the tent that occupies the inner corner of this terrace; but our concern just now is with landscape-gardening, not with displays of movable plants for a temporary decorative purpose. And something quite as splendid can be found if we cross the lawn and, down by the borders of the pond, look at the hardy rhododendrons which two of our pictures show.

There are fine rhododendron plantations in other parts of Brookline, but none of them is half as beautiful as this one at Holm Lea. Here the results which nature produces when she is doing her very best with these plants have been most perfectly reproduced and most sympathetically improved upon by the hands of science and of art. Lovers of moisture, the rhododendrons flourish here like the bay-trees of the Bible. All those of defective form or with blossoms of unpleasing color have been weeded out, so that no discordant note mars their blaze of purple, crimson, and white. Inharmonious plants of other sorts are not allowed in their vicinity; and the mirror which lies beneath them doubles their number while it softens and relieves their vivid contrast with the background of emerald turf.

Now compare the drawing on page 10 with the one on page 11. They give us the same outlook, with only a slight difference in the points of view, but they suggest entirely different pictures. One shows an early week in June, and one an early week in May; and thus retracing the days of a single month, we almost seem to have gone to the edge of another pond. In June we scarcely notice the landscape, except as a happy background for the rhododendrons; but in May these play the subordinate rôle. Their dark evergreen foliage, supported by the still darker green of the group of pines on the knoll, serves as a foil to the bright tones of the grass and of the low plants by the water's brink, and to the varied tender tints of the budding trees; and the center of interest is now the big magnolia, with its burden of pale pinkish flowers, which in June makes a quiet, dark spot at the foot of the tall hickory.

Thus you will find it everywhere at Holm Lea. Each locality changes its character with the changing seasons, yet is always a natural-seeming picture, artistically complete in color and in form; and each feature has its time of special importance, yet at all other times helps the effect of its neighbors, and therefore is never intrusive or even unimportant. For instance, the Japanese apple-tree shown on page 13 outshines all its neighbors when it is in bloom—a hill of a myriad delicate blossoms, rosy pink at first, and, as the days go by, changing to snowiest white. It is then the most beautiful object within the borders of the place, or, I verily believe, within the borders of Massachusetts. But it is also a



ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE WALK
NEAR THE POND.

charming object during its longer weeks of simple green, and in size and shape suits its environment and enhances the charm of all adjacent things.

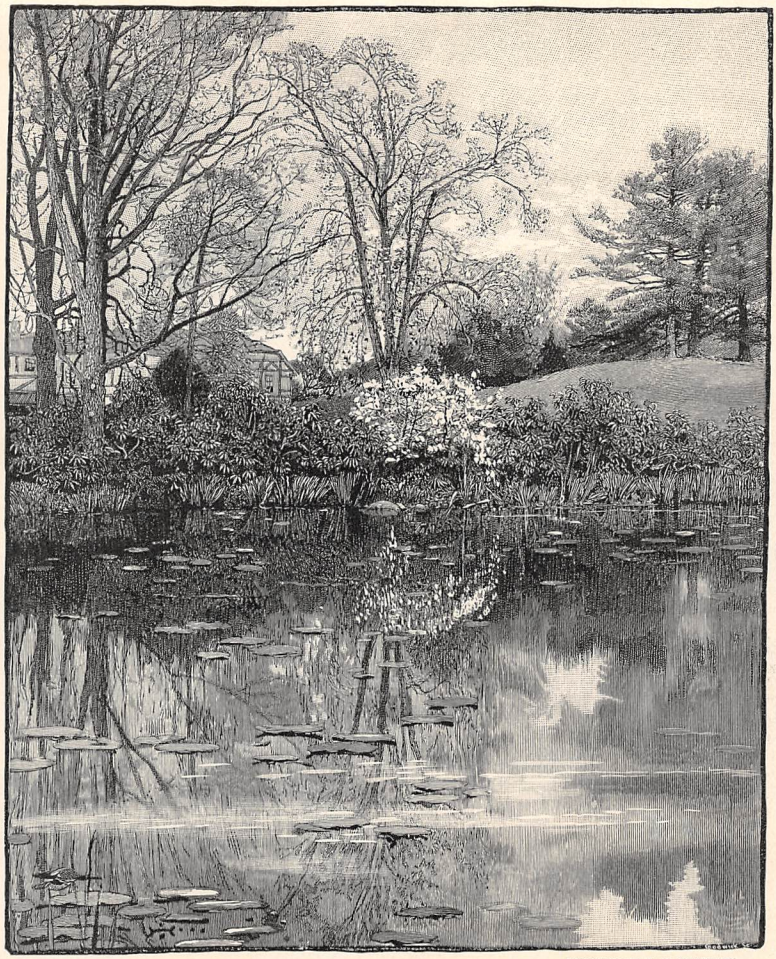
There are many other specimen plants of striking kinds at Holm Lea, and some of them are rarities which delight the soul of the botanist or the horticulturist. But there is none which an artist cannot also admire. The place for mere curiosities is in scientific collections. In these artistic landscapes everything must have personal beauty, and must stand where it increases general beauty.

You would weep if I could tell you of all the pitiless executions which have occurred at Holm Lea since I first saw the place ten years ago. For even the executioner almost wept over them sometimes, and you cannot realize, as he did at the moment, or as we who are familiar with the place do now, how excellent his reasons for them were. The ax is never carelessly lifted at Holm Lea. Months, or even years, of patient preliminary thought control its work. But when the greatest good of the greatest number clearly calls for elimination, neither value, age, nor intrinsic beauty can save the life of a flower or shrub or tree.

From time to time the various ornamental plantations have been thinned at the sacrifice of many fine individual plants that were overcrowding others which could less well be spared. And many beautiful single trees, old and young, have been removed, because they reduced the apparent size of the lawns or injured that aspect of breadth and repose which only unbroken stretches of turf can bestow, or because they shut out desirable prospects, or interfered with the development of still finer specimens, or in color, form, or texture failed to harmonize with their immediate neighbors, or marred the general effect of some particular landscape picture. Now and again the ghosts of these

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

NORTH END OF THE POND IN JUNE.



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

NORTH END OF THE POND IN MAY.

trees haunt the memory of those who knew and admired them; yet we cannot wish them alive again, for their death conduced to beauty of life in everything which remains.

VI.

Now let us look at the pond again, for we have seen only one of its corners. Turning this rhododendron corner, we pass (as in the picture on page 9) through a grove of great hickories and oaks to a spot where an enormous white willow widely overhangs the water. Its mass of silvery-gray foliage effectually separates the rhododendrons behind us from an equally vivid array of hardy Ghent azaleas which are massed along the shore that lies in front of us. Often we see these two kinds of plants closely combined and blossoming together. But not at Holm Lea: its owner knows too well that a rhododendron gamut of purples and crimsons cannot harmonize with such scarlets and yellows as the Ghent azaleas bear.

Look now at the picture on page 12. The whole shore of the pond is fringed with ornamental water-plants, which seem as spontaneous as the marsh-marigolds in a country brook; and certainly the edge of this meadow—white and yellow with buttercups and daisies, exquisitely contrasting with the richer splendor of the rhododendrons on the opposite shore—does not look as though the hand of man had touched it. Yet no part of these banks is natural, for the pond itself is not natural. Its basin was excavated some twenty years ago, and the water was supplied by damming a little brook. Every foot of the shore has been artificially outlined and adorned. But artifice here meant true art, and therefore nature has gladly acquiesced in it, sympathetically carrying out

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

SOUTH END OF THE POND.

those completing details to which, in this branch of art, she must always attend.

You may have seen natural ponds as beautiful as this one, but their character is not the same and would not be appropriate here. Here the eye demands a kind of beauty which, while it looks spontaneous, is really civilized, refined, and delicately finished, or, as the writers of Downing's time would have said, is «polished.» No spot where nature does the planting is likely to remain equally effective through all the seasons of the year. No natural pond could be as variously adorned as this one, for its flowering plants have been brought from many parts of the world, and some of them owe their charm to long years of horticultural care. And every natural pond is more or less marred by the scars and defects wrought by death and decay. Look again at the drawing on this page. The tupelo-tree, which spreads its horizontal arms above the group of rhododendrons in the center, is just the right tree for just this spot, and in autumn its crimson foliage strikes as fine a dominating note of color as do the rhododendron flowers in June. Eliminate the drooping branches of the elm toward the right, and the composition is ruined. Repeat them on the other side, and it would not be a composition at all. And here, as everywhere at Holm Lea, all such facts are proofs of that true kind of creative work which, with a wise understanding of nature's possibilities, knows what to originate, what to alter, and what to destroy.

VII.

THESE words also define the kind of work which is needed to adjust a bit of wild landscape to surroundings and accompaniments of a more «polished» sort.

Downing found some parts of the Lee place distinctly picturesque, and thus they

still remain. Picturesqueness always implies a certain degree of wildness, and there are parts of Holm Lea which, in fact, look entirely wild. Mr. Fenn had the most important of them at his back and on his left when he was making the picture of the little valley (on page 15) upon which the entrance front of the house looks out. Here, lifted high above the level of the valley and the pond, lies an extensive stretch of wild woodland, interspersed with glades and rocky ledges really romantic in their charm. The aboriginal forest—cut down, who knows when or how?—has been spontaneously replaced by fine second growths of oak and pine and beech, and those varied flowery undergrowths for which New England woods are famous; and here and there rise single pines of much greater stature, relics of the aboriginal forest—spared, who knows by whom or why?

One may wander long amid these woods and think as little of landscape-gardening as of Boston's near-by streets; yet they are what they are because the hand of art has tended them. The Philistine would have cut them down and civilized their site, in the belief that they were out of keeping with the rest of the place. Or else he would have thought them too sacred to be touched, and allowed them to grow into impenetrable thickets. He would not have known how to unite them harmoniously with the softer landscapes, and therefore they would really have been out of keeping. But the artist has made them beautiful and accessible without destroying one iota of their natural air. Dead or dying or painfully imperfect trees and branches have been removed in due degree, which, of course, does not mean in the same degree desirable elsewhere. Young trees and shrubs similar in kind to the indigenous growths have been planted where bare spots threatened. The ax has occasionally been used where destructive overcrowding appeared. And where the wood meets the turf of the valley, isolated trees, projecting shrubs, and fringing wild flowers make so gradual a transition that even the clipped grass wins a spontaneous air.

The pictures on pages 14 and 16 show, from just beyond their boundaries, those remoter portions of the place which are not devoted to purely ornamental ends. They present still another type of landscape beauty. These effects are pastoral, not gardenesque

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

A JAPANESE APPLE-TREE.

or picturesquely wild. But these, too, have been consciously secured, carefully studied, and artistically developed.

VIII.

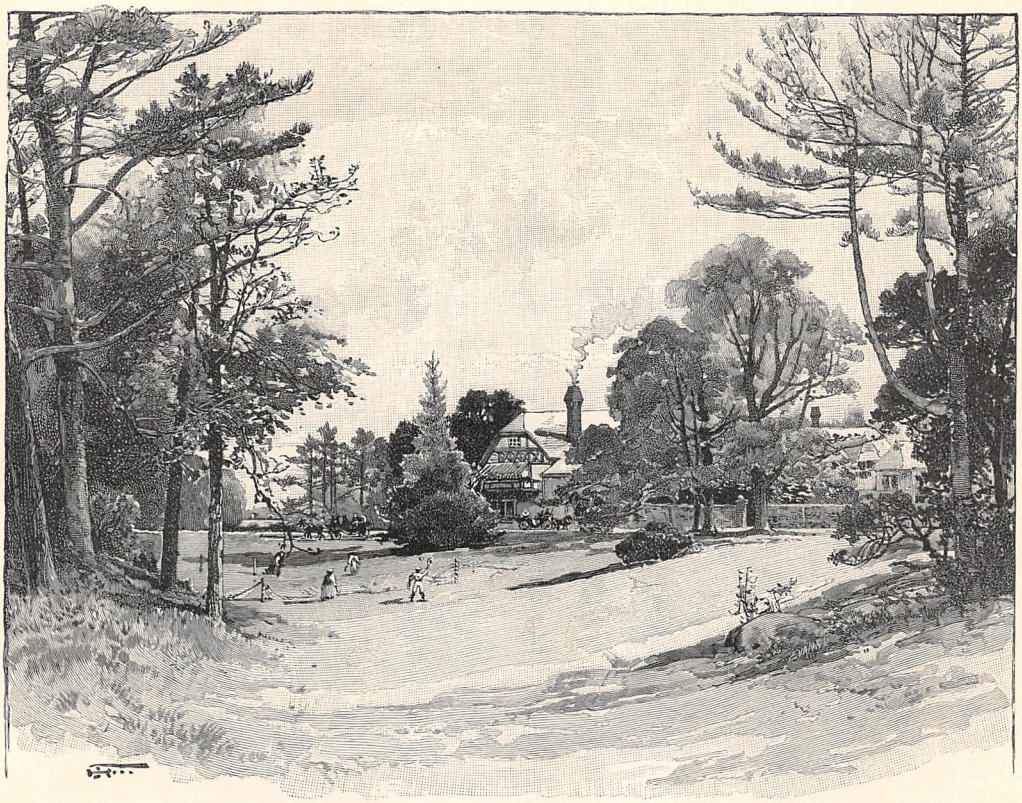
It would be difficult to decide which are the most beautiful of the many and varied landscape pictures that have been made at Holm Lea. The seemingly wild, the rich and polished gardenesque, and the simply pastoral pictures all seem, in their turn, the most beautiful that could be made.

This is partly because they have all been so skilfully united that as we pass from one type to another, the one seems naturally to blend into the other; and it is partly because, at the same time, they have been so skilfully separated and inframed in foliage that a point of view which shows the perfection of one type isolates it from all objects that could impair its peculiar charm. Moreover, each type of picture has been developed where that type was most clearly demanded by the position of the house and the natural character of the ground; and within itself each and every picture has been kept free from inharmonious details.

I do not merely mean that Holm Lea shows none of those glaring mistakes which are apt to reveal themselves when much ambition and much labor have been spent upon a country place—conspicuous artificial features introduced into would-be naturalistic scenes, or would-be picturesque, crudely naturalistic features introduced into soft and polished scenes. I mean that a feeling for the virtues of concord and unity has directed the choice and the placing of even the smallest plant. Of course no garden plants deface with inappropriate bits of beauty the glades or the edges of the wild woodlands. Not every plant which grows here is self-sown, but all of them might have originated in the company of those which really sprang up of themselves. And when I wrote that even in the gardenesque landscapes, where greater latitude of choice is permissible, each plant must be beautiful and must help general beauty of effect, I implied that none exist which are palpably dissimilar in aspect to the indigenous vegetation. Some are exotics from far climes, and some the gardener's hand has improved beyond mother nature's recognition. But they are all hardy in this climate, growing all the year round where we find them in summer; and they all accord in general character with the character of New England's

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE MEADOW.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY.

native dress. Palms and bamboos, cacti and aloes, and scores of other attractive plants of unmistakably foreign aspect, are cultivated at Holm Lea; but they are kept in the greenhouses or used for the decoration of the house and its piazzas. They are not set about the grounds in summer, pretending to grow where they stand, and marring with their tropic air the effect of the products of the temperate zone.

Need I now assert that, as all the outdoor pictures at Holm Lea are naturalistic pictures of one kind or another, they include no formal flower-beds? There is only one such flower-bed on the whole place. You may see it in the angle formed by the piazza walls near the steps in the picture on page 6. Here architectural formality justifies a brilliant bit of floral formality which would be as distressingly discordant upon the bosom of the peaceful lawns, or by the graceful borders of the pond, as in the heart of the wild-wood itself.

Nevertheless, Holm Lea is more richly adorned with flowers than any other country place I know. Its blossoming trees and, above all, its blossoming shrubs, growing freely and luxuriantly, make it a glorious place of color all through the spring and early summer months, sweeping the ground with their pink and red, their white and yellow and lilac robes, now standing proudly alone, now massed in huge bouquets of blossom, and now sprinkled through the borders of the larger plantations. In the spring narcissi by the thousand, wild hyacinths, trilliums, fritillaries, forget-me-nots, and their like, bloom in the grass wherever it is not kept closely shorn, and around the borders of the pond and along the edges of the shrubberies; and they need none of the costly care which plants that are «bedded out» require, but after their first establishment appear afresh as spring follows spring, with their scattered sparkles or their almost solid sheets of bloom. In their wake come the children of the summer and the fall, enchanting every day, but most splendid in the day of the rhododendrons and the Ghent azaleas. When the flowers are perishing more color follows, for the larger plantations have been arranged with an eye to autumnal harmony and brilliance as well as to spring brilliance and summer harmonies of varied green; and also

with an eye to that winter beauty which may be won by a judicious use of plants with evergreen foliage, bright-hued branchlets, or persistent decorative fruit.

Then there are the many kinds of garden flowers which cannot be required as details in landscape pictures, and which ruin these pictures if intruded among them in our customary semi-formal ways. These are also grown, and lavishly, at Holm Lea; and its gardener, Mr. Zander, has made himself a notable name by his great success with them. But they are grown by themselves, near the greenhouses in one corner of the place, where they can be tended with the greatest ease, where their several beauties can be well appreciated when the visitor seeks them out, and where they interfere with the effect of no naturalistic scene.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

UNDER THE ELM.

IX.

SOMETIMES we fancy that, in this America, we have learned to appreciate gardening art and to understand how it ought to be applied in this case or in that. But discouraging signs of blindness, apathy, or misconception meet us at every step, and where we might least expect to find them. Our costliest, most ambitious, and most polished country places are often less artistic than our smallest and humblest; and the architect whose own work is most intimately connected with the gardener's very seldom comprehends his aims, appreciates his difficulties, or rightly values his results.

Our architects have, indeed, begun to perceive the need for gardening art as an accessory to their own, but hardly as yet its intrinsic dignity, its lawful freedom, its right to stand by itself on an equal height with the other great arts of design, and to aim at ideals and work with methods peculiar to itself. Very often they quote as defining and concluding the whole matter a bit of Parisian studio parlance: «Gardening is the sauce of architecture.» Truly; but in the same sense

that apples are the sauce for roast goose. Apples have other uses than this, and gardening has other rôles to play than as a docile adjunct to the lines of a building. There are many cases, as in public parks, where gardening must furnish the solid food for the eye, while architecture can but garnish it and flavor it a little. And there are many other cases where those formal gardening schemes which architects most easily understand are distinctly inappropriate, where naturalistic methods of treatment must be chosen, and where, in consequence, architecture must consent to play the subordinate part.

Holm Lea, of course, is an instance of this kind. Only a very dull eye could look upon the grounds of Holm Lea as mere accessories to its buildings, or could think that this is what they should have been made. Virtually they exist because the buildings exist—because people wished to make their home upon this spot, and therefore wished to civilize and adorn it. But artistically it is the other way about. The treatment of the grounds has been inspired by their natural character (by their formation and their native vegetation), and the buildings have been adjusted to it. And only in this way could a place of so much beauty have been created upon a site of this kind, amid American suburban conditions, and with due reference to American habits of life.

Now, in conclusion, I may write down two important truths which, taken together, constitute the very important truth that I wished to enforce when I began this little commentary. The first of them is this: All the science, all the patience in the world, will profit a landscape-gardener little if his sense of beauty has not been developed by the persistent observation and study of beauty both in nature and in art. An artist in gardening is not born ready made, or fostered by scientific acquirements, any more than an artist with paint or chisel. On the other hand, and this is the second truth, all the artistic instinct, all the artistic training in the world, will not make a man a good landscape-gardener unless he has much scientific acquaintance and much practical experience with plants.

As regards both general scheme and completing details, Mr. Sargent has created his own place. But this is not to say that any owner of a country place, or any botanist, or any artist, is able to make as fine a one. It required, so to say, a union of these three personalities. The charm of the artistically composed landscapes at Holm Lea is greatly enhanced by the variety of the trees and shrubs and flowers which compose them; and quite as remarkable, and even more helpful to beauty, is the flourishing condition of every plant and the rapid development of every young plant—a development which seems almost magical to one who knows how hard the average planter must struggle with his nurslings, and how often he must confess defeat in the end. Thus wide botanical and horticultural knowledge are revealed by the artistic plantations of Holm Lea no less than by the scientific ones of the Arnold Arboretum. Mr. Sargent's public affiliations have been with men of science, but in early life he had a wise artistic counselor in his uncle, Henry Winthrop Sargent, who created one of the most charming places on the Hudson River, and transmitted to his nephew the inspiring influence of Andrew Downing. And the impulse thus received has been sedulously fostered by a love for art of every kind, and by a wide acquaintance, in many parts of the world, with nature's fairest products and with the gardening achievements of our own and antecedent times.

If Mr. Fenn had made a hundred drawings at Holm Lea, each might have been used as a text to enforce this fundamental truth: Landscape-gardening is a genuine art, an independent art, a very difficult art, and one which demands much knowledge of other than artistic kinds. No superficial amateur, and no professional man of one-sided training, can create a really fine country place of a highly civilized and polished sort, perfectly adapted to the needs and tastes of its owners, entirely appropriate to its situation, completely realizing the natural possibilities of its site, displaying the full resources of modern horticulture, delighting the eye with pictures of the most diverse kinds, and satisfying it by their combination into a harmonious whole. The genesis of a country place like Holm Lea requires the mind of a scientific botanist, the hand of a practised horticulturist, the heart of a lover of nature, the eye of a trained artist—and, besides all these, the beautiful patience of Job.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

(*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XVII.

ON this night of the 2d of October, Jack told me we should move next morning or the day after. He had seen General Wayne on an errand for our colonel. «A strong talker, the general; but as ready to fight as to talk.» In fact, ammunition was issued, and before dawn on the 4th the myriad noises of an army breaking camp aroused me. It was a gray morning overhead, and cool. When we fell into line to march, Jack called me out of the ranks.

«There will be a fight, Hugh. Mr. Howe has sent troops into Jersey, and weakened his hold on the village, or so it is thought. In fact, you know that, for it was you that fetched the news. If—I should get killed—you will tell your aunt—not to forget me—and Darthea too. And my father—my father, Hugh—I have written to him and to Miss Wynne—in case of accident.» The day before a fight Jack was always going to be killed. I do not think I ever thought I should be hit. I had, later in the war, a constant impression that, if I were, it would be in the stomach, and this idea I much disliked. I fell to thinking of Darthea and Jack, wondering a little, until the drum and fife struck up, and at the word we stepped out.

I have no intention to describe more of the fight at Germantown than I saw, and that was but little. It seemed to me confusion worse confounded, and I did not wonder that Graydon had once written me from the North that we were in a «scuffle for liberty.» The old village was then a long, broken line of small, gray stone houses, set in gardens on each side of the highway, with here and there a larger mansion, like the Chew house, Clieveden, and that of the Wisters.

The ascent from the city is gradual. At Mount Airy it is more abrupt, and yet more steep at Chestnut Hill, where my aunt's house, on the right, looks down on broken forests, through which the center marched by the Perkiomen road. As to the fight on our right wing, I knew nothing of that for many a day.

As we tramped on our march of at least a dozen miles, the fog which the east wind brought us grew thicker, but there was less dust. About dusk of morning we came out of the woods, and moved up the ascent of Chestnut Hill, where I wondered to find no defences. There were scarce any houses hereabouts, and between the hill and the descent to Mount Airy our own regiment diverged to the left, off the road. There were hardly any fences to trouble us, and where the lines were broken by gardens or hedges, we went by and remade the line, which was extended more to left as we moved away from the highway.

At last we were halted. I was thinking of the glad days I had spent hereabouts when we heard to right the rattle of muskets. McLane had driven in the advanced picket of the enemy. Then the right of our own force fell on some British light infantry, and, swinging the left on the right as a pivot, our own flanking regiment faced their guns, so that we were in part back on the main road. The sun came out for a little, but the fog thickened, and it was lost.

I saw Jack look at me, and noticed how flushed he was, and that his face was twitching. So heavy was the fog that, as we saw the guns, we were almost on them. To see fifty feet ahead was impossible. I saw two red flashes as the muskets rang out. There were wild cries, quick orders: «Fire! fire!» And with a great shout we ran forward, I hearing Jack cry, «The bayonet! the bayonet!» I saw in the smoke and fog men fall to right and left, and in a moment was after Jack, who stood between the guns, fencing with two big grenadiers. I clubbed one of them with my butt, and Jack disposed of the second.

Meanwhile the English line had broken, and men who had fallen hurt or were standing were crying for quarter. I saw none given. It was horrible. Our men were paying a sad debt, contracted on the 20th of September, when Gray surprised Wayne at

Paoli, and there were no wounded left and few prisoners.

It was a frightful scene, and when the officers succeeded to stop the slaughter, the account had been mercilessly settled, and there was scarce a living enemy in sight. Hastily reforming, we went on again, more to left of the main road, through tents, scattered baggage, dying horses, and misty red splotches where the scarlet uniforms lay thick on the wet grass. As we pushed on, the fog broke a little, and a confused mass of redcoats was seen, some running, and some following tumultuously their colonel, Musgrave, into the solid stone house of Clieveden, while the larger number fled down the road and over the fields.

Meanwhile Sullivan's people came up. Two cannon set across the road—they were but four-pounders—opened with small effect on the stone house. The fire from the windows was fierce and fatal. Men dropped here and there, until Jack called to us to lie down. We were at this time behind the mansion. As we lay, I saw Jack walking to and fro, and at last coolly lighting a pipe. Our company lay to the left a little, and away from the rest of the regiment. I called to Jack:

«Let us rush it, Jack, and batter down the back door.»

Jack, as I rose, called out to me, with a fierce oath, to keep still and obey orders. I dropped, and as I did so saw an officer with a white flag shot down as he went forward to ask a surrender.

Then we were ordered to march, leaving a regiment to continue the siege; a half-hour had been lost. We went at a run quite two miles down the slope, now on, now off the main street, with red gleams now and then seen through this strangeness of fog. The British were flying, broken and scattered, over the fields.

I heard «Halt!» as we swung parallel with the road at the market-place, where the Grenadiers made a gallant stand, as was known by the more orderly platoon firing. Then we too broke out in great blaze, and after, what with fog and smoke, a fight in a cellar were as good.

The next minute our people came down the highway, and, between the two fires, the English again gave way. I heard, «Forward! We have 'em!» Some near me hesitated, and I saw Jack run by me crying, «The bayonet, men! After me!» I saw no more of Jack for many a day. We were in the wide market-place—a mob of furious men, blind with fog and smoke, stabbing, clubbing, striking, as chance served. My great personal strength helped me well. Twice I cleared a space, until my musket broke. I fell twice, once with a hard crack on the head from the butt of a musket. As some English went over me, I stabbed at them madly, and got a bayonet thrust in my left arm. I was up in a moment, and for a little while, quite unarmed, was in the middle of a confused mass of men raging and swearing like maniacs. Suddenly there was no one to be seen near me; the noise of muskets, the roar of cannonry, red flashes in the fog in front—that was all, as I stood panting and dazed. Next I heard wild cries back of me, and the crash of musketry. Stephens's division, coming up behind us, began to fire, mistaking us, in the infernal darkness, for an enemy. Our people broke under it, and, passing me, ran, beaten; for the panic spread in the very moment of victory.

I turned, not understanding, stumbled over a dead man, and suddenly felt as if a stone had struck my left leg above the knee. I fell instantly, and for a time—I do not know how long—lost consciousness. It could have been but a few moments.

When I came to myself, I got up, confused and giddy, and began to walk, but with painful difficulty, stumbling over dead or wounded men. Our people were gone, and I saw no one for a little, till I heard the quick tramp of feet and saw through the fog the red line of a marching regiment almost upon me. I made an effort to fall to one side of the street, but dropped again, and once more knew nothing. I think they went over me. When evening came, I found myself lying with others on the sidewalk in front of the Wister house. How I was taken thither I know as little as any. I was stiff, sore, and bloody, but soon able to look about me. I found a bandage around my leg, and felt in no great pain unless I tried to move. Men in red coats came and went, but none heeded my cry for water, until an old servant-woman, who during the fight had refused to leave the house, brought me a drink. I knew her well. I tried to tell her who I was, but my parched tongue failed me, and a rough corporal bade her begone. My watch, a good silver one, was stolen, but my money-belt was safe.

Beside me were many other wounded, one man hideous with his jaw broken; he seemed to me dying. By and by soldiers fetched others. Then a detachment of Virginians went past, in their fringed skin shirts, prisoners, black with smoke, dirty and sullen. Surgeons' aids came and went in and out, and

soon the sidewalk was crowded with the wounded. At last they carried a dying general into the house. I asked his name, but no one answered me. It was the brigadier Agnew, now lying at rest in the lower burial-ground by Fisher's Lane.

An officer came and counted us like sheep. About nine a row of carts stopped,—country waggons seized for the purpose,—and, with small tenderness, we were told to get in, or at need lifted in. I was put, with eight others, in a great Conestoga wain without a cover. Soon a detachment of horse arrived, and thus guarded, we were carted away like logs.

The road was never good, but now it was full of holes and cut up by the wheels of artillery. I shall never forget the misery of that ride. I set my teeth and resolved to utter no groan. Before us and behind us were many loads of wounded men, chiefly such as seemed fit to travel. There were nine of us. One was dead before we reached town. As we jolted on, and the great wain rocked, I heard the crack of the drivers' whips, and far and near, in the darkness or near beside me, curses, prayers, mad screams of pain, or men imploring water.

When near to Nicetown came on a cold, heavy rain, which chilled us to shivering. I let my handkerchief get soaked, and sucked it. Then I wet it again—the rain a torrent—and gave it into the hand of him who was next me. He could not use his arm, nor could I turn to aid him, nor did he answer me.

At times we waited on the way, so that it was one in the morning when we found ourselves in Chestnut street in front of the State House. It was still dismally raining. We were told to get out, and with help I did so, a line of soldiers standing on each side, but no one else near, and it was too dark to see if any whom I knew were to be seen. When they pulled out the man next to me, his head fell, and it was clear that he was dead. He was laid on the sidewalk, and we were helped or made to crawl up-stairs to the long room in the second story.

Here some surgeons' mates came and saw to us quite patiently. Soldiers fetched bread and water. I asked a pleasant kind of youth, a surgeon's aid, to let my aunt know of my condition. He said he would, and, without the least doubt that he would keep his word, I managed to get into a position of partial ease, and, sure of early relief, lay awaiting the sleep which came at last when I was weary with listening to the groans of less patient men. The young surgeon never troubled himself with the delivery of my message. May the Lord reward him!

XVIII.

THE mad screams of a man in an agony of pain awoke me on this Sunday, October 5, at daybreak. The room was a sorry sight. Some had died in the night, and were soon carried out for burial. I lay still, in no great pain, and reflected on the swift succession of events of the past week. I had had bad luck, but soon, of course, my aunt or father would know of my misfortune. As I waited for what might come, I tried to recall the events of the battle. I found it almost impossible to gather them into consecutive clearness, and often since I have wondered to hear men profess to deliver a lucid history of what went on in some desperate struggle of war. I do not believe it to be possible.

Being always of a sanguine turn of mind, I waited to see what next would happen. About five, after some scant diet, we were told to get up and go down-stairs. It was still dark because of the continuous rain and overcast skies. I refused to walk, and was lifted by two men and put in a waggon. A few early idlers were about the door to see us come out. I looked eagerly for a face I knew, but saw none. Our ride was short. We went down Sixth street, and drew up at the Walnut-street front of the prison, called, while the British held the town, the Provost. It was unfinished, a part being temporarily roofed over with boards. At the back was a large yard with high walls. Some, but not all, of the windows in the upper story had transverse slats to keep those within from seeing out. On the Sixth-street side were none of these guards, and here the windows overlooked the potter's field, which now we call Washington Square.

As I managed, with some rough help, to get up the steps, a few early-risen people paused to look on. Others came from the tumbledown houses on the north side of Walnut street, but again I was unfortunate, and saw none I knew.

My heart fell within me as I looked up at the gray stone walls and grated windows. The door soon closed behind a hundred of us, not a few being of the less severely wounded. Often in passing I had thought, with a boy's horror, of this gloomy place, and tried to imagine how I should feel in such a cage. I was to learn full well.

With fifteen others I was shut up in a room about twenty-two feet square, on the

Sixth-street side and in the second story. I was, but for a Virginia captain, the only wounded man among these, the rest being stout country fellows, ruddy and strong, except one lean little man, a clerk, as I learned later, and of the commissary department.

As I had again refused to walk up-stairs, I was carried, and not rudely laid down by two soldiers in a corner of the bare room, now to be for many a day our prison. The rest sat down here and there in dull silence, now and then looking at the door as if there hope was to be expected to enter. I called the Virginia captain, after an hour had gone by, and asked him to lift and ease my hurt leg. He was quick to help, and tender. In a few minutes we came to know each other, and thus began a friendly relation which has endured to this present time.

For a day or two soldiers were employed as turnkeys, but then a lot of rough fellows took their places, and we began to feel the change. I may say the like of our diet. For a week it was better than our pot-luck in camp. We had rye bread, coffee without sugar, and horribly tough beef; but within two weeks the diet fell to bread and water, with now and then salt or fresh beef, and potatoes or beans, but neither rum nor coffee. A surgeon dressed my wounds for a month, and then I saw him no more. He was a surly fellow, and would do for me nothing else, and was usually half intoxicated. The arm was soon well, but the leg wound got full of maggots when it was no longer cared for, and only when, in January, I pulled out a bit of bone did it heal.

Once a day, sometimes in the morning, more often in the afternoon, we were let out in the yard for an hour, watched by sentries, and these also we heard outside under our windows. Observing how quickly the big country louts lost flesh and colour, I set myself to seeing how I could keep my health. I talked with my unlucky fellow-prisoners, ate the food even when it was as vile as it soon became, and when in the yard walked up and down making acquaintances as soon as I was able, while most of the rest sat about moping. I felt sure that before long some one would hear of me and bring relief. None came.

The scoundrel in charge was a Captain Cunningham. He had risen from the ranks—a great, florid, burly, drunken brute, not less than sixty years old. This fellow no doubt sold our rations, for in December we once passed three days on rye bread and water, and of the former not much; one day we had no food.

He kicked and beat his victims at times when drunk, and when I proposed to him to make ten pounds by letting my aunt know where I was, he struck me with a heavy iron key he carried, and cut open my head, as a great scar testifies to this day.

In late December the cold became intense, and we were given a blanket apiece to cover us as we lay on the straw. We suffered the more from weather because it chanced that, in October, the frigate *Augusta* blew up in the harbour, and broke half the panes of glass. In December the snow came in on us, and was at times thick on the floor. Once or twice a week we had a little fire-wood, and contrived then to cook the beans, which were rarely brought us more than half boiled.

We did our best, the captain and I, to encourage our more unhappy companions, who, I think, felt more than we the horrors of this prisoned life. We told stories, got up games, and I induced the men to go a-fishing, as we called it; that is, to let down their ragged hats through the broken window-panes by cords torn from the edges of our blankets. Now and then the poor folks near by filled these nets with stale bread or potatoes; but one day, after long ill luck, a hat was of a sudden felt to be heavy, and was declared a mighty catch, and hauled up with care. When it was found to be full of stones, a strange misery appeared on the faces of these eager, half-starved wretches. The little clerk said, «We asked bread, and they gave us a stone,» and of a sudden broke out into hideous exuberance of blasphemy, like one in a minute distraught. It was believed Cunningham had been he who was guilty of this cruel jest; but as to this I have no assurance. Our efforts to cultivate patience, and even gay endurance, by degrees gave way, as we became feeble in body, and the men too hungry to be comforted by a joke. At last the men ceased to laugh or smile, or even talk, and sat in corners close to one another for the saving of body warmth, silent and inert.

A stout butcher, of the Maryland line, went mad, and swore roundly that he was George the king. It was hard, indeed, to resist the sense of despair which seemed at last to possess all alike; for to starvation and cold were added such filth and vileness as men of decent habits felt more than those accustomed to be careless as to cleanliness.

The Virginian, one Richard Delaney, soon got over a slight hurt he had, and but for him I should not be alive to-day. The place swarmed with rats, and he and I set to work capturing them, filling their holes as they

came out at evening, and chasing them until we caught them. They kept well in the intense cold, and when we were given fire-wood we cooked and ate them greedily.

Meanwhile death was busy among the starving hundreds thus huddled together. We saw every day hasty burials in the potter's field. I wrote twice, with charred wood, on the half of a handkerchief, and threw it out of the window, but no good came of this; I suppose the sentries were too vigilant.

A turnkey took one of my guineas, promising to let my aunt hear of me. I saw him no more. As to Cunningham, he was either too drunk to care, or expected to make more out of our rations than by a bribe, and probably did not credit the wild promises of a ragged prisoner. At all events, no good came of our many efforts and devices, which were more numerous than I have patience to relate. From the beginning my mind was full of schemes for escaping, and these I confided to Delaney. They served, at least, to keep hope fat, as he said.

Early in December I began to have dysentery, and could eat no more, or rarely; but for Delaney I should have died. He told me, about this time, that the men meant to kill Cunningham and make a mad effort to overcome the guard and escape. It seemed to me the wildest folly, but they were grown quite desperate and resolute for something—all but the butcher, who sang obscene songs or doleful hymns, and sat dejected in a corner.

The day after I saw the little commissary clerk talking in the yard to Cunningham, and that evening this rascal appeared with two soldiers and carried off four of the dozen left in our room; for within a week several had died of the typhus, which now raged among us. The next morning the clerk was found dead, strangled in the night, as I believe, but by whom we never knew.

I got over the dysentery more speedily than was common, but it was quickly followed by a burning fever. For how long I know not I lay on the floor in the straw, miserably rolling from side to side. The last impression I recall was of my swearing wildly at Delaney because he would insist on putting under me his own blanket. Then I lost consciousness of my pain and unrest, and knew no more for many days. I came to a knowledge of myself to find Delaney again caring for me, and was of a sudden aware how delicious was the milk he was pouring down my throat. What else Delaney did for me I know not, except that he found and cared for my money, and bribed the turnkey with part of it to bring me milk daily for some two weeks. But that we had hid the guineas for a while in the ashes of the fireplace, I should have lost this chance and have died; for one day Cunningham made us all strip, and searched us thoroughly.

About the end of January, Delaney, seeing me bettered and able to sit up a little, told me this strange story. While I was ill and unconscious, an officer had come to inspect the prison. Cunningham was very obsequious to this gentleman, and on Delaney's seizing the chance to complain, said it was a pack of lies, and how could he help the dysentery and typhus? All jails had them, even in England, which was too true.

«I went on,» said Delaney, «to say that it was an outrage to confine officers and men together, and that Mr. Wynne and myself should be put on parole. The inspector seemed startled at this, and said, ‹Who?› I had no mind to let a lie stand in your way, and I repeated, ‹Captain Wynne,› pointing to you, who were raving and wild enough. He came over and stood just here, looking down on you for so long that I thought he must be sorry for us. Then he said, in a queer way, and very deliberately: ‹Will he get well? He ought to be better looked after.› Cunningham said it was useless, because the surgeon had said you would be over yonder [pointing to the potter's field] in a day or two.» Which, in fact, was his cheerful prediction. It was safe to say it of any who fell ill in the jail.

«This officer appeared puzzled or undecided. He went out and came back alone, and leaned over you, asking me to pull the blanket from your face. I did so, as he seemed afraid to touch it. As for you, my dear Wynne, you were saying, ‹Dorothea,› over and over; but who is Dorothea the Lord knows, or you. The officer at last, after standing awhile, said it was a pity, but it was of no use; you would die. As for me, I told him that we were officers starving, and were entitled to better treatment. He said he would see to it; and that is all. He went away, and we are still here; but if ever—»

I broke in on Delaney's threat with, «Who was the man?»

«Cunningham consigned me to a more comfortable climate than this when I asked him, and the turnkey did not know.»

«What did he look like?» said I.

«He was tall, very dark, and had a scar over the left eye.»

«Indeed? Did he have a way of standing with half-shut eyes, and his mouth a little open?»

«Certainly. Why, Wynne, you must know the man.»

«I do—I do. He is my cousin.»

«I congratulate you.» And so saying, he went away to the door to receive our rations, of which now every one except ourselves stole whatever he could lay hands on.

It did seem to me, as I lay still, in much distress of body, and thought over that which I now heard for the first time, that no man could be so cruel as Arthur had shown himself. Time had gone by, and he had done nothing. If, as appeared likely, he was sure I was almost in the act of death, it seemed yet worse; for how could I, a dying man, hurt any one? If for any cause he feared me, here was an end of it. It seemed to me both stupid and villainous. He had warned me that I had everything to dread from his enmity if I persisted in writing to Darthea. Assuredly he had been as good as his word. He was unwilling to risk any worldly advantages by giving me a gentleman's satisfaction, and could coldly let me die far from the love of those dear to me, in not much better state than a pig perishing in a sty. Nay; the pig were better off, having known no better things.

I thought much as I lay there, having been near to death, and therefore seriously inclined, how impossible it must ever be for me to hate a man enough to do as Arthur had done. As the days went on, the hope which each week brought but hatched a new despair; and still I mended day by day, and for this there was a singular cause. I kept thinking of the hour when my cousin and I should meet; and as I fed this animal appetite I won fresh desire to live, the motive serving as a means toward health of body.

As to what had caused Arthur to lift no finger of help, I tried to think no more. If it were because of Darthea, why should he so fear me? I wished he had more reason. He must have learned later that I was still alive, and that I was, when he saw me, in no state to recognise him. It looked worse and worse as I thought about it, until at last Delaney, hearing me talk of nothing else, told me I would go mad like the butcher if I let myself dwell longer upon it. Thus wisely counselled, I set it aside.

It was now the beginning of February; I was greatly improved, and fast gaining strength, but had lost, as I guessed, nearly three stone. There were but six of us left, the butcher dying last on his rotten straw in awful anguish of terror and despair. Delaney and I consoled each other all this dreary winter, and we did all men could do for the more unfortunate ones, whose sicknesses and deaths made this hell of distress almost unbearable.

The diet was at times better, and then again, as a drunkard's caprice willed, there might be no food for a day. If we were ourselves wretched and starved, we were at least a source of comfort and food to those minor beings to whom we furnished both board and bed.

I do not mean to tell over the often-heard story of a prison—what we did to while away the hours; how we taxed our memories until the reading, long forgotten, came back in morsels, and could be put together for new pleasure of it.

There was one little man who had been a broken-down clergyman, and had entered the army. His chief trouble was that he could get no rum, and of this he talked whenever we would listen. He had, like several sots I have known, a remarkable memory, and was thus a great resource to us, as he could repeat whole plays, and a wonderful amount of the Bible. As it was hard to arouse him, and get him to use his power to recall what he had read, in an evil hour we bribed him with some choice bits of our noble diet. After this the price would rise at times, and he became greedy. His mind gave way by degrees, but he still kept his memory, being also more and more eager to be paid for his power to interest or amuse us.

When at last he grew melancholy and sleepless, and walked about all night, it was a real addition to our many evils. He declared that he must soon die, and I heard him one night earnestly beseeching God, in language of great force and eloquence, to forgive him. In the morning he was dead, having strangled himself resolutely with a strip of blanket and a broken rung of a stool, with which he had twisted the cord. It must have taken such obstinate courage as no one could have believed him to possess. He had no capacity to attach men, and I do not think we grieved for him as much as for the loss of what was truly a library, and not to be replaced.

On the 3d of February I awakened with a fresh and happy thought in my mind. My good friend the late lamented Dr. Franklin used to say that in sleep the mind creates thoughts for the day to hatch. I am rather of opinion that sleep so feeds and rests the brain that when first we awaken our power to think is at its best. At all events, on that day I suddenly saw a way to let the sweet outside world know I was alive.

At first I used to think of a chaplain as a resource, but I never saw one. The surgeon came no more when I grew better. Being now able to move about a little, I had noticed in the yard at times, but only of late, a fat Romanist priest, who was allowed to bring soup or other diet to certain prisoners. I soon learned that, because Cunningham was of the Church of Rome, those who were of his own faith were favoured. Indeed, now and then a part of my lessening guineas obtained from these men a share of the supplies which the priest, and, I may add, certain gray-clad sisters, also brought; but this was rare.

That day in the yard I drew near to the priest, but saw Cunningham looking on, and so I waited with the patience of a prisoned man. It was quite two weeks before my chance came. The yard, being small, was literally full of half-clad, whole-starved men, who shivered and huddled together where the sunlight fell. Many reeled with weakness; most were thin past belief, their drawn skin the colour of a decayed lemon. From this sad crowd came a strange odour, like to cheese, and yet not like that. Even to remember it is most horrible. Passing near to a stout old Sister of Charity, I said quietly:

«I have friends who would help me. For God's love, see Miss Wynne in Arch street, across from the Meeting.»

«I will do your errand,» she said.

«Others have said so, sister, and have lied to me.»

«I will do it,» she said. «And if she is away?»

I thought of my father. He seemed my natural resource, but my cousin would be there. A final hope there was. I was foolish enough to say, «If she is not in town, then Miss Darthea Peniston, near by. If you fail me, I shall curse you while I live.»

«I will not fail you. Why should you poor prisoners be so ill used? Trust me.»

I turned away satisfied, remembering that when I left Darthea was about to return. If she came to know, that would be enough. I had faith in her friendship and in her; and, if ever I saw her again, should I tell her what now I knew of Arthur Wynne? I learned many lessons in this awful place, and among them caution. I would wait and see.

Both Delaney and I strongly desired an exchange, and not merely a parole. We imagined exchanges to be frequent. My own dilemma, Delaney pointed out, was that I was not in the army, although I had been of it. And so we speculated of things not yet come about, and what we would do when they did come.

The next day went by, and the morning after, it being now February 19, we were all in the yard. A turnkey came and bade me follow him. I went, as you may imagine, with an eager heart, on the way, as I hoped, out of this death in life. As I questioned the man, he said there was an order for a lady to see me.

Now at this time my hair was a foot long, and no way to shear it. We had taken the blankets of the dead, and made us coats by tearing holes through which to thrust our arms. Then, as we lacked for buttons, or string for points, we could do no more than wrap these strange gowns about us so as to cover our rags.

My costume troubled me little. I went to the foul-smelling room, now empty, and waited until the man came back. As he opened the door, I saw the good Sister of Charity in the hall, and then—who but Darthea? She was in a long cloak and great muff, and held in her hand a winter mask.

Seeing me in this blue blanket, all unshorn, and with what beard I had covering my face, when all men but Hessians shaved clean, I wonder not, I say, that, seeing this gaunt scarecrow, she fell back, saying there was some mistake.

I cried out, «Darthea! Darthea! Do not leave me. It is I! It is I, Hugh Wynne.»

«My God!» she cried, «it is Hugh! It is! it is!» At this she caught my lean, yellow hand, and went on to say: «Why were we never told? Your Aunt Wynne is away. Since we thought you dead, she has ordered mourning, and is gone to her farm, and leaves the servants to feed those quartered on her. But you are not dead, thank God! thank God! I was but a day come from New York, and was at home when the dear old sister came and told me. I made her sit down while I called my aunt. Then Arthur came, and I told him. He was greatly shocked to hear it. He reminded me that some while before he had told me that he had seen a man who looked like you in the jail, and was about to die; and now could it—could it have been you? He is for duty at the forts to-day, but to-morrow he will get you a parole. He supposed a day made no matter; at all events, he must delay that long. I never saw him so troubled.»

«Well he might be,» thought I. I merely said, «Indeed?» But I must have looked my doubt, for she added quickly:

«Who could know you, Mr. Wynne?»

I stood all this while clutching at my blanket to cover my filth and rags, and she,

young and tender, now all tears, now flashing a smile in between, like the pretty lightning of this storm of gentle pity.

«And what fetched you here to this awful place?» I said. «God knows how welcome you are, but—»

«Oh,» she cried, «when Arthur went, I said I would wait, but I could not. My aunt was in a rage, but I would go with the dear sister; and then I found Sir William, and Mr. Montresor was there; and you will be helped, and an end put to this wickedness. But the parole Arthur will ask for—that is better.»

«Darthea,» I said hoarsely, my voice breaking, «I have been here since early in October. I have been starved, frozen, maltreated a hundred ways, but I can never take a parole. My friend Delaney and I are agreed on this. As to exchanges, I have no rank, and I may be a year inactive. I will take my chance here.» I think death had been preferable to a parole obtained for me by Arthur Wynne. No; I was not made of my father-rock to do this and then to want to kill the man. I could not do that. I put it on the parole. Delaney and I had agreed, and on this I stood firm.

She implored me to change my mind. «How obstinate you are!» she cried. «Do you never change? Oh, you are dreadfully changed! Do not die; you must not.» She was strange in her excitement.

As for me, I thought to ask to have Delaney in, and to bid him tell that vile and wicked story; but it seemed no place nor time to hurt her who had so helped me, daring to do what few young women had ever dared even to think of. As I hesitated, I was struck with a thought which was like a physical pain. It put myself and the other wretched business quite out of my head.

«Oh, Darthea!» I cried, «you should never have come here. Go at once. Do not stay a minute. This is a house poisoned. Seven died of fever in this room. Write me what else is to say, but go; and let me have some plain clothes from home, and linen and a razor and scissors, and, above all,» and I smiled, «soap. But go! go! Why were you let to come?»

«I will go when I have done. Why did I come? Because I am your friend, and this is the way I read friendship. Oh, I shall hear of it too. But let him take care; I would do it again. And as to the parole, he shall get it for you to-morrow, if you like it or not. I will write to you, and the rest you shall have; and now good-by. I am to be at home for Mr. Montresor in a half-hour. This is but a bit of payment for the ugly little girl, who is very honest, sir, I do assure you.»

«Do go,» I cried. «And oh, Darthea, if this is your friendship, what would be your love!»

«Fie! fie! Hush!» she said, and was gone.

In two hours came a note, and I learned, for I had asked to hear of the war, that Washington was not dead. We had been told that he was. I heard, too, of Burgoyne's surrender, news now near to five months old, of Count Donop's defeat and death, of the fall of our forts on the Delaware, of Lord Cornwallis gone to England, of failures to effect exchanges. Then she went on to write: «Your father was, strange to say, roused out of a sort of lethargy by the news of your death. Jack managed to get a letter to your aunt to say you were missing, and Arthur had search made for you; but many nameless ones were buried in haste, and he could not find your name on the lists of prisoners.» None had been made to my knowledge. «We all thought you dead. Your aunt is in mourning, but only of late, thinking it could not be that you were lost to her. It is well, as you do not like your cousin, that you should know how kind he has been, and what a comfort to your father. Indeed,—and now it will amuse you,—he told Arthur, you being dead, he had still a son, and would consider Arthur as his heir. All this ought to make you think better of Arthur, whom, I do believe, you have no reason to dislike. I beg of you to think otherwise of him; my friends must be his. And have I not proved I am a friend? I fear I cannot at once get news of you to Mistress Wynne, who has gone to live at the Hill Farm.» And so, with other kind words, she ended, and I, putting the note in a safe place, sat on my straw, and laughed to think of Arthur's filial care and present disappointment.

In a few hours came the turnkey, quite captured by Darthea, and no doubt the richer for a good fee. He fetched a portmantle just come, and an order to put me in a room alone. I left Delaney with sorrow, but hoped for some way to help him. In an hour I was clean for the first time in five months, neatly shaven, my hair somehow cut, and I in sweet linen and a good, plain gray suit, and a beaver to match. Then I sat down to think, the mere hope of escape making me weak, and what came of it you shall hear.

The next day I was ordered forth with a few others, and, luckily, late in the afternoon. I covered my fine clothes with the blanket, and went out. In the yard, just before our time was up, I saw the sister, to my delight, and perceived too, with joy, that the prison-

ers did not recognise me, decently shaven as I was. Only one thing held me back or made me doubt that I was now close to liberty: I was so feeble that at times I staggered in walking. I knew, however, that when my new clothes became familiar in the jail my chance of escape would be over. I must take the present opportunity, and trust to luck.

My scheme I had clearly thought out. I meant, when in the yard, to drop the blanket cover, and coolly follow the sister, trusting to my being taken, in my new garments, for a visitor. It was simple, and like enough to succeed if my strength held out.

It was now dusk, and a dark, overclouded day. A bell was rung, this being the signal for the gang of prisoners to go to their rooms. Falling back a little, I cast aside the blanket, and then following the rest, was at once in the hall, dimly lighted with lanterns. It was some eighty feet long. Here I kept behind the group, and went boldly after the stout sister. No one seemed disposed to suspect the well-dressed gentleman in gray. I went by the turnkey, keeping my face the other way. I was now some fifteen feet from the great barred outer door. The two sentries stepped back to let the sister go by. Meanwhile, the gate-keeper, with his back to me, was busy with his keys. He unlocked the door and pulled it open. A greater lantern hung over it. I was aghast to see the wretch Cunningham just about to enter. He was sure to detect me. I hesitated, but the lookout into space and liberty was enough for me. The beast fell back to let the sister pass out. I dashed by the guards, upset the good woman, and, just outside of the doorway, struck Cunningham in the face—a blow that had in it all the gathered hate of five months of brutal treatment. He fell back, stumbling on the broad upper step. I caught him a second full in the neck, as I followed. With an oath, he rolled back down the high steps, as I, leaping over him, ran across Walnut street. One of the outside guards fired wildly, but might as well have killed some passer-by as me.

Opposite were the low houses afterward removed to enlarge Independence Square. I darted through the open door of a cobbler's shop, and out at the back into a small yard, and over palings into the open space. It was quite dark, as the day was overcast. I ran behind the houses to Fifth street. Here I jumped down the raised bank and turned northward.

Beside me was a mechanic going home with his lantern, which, by military law, all had to carry after fall of night. He looked at me as if in doubt, and I took my chance, saying: «Take no notice. I am a prisoner run away from the jail.»

«I 'm your man,» he said. «Take the lantern, and walk with me. I hear those devils.» And indeed there was a great noise on Walnut street and in the square. Men were dimly seen running to and fro, and seizing any who had no lanterns.

We went on to Chestnut street, and down to Second. I asked him here to go to Dock Creek with me.

At my own home I offered him my last guinea, but he said no. I then told him my name, and desired he would some day, in better times, seek me out. And so the honest fellow left me. Many a year after he did come to me in debt and trouble, and, you may be sure, was set at ease for the rest of his life.

Looking up, I saw light in the window, and within I could see Arthur and three other officers. The liquors and decanters were on a table, with bread and cheese, plain to be seen by hungry eyes. My father's bulky form was in his big Penn arm-chair, his head fallen forward. He was sound asleep. Colonel Tarleton had his feet on a low stool my mother used for her basket of sewing-material and the stockings she was so constantly darning. Harcourt and Colonel O'Hara were matching pennies, and my cousin was standing by the fire, speaking now and then, a glass in his hand.

The dog asleep in the stable was no more considered than was my poor father by these insolent guests. An almost overmastering rage possessed me as I gazed through the panes; for no one had closed the shutters as was usually done at nightfall. I was hungry, cold, and weak, and these—! I turned away, and went down the bank of Dock Creek to the boat-house. It was locked, and this made it likely my boat had escaped the strict search made by the British. No one being in sight, I went around the house to the stable at the farther end of the garden. As I came near I smelt the smoke of our old Tom's pipe, and then seeing him, I called softly, «Tom! Tom!»

He jumped up, crying, «Save us, Master Hugh!» and started to run. In a moment I had him by the arm, and quickly made him understand that I was alive, and needed food and help. As soon as he was recovered from his fright, he fetched me milk, bread, and a bottle of Hollands. After a greedy meal, he carried to the boat, at my order, the rest of the pint of spirits, oars, paddle, and boat-key. On the way it occurred to me to ask for

Lucy. She had been seized by the Hessian Von Heiser, and was in my aunt's stable. I had not asked about the mare without a purpose; I was in a state of intense mental clearness, with all my wits in order. In the few minutes that followed I told Tom not to let any one know of my coming, and then, pushing off, I dropped quietly down the creek.

It was cold and very dark, and there was some ice afloat in small masses, amidst which my boat, turning with no guidance, moved on the full of the ebb tide toward the great river. For about two hundred yards I drifted, lying flat on my back. At the outlet of the creek was a sudden turn where the current almost fetched me ashore on the south bank. There from the slip nearly overhead, as the boat whirled around, I heard a sentinel call out, «Stop there, or I fire!» I remained motionless, feeling sure that he would not risk an alarm by reason of a skiff gone adrift. As he called again the boat slewed around, and shot, stern first, far out into the great flood of the Delaware. Never had it seemed to me a dearer friend. I was free. Cautiously using the paddle without rising, I was soon in mid-river. Then I sat up, and, taking a great drink of the gin, I rowed up-stream in the darkness, finding less ice than I had thought probable.

My plan now was to pull up to Burlington or Bristol; but I soon found the ice in greater masses, and I began to be puzzled. I turned toward Jersey, and hither and thither, and in a few minutes came upon fields of moving ice. It was clear that I must land in the city, and take my chance of getting past the line of sentries. I pulled cautiously in at Arch street, and saw a sloop lying at a slip. Lying down, I used the paddle until at her side. Hearing no sound, I climbed up over her low rail, and made fast the boat. I could see that no one was on deck. A lighted lantern hung from a rope near the bow. I took it down, and boldly stepped on the slip. A sentry, seeing me come, said, «A cold night, captain.» «Very,» I rejoined, and went on up the slope. Chance had favoured me. In a few minutes I saw my aunt's house, shut up, but with a light over the transom of the hall door. I passed on, went up to Third street, around to the back of the premises, and over the palings into the long garden behind the dwelling. As I stood reflecting I heard Lucy neigh, and no voice of friend could have been sweeter. I smiled to think that I was a man in the position of a thief, but with a right to take whatsoever I might need. I began to suspect, too, that no one was in the house. Moving toward it with care, I found all the back doors open, or at least not fastened. A fire burned on the kitchen hearth, and, first making sure of the absence of the servants, I shot the bolt of the hall door, fastened the pin-bolts of the windows which looked on the front street, and went back to the kitchen with one overruling desire to be well warmed. I had been cold for four months. Making a roaring fire, I roasted myself for half an hour, turning like a duck on a spit. Heat and good bread and coffee I craved most. I found here enough of all, but no liquors; the gin I had finished, a good pint, and never felt it. Still feeling my weakness, and aware that I needed all my strength, I stayed yet a minute, deep in thought, and reluctant to leave the comfort of the hearth. At last I took a lantern and went up-stairs. The china gods and beasts were all put away, the silver tankards and plate removed, the rugs gone. My good Whig aunt had done her best to make her despotic boarders no more comfortable than she could help. All was neglect, dust, and dirt; pipes and empty bottles lay about, and a smell of stale tobacco smoke was in the air. Poor Aunt Gainor!

Up-stairs the general had moved into the room sacred to her spinster slumbers. The servants had taken holiday, it seemed, and the officers appeared to have been indifferent, or absent all day; for this room was in a vile condition, with even the bed not yet made up, and the curtains torn. In this and the front chamber, used commonly as my aunt's own sitting-room, was a strange litter of maps, papers, and equipments, two swords, a brace of inlaid pistols, brass-plated, two Hessian hats, the trappings of a Brunswick chasseur, and a long military cloak with a gold-braided regimental number under a large crown on each shoulder. A sense of amusement stole over me, although I was so tired I could have fallen with fatigue. I was feeling my weakness, and suffering from what even to a man in health would have been great exertion. A full flask of rum lay on the table; I put it in my pocket, leaving the silver cover. Next I put on the long cloak, a tall Anhalter helmet, and a straight, gold-mounted sword. The pistols I took also, loading and priming them, and leaving only the box where they had lain.

It was now almost ten, and I could not hope to be long left in easy possession. Then I turned to the table. Much of the confused mass of papers was in German. I put in my pocket a beautifully drawn map of our own lines at Valley Forge. It may now be in Mr.

Alexander Hamilton's house, as I gave it to that gentleman.

A small pipe—I think the Germans call meerschaum—I could not despise, nor a great bundle of tobacco, which I thrust into the inside pouch of the cloak.

Last I saw a sealed letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Ernst Ludwig Wilhelm von Specht, also one to Colonel Montresor. These were much to my purpose. Finally, as I heard the great clock on the stairway strike ten, I scribbled on a sheet of paper under Von Knyphausen's arms, «Captain Allan McLane presents his compliments to General von Knyphausen, and hopes he will do Captain McLane the honour to return his visit.—February 20, 1778, 10 P. M.»

I laughed as I went down-stairs, in that mood of merriment which was my one sign of excitement at the near approach of peril. A pause at the grateful fire, and a moment later I was saddling Lucy, looking well to girth and bit, and last buckling on the spurs of a Hessian officer.

In a few minutes I was trotting up Fifth street. I knew only that the two extended lines had been drawn in close to the city, after the sharp lesson at Germantown; but I did not know how complete were the forts and abatis crossing from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, to the north of Callowhill street. I meant to pass the lines somewhere, trusting to the legs of Lucy, who well understood the change of riders, and seemed in excellent condition.

I turned off into the fields to the westward at Vine street, riding carefully; and soon, as I moved to north, saw that fences, fruit-trees, and the scattered remnant of the wood were gone. Stumbling through mud and over stumps, I began to see before me one of Montresor's blockhouses, and presently, for now the night was far too clear, the forms of sentries on top. Dismounting, I moved aside a hundred yards, so that I passed unseen between two of these forts. But a good piece to the north of them I came on a strong stockade, and saw beyond it a hazy mass of what I took to be a monster tangle of dead trees, well fitted to delay a storming-party. Then I remembered my ride with Montresor. I was caught. I stood still in the night, wondering what to do; behind me the hum and glow of the city, before me freedom and darkness.

A man thinks quickly in an hour like that. I mounted, feeling the lift of my weak body an exertion, and rode back into Vine, and so to Front street. A hundred yards before me was a great camp-fire, to left of where the road to Germantown diverges. I saw figures about it passing to and fro. I felt for my pistols in the holsters of the saddle, and cocked the one on my right, loosened the long, straight Hessian blade, and took the two letters in my bridle-hand.

As I rode up I saw, for the fire was brightly blazing, that there were tents, pickets to left and right, men afoot, and horses not saddled. A sergeant came out into the road. «Halt!» he cried. In broken English I said I had a letter for Colonel Montresor, to be given in the morning when he would be out to inspect the lines, and one for Lieutenant-Colonel von Specht. The man took the letters. I meant to turn back, wheel, and go by at speed; but by evil luck a wind from the north blew open my cloak, and in the brilliant firelight he saw my gray clothes.

«Holloa!» he cried. «What 's the word? You are not in uniform. Get off!» So saying, he caught the rein he had dropped, a man or two running toward us as he spoke.

If I could, I would have spared the man: but it was his life or mine; I knew that. I fired square at his chest, the mare reared, the man fell with a cry. I let Lucy have both spurs. She leaped as a deer leaps, catching a fellow in the chest with her shoulder, and was off like a crazy thing. I looked ahead; the way was clear. A glance back showed me the road full of men. I heard shouts, orders, shot after shot. I was soon far beyond danger, and going at racing speed through the night; but I had scared up a pleasant hornets' nest. The last picket was a quarter of a mile ahead, perhaps. I pulled up, and with difficulty made the mare walk. There were fires on both sides, and a lot of alert soldiers out in the road. I turned off into the fields behind a farm-house, glad of the absence of fences. The next moment I felt the mare gather herself with the half-pause every horseman knows so well. She had taken a ditch, and prettily too.

Keeping off the highway, but in line with it, I went on slowly, leaning over in the saddle. After a mile, and much stumbling about, I ceased to hear noises back of me, and turned, approaching the road I had left. No one was in sight. Why I was not followed by the horse I know not. I wrapped my cloak about me, and rode on up the deserted highway. I was free, and on neutral ground. All I had to fear was an encounter with one of the foraging parties which kept the country around in constant terror. I met no one. The sole unpleasant thought which haunted

my cold night ride was the face of the poor devil I had shot. I put it aside. Prison life had at least taught me the habit of dismissing the torment of vain reflection on an irreparable past.

I went by the old burying-ground of Germantown, and the rare houses, going slowly on account of the road, which was full of deep holes, and so through the market-place where we made our last charge.

At last I breasted the slippery rise of Chestnut Hill, and throwing my cloak over the mare, that I had taught to stand, went up to the door of my Aunt Gainor's house.

I knocked long before I was heard. A window was opened above me, and a voice I loved called out to know what I wanted. I replied, «It is I, Hugh. Be quick!» A moment later I was in her dear old arms, the servants were called up, and my faithful Lucy was cared for. Then I fell on a settle, at the limit of my strength. I was put to bed, and glad I was to stay there for two days, and not even talk. Indeed, what with good diet and milk and spirits and clean sheets, I slept as I had not done for many a night.

As soon as I was up and fit to converse, I was made to tell my story over and over. Meanwhile my aunt was desperately afraid lest we should be visited, as was not rare, by foragers or Tory partisans. I must go, and at once. Even war was to be preferred to this anxiety. But before I went she must tell me what she thought of this strange business of my cousin. I had been wise not to tell Darthea. A rascal like Arthur would trip himself up soon or late. Then she fell to thinking, and, bidding me cease for a little, sat with her head in her large hands, having her elbows on the table.

«Hugh,» she said at last, «he must have more cause to be jealous than we know. He has still more now. Is it only the woman? Can it be anything about the estate in Wales? It must be; you remember how he lied to us about it; but what is it?»

«He thinks I regret the loss of Wyncote, and that I would like to have it. I am afraid I found it pleasant to say so, seeing that it annoyed him.»

«I wish he may have some such cause to hate you, and no other. But why? Your grandfather made a legal conveyance of an unentailed property, got some ready money, —how much I never knew,—and came away. How can you interfere with Arthur? The Wynnes, I have heard, have Welsh memories for an insult. You struck him once.»

«The blow!» and I smiled. «Yes; the woman! Pray God it be that. The estate—he is welcome to it. I hardly think a Welsh home would bribe me to leave my own country. But I do not see, aunt, why you so often talk as if Wyncote were ours, and stolen from us. I do not want it, and why should I?»

«Is not that unreasonable, Hugh?» she returned, with more quietness in the way of reply than was usual when she was arguing. «You are young now. The anger between England and ourselves makes all things in Great Britain seem hateful to you, to me, to all honest colonials; but this will not last. Peace will come one day or another, and when it does, to be Wynne of Wyncote—»

«Good gracious, Aunt Gainor! let us set this aside. Arthur Wynne's lies have stirred us all to think there must be some reason for such a keen desire to mislead me, you, and my father—above all, my father. But it is my father's business, not mine; nor, if I may be excused, is it yours.»

«That is true, or would be if your father were well or interested. He is neither—neither; and there is something in the matter. I shall ask my brother.»

«You have done that before.»

«I have, but I got nothing. Now he is in such a state that he may be more free of speech. I think he could be got to tell me what neither he nor my own father liked to speak of.»

Upon this, I told my aunt that I did trust she would not take advantage of my father's weak mind to get that which, when of wholesome wits, he had seen fit to conceal. I did not like it.

«Nonsense!» she cried, «nonsense! If you could have the old home—»

«But how can I? It is like promising fairy gold, and I don't want it. I should like to go there once and see it and my cousins, and come home to this country.»

I was, in fact, weary of the thing, and my aunt would have talked it over all day. She could not see why I was so set in my mind. She kept urging that something would turn up about it, and we should have to act; then I would change my mind. I hardly knew why that which once had been a delightful and mysterious bait now lured me not at all. What with the great war, and my own maturity, and Darthea, Wyncote had shrunken out of the world of my desires. It was too dreamy a bribe for one of my turn of mind. I would have given half Wales for an hour alone with Arthur Wynne.

Then through my meditations I heard, «Well, mark my word, Master Absolute;

there is some flaw in their title, and—and soon or late— »

« Oh, please, aunt— »

« Well, do not make up your mind. I am afraid of you when you make up your mind. You are as set in your ways as your father. Do you remember what Nicholas Waln said of him: ‹ When John Wynne puts down his foot, thou hast got to dig it up to move him ›? »

She was right; nor did I defend myself. I laughed, but was sad too, thinking of my poor old father, whom I could not see, and of how far he was now from being what his friend had described.

I said as much. My aunt replied, « Yes, it is too true; but I think he is less unhappy, and so thinks Dr. Rush. »

After this our talk drifted away, and my aunt would once more hear of my note in McLane's name left for the Hessian general. « I hope yet to ask him of it, » she cried, « and that dear Mr. André—I can see his face. It is the French blood makes him so gentle. Catch him for me in the war. I should like to have him on parole for a six-month. » And at this she laughed, and heartily, as she did most things.

When this talk occurred we were in a great front room in the second story. There was a deep bow-window to westward, and here my aunt liked to be at set of sun, and to look over what seemed to be a boundless forest; for the many scattered farms were hid away in their woodland shelters, so that from this vantage of height it looked as though the country beyond might be one great solitude. Nearer were well-tilled farms, on which the snow still lay in melting drifts.

As we sat, I was smoking the first tobacco I had had since I left the jail. This habit I learned long before, and after once falling a captive to that consoler and counsellor, the pipe, I never gave it up. It is like others of the good gifts of God: when abused it loses its use, which seems a silly phrase, but does really mean more than it says. Jack hath somewhere writ that words have souls, and are always more than they look or say. I could wish mine to be so taken. And as to tobacco and good rum, Jack said—but I forget what it was—something neat and pretty and honest, that took a good grip of you. The tricks an old fellow's memory plays him are queer enough. I often recall the time and place of something clever a friend hath said long ago, but when I try to get it back, I have but a sense of its pleasantness, as of a flavour left in the mouth, while all the wise words of his saying are quite forgot. Dr. Rush thinks that we are often happy or morose without apparent cause, when the mind is but recalling the influence of some former joy or grief, but not that which created either. The great doctor had many hard sayings, and this was one.

As I sat reflecting, I felt a sudden consciousness of the pleasure my tobacco gave, and then of how delightful it was to be, as it were, growing younger day by day, and of how, with return of strength, came a certain keenness of the senses as to odours, and as to what I ate or drank. It seemed to me a kind of reward for suffering endured with patience.

My Aunt Gainor sat watching me with the pleasure good women have over one too weak to resist being coddled. When I had come to this happy condition of wanting a pipe, as I had jolted out of my pouch the tobacco I stole, she went off and brought the good weed out of the barn, where she had saved her last crop under what scant hay the Hessian foragers left her. I must smoke in her own library, a thing unheard of before; she loved to smell a good tobacco.

« Oh, Aunt Gainor! »

« But Jack! » she said. She did not like to see Jack with a pipe. He looked too like a nice girl, with his fair skin and his yellow hair.

I smoked on in mighty peace of mind, and soon she began again, being rarely long silent, « I hope you and your cousin will never meet, Hugh. »

The suddenness of this overcame me, and I felt myself flush.

« Ah! » she said, « I knew it. There is little love lost between you. »

« There are things a man cannot forgive. »

« Then may the good God keep you apart, my son. »

« I trust not, » said I. « I can forgive an insult, even if I am Welsh and a Wynne; but oh, Aunt Gainor, those added weeks of misery, foulness, filth, and pain I owe to this man! I will kill him as I would kill any other vermin. » Then I was ashamed, for to say such things before women was not my way.

« I could kill him myself, » said my aunt, savagely. « And now do have some more of this nice, good gruel, » which set me to laughing.

« Let him go, » said I, « and the gruel too. »

« And that is what you must do, sir. You must go. I am all day in terror. »

And still I stayed on, pretty easy in mind; for my aunt had set a fellow on watch at

Mount Airy, to let us know if any parties appeared, and we kept Lucy saddled. I sorely needed this rest and to be fed; for I was a mere shadow of my big self when I alighted at her door on that memorable 20th of February.

The day before I left this delightful haven between jail and camp, came one of my aunt's women slaves with a letter she had brought from the city, and this was what it said:

«DEAR MISTRESS WYNNE: At last I am honoured with the permission to write and tell you that Mr. Hugh Wynne is alive. It was cruel that the general would not earlier grant me so small a favour as to pass an open letter; but Arthur found much difficulty, by reason, I fear, of your well-known opinions. He was on the way to the jail when he heard of Mr. Hugh Wynne's having escaped, after dreadfully injuring the poor man who took such good care of him all winter. How it came that he lay five months in this vile abode neither Arthur nor I can imagine, nor yet how he got out of the town.

«Arthur tells me that insolent rebel Allan McLane broke into your house and stole the beautiful sword the Elector of Hesse gave to General von Knyphausen, and what more he took the Lord knows. Also he left an impudent letter. The general will hang him whenever he catches him; but there is a proverb: perhaps it is sometimes the fish that is the better fisherman.

«I have a queer suspicion as to this matter, and as to the mare Lucy being stolen. I am so glad it is I that have the joy to tell you of Mr. Hugh Wynne's safety; and until he returns my visit, and forever after, I am, madam,

«Your devoted, humble servant,

«DARTHEA.

«To Mad^m Wynne,
«At the Hill Farm,
«Chestnut Hill.»

My aunt said it was sweet and thoughtful of Darthea, and we had a fine laugh over the burglary of that bad man McLane. The woman went back with two notes stitched into the lining of her gown; one was from my aunt, and one I wrote; and to this day Darthea alone knows what it said. God bless her!

It was March 20 of '78 before I felt myself fully able to set out for camp. I had run no great risk. The country had been ravaged till it was hard to find a pig or a cow. Farmers were on small rations, and the foragers had quit looking for what did not exist. One dull morning I had the mare saddled, and got ready to leave. It was of a Friday I went away; my aunt as unwilling to have me set out as she had been eager to have me go the day before. My Quaker training left me clear of all such nonsense, and, kissing the dear lady, I left her in tears by the roadside.

XIX.

IT is a good eighteen-mile ride to Valley Forge over the crooked Perkiomen road, which was none the better for the breaking up of the frost. I rode along with a light heart, but I was watchful, being so used to disastrous adventures. Happily, I met with no difficulties.

A few miles from the bridge General Washington had built, I fell in with a party of horse. The officer in command seemed at first suspicious, but at last sent me on with two troopers. On the last Sunday of the month Friends were persistently in the habit of flocking into the city to General Meeting. They were not unwelcome, for they were apt to carry news of us, and neither we nor the enemy regarded them as neutrals. Our commander-in-chief, in an order of this day, declared «that the plans settled at these meetings are of the most pernicious tendency,» and on this account directed General Lacy «that the parties of light horse be so disposed as to fall in with these people.»

It was one of these parties of horse I had encountered. The officer sent me on with a guard, and thus, in the company of two troopers, I rode through a fairly wooded country to the much-worn road leading down to the river. Here my guards left me with the picket at the bridge. It was a half-hour before the officer here stationed was satisfied, and meanwhile I stared across the Schuylkill at the precipitous bluffs, and wondered where lay the army which had passed the winter back of them. A few men along the far shore, and on the hill beyond a little redoubt, were all the signs of life or of war and its precautions. The bridge, over which presently I rode, was of army waggons weighted with stone, and on top rails with rude scantling. On the high posts driven into the river-bed for stay of the bridge were burned the names of the favourite generals. Once over, I walked Lucy up a cleft in the shore cliff, and came out on the huts of General Varnum's brigade. The little world of an army came in view. I was on the first rise from the stream, a mile and a half to the south of the Valley Creek. To westward the land fell

a little, and then rose to the higher slope of Mount Hope. To north the land again dropped, and rose beyond to the deep gulch of the Valley Creek. On its farther side the fires of a picket on Mount Misery were seen. Everywhere were regular rows of log huts, and on the first decline of every hill slope intrenchments, ditches, redoubts, and artillery. Far beyond, this group of hills fell gradually to the rolling plain. A mile away were the long outlying lines of Wayne, and the good fellows with whom I had charged at Germantown.

Everywhere the forests were gone. Innumerable camp-fires and a city of log huts told for what uses they had fallen. On the uplands about me ragged men were drilling; far away I heard the cavalry bugles. A certain sense of elation and gaiety came over me. It lasted no long time, as I rode Lucy over the limestone hillocks and down to the lesser valley, which far away fell into the greater vale of Chester.

The worst of the winter's trials were over, and yet I was horror-struck at the misery and rags of these poor fellows. No wonder men deserted, and officers were resigning in scores, desperate under the appeals of helpless wife and family in far-away homes. It was no better on the upland beyond. Everywhere were rude huts in rows, woeful-looking men at drill, dejected sentries, gaunt, hungry, ill clothed, with here and there a better-dressed officer to make the rest look all the worse.

I thought of the grenadier British troops, fat and strong, in the city I had fled from, and marvelled to think of what kept them from sweeping this squalid mob away, as a housewife switches out the summer flies. Full of thought, I rode a mile through the melting drifts of snow, and came on Wayne's brigade, which held the lines looking in this direction.

I was long about it; but at last a man pointed out a hut, and I went in. «Holloa, Jack!» I cried.

«Hugh! Hugh! Where on earth are you from?» And he flushed as he used to do, and gave me a great bear-hug, saying, «And you are not dead! not dead! Thank God! thank God!»

Thus again we met, to my unspeakable joy. He was about as lean as I had been, but on the whole, thanks to his florid skin, looked well, or better than the best of that half-fed army. How we talked, how we poured out our news that cold March afternoon, I shall not take space to tell; nor his great wonder at seeing me after all had believed me dead.

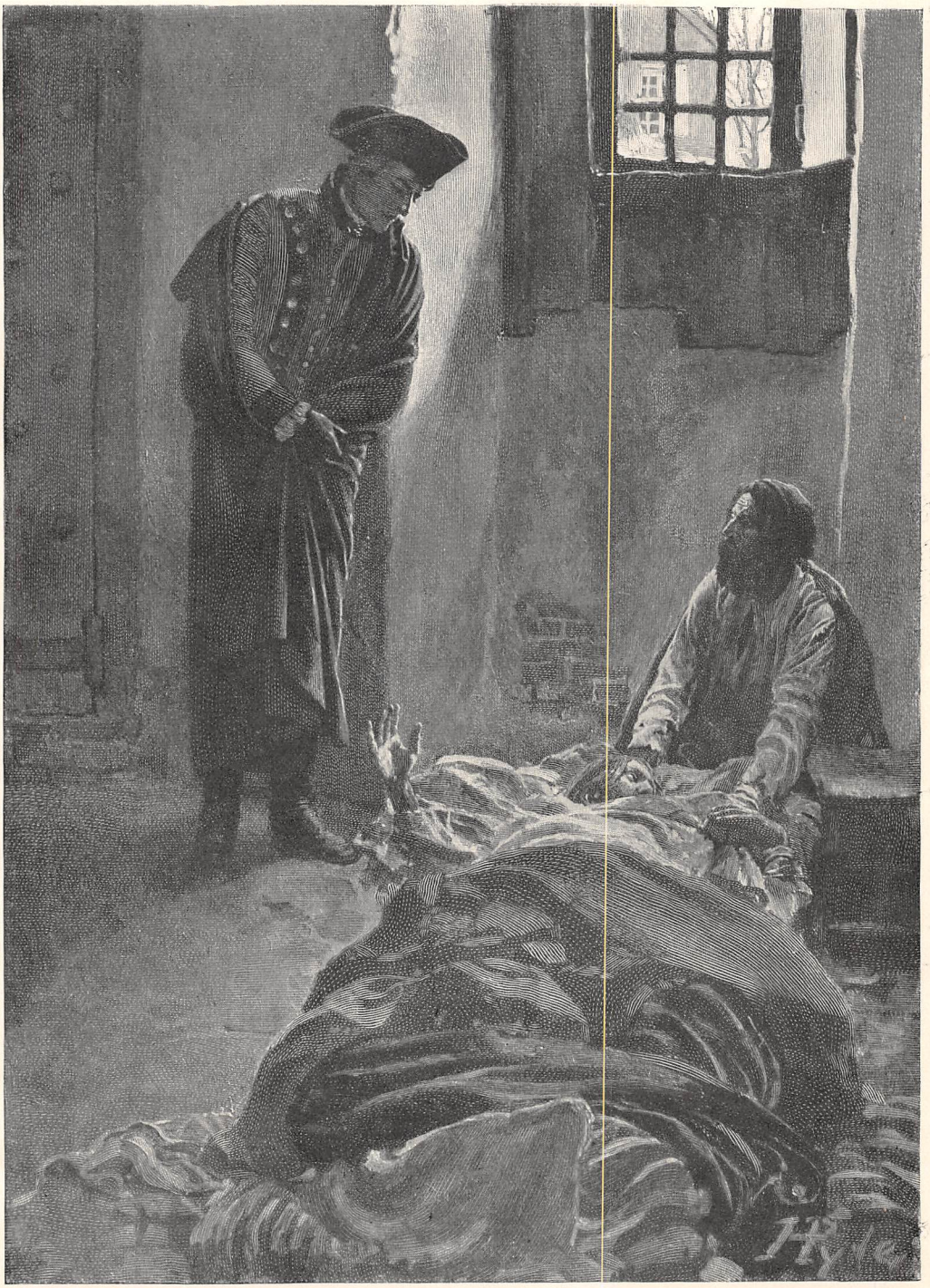
After supper came a half-dozen officers, and I heard all the camp gossip, and was made heartily welcome. Everything was on the mend, they said. Steuben was drilling the men; Greene was the new and efficient quartermaster-general. Supplies were pouring in. Mrs. Washington and Lady Stirling had come. The French were sure to make a treaty with us. As to food, there had been bad days; and I learned then, for the first time, of the full horrors of the winter camp at the forge in the valley. There was still enough wretchedness to show how far worse must have been the pitiable condition of the army during that winter of '77–'78. I passed the next day at rest with Jack. I had had enough of the volunteer business, and determined, to Jack's regret, to take service with the horse. I was still unfit to march, and it seemed to me wise for this reason to stick to Lucy's good legs, at least until my own were in better order.

I think Jack felt that he was under some necessity to take care of me, or from that affection he has ever shown desired to keep me near him. He only hoped I would not incline to join McLane's troop, and when I asked why, declaring that to be my utmost desire, he said it was a service of needless peril. Upon this I laughed so that the hut shook, and poor Jack became quite disconcerted, and fell to making a variety of excuses. It is of this he says:

«Hugh is come from death, and there is more to live for. For me, that am often unready and weak, there is again his ever just helpfulness. He is but a shadow of himself, and I cannot wonder that he is so bitter against the enemy, or that he desires, less on account of his bodily feebleness than from a wish to revenge his cruel treatment, to serve with the horse. They are never more quiet than gadflies. It is dangerous duty, and should it cost this dear life, how shall I ever face Mistress Wynne?»

I myself had but one thought in my own mind this Sunday in March, as I rode through the east wind. It is my way, and always was, to have but a single idea in mind, and to go straight to my object the nearest way. He was right in his belief that it was my burning wish to pay the debts of my poor abused body. I knew not when we should move, and the dislike of tiresome drills under Steuben, with a restless, perhaps a wholesome, instinct to lead a more active life, conspired to make my hatred seem reasonable.

I could see, as I rode along through the cantonment and the long lines of huts, how



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

IN THE PRISON.

(SEE PAGE 22.)

well chosen was the valley camp. The Schuylkill, flowing from the Blue Hills, turned here to eastward, the current was deep, the banks were high and precipitous. To the west, in a deep gorge, the Valley Creek protected the camp. Running down from Mount Joy, a broad spur turned northward to the Schuylkill. Between this ridge and the river lay an angular table-land, falling to the valley beyond. Along this ridge, and high on Mount Joy, were the intrenchments laid out by Du Portail, and within them were the camps of rare tents and the rows of wooden huts.

Riding north amid the stumps and the lessening drifts of snow, past the dark huts, and the files of ragged men in line for morning service, I came down to the angle between the Valley Creek and the Schuylkill. The river was full, and ran a gray-brown flood. Where the trampled slope rose from the creek I came upon a small but solid house, built of gray and ruddy sandstones, a quaint, shell-curved penthouse above the open doorway. Here were horses held by orderlies, the blue and white of French uniforms, buff-and-blue officers, and the guard of fifty light horse on a side road in the saddle, facing the house. I knew I had found the headquarters. Looking about, I saw, to my joy, Mr. Hamilton talking with some of our allies. I rode up, and as they turned, I said, «I am Mr. Hugh Wynne, Captain Hamilton.»

«Good heavens, sir! You are not dead then, after all!»

«No,» I said, laughing; «I am alive, thank you. I have been in prison for months, and I am come now to ask for that commission in the light horse about which I must beg you to remind his Excellency.»

«No wonder,» said he, «I did not recognise you. We are now going to morning service. I will see to it at once. We thought you dead. Indeed, his Excellency wrote to Mistress Wynne of you. The general has full powers at last, and you are sure of your commission. Now I must leave you.»

A few more needed words were said, and I drew aside to see the staff ride away. In a few minutes the young aide came back.

«You may join McLane at once. You will have an acting commission until a more formal one reaches you. I suppose you have no news?»

«None,» I said, «except of how a British jail looks.»

«His Excellency desires your company at dinner to-day at six.»

I said I had no uniform.

«Look at mine,» he cried, laughing. «I have only one suit, and the rest are hardly better off.»

I drew back and waited. In a few minutes the general came out, and mounting, sat still until all of the staff were in the saddle.

He had changed greatly from the fresh, clear-skinned country gentleman I saw first in Philadelphia. His face was more grave, his very ruddy skin less clear and more bronzed. I observed that his eyes were deep set, light blue in colour, and of unusual size; his nose was rather heavy and large; the mouth resolute and firm, with full lips. His general expression was sedate and tranquil. In full, neat buff and blue, his hair powdered, the queue carefully tied, he sat very erect in the saddle, and looked to be a good horseman.

This is all I remember at that time of this high-minded gentleman. I heard much of him then and later; and as what I heard or saw varies a good deal from the idea now held of him, I shall not refrain from saying how he seemed to us, who saw him in camp and field, or in the hour of rare leisure. But I shall do better, perhaps, just now to let my friend say what he seemed to be to his more observant and reflective mind. It was writ long after.

«Abler pens than mine,» says Jack, «have put on record the sorrowful glory of that dreadful camp-ground by Valley Forge. It is strongly charactered in those beseeching letters and despatches of the almost heart-broken man who poured out his grief in language which even to-day no man can read unmoved. To us he showed only a gravely tranquil face, which had in it something which reassured those starving and naked ones. Most wonderful is it, as I read what he wrote to inefficient, blundering men, to see how calmly he states our pitiful case, how entirely he controls a nature violent and passionate beyond that of most men. He was scarcely in the saddle as commander before the body which set him there was filled with dissatisfaction.

«I think it well that we know so little of what went on within the walls of Congress. The silence of history has been friendly to many reputations. There need be no silence as to this man, nor any concealment, and there has been much. I would have men see him as we saw him in his anger, when no language was too strong; in his hour of serene kindliness, when Hamilton, the aide of twenty, was ‹my boy›; in this starving camp, with naked men shivering all night in their blankets by the fires, when ‹he pitied those miseries he could neither relieve nor

prevent.) Am I displeased to think that although he laughed rarely he liked Colonel Scammel's strong stories, and would be amused by a song such as no woman should hear?

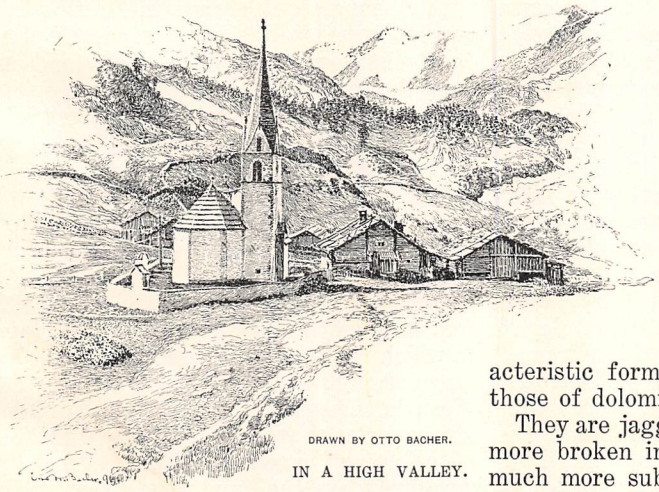
«This serene, inflexible, decisive man, biding his hour, could be then the venturesome soldier, willing to put every fortune on a chance, risking himself with a courage that alarmed men for his life. Does any but a fool think that he could have been all these things and not have had in him the wild blood of passion? He had a love for fine clothes and show. He was, I fear, at times extravagant, and, as I have heard, could not pay his doctor's bill, and would postpone that, and send him a horse and a little money to educate his godson, the good doctor's son. As to some of his letters, they contained jests not gross, but not quite fit for grave seigniors not *virginibus puerisque*. There is one to Lafayette I have been shown by the marquis. It is most amusing, but—oh, fie! Was he religious? I do not know. Men say so. He might have been, and yet have had his hours of ungoverned rage, or of other forms of human weakness. Like a friend of mine, he was not given to speech concerning his creed.»

My Jack was right. Our general's worst foes were men who loved their country, but who knew not to comprehend this man. I well remember how I used to stop at the camp-fires and hear the men talk of him. Here was no lack of sturdy sense. The notion of Adams and Rush of appointing new major-generals every year much amused them, and the sharp logic of cold and empty bellies did not move them from the belief that their chief was the right man. How was it they could judge so well and these others so ill?

He had no tricks of the demagogue. He coveted no popularity. He knew not to seek favour by going freely among the men. The democratic feeling in our army was intense, and yet this reserved aristocrat had to the end the love and confidence of every soldier in the ranks.

(To be continued.) *S. Weir Mitchell.*

BICYCLING THROUGH THE DOLOMITES.



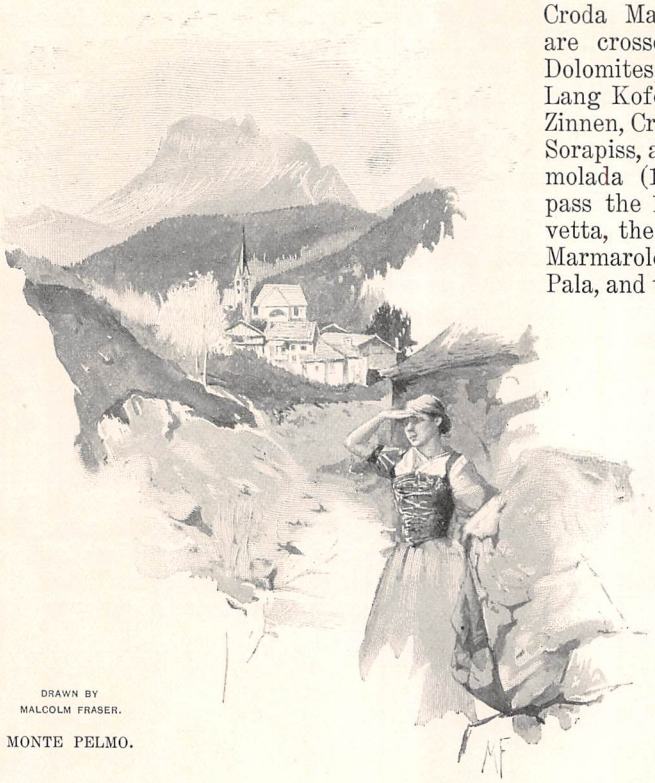
DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER.

IN A HIGH VALLEY.

THE Dolomites constitute the best-known and in many ways the most interesting mountain region of Austrian and Italian Tyrol. They occupy comparatively little of its area. They are not all dolomitic; that is, they have a greatly varying proportion of the carbonate of lime and magnesia in their composition. For instance, one of the most conspicuous of them all, Monte Tofana, at Cortina, is dolomitic only at its top. The name has come to be applied popularly more to the form than to the substance; and some of the more purely limestone peaks of the region have taken on, under the peculiar geological influence that gave these mountains their characteristic form, much the same shape as those of dolomitic constitution.

They are jagged, sharp, bare crests, much more broken in outline than is usual, and much more subject to deterioration under the action of rain and frost. Dr. Alexander Robertson[1] has given a very good account of the peculiarity of the pure dolomitic mountains. He says: «The mountains look as if powdered with some substance less hard and cold than freshly fallen snow. It is as

[1] «Through the Dolomites from Venice to Toblach.» London, George Allen, 1896.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

MONTE PELMO.

if a soft lichen overspread them. If I said that they are ‹lathered› over I should best describe their appearance and at the same time state a literal fact. These magnesian limestone rocks decompose under the influence of rain and atmosphere, and so their surface becomes ‹lathered.› A bit of dolomite feels soft in the hand, like a piece of soap. Hence, also, their instability. No one looking at them can think of the ‹everlasting hills.› The wonder is not that they are continually falling, but that they hold up so well. Many of them are shattered and are full of gaping rents and clefts.»

The more important of these mountains lie south of the Pusterthal, east of the Brenner railway, north of San Martino di Castrozzo, and west of Auronzo. In other words, they include Marmarole at the east and the Schlern at the west, the peaks of San Martino at the south, and those near Toblach at the north. They are within a parallelogram about forty miles long from east to west and about thirty miles broad from north to south. The boundary line between Austria and Italy gives about one third of this field to the latter, including the Marmarole range, Antelao, Pelmo, Civetta, and the Cimon della Pala. The Palo di San Martino, the Marmolada, Croda Marcora, and Monte Cristallo, are crossed by it. The other great Dolomites, including the Schlern, the Lang Kofel, the Rothe Wand, the Drei Zinnen, Croda Rossa, Monte Tofana, and Sorapiss, are in Austria. Cristallo, Marmolada (11,082), Sorapiss, and Tofana pass the 11,000-foot line. Antelao, Civetta, the Drei Zinnen, Croda Marcora, Marmarole, the Croda Rossa, Cimon della Pala, and the Lang Kofel, are more than 10,000 feet high.

These cold facts are given as a concession to those who are content only when they know just how big or how little anything is, and who measure the interest of a mountain by its altitude. Those who know the Dolomites in their various moods, know that their majesty is not to be measured by instruments of precision; they are weird and elusive, never twice alike; sometimes of towering height, sometimes much smaller than their measured stature; sometimes warm and as mellow as the down on a peach, sometimes as colorless and cold as steel—«everything by turns, and nothing long,» but always interesting and nearly always lovely, always grand, and often deeply impressive, as when they stand out from the somber, fir-clad twilight valley like beautiful specter mountains of another world, their walls, sides, and crests bathed in a glow that comes from lingering rosy clouds.

Pelmo, «the throne of Cadore,» is lower than some of its neighbors; but as seen from a commanding position it is greater than any of them. The Cinque Torre, opposite Cortina, a row of druidical menhirs, are under 8000 feet, and they are overshadowed by Tofana, to which they sometimes seem like foot-hill crags, though at times they are more than gigantic. These variations of apparent size and importance are equaled by the variations of color and perspective. Sometimes, on very dark days, the Ampezzothal seems to be shut in between two great vertical walls of flat, serrated rock. Under the full light of the sun, and in a clear atmosphere, every detail of their formation is defined. The mountain-tops seem very near, and they all seem low, giving an undue majesty to the high woods of the Crepa and Faloria. In the softer air of a hazy summer day the peaks

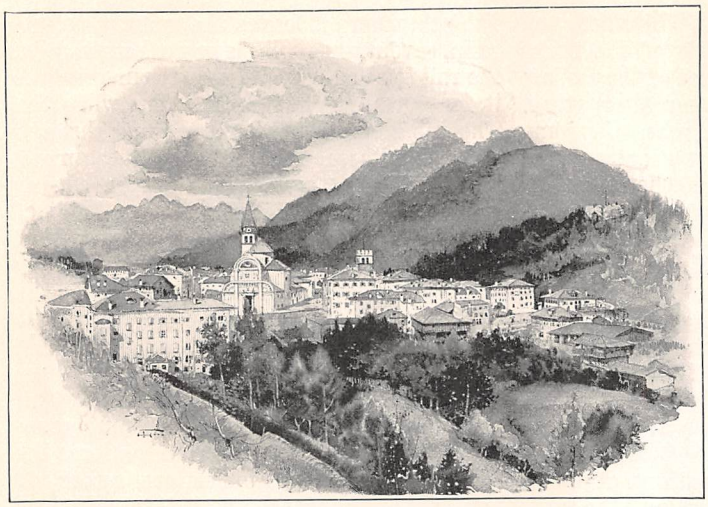
recede and reach up into the heavens, and the rosy, yellowish, soft tints of the rocks are emphasized in complement of the mellow grays and in contrast with the alternating, shadow-like browns and blacks. In some lights the Croda Rossa shows great patches of warm chocolate-brown; in others it justifies Gilbert and Churchill's suggestion that it looks as though « stained with the blood of a mighty sacrifice.» The Drei Zinnen are spirits of light or spirits of darkness, according to the conditions under which they are seen. So on throughout the whole gamut of color and impression. All things that we see, we see by the light that they reflect, and the Dolomite mountains are veritable kaleidoscopes in their habit of never twice reflecting the same combinations of light. The light that falls upon them, and the light they send back to us, are subject to such constant and such marvelous variations that they are a never-ending source of interest and often of wonder.

Cortina has its regular votaries, who go to it year after year, and who find it to grow more charming as it becomes more familiar, always excepting those rare seasons when cloud and rain make it more than exasperating. Cortina above all, and Landro, Schluderbach, and Pieve di Cadore in a subordinate way and for a shorter time, are the best centers for excursions among the Dolomites of the Ampezzothal. St. Ulrich, in the Grödnerthal, is the best starting-point for the Lang Kofel, the Schlern, and the minor peaks about the Seiser Alp, and for the remarkable little Col di Rodella, from which nearly the whole Dolomite field can be surveyed. The Grödnerthal has, too, human and other interests of its own, which make it the continued summer-resort of travelers from far and wide. After all, wherever we may locate, a good pair of legs are almost as useful as a good pair of eyes; but, fortunately, even those who lead sedentary lives soon find themselves stimulated by the interest of the region and by its high atmosphere to feats of pedestrianism which they would not have believed themselves capable of performing with such ease and pleasure.

The great Ampezzo highway is probably the best road in the world all the way from Toblach, where it leaves the railway, to Vittorio, seventy-five miles away, where it joins the rail for Venice. We used to run out over it for pure bicycling's sake. But while the wheel is a capital vehicle for going through the Dolomites, it is not of much use among them; neither are *Spänner*, either *ein-* or *zwei-*. Even the foot-hills have a habit of getting out of the valleys on a grade that is not favorable for any vehicle. One day « Mawk-nix » and I ran down the road on the double wheel at a tearing pace. When we were some miles out we heard a « click, click, click,» which became slower and slower as we slackened speed. One of the front wheels had picked up a *Flügelnagel*—a short, broad-winged spike, such as is used to reinforce the edge of the sole of a mountaineer's shoe. It held fast and it was set in air-tight. Had we bound it to its place with a tape, all would have been well; but we had no tape, and we trusted to its holding of itself till we should get home. Our trust was short-lived: the constant clicking against the fork finally pulled it out, and there we were. Even L—— did not say « Mawk-nix.» We had gone so far and over such a variety of roads without accident, that we had forgotten the tendency of pneumatic tires to lose their pneumatic

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PIEVE DI CADORE, COL CASTELLO.

quality. This was our first puncture, and the repair-kit was at the Aquila Nera. The patience with which I sat in the shade of a milk-house and whittled down plugs, one after another, until I found a tough piece of fir that would stand whittling until it was finished, is, I am sure, to be credited to my needy account. We finally succeeded in getting its head through the puncture and holding it close up to the rubber. Then we pumped a hard pressure against it, cutting off its projecting stem, and set out on the return road. Mechanically considered, it was a good job, and I was proud of it; but air will escape through a wonderfully small hole, and every few minutes the tire would spread out at its tread, and had to be pumped up again. When I expressed my regret that L—— had to do so much work over it, he said «Mawk-nix» as usual and as a matter of course, but he said it with less glee than he generally manifested. By riding as fast as we could go, we succeeded in reaching Cortina before the pump was worn out. I did not embark again «without biscuit.» The kit was always at hand—and nevermore needed.

Pieve di Cadore is twenty miles from Cortina, and it is only a mile from Tai, on the main road. This mile is a steep uphill, but as far as the foot of the hill we could fairly sail, for the difference of elevation is 1200 feet. We set out early and in sunshine. All went smoothly as far as the outpost station of the Italian custom-house, the seat of a party of smuggler-hunters who scour the woods. The formalities required here in lieu of paying duties, as we were returning before night, were prolonged till a light rain came on. We took shelter, and conversed with the officials in a curious French, until the shower had passed, when we went on to the main station at San Vito, where there were more formalities, and where an Italian «lead» was put on each wheel. Then we were fairly launched on our way, with occasional changes from sunshine to cloud; but no sooner were we fairly out of reach of the village than it began to drizzle, and the clouds came down, first on Pelmo and then over Antelao. The drizzle kept on until we came near Venas, fifteen miles from home. This village seemed a mere agglomeration of poor Italian houses, promising little hospitality, so we sheltered ourselves under the roof of a small roadside chapel, only to see it rain harder and harder. Driven from this, we went on to the village, which developed more importance than we had suspected, and where we found an *albergo* of good size and with a very amiable hostess. She brought dry clothing for the partner, and we others stripped off our wet coats. We turned the fire corner of the kitchen into the drying-room of garments of various kinds and both sexes. It was a good corner for this use, and a cozy corner for ourselves. It was a projection from the room proper, some eight feet square, with a raised square stone hearth having benches all about three of its sides, where we sat. A large hood and chimney of wood above it carried off much of the smoke, leaving little more than the comforting odor of burning twigs to reach us. It still rained harder and harder, and our expedition became more and more compromised. It was consoling to know that we could have dinner and wine, and we shuddered as we thought of the cold, starving chapel where we might still have been confined. In due time we were fed and dried, and the weather broke with some promise of a clear afternoon; but it was all up with our wheeling. We had no time to lose, and it was now or never for Cadore. There was one Einspänner in the village, with a lame horse, and a very small boy to drive it. Leaving all of our Italian speech with our good «Mawk-nix,» who stayed

behind, we drove more or less gaily to Tai and to Pieve. The weather had become good, the views were grand, and the memories of a visit in 1878 enabled me to know what I needed to see in this most interesting little town, the interest of which for the distant world lies in the fact that it was Titian's birthplace and his summer home for much of his life, to which he tried, at the age of ninety-nine, to escape from the plague which was devastating Venice. Turned back by the guards who were protecting the adjoining provinces, he fell a victim to the pest, and is supposed to have been buried in the common trench—he whose dream it had been to lay his bones in his beloved Pieve. His memory is cherished there still; the house of his birth has the inscription: «Cadore segna agli ospiti questa casa dove naque e crebbe Tiziano!» («Cadore indicates to its guests this house where Titian was born and reared!»); and there has recently been erected in its piazza a fine bronze statue to his memory. I am tempted to go to the guide-books to eke out this account of our short visit; but I will be honest for the nonce, and refer my readers to the original authorities, confessing that I was just then more intent on getting back through the Austrian custom-house before dark than in doing the churches, mansions, and museum of Pieve, to which I shall give myself the satisfaction of returning more at leisure.

We engaged a two-horse carriage to take us from Tai to Cortina. At Venas we loaded «Mawk-nix's» wheel on the front seat, took the four-wheeler in tow, put the partner comfortably into the carriage, and set out for home. We used the tow-line as far as the steeper grades continued; but for the last three miles we cut loose, took the van, and rode into Cortina in fine style. We had the delight of glorious views of the mountains all the way from Pieve; and we were, on the whole, well content with the outcome of our trip.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

TITIAN'S HOUSE, PIEVE DI CADORE.

WHEN our time came for leaving Cortina we departed in state. All Aquila Nera turned out to see us off, and passing people halted. Our tow-line was neatly coiled to the main brace, and only our baggage was in the landau. We were disposed to sink our ignominy until we should be well past the turn of the road and out of sight. The road begins, and continues, with a very decided upgrade; but we faced it resolutely. «Mawk-nix» rode his own wheel, and the partner and I were both in our seats. Those who cheered us off and exclaimed, «How delightful!» may have imagined that we made our whole trip in this correct order. The fact is that even a good wheelman who rides from Cortina to Ospitale—seven miles, with a thousand feet rise—must have his knees in very good order, or he must favor them by frequent walking. We two were not good wheelmen, and one of us was not so good as the other. The half-mile to the turn that hid us from view was quite enough for us. Here the partner resigned, «Mawk-nix's» wheel was loaded on to the carriage, and he and I were towed to the crest, and made our run thence to Toblach on the coupled bicycles. Schluderbach and Landro and the road near them were alive with *Touristen*, who stood in mute amazement or called «Al' Heil!» as we flew past them. With an easy descent on the Ampezzo roadway, we gave them no time to study the construction of the quadricycle, and we probably left them food for speculation for the rest of the day.

The driver of our carriage had been in the United States for three or four years. He

was vastly taken with the machine, and especially with the smooth working of the «health-pull,» which he watched as it stretched and closed up in response to changes of grade or of speed or of surreptitious back-pedaling. He was glad to talk of his American experiences, which had led him to this opinion: «'Merican people got no sense: work hard, make a lot of money, drink whisky, fighten, strikes, lose it all—got no sense.» He had worked for good wages, and had twice accumulated a good sum,—once as much as five hundred dollars,—and had then seen it all swept away by strikes ordered by walking delegates, and whole communities reduced to the verge of starvation. His verdict was: «'Merican workingmen is fools.» When he had again accumulated a little money, he came back to Cortina with five hundred gulden, got married, and bought a carriage and a pair of horses, with which he earns a living income by carrying summer tourists over the road between Cortina and Toblach or Belluno, and by hauling wood in winter. He has no thought of going again to a country whose people «got no sense.»

He was most impressed with the stupidity of boxing. He saw the fight in New Orleans between Corbett and Sullivan, which was to him the most conclusive evidence of our lack of sense. Wrestling he thought a manly exercise, and he was fond of it and an adept at it; but hammering with the fists was «fool work.» After our midday meal at Toblach we went down the Pusterthal to Bruneck, and the next day to Mühlbach, which we found in a turmoil of expectation over the mountain manœuvers of a corps of the Austrian army, which was to arrive on the following day. We met several regiments as we passed through Franzensfeste, and a fine body of well-officered men they were.

At Mühlbach, which tempts to a second visit, we walked up a beautiful mountain path to a fine waterfall high in the hills. It was Sunday evening, and our way led past a curious «Garden of Gethsemane,» which was obviously a favorite object of local pilgrimage. It is built on a high terrace, sloping steeply toward the road, and inclosed in a picket fence. The Christ kneels under a sort of pagoda, the angel is exposed to the weather, and the three neglectful apostles are asleep under a tin roof. A sign-board has this legend:

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

EVENING PRAYER IN A TYROLEAN GASTHAUS.

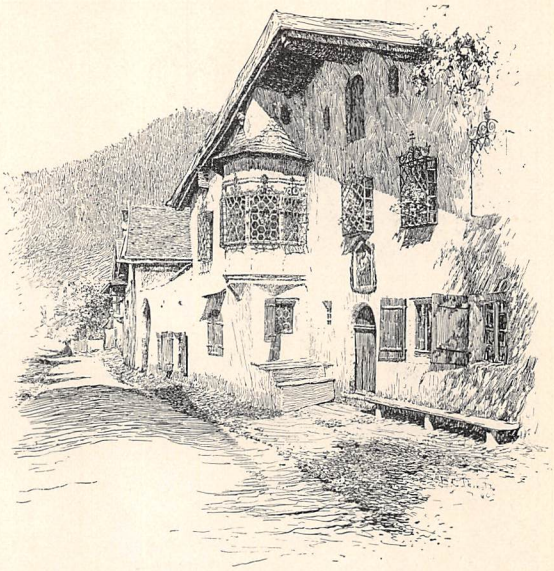
O! du mein lieber Wandersmann,
Steh' still und halt' ein bischen an,
Und schaue meinen blut'gen Schweiß,
Dann mache weiter deine Reiß'.

(Oh! thou beloved wanderer,
Stand still and wait a little here,
And look upon my bloody sweat,
Then forth upon thy travels set.)

Beyond this there is a very old chapel covered with curious frescos, containing various objects of veneration, and evidently the source of much absolution.

In the evening we heard a monotonous chant near the hotel, and were told that it came from a gathering of the field-hands of the neighborhood, who met every evening in a large hall and intoned their prayers under the lead of the head workman.

The stream that tears down through the village to which it gives its name furnishes power for many industries. The rate of wages is low, of course; but the people are well housed and evidently well fed and happy. They would be in some ways the better for less bigotry and more light; but that they would be better for more «whisky, fighten, and strikes» is not likely.



DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

PEASANT HOUSE IN BRIXLEGG.

Perhaps there is no better index to the good or bad condition of the working-people of a country than is afforded by the number of beggars one meets on the roads. The poles set up at the border of Austria, with their spiral stripes of yellow and black, do not mark the line between it and Italy much more clearly than does the advent of the beggar the moment the line is crossed. In Austrian Tyrol there are virtually no beggars. On the Italian side, even well-dressed people in the fields will leave their work to beg coppers from the passing traveler. One day, in the upper Innthal, a couple of bright-looking, rosy-faced children ran after us, asking for kreutzers. «Mawk-nix» upbraided them for such a shameful act, and they slunk away. He spoke of this with much indignation to a neighbor, who said their whole family were away in the fields at work, or they would not have dared to beg, and that he would see that they were well spanked when their mother came home at night. Nuns and a few favored cripples sometimes ask alms at the doors of the churches in the larger towns, and the «poor-box» is always found inside; but the peasantry and the churches take care of their own poor, so that the vice of beggary is unknown among them. In Italy, on the other hand, it is obvious that special conditions of deformity are artificially produced. Both legs broken and badly reset in childhood constitute a good source of income for life; and anything that appeals to sympathy is made the occasion for cultivating a very mistaken and mischievous charity.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A GIRL OF TYROL.

All the world has heard of, and much of the world has visited, the patriotic passion-play at Oberammergau; but few know the degree to which the dramatic faculty is developed among the Tyrolese. At Brixlegg, in the lower Innthal, I saw, some years ago, a very impressive passion-play performed by the people of the village, which was said to be much what the Oberammergau play was before Bayard Taylor made it known to the world and started it on its course of financial prosperity. This year we made a fine run to Brixlegg, to see, in the same barn-like playhouse, a performance of «Speckbacher,» representing incidents of Hofer's patriotic campaigns against the Bavarians and the French. The title rôle was taken by a young man who looks much like Defregger's portrait of

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE TOWN HALL OF HALL.

the hero. He was a stick, and the Hofer was rather ponderous; but the minor parts were capitally given, and the young woman who played the peasant heroine gave great pathos and interest to the play. In Pradl, an outlying ward of Innsbruck, there is a noted peasant theater where local plays, with a high development of the patriotic element, delight the popular audience on Sunday afternoons, and give much satisfaction to the visitors who attend them during the summer. One of the most successful of the dramas was written by the wife of a shoemaker in Pradl, who plays the leading part with great acceptance. In Meran, in the autumn months, in a fine open-air theater, the play of «Andreas Hofer» is said to be unusually fine. Hofer was a native of the Passeierthal, which debouches at Meran. The costumes of his time still prevail there, and its traditions still live, so that this play is said to be marked with great historic accuracy of setting.

The route from Innsbruck to Brixlegg—thirty miles—begins with six miles of the worst road in Tyrol. It has been torn up by heavy trucking, and the Radfahrer Verband has not thus far been able to get it mended. Beyond Hall, however, this condition gives way to something very near perfection. The grades are good, with a considerable general descent, the villages and towns are fine, as becomes the centers of such a rich district, and the beauty and interest of the scenery are well-nigh unequaled. Near Brixlegg the road passes Schloss Matzen, the property of Mr. Baillie-Grohman, whose «Tyrol and the Tyrolese,» and other works relating to these and other mountains, have made his name familiar to English and American readers. The road is said to be equally good and attractive all the way to the foot of the Bavarian highlands.

The road south from the Brenner pass, which the weather allowed us to ride over only as far as Franzensfeste, is somewhat steeper in places; but it is even finer in scenery, and has more traces of its old historic importance. Here were the great battlefields of the early wars for the possession of these mountains, and in modern time of the struggle under Hofer. One of its towns is unique. Stertzing lies near the mouth of the Pflertscherthal, down which the glaciers of the Stubai group cast their white light; and all its surroundings are of the grander sort. It is a little town with a thrifty air. Though of minor importance, it is a jewel-casket of medieval treasures in civic and domestic architecture. It had its highest importance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The flow of tourist travel passes it without heeding it.

We halted for luncheon at a very simple little wayside *Gasthaus* at Freienfeld, beyond the Stertzinger Moos, the long stretch of flat meadows south of the town, which was a bloody battle-ground in the struggle of 1809.

WE found that the bicycle-fever had reached even to our landlord, who was experimenting with an iron-rimmed wheel over which the saddle was supported by a pair of elliptic springs. L—— tried it, and said it went very well, though not so soft as the «pneu.» I lifted it, and did not care to go farther. I told him it was too heavy. He said, «Mawknix; muss stärker sein» («That 's nothing; you must be stronger»). Probably the extra weight of this wheel would not be considered in fixing the load that a Tyrolese peasant would carry over the hills from the fields, and need not be regarded as an obstruction to sport. The wheels here are all much heavier than ours, and much stronger. They can be sent uphill by the tougher thews that grow in this land, and for safety in going downhill they have very effective brakes. The best brake has two pieces of rubber, about two and a half inches long and three quarters of an inch square, which are held flat against the two quarters of the tire. It holds very firmly, and its friction does not come on the part that is subject to the greatest wear. It is used, not with a steady pressure, but with successive light squeezes. When one becomes accustomed to it, it gives excellent control to any degree desired—even to holding the machine stock-still under any load and on any grade. Even the usual flat brake has a rubber face which holds better and lasts longer than metal. My American brakes were «not in it» on these hills, as compared with those of the local wheels I rode. The use of the brake is exacted by law in all towns, and it is almost universal on country roads; so is the furnishing of the wheel with a bell, but the better riders in Innsbruck do not use this in the city streets. They say they can make their way safely at a moderate speed, if the people keep on their way, while if they are disturbed and made nervous by a bicycle bell, they are liable to make some unexpected movement that may lead to a collision. I remember a case of mutual dodging at a street crossing in New York, between myself and a lady whom my bell had startled, which came near being annoying. Perhaps the custom in Paris of hanging a little sleigh-bell loosely from the handle-bar is safer. It jingles all the time, somewhat to the annoyance of the rider; but it has a faint horse-car suggestion that keeps the public on the lookout. Nowhere in Europe did I see the brutal quadrupedal «scorching» that is such a nuisance and such a danger with us.

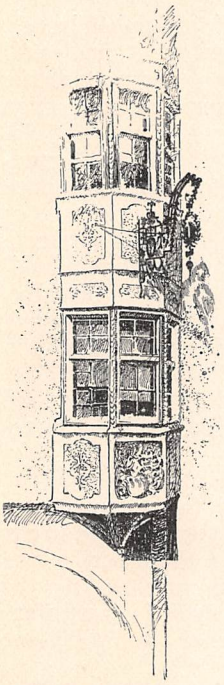
Another device I found to be in very general use in Tyrol. This is a snap-clip for holding the front wheel in line with the machine, so that it may be stood against a tree or any other support without falling. It is useful in pushing uphill with the hand on the saddle. The direction is changed by lifting the hind wheel to right or left. The clip is set or released in a moment.

As we left our lunching-place we found the young towheads of the farm standing in mute and respectful wonderment about our wheels. We gave them a bit of a ride, two at a time, and left them enriched with the memory of a sensation they had never before known, and will never repeat—and will never forget.

Our long and beautiful road went winding on down the valley toward a finely situated castle which, as the guide-books say, has been «restored, enlarged, and beautified» by some newly rich new possessor. Let us hope that his kind may hold their hand from further meddling with historic old ruins, here or elsewhere. Its view up the valley could not be spoiled by any man's money, and we turned out of the road to look at it. Alas! as we crossed a somewhat slimy gutter my

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SCHLOSS MATZEN, NEAR BRIXLEGG.



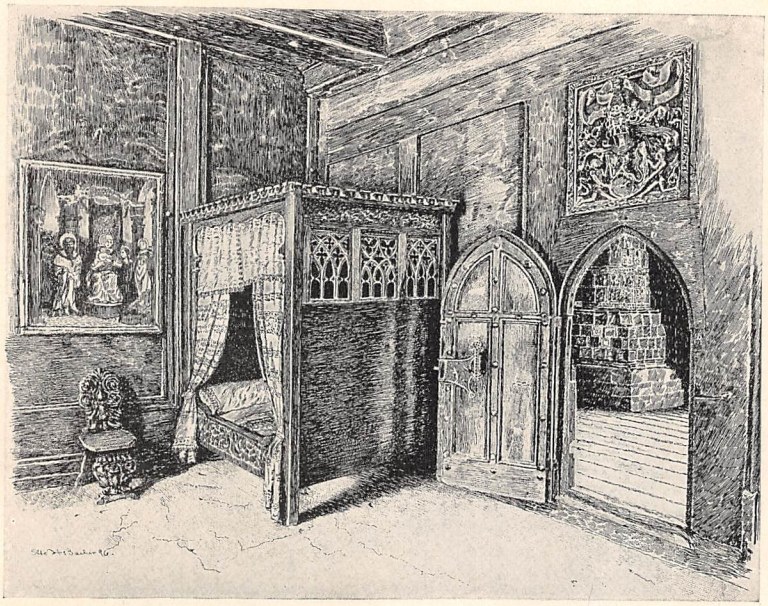
DRAWN BY W. B. SMITH.
AN ORIEL WINDOW IN STERTZING.

hind wheel gave way under the lateral pressure of its burden, and sprang out of its plane. Here was a catastrophe indeed. L—— had gone on out of sight and hearing, and I was thrown on my own resources. For the first time I found the wisdom of the recommendation to wheelmen that they should themselves take their wheels apart and put them together again, so as to become familiar with their construction. After a discussion with the partner as to whose fault it was, I tried to take the wheel out, intending to dissect it and build it up anew. Fortunately, I did not get very far before L—— came flying back to see what had become of us. He saw the trouble at once, and said, «Mawk-nix.» He turned the machine on its side, jumped on the warped member, and sprung it back into place as good as new; and that wheel never showed the least effect of what we had feared would prove a fatal injury.

It was a source of great regret that the low-hanging clouds compelled us to pass by the gate of the Grödnerthal at Waidbruck. St. Ulrich, the Lang Kofel, the Seiser Alp, and the Col di Rodella all lay that way; but under such skies as this very exceptional season brought they had all to be given up. The recollection of former visits, and the hope of visits yet to come, must suffice us. From Botzen we had occasional glimpses of the great Dolomites which overlook it, but never such a clear view as is needed to get the full value of the sights for which one climbs up the steep valley of Gröden. Fortunately, such weather is rare on this slope of the Alps, which has an almost Italian tendency to clear skies. I have never before found it under persistent clouds in August and September.

Meran is not in the Dolomite region, but as approached from the east it seems a very near neighbor to it. It is on the road from Landeck to Botzen, and that route is enriched with a glorious view of the Ortler and of the long stretch of snow-mountains of which it is the king. It is, however, more easily visited from the Brenner by the railway. Perhaps this is a case where one should not stand on the order of his going, but should go at once by the way nearest to his hand. I had not seen Meran before for nearly twenty years, and I found it much improved. Happily, this improvement has in no wise spoiled it, and its new railroad from Botzen is a convenience for those who do not use the wheel. The old highroad is still very good. Meran is more distinctly an old town and a new one than any other I know. Juxtaposition has not led to intermixing. Passing through the old arched gateway under the tower against which the Erzherzog Johann Hotel is built, we enter at once into a town of the middle ages, with a grand old church, and with a long street both sides of which are furnished with the arcades of centuries ago, where the traffic of the region is carried on by a people who have not felt to the usual degree the effect of modern civilization. The old cos-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.
THE GATE OF THE CLOCK-TOWER, STERTZING.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE ALTE LANDESFÜRSTLICHE BURG IN MERAN.

tume is still considerably worn, and one meets many men with broad green silk suspenders,—almost like vests,—wide embroidered belts, jackets with scarlet lappets, and broad plush hats set back on the head, and having a curious peaked crown surrounded with several rows of colored cord. The goods offered for sale in the shops are mainly such as one finds in the small villages; they are sold for the same small prices, and they are carried away in the same primitive parcels. Early in the evening all is quiet and darkness, and the whole town seems to be asleep by nine o'clock.

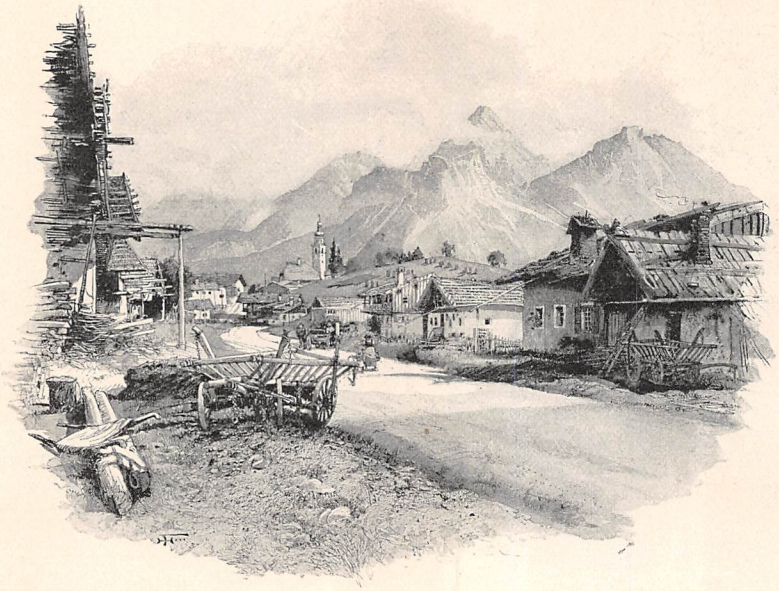
Hidden away in a little square in the back part of the town there stands a building of great interest. It is called the Alte Landesfürstliche Burg. It was built by Archduke Sigmund I during the lifetime of his first wife, Eleanora, daughter of King James of Scotland, between 1446 and 1480. It was occupied by the emperors Maximilian I and Ferdinand I, and was visited by members of the imperial family, who resorted to Meran as a *Kurort*—for it was even then famed for its salubrity and its good physicians—until about the middle of the seventeenth century.

After that it fell into disuse, and stood neglected until, in 1845, Archduke John of Austria suggested and stimulated its restoration. This was finally finished in 1889. It is very completely reconstructed, and furnished according to the records of its time, which include several inventories of its contents. It is not a museum of antiquities, only a small, princely house for use on occasions by the imperial family of Austria according to the habits of life of four hundred years ago. It is not enough to say that it is well worthy of a visit: it is unique, instructive, and most interesting.

Old Meran is now inclosed in a framework of modern health-resort building and adornment, as this is inclosed in the beauty and grandeur of the noble mountains of the Etschthal. A more charming winter residence could hardly be imagined. Much of its success as a resort is due to the wise efforts of Dr. Tappeiner, who has been its chief physician for more than fifty years. His jubilee was made the occasion for undertaking the construction of the Tappeinerweg, a rarely fine walk built up the Passeierbach,

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GUARD OF THE VINEYARD, MERAN.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LERMOOS, OPPOSITE THE SONNENSPITZE.

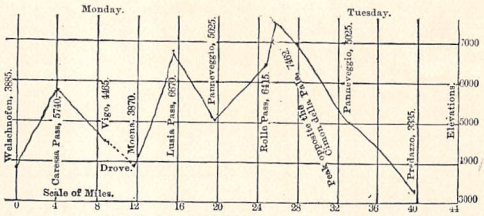
and thence over terraces against the side of the steep wine-bearing hill back of the town, reaching a height from which a marvelous view is seen, and descending to a street that leads to the old arcades. At the summit stands a portrait-sculpture of the good physician to whom Meran owes so much, and to whom those who resort to its « climate cure » should be grateful. This is said to be a hot place in summer, but I have twice had the good fortune to find it cool in August. It must be delightful always.

I should advise a wheelman landing at Genoa, as I did, to follow my route as far as Nauders and Reschen-Scheideck, and then, if the Ortler range is not clouded, to go down the Vintschgau as far as Meran. The valley descends rapidly, and it is only as it drops into the plain extending not far above the town that the heat becomes excessive. It is a beautiful road all the way. I should return over the first thirty miles, with a rise of nearly 3000 feet, by the Landeck diligence; but one who scorns such help will not find the grade impracticable. The road is good, of course. The thirty-mile station is Neu Spondenig, where the road forks to the Stelvio pass; but that 's another story. One should not be tempted to go by rail from Meran to Innsbruck, for the road from Nauders via Landeck must on no account be missed. Botzen had better be allowed to wait for a visit from the north over the Brenner, in connection with the Dolomite region, near the edge of which it lies.

This paper is devoted mainly to an account of what a bicyclist may see and do; but a wise man—or woman—will leave the wheel at times and take to the hills. One of my memorable walks will illustrate this, and hundreds equally interesting may be found. I had passed the night at Welschnofen (3900 feet), which is approached from Botzen through the Eggenthal, and which lies directly west of the Rothe Wand, a superb wall of reddish dolomite over 9000 feet high, forming the end of the Rosengarten range. Starting at daybreak with a good guide, I ascended the Puckelinthal, passed the Karrer See, where there is a fine hotel, and went up through the woods to the Caressa pass (5740 feet). Here we rested at a charming chalet the *Gast*-room of which had been decorated from time to time by wandering artists. Here my plans changed themselves. I had intended to return through Vigo and Campidello to St. Ulrich, but the glory of the wonderful peaks of San Martino rose before me; I had never seen them before, and I could not turn my back on them. After dining at Vigo (4465 feet), I drove to Moena, three miles down the Fassathal, and walked thence over the Lusia pass (6670 feet) to Panneveggio (5025 feet), where I was glad at nightfall

to find a very comfortable hotel. The next morning I walked over the highroad to the Rolle pass (6415 feet), and thence to the spur of a neighboring crest (7462 feet) which overlooked the glacier under the high peak of Cimon della Pala (10,561 feet), «the Matterhorn of the Dolomites.» The position was too near for an appreciation of the majesty of this marvelous peak, but not too near for a study of its remarkable formation. It is of a creamy color, with a tendency to gray. I made an interesting circuit of the high and fertile adjoining Alps, took my noon meal at Panneveggio, and pretty nearly exhausted my remaining strength in walking down the Val Travignolo to Predazzo. Seen from this valley, at a distance of ten miles, the Cimon della Pala and its neighbor the Palo di San Martino, glowing with the golden light of the setting sun, were more impressive than any sight I ever beheld, save only the Lang Kofel near St. Ulrich as it stood under the sunset glow, high against the dark sky above the black firs of the Grödnerthal.

The appended profile of my two days' walk will illustrate more clearly a feature of excursions in the Tyrol which is quite different from wheeling through its valleys—different, but not more charming.



Nor are these valleys and mountains the Tyrol's only attractions. It is covered with the glamour of history and tradition, reaching back to very remote times; from the beginning it has been the battle-ground and the refuge of the hordes by whom Italy was successively settled, conquered, reconquered, and lost again and again; and its hills are rich with the record of the warlike peoples who have occupied it in turn. Since the Napoleonic days, when Andreas Hofer and his lieutenants, Speckbacher and the Capuchin monk Haspinger, with their sturdy band of mountaineers, and the famed Maidl von Spinges, held it for the Austrian crown, it has been at peace, and even these later struggles now live only in history. But the spirit of patriotism is still strong. Let us trust that it may remain a spirit only, and that these smiling and happy valleys may not again feel the scourge of war.

Geo. E. Waring, Jr.

THE PILGRIMS.

«WHITHER, pilgrims, whither bound,
Passing slowly with no sound?»
One by one they journey by,
Gliding, gliding silently;
Slowly, slowly, dim and gray,
Hold they on their ghostly way.

«Hither, children, making May
Of the solemn autumn day,
Who were they but now went by
While the dead weeds gave a sigh?
Who the pilgrims, dim and gray,
Stopped and looked upon your play?»

«We have wandered many hours
Here where some one hides the flowers;
We heard laughter in the grass,
But we saw no pilgrim pass.»
Whispers one,—pale-cheeked is she,—
«Shapes went by; they beckoned me.»

John Vance Cheney.

«ANTI-BABEL;»

OR,

PROFESSOR SANDFOG'S UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «WRITING TO ROSINA,» «A LITTLE DINNER,» «THE BATTLE OF BUNKERLOO,» ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE grand fountains at the Exposition would every now and then give the terrace a veritable drenching. Two persons hurrying away from this unwelcome shower of spray almost ran into each other.

«Why, Uncle Pausanias!» exclaimed one of them, a young woman in a sober brown traveling-skirt and shirt-waist. «Why, this is very nice! I was reading about you only this morning, and I wondered if I should meet you.»

«Reading about me?» returned the other, an elderly man with an abstracted air.

«Yes; in the paper—about your new language, the great discovery they say you are perfecting. I cut out the slip to send home.»

She handed it to him. He took it, his abstracted air began to disappear, and he read aloud as follows:

Among notable arrivals in town is Professor Pausanias Sandfog of McCorkleville University. The professor comes to the Exposition to utilize, in connection with his remarkable language experiments, the representatives from the many foreign nations who now gather here from all quarters of the earth. We believe we are correct in stating that Professor Sandfog's great plan for a universal language is just on the point of completion. Thus the World's Columbian Exposition, which has already been an influence of such incalculable value in every other department of human affairs, will also, fittingly, be the means of introducing to mankind a uniform method of speech. Some idea of the importance of Professor Sandfog's most original discovery is had in remembering that the famous Leibnitz estimated that a universal language would be equivalent to adding a third to the duration of human life.

«That is correct,» said the reader, handing back the item. «How the newspapers do get hold of things!»

«A universal language—how grand! how lovely! I shall be so proud of it. To think that a member of our own family should first invent such a remarkable idea!»

«Do not fall into an error: mine is not the first attempt of the sort; it is simply the best. Philosophic minds for two hundred years past, including Leibnitz himself, have tried it. Yes; I have succeeded where others failed. I may say without vanity that I have settled one of the greatest problems of humanity. I do not wish to be egotistical, but McCorkleville University will reap no ordinary credit from this; and I suppose I shall rank, in time, as one of the chief benefactors and most famous celebrities of the race. I have got hold of one of those ideas that thrill, electrify, and strike with amazement.»

«A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE—HOW GRAND!»

He now began with a voluminous handkerchief to mop the drops of fountain spray from a rather rusty-looking high hat. «Your aunt

is riding round somewhere in a wheel-chair,» said he—«she 's generally wheeling round somewhere. She 'd like to see you.»

«I really ought not to delay any longer just now. I am here with somebody. I have charge of a young friend, a daughter of one of our school trustees. She has had considerable trouble lately, and needs to be amused. In fact, it 's a broken engagement.»

«So you could n't help me out in this matter, Mary? I was going to propose to you to give me an hour or two a day. You understand stenography, and I need some one on whose discretion I can rely to assist me for a short time.»

«If Leontine would let me, I should like nothing better. There she is over there just now—the one in the blue yachting-suit. She stopped to talk to some friends.»

«Ah, yes; I see, she *is* quite young.»

«And pretty—don't you think so?—even with her sad look. But do tell me about the universal language; I am just dying to hear.»

«I call it ‹Anti-Babel,›» said he, and then paused with pride to observe the effect.

«‹Anti-Babel.›» His niece Miss Mary Shaft, for so she called herself, paused also, in reflection. Then she clapped her gloved hands. «What an excellent name!» she said. «It shows so clearly the great range and scope of the enterprise. Yes; the more I think of it the better I like it.»

«It *is* rather good. My system is to undo the confusion of tongues that took place at the tower of Babel, in the land of Shinar—a confusion wrought by some mistake, I am persuaded, which the exegetists will yet explain to us.»

«Is it anything like Volapük? I recollect now that I once looked over a primer of that universal language, and I found it dreadful.»

«Volapük was self-condemned by its harshness,» responded Professor Sandfog, severely. «The coming language must be melodious. Nor must it have a bias from the German or any other nationality. English, for instance, is spoken by a hundred and twenty million people or so. Some folks, therefore, have proposed that English should be modified and used as a universal speech. Others have proposed the Chinese or the Malay, both of which also have a very wide dissemination.»

«Oh, if it could only be English!» sighed Mary.

«Such ideas are all stuff and nonsense.» He looked at her in some surprise. «Local pride and jealousy will always prevent any consummation of that kind. Every man thinks his own language is better than every other man's, and he is not going to give it up in favor of anybody else's. No merely *national* language, therefore, will ever prevail over the others.»

«No, of course not; no, indeed.»

«What might we suppose to be the next alternative? The introduction of a purely artificial speech. But that will meet with even less favor still. Men will never accept a merely mechanical invention, made of whole cloth; they will have nothing to do with a purely artificial product, without history, derivations, or any roots of its own.»

«What, then, will they accept, Uncle Pausanias? I thought—I—it seems a very puzzling problem.»

«Accept? Why, ‹Anti-Babel,› of course. The beauty of my system is that it avoids all the national differences and jealousies; or rather, it wins over to itself the very sentiment on which they are based, and makes that a part of its strength.»

«Do you think a specimen of your language would be too difficult for me to understand?» appealed his niece, ingratiatingly.

«Difficult? Nonsense! Like all great inventions, it is extremely simple. That is why I am forced to have such absolute confidence in it.»

«I am so glad it is not too hard. That would make people slow in learning it.»

«Hard? It is simplicity itself. I cannot give you any actual example of the words as yet, but I 'll explain it to you. See here; it is like this: I assemble in a hall persons representing the different languages of the world. I give them a certain word, let us say ‹bread.› At a signal they are all to speak that word together, but each in his own tongue. I take down the resultant, and that is the word in the new universal language.»

«Oh—oh, yes»—but somewhat hesitatingly, for Mary Shaft was a person of no great range of imagination. «I should say that that was very good.» She did not yet see whither all this would lead.

«Very good? Why, it 's immense; it 's stupendous, hitherto unheard of. Are you quite sure you understand it?»

«Let me see if I do. You get the crowd of foreigners together. They all shout the same word in chorus, the Frenchman giving it in French, the Russian in Russian, the Turk in Turkish, and so forth, and you collect the resulting sound—»

«Yes—in a phonograph.»

«It will be like composite photographs—only of words. The various sounds overlap,

just as the pictures do, and you will get but a single impression.»

«Not a bad comparison. I see you catch the idea.»

«But the objection to composite photographs is a blurred look, a lack of sharpness.»

«That will not be considered an objection in *words*. See the mellifluous softness that Anti-Babel must have; it will be smoother than Italian; I expect it to be a great favorite with musicians. On the other hand, since it will contain all the consonants, all the masculine elements in language, also, it cannot be lacking in strength.»

«I must say it 's a wonderful idea, Uncle Pausanias; I 'm getting very enthusiastic about it. And it 's so in keeping with this marvelous Exposition!»

«You can understand that words composed in that way would be full of life and vitality, and no mere bloodless product. Each would contain the sap and essence of all its predecessors. And there is no reason for rivalry or jealousy, you see, for no nation is excluded; each one has its full part in the result.

«I should think you would need some quieter place for your studies, uncle. This bustling Chicago must be rather confusing,» said Mary.

«Do not lose sight of the chief consideration that brings me here. McCorkleville was very well while I was preparing the preliminaries, but here alone I could find the aggregation of strange peoples who furnish the material for my researches. An international exposition is the one place where such an experiment as mine can be successfully made. Mere traveling in foreign countries would not do; for, passing from one to another, you would not have the different kinds of people all together, as is necessary. I wanted very much to go to the last Paris Exposition, in '89; but Mrs. Sandfog and the children—well, I was not able to accomplish it.»

«You are just too mean!» said his niece, reprovingly. «When I was at McCorkleville last you never said a thing to me about it.»

«It is just as well that I did not go to Paris in '89; for, not knowing French or other modern languages, the difficulties of putting the matter through in such unfamiliar surroundings would have been too great.»

«No modern languages? But I should think a person would have to be posted in all conceivable languages to make a success of such a scheme.»

«No, no; not necessarily,» he replied, unruffled. «I have always been occupied with mathematical matters, and have not had the time for that. The important thing is the shaping plan, the directing mind. Remark that mere attention to detail often detracts from success in the main issue.»

«Oh—oh, yes,» she commented, with but the vaguest idea of what he meant.

While they were talking, some groups or single figures of strangely dressed foreigners would wander by, temporarily strayed from that singular storehouse of nations, the Midway Plaisance. Once there passed, together, a trio of Annamites, a couple of Druse women of Mount Lebanon, mysteriously veiled, and a Mexican in short jacket and sombrero, ornate with silver buttons and braid.

«You see the kind of material I have to choose from,» the professor said complacently. «I have a skilful agent collecting for me the examples of the various nations that I need. He does it even better than I could myself. I have an appointment with him here about this time, to hear a report as to some types that are still missing, and also as to a proper hall for our meetings.»

«But can you expect to find here examples of *all* the nations in the world? And if you do not have them all, how can the results you obtain be correct?»

«Such fullness is not necessary for the present. I hold that substantial correctness can be secured by getting delegates from all the principal districts of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Oceanica, taking care that no important spot is omitted. Then, the Indo-European race may be somewhat disproportionately represented as to numbers. It is the one to which the most civilized nations, both of ancient and modern times, have belonged, and consequently the one that has had the chief influence upon the destinies of mankind. Fortunately, delegates from that stock are the easiest of all to obtain. Some day, great capitalists and governments will take this matter up, liberal appropriations will be made, and a vast hall built, which should have a funnel-shaped end or roof, where the sounds can be properly collected. Then the finer shadings, ending in entire perfection, will at length be reached.»

«The immensity of the idea almost takes my breath away.»

The young woman who had been spoken of as «Leontine,» a Miss Leontine Himmel, now came back and joined them. She carried a catalogue in her hand, the jacket of her yachting-suit over her arm, and she raised her large, fine eyes to the professor's face for a moment with a sad, pensive air.

«I will let you know as soon as the time

of our meetings is settled, and I trust your engagements will not conflict with your taking part in some of them,» said Professor Sandfog, at parting.

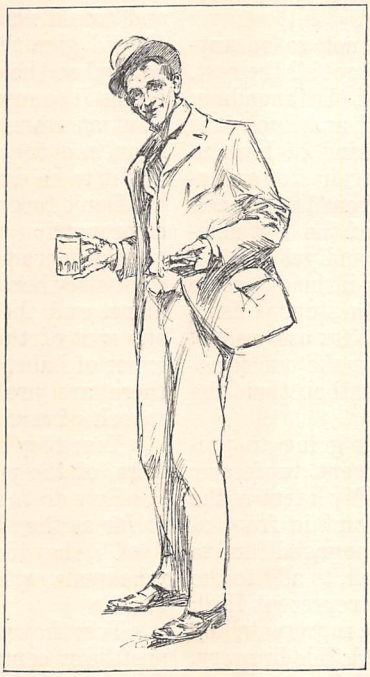
But now Mrs. Sandfog rolled up in her wheel-chair, and detained them further. At least, she detained her niece further. Being an irrepressible and gossipy sort of person, she got out of her all about the broken engagement of Leontine, who meanwhile leaned pensively over the balustrade, and looked at the Turner and Claude Lorrain Grecian palace effects around the grand basin.

Mary Shaft said that Leontine Himmel of Brooklyn, while a member of a sketching class in Brittany, had allowed herself to become engaged to a young scapegrace named Elliot Shorter, and her family had come over from America and broken off the imprudent match.

«One of the things learned about him,» said she, «was that he had divided up his property into three parts, and spent one each year, having got it into his head somehow that he had but three years to live. At the end of the time he was as well as ever, but penniless and without any way of making a living.»

«Leontine did quite right to drop him,» declared the aunt.

«Oh, it was not on that account,» protested Miss Shaft, loyal to her charge. «She is a very sweet, conscientious, accomplished girl, and, in spite of this, a very intelligent one too.»



«JAMES K. MURKLE.»

Professor Sandfog, left to himself anew, was presently joined by his agent or chief assistant. This was a young man who called himself James K. Murkle. He was of rather gentlemanly appearance, though shabbily dressed, and he accosted his patron with an easy, confident air.

«Seen the notice in the morning paper, professor?»

«Yes; my niece called my attention to it a short time ago. I might have missed it otherwise.»

«*I* got that put in. I ran across a reporter who was looking for items, and I filled him up to the eyebrows with this discovery of yours. If you say so, I can manage to make things hum in the press, so that when you get back to McCorkleville the folks will come out to meet you with two or three brass bands and a display of fireworks.»

«We had better wait a little for results. I do not find that necessary just at present.»

«Just as you say, professor.»

«And now, what have you to report in the matter of a hall?»

«Only this: that there does not seem to be a foot of space for us either within the Exposition grounds or, near by, without. They can't take us in at the quarters of the Parisian Glass Works, the Ice Railway, or the Diving-bell Exhibit, and the vacant sculpture studio I was hoping to get was snapped up so quick that I see I never had even a ghost of a chance for it.»

«Then it seems we shall have to go well down town, to some such place as the Music Hall.»

«Corner of Randolph and State? No; that's too far away for the folks to go. And we could n't have it even if it was n't; it is occupied by the Keeley Convention.»

«Keely the inventor of the motor? Has he—?»

«No; he would n't want to hold a convention all by himself. It 's the other kind, the ‹gold cure,› the —er—» And he crooked his elbow expressively upward, with the thumb pointing toward his mouth.

«But we must have *some* place,» exclaimed the professor, desperately. «The partitions are very thin in my hotel, and Mrs. Sandfog— Nevertheless we can't hold our sessions in language construction out of doors.»

«I was going on to say that we could have the Beauty Show hall if we could use it very early in the morning.»

«The Beauty Show hall? Ah, yes; I recollect the place—on the Midway Plaisance. I think they call it the International Dress and Costume Company.»

«The same. Big, fine building; appropriate place, too; flags of all nations flying all over

it, so the parties we bring in there will feel quite at home.»

«The work is of a kind to ennoble any place in which it might be held,» said the professor, after some little hesitation. «And the—the present occupants?»

«As we 've got to start in as early as eight o'clock in the morning, or not at all, they will be sleeping off their victories of the day before, and getting ready to paralyze the public again. They won't be there. The Swiss girl, though, I 'd like to have her come; she 's a first-class good-looker, a real beauty, and no mistake.»

«We cannot accept anybody on that basis,» rejoined his employer, coldly.

«Well, good looks ought not to be anything against 'em if they 've got all the rest. ‹Frida› speaks the dialect of the Engadine; I 've heard that lingo myself, and know it 's genuine. They say it 's a kind of broken-down Latin. Take ‹Marie,› again, for an example, that I 've engaged from the French bakery. I consider her one of the best delegates we 're going to have, and yet she 's a regular peach. Those two will brighten up the whole place like Blazing Sun stove-polish.»

«You may be right; but, as far as possible, I think it would be wise to make our selections from the masculine rather than the feminine gender.»

«The masculine gender is going to preponderate at least eighty per cent., professor; don't be uneasy about that. My latest is the big halberdier who keeps guard in front of the Old Vienna café. I 've engaged him to come, with his halberd and all, to add to the tone of the thing. He is to represent High German. Low German will be represented by a Mecklenburger from a North Side brewery. I have one Dutchman from Holland, and another from Surinam to give the colonial accent too.»

The professor nodded his head approvingly.

«Say, my Fiji is a corker; I 've got a couple of daisy Italians; and my Eskimo is 'way out of sight—I got him out of the Eskimo village, down there by the South Park station. There 's more than fifty of them there, with their dogs, sledges, canoes, spears, and seal blubber complete. You ought to stop in and take a look at 'em, if you have n't done so already.»

«And a Patagonian—what have you to report on that score? You have not forgotten that a Patagonian is absolutely necessary to the rounding out of my program?»

«Patagonians are scarce, and will probably come high. I have not got one yet: but don't be afraid; I 'm bound to get you one, if hustling can do it.»

«Should we not do well to enlist some members from the Parliament of Religions? I should like to have the advice of some of those Brahmans, pundits, Greek archbishops, and Japanese high priests, in their several languages. They are men of education, and we could rely upon what they said. I have been thinking that I could make their acquaintance and attend to that matter myself, leaving the others to you.»

«Are you sure they would n't steal your invention?» suggested Mr. Murkle, craftily. «At any rate, they 'd be sure to be uppish, and would want big pay. I doubt, too, if they 'd give the pronunciation as clear and natural as the other kind. No; I can get you all the Japanese and Hindus and Africans you want at from twenty-five to fifty cents an hour, and they 'll do the business up as it ought to be done.»

«Don't forget that if there is to be a lack of proportion anywhere, it should consist in getting more people from the center of Asia than elsewhere—Assyrians, Persians, Armenians, and the like. As that was the parent spot of the human race, and where the tower of Babel was built, the dialects around there are probably nearer to the original speech of man than any others.»

«Yes; they have the Parisian accent, as it were, of the primeval lingo.»

«How do the persons you engage like it, as far as they have got?»

«Oh, they like it immensely; I hold partial rehearsals with 'em, and they think it 's great.»

«Yes; they naturally would,» assented the professor, complacently. «That is because there is no favoritism anywhere about it. When so many different sounds come in conflict something has to give way; but they have the judgment to see that it will be ‹the survival of the fittest› in the truest sense of the term.»

«I will report to you to-night at the Himalaya Hotel, and if everything is all right, why can't we begin the day after to-morrow, at latest?»

«The sooner the better.»

Mr. James Murkle then turned briskly northward, along the shores of the lagoon, and, traversing the subway that passed under Stony Island Avenue, entered the Midway Plaisance. That famous strip of ground, devoted to the lighter distractions of the Exposition as contrasted with its more serious business, has been faintly imitated

since by every popular bathing-beach and almost every county fair in the country, so that many there are who know what it was like, though they never set eyes upon the place itself. It was a great area of flimsy mosques, pagodas, medieval castles, and villages, all promising pleasure according to their hopes of gain, and keeping good their promises only up to the point where a long-suffering public would have stood no further imposition. The din of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals arose confusedly from it; banners and pennants kindled all the air with the flicker of bright colors, and the bazaars and their motley attendants repeated the same gay junketing of bright colors below.

Mr. Murkle first accosted a fat, ill-shaved Turk in front of a combination of mosque, theater, and café that was called Constantinople street.

«Eh, Kibob, how goes it?» said he, misnaming him from the alleged *kabab*, or Turkish sausage, which, with nougat and beverages, he sold over his counter. «Your old sausage here is nothing but common Frankfurter at twice the price.»

At the same time he threw down a dime and helped himself to one of them. The vender stolidly pocketed the dime and made no reply.

«And your ‹Turkish drinks› are the washings of some old lemonade-tub.» But again he threw down a nickel, and took up a glass of the pinkish liquid that stood ready at his hand, though he did not drink it. The gazelle eyes in the fat face of the Turk looked at him impassively.

«You 've decided to come to my language-meeting, have n't you, Kibob?» he now demanded.

«I see 'bout dat,» was the evasive reply.

«Well, I 've got to have it settled. Is Johnny Hamed around?»

A younger man, who proved to be the Hamed in question, opened the curtains at the back and stepped forth. When the former question was put to him also, he replied:

«Boss say he don't let me get off.»

«Did you say that, Kibob?»

The master of the shop nodded to indicate that he did. Murkle held extended argument with him, but when he left it was by no means certain that either of these desired recruits was gained.

He met with much better success among some Hindu jugglers in a tent not far distant. Two slim young Hindus in white cotton, with white teeth and shining eyes,—Sarabiji Das and Sinda Ram he called them,—fell in with his plan in the main, though they said they could not join in a rehearsal.

«You be on hand at eight in the morning, the day after to-morrow, if you don't get word to the contrary,» he admonished them. «Remember that we 'll call for some word in your language, like ‹bread,› for instance, and you want to shout it out for all you 're worth.»

«We got no ‹bread› in Hindu language—only some kind cake or cracker-like,» put in Sinda Ram, conscientiously.

«Well, sing out that, then; it does n't make any difference what it is; only don't be backward about it.»

He addressed himself next to a dark maid of Tunis, who was holding forth without, to draw an audience into the Tunisian palace, where various dances were to be seen.

«Some parties wanted me to see you about joining a language-company we 're getting up, Lola,» he began.

«My name to me not Lola,» she interrupted.

«What is it?»

«Jenny.»

«Well, Jenny. It 's only for a little of your extra time. All you 'd have to do would be to talk some of your confounded gibberish when wanted. Thirty-five cents the first hour, and twenty-five—»

«Shut up, you man! Get out!» responded the maid, skeptical of his words through much experience of scoffers; and she enforced her refusal by throwing at him a bit of orange she found conveniently at hand.

«I think I catch your meaning,» said he, dodging. He would have argued the case further; but now the proprietor of the place came forth to see what was interrupting the eloquence of his show-woman, and in a surly way ordered him off the premises. All attempts to negotiate with either were useless.

His fortune in these attempts to find linguistic recruits was various. He came forth from the Hawaiian theater humming cheerfully:

> She loves me, and I 'll be true
> To the girl in the yellow *holaku*.

From which it could be inferred that things had gone well with him there. On the other hand, he was squarely bluffed at the Javanese village; the results were rather adverse than otherwise among the Malays, the New-Zealanders, and the Dyaks of Borneo, though to many of these camps it was his second or third visit. He succeeded, it is true, at the Japanese bazaar and with the Hungarian orchestra, but again failed miserably at the

Chinese village and the Dahomey village, and even made no great headway at the Mexican café.

The cry of «Hot! hot! hot! all hot, now!» rose loudly upon the air, as it was wont to do at intervals. Started by the dealers in Frankfurter sausage, it would be caught up naïvely by foreign venders of other wares, even to ice-cream and cold beverages. It swelled like a general roar in a menagerie, ran from where the Wild West Show, with its broncos and cowboys, formed one limit of the place, past that horn of dominion, the Ferris Wheel carrying people round in buckets, to where the Wild East Show, with its lions and Bedouin, closed it in on the other.

Professor Sandfog's chief assistant had just come out of the Mexican café with a very discouraged look, when he was confronted by a short, slim young man, wearing conspicuously on his breast two blue-satin badges with gold fringe. The newcomer halted before Murkle, and knocked his own hat forward by a deft tap from behind with one hand, while with the other he felt forward and upward gropingly in the air. Next he shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out from beneath this shade with a long, level gaze such as sailors employ at sea. Then at length, dashing aside further prelude, he cried with jovial heartiness:

«Well, by all that 's hokey! if it is n't old—»

«Yes, Murkle—James K. Murkle,» said the other, calmly. «Jagstone, how are you?»

«Murkle be hanged! Did n't we go to Bowley's Institute together? Since when—»

«Sh-sh! It 's my stage name.»

«You driving stage for some one?» asked his friend, facetiously.

«I might as well be; I have done pretty much everything else *but* that in the last few months.»

It turned out that the two had not met for many years. They explained to each other how life had treated them in the meantime. It had not been fortunately in either case.

«I went into a broker's office in Wall street,» said the lively Mr. Jagstone; «but look at the Vanderbilts and Goulds and that sort of fellows, and then look at me! After that I tried wholesale dry-goods. I was with Bedtick, Denim & Scrim till lately, ought oughty-four Broadway, New York. Not a partner, you know, only—er—ahem—in the packing-box department. Now I 'm here as delegate to the Keeley Gold Cure Convention.»

«Oh, that 's what all those dizzy badges are about, is it? I thought you were a member of the Exposition board of directors at least.»

«It 's a disease; that 's the way you want to look at it; science recognizes it as a disease. You can't help having some complaints, can you? That 's the reason I don't mind parading in public. We 're here with our brass bands and our State flags, and we 're going to have a ‹Keeley day› at the fair. I should n't wonder if I could get you in as an honorary member, if you like.»

A MEETING ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

Murkle now related various of his attempts to improve his fortunes at the Exposition. He had briefly tried being agent for the Cyclone Wash-tub and the Salvation Lightning-rod; then he had been a «ticket-scalper»; next an attendant at the Californian ostrich-farm; later he had originated and launched the idea of Murkle's Big Bowl House, where very large bowls of coffee were given for a nickel.

«My grandest scheme of all, though,» he concluded, «was turning a new block of houses into the Superlative Hotel by running a big sign all the way along the top. We had cot-beds in the cellar, in the attic, on all the stairways, and in the back yard; home comforts; a dollar a day and upwards. But I did n't have capital enough to carry it through.»

«Yes, I recognize it, especially the ‹upwards›; I 've been up with 'em myself. But what I don't understand about all this is how you got down on your luck in this way. I always supposed you were a good deal of a capitalist, and only a little while ago I used to read in the fashionable papers what a wide swath you were cutting in Europe.»

«A confounded medical student told me if I did n't change my habits I probably would n't live more than three years. I did n't feel like changing my habits, so I divided what I had into three, and spent it as I went along. About the end of the time I saw how I was coming out, but it was too late to stop then. And then there was a girl in the case, and so on. I was going to commit suicide, but I could n't think just which way to do it, so I came to Chicago.»

«And what kind of a job are you in now?» asked Jagstone, with friendly interest.

«I 've taken a contract to supply an old party with an assorted collection of Dagos for some kind of a language scheme. He is a professor in some one-horse college. I noticed him mooning around the Midway. He could n't make any more headway with those folks than a chicken, and I offered myself to him as an interpreter.»

«It ought to be easy enough to get 'em; I should say you had a soft snap on that, if it pays you.»

«Not so easy as you might think; it 's more like pulling teeth.»

«How is that?»

«Most of the time they don't understand a blessed thing I say. Then, in case they do, their managers won't let them out of the shows, to come; or if they do have a day or half a day off, it is n't the same day, so that we can't get them all at the same time. Say, you don't happen to know of a good, steady-going Patagonian, do you? One who has got over the first levity of youth, and would prefer a light job, a few hours a week, to high wages?»

«Lucky chaps, these outlandish Dagos, eh? to get a living just by looking like that and wearing that sort of clothes,» remarked Jagstone, «when we have to hustle so to make anything. There 's a nice hellion now» —as some poor native of southern India shuffled by in a white cotton jacket and petticoat, and his hair put up with a comb like a woman's. «In knocking round the world so much, I suppose you 've picked up their lingos, so you can talk with a good many of 'em, anyway?»

Murkle winked shrewdly, and responded: «I don't know any lingo but my own, and not much of that. I might count, though, a little art students' slang I picked up once, at Mother Mirabelle's in Brittany.»

Mr. Jagstone's manner now changed; he took on a stiff and formal air.

«There are two thousand languages,» said he. «There is one to about every three or five millions of people in Europe, one to every two or three millions in Asia, one to every few hundred thousand in Africa, and one to every seventy or eighty thousand among the American Indians.»

«What are you giving us?» asked Murkle, in surprise.

«The present Afghans are the lost tribes of Israel. The Tahitians have seven different ways of expressing ‹smoke›—»

«And I have only one; but take a cigar, all the same. What are you driving at?»

«The Javans have seven different ways of saying ‹hog,› ten for ‹elephant,› and twenty for ‹breadfruit›—»

«I 'll say all those first seven to you at once if you don't cut this and tell me what 's the matter with you.»

«The matter is that, as you admitted you were no linguist, I thought I 'd give you a specimen of my acquirements in that line.»

«Your acquirements! In the old times you never knew enough to go in when it rained, and I don't believe you 've learned it since. I say, Jagstone, where did you get those points you mention?»

«Well, then, out of some newspaper scraps in my pocket-book. Did it ever occur to you what a lot of education there is in a well-assorted lot of newspaper items? You went to college and did n't need it, but I had to quit school early, and have to make up for lost time. Every now and then I cut out an item that suits my taste, especially in facts and figures, and salt it down. The only drawback is that they get worn out pretty fast, and then where are your facts and figures?»

«Lend me those items on language, will you, Jagstone? I may be able to work them in, some way.»

«I 've got a better one yet; it tells how to say ‹I love› in forty-seven different languages,» added Jagstone, feeling for his pocket-book to produce it.

«Oh, I must have that one, sure.»

While they were arguing the point, a man of rough appearance accosted them and said: «Which of you is the one that 's hiring parties for some kind of a talking-match or language-show? I 'd like to get a job.»

«What nation do you belong to?» Murkle inquired.

«I 'm a Swizz,» the man made answer, so energetically that it was like the sound of a buzz-saw or the sluing of a sled on the snow.

«What part of Switzerland are you from?»

«My grandmother was a Swizz, full-blooded; that was the way of it.»

Murkle's eye rested upon him in a contemplative way. «Ever been anywhere near Patagonia?» he asked.

«I 've worked mostly in the logging-camps up Stevens Point way, and I 've sailed considerable in the lake marine.»

Jagstone slapped himself vigorously on the thigh when the «Swizz» had gone. «I 've got an idea for you,» said he; «that chap put it in my head.»

«What is it?»

«Come down to camp to-night, and let us boys fit you out with any more foreigners you want.»

«What camp are you talking about? I thought you said you were with the Keeley delegates at the Hotel Mecca?»

«No; I 've joined some of the boys from the store, down at the Parthenon-Colosseum Camp, on Garfield Boulevard. It 's lively and cheap, and I thought being about with the clerks might kind of help me in getting back into the store again—see? They 're taking a fortnight's vacation here.»

«How do you get down to your confounded old camp?»

«Take the Elevated or three street-car lines; it 's only a few blocks from the ‹Great Educator,› by four different entrances. I 'll expect you at seven sharp. There are some college base-ball players and a banjo club stopping there, too; and if you don't get down early they 'll be off for the evening.»

While they discussed the matter further, Murkle proposed that they should go over together to the Ceylon pavilion, in the main precinct of the Exposition. «I've got a little personal matter of my own to attend to there,» said he. «I 'm trying to sell 'em a disused road-roller for a steam Juggernaut; they ought to be up to date in those matters.»

Jagstone touched his own head with a forefinger significantly, saying: «Large brain, great mind; you 'll succeed yet.»

As they passed near the Art Building, Murkle started at a glimpse of a feminine figure just disappearing in the portal. «Looks like a girl I used to be engaged to,» said he.

«I suppose you 've been engaged to a good many girls in your time?»

«Yes, quite a number; there 's generally some one filling that position.»

The same evening James Murkle appeared by seven o'clock before the group of canvas abodes constituting the «Parthenon-Colosseum Boarding Camp—Fire-, moth-, and rust-proof,» as its large sign further stated. Not long after the flaps of the principal tent had closed behind him sounds of revelry rose from within. Impromptu properties were got out and tossed about. One speaker took the floor, and strenuously called attention to the fact that a costumer on Clark street had a large stock which at that season of the year might be hired for almost nothing.

II.

Two days after the conversation last mentioned, Beauty Show Hall, at an early hour in the morning, was a scene of unusual animation. While the rest of the Midway Plaisance was still making its toilet, there entered the hall in question little groups in gabardines and togas, burnooses, tunics, and kilts, in sombreros, turbans, and crowns of feathers. The beauty from the Engadine, whom Murkle had insisted on retaining, threw off a mackintosh that covered a becoming peasant costume. Yet, even with the advantage of a white waist, silver-embroidered stomacher, and bare arms, she did not greatly surpass Marie from the French bakery, who, in the dress of ordinary civilization, was as trim and fresh as a bird. Professor Sandfog came up from his room, No. 2125 of the Himalaya Hotel, a mile distant, accompanied by his niece Mary Shaft, who, with the consent of Leontine Himmel, was to lend her coöperation for a few of the opening meetings.

At the upper end of the room were arranged a large table with a phonograph upon it, a small table with writing-materials, a blackboard, and on the wall a diagram, or symbolical picture, which the professor had drawn with his own hand. Mr. Murkle began to arrange the gathering, of motley dress and complexion, into a group, as prearranged by Professor Sandfog. It was to be crescent-shaped, the delegates from the outlying boundaries of the world forming the ends, those from the rest of the universe the interior, which would gradually thicken toward the center.

«I want the Kamchatkan here on the right,» said the professor, helping to put that oily little man, in furs, with fish-spear in hand, in proper position, «and the Patagonian at the left. Next the Kamchatkan you must

«ONE SPEAKER TOOK THE FLOOR.»

put, as they would come in logical order, the Laplander and the Eskimo; and next the Patagonian the natives of the Cape of Good Hope and southern Australia.»

The professor was especially pleased with the Patagonian, since it had seemed doubtful up to the last moment whether any one from that remote region could be had. He was a large, raw-boned, copper-colored man, roughly tattooed, and his dress consisted of a kilt of fox-skins, a ragged *poncho*, or blanket, and a belt containing tobacco-pipe, knives, and some curious arrangements which Murkle explained to be slings for hunting the ostrich. He conformed very closely to the accounts in the encyclopedias, which shows the accuracy of our works of education. The professor smiled at him and patted him on the back in a friendly way, and he responded with impressive salaams.

«His name is Or-kee-kee, or Chonek,» Murkle explained in answer to his employer's inquiries. «He—er—ahem—he had a brother herding cattle in the Argentine Republic, and, quite unexpectedly, they—er—at the last moment concluded to come up to the Exposition to ride as *gauchos* in one of the wild West shows.»

«He 's from Terra del Few-ee-go, the Land of Fire, down by those straits where so many vessels are wrecked, and he 's a chief in his own country,» here put in another voice, which was strangely like Mr. Jagstone's.

Murkle administered to this speaker a kick surreptitious but forcible.

«Well, I wanted to get it all in,» expostulated the latter, but not audibly. «What 's the use of going down for information to the Newberry Library if you don't make use of it?»

«Who is this man?» demanded the professor, turning suddenly upon him, surprised at the contrast between his appearance—for he was coffee-colored and attired in turban and a flowered dressing-gown—and the facility with which he spoke the vernacular.

«He 's a Persian, a fire-worshiper. He 's been on a reservation—I mean he 's been to an English school; that 's the reason he

speaks English so well. His name is Zory-aster.»

Murkle consulted his list, and brought up one odd individual after another to take his place in the crescent. As he did so he would name him or half present him to the professor.

«A Bulgarian who speaks the Church Slavic, the sacred language of the Greek Church. A Russian—a Pole—a Kalmuck Tartar—a *modern* Greek.»

The professor himself brought with him a contribution from his own hotel, a Danish chambermaid, just imported for the needs of the great caravansary, and innocent of the first syllable of English. She, with a Norwegian sailor and a Swedish hand from the lumber-yards, represented the Scandinavian element.

The halberdier, with his halberd, was there from «Old Vienna»; and almost equally medieval and striking was a Swiss guard, whose business it was to add to the illusion of the large model of St. Peter's at Rome. For Italy came also men from the fictitious «Blue Grotto» of Capri and the «Venetian Glass Works»; for Spain, some one from the reproduced Convent of La Rábida (Columbus's convent); and for England, a waiter from the Great White Horse Inn, for the English accent to be represented must be as racy as possible of the soil. Canada, too, was not overlooked. As to the United States, Mr. Murkle undertook to look after that country himself, aided by a Columbian guard who had strayed into the hall out of curiosity and was allowed to remain. The aboriginal languages of the two American continents were to be exemplified by an alleged Comanche, an Algonkin, a Choctaw, a Chinook, a Micmac, and a Zuñi, or cliff-dweller, a Mexican Aztec and an Otomi, a Tepehuan of Yucatan, a Carib, and a Guarany of Paraguay.

«I find an over-richness of representation here,» said the professor. «These Indian languages are undergoing change and subdivision without end, and are afflicted with a dreadful pleonasm and polysyllabism. They are really of less importance than any others.»

«And yet I took especial pains—but let that pass. But is not that a rather unpatriotic view to take of it?»

«Patriotism has nothing to do with science, and especially not with an experiment of this kind, which is for the benefit of all mankind.»

«A Scotch bagpiper,» continued Murkle; «a cottager from Lady Aberdeen's ‹Irish village›; a Welshman from Festiniog; a Chinese laundryman, a Japanese student (educated in this country, ‹extra intelligent›); my friend Kibob and another Turkish merchant, Hamed by name; a Tahitian; a Siamese; two Moorish sheiks, Sidi Brahim and Ben Sadoun; and an example of the Atlantean Africans, or, in simpler words, I suppose, just sea-shore darkies.»

THE BEAUTY FROM THE ENGADINE.

Something set the professor off in a disquisition upon the difference between the Japanese and the Chinese, and the popular errors on the subject. Jagstone affected to swoon upon a friend's shoulder in consequence of the many long words used, as «agglutinative structure,» «aggregated as opposed to integrated language,» and the like; but he briskly recovered from the fictitious swoon, declared that the professor had many first-class ideas not found in his (Jagstone's) collection of newspaper scraps, and edged around behind him, as he went, to gather up as many of them as possible. He saw Murkle give friendly pats in passing to Marie and Frida, and he slyly managed to call the attention of each to it in the case of the other, so that the relation of these two fair maids presently was one of jealous displeasure and hostility.

«Let me call especial attention, professor,» said Murkle, «to the completeness with which I have covered the central part of Asia, the ground that you wanted particularly attended to. Zoryaster, you get together, up here at the front, all the Zends, Parsees, Tibetans, Afghans, Armenians, Sanskritters, and folks of that stripe. He has general charge of the group,» he whispered to Sandfog.

«Zoroaster» did as directed, and Murkle claimed to have a Buddhist from Ceylon, a Brahman from the north of India, a bonze from Tibet, a Beluchee, a Kurd, a dealer in

praying-carpets from Turkestan, and an Armenian—from the State street Turkish bath. «That is to say, he was from Mount Ararat originally,» he hastened to add. «He has often seen the site where the ark landed after her forty days' cruise, and states that no trace of damages to fences or other property from that landing is now to be seen.»

«But—but—» the professor began to protest against so gross a misconception. But he let himself be overborne by Murkle, who went on, indicating another couple:

«I have every reason to believe that this pair, Mirza Ferouk and Bulbul Effendi, are directly from the land of Shinar.»

«Yes; a boot-blacking establishment on Clark street,» remarked the Patagonian, confidentially, to a small circle about him.

«You have done well—almost better than I could have expected,» exclaimed Professor Sandfog, all a-flutter with content at so good a showing, and with happiness that the realization of his great scheme had actually begun. «How strange to think that we have before us the inhabitants of the historic provinces of Bactriana and Sogdiana, dwellers by the Zagros range, the ancient ‹gateway of nations.›»

«An Ashantee, a Raratongan, an Arawak, a Tschuwassian,» pursued Murkle, still presenting his various types.

«*Tchew!*» sneezed Jagstone, in a suppressed way, as a part of his humor.

And now Murkle, having perhaps run through his list of appellations or forgotten part of it, went on very rapidly: «A Syenite, a Dolomite, a Trilobite, a Dynamite—»

«No, no,» interrupted the professor, astonished; «that cannot be; you are all wrong there. A ‹trilobite› is a kind of fossil; ‹syenite› is a rock; so is—»

«Well, what bigger fossils could there be than most of these parties?» rejoined the assistant, essaying a facetious defense.

But Professor Sandfog did not understand facetiousness. Insisting on setting right this confusion, some more probable names were recovered; but where they were missing entirely the individual was classified, like strange goods in the custom-house, after that which he most resembled. When the professor went back to his table he explained to Mary Shaft:

«Mr. Murkle is a young man of great energy and usefulness to our enterprise, but his scholarship is very inaccurate.»

The world was now well belted round with representatives; they were arranged in their crescent-shaped order, and all was ready to begin. Professor Sandfog tapped upon his table.

«Will the meeting please come to order?» said he.

His niece placed herself at the small table beside him. Her business was to take down the new sounds by stenography, for comparison with those which should be obtained by the phonograph.

«The meeting will please come to order,» repeated the professor. He took a long pointer, and explained his diagram on the wall, a naïve performance, for the professor was but a prentice hand at drawing, and next made a little opening speech. Along the top was the quotation from Genesis xi. 1: «And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.» The diagram consisted chiefly of two large triangles, the apexes outward. At the apex of one was seen the Tower of Babel, and the people were fleeing from it in wild confusion along the divergent sides. At the apex of the other was the Chicago Exposition of 1893, toward which the people, in motley array, were converging with every appearance of delight. Such words as «segregation,» «fugacity,» «multiformity» were sprinkled in large letters over the first triangle, and «aggregation,» «stability,» «unity» over the second, and the whole was signed boldly «Pausanias Sandfog.»

«You see almost at a glance,» he said, «the range and beneficence of the enterprise. Order is to be brought out of the chaos which has endured all these centuries since Babel. I am glad to see you all here, and want every one to have an intelligent comprehension of what is to be done, so that I may count upon your hearty coöperation in the work. The universal language we are about to make, though new, will yet in reality be as old as the hills, and—er—each of you should realize that he has a proud and essential part in it. Bear in mind that this invention is going to be of greater importance to mankind than that of the railway or the telegraph.—They understand all that, do they not, Mr. Murkle?»

«They do,» replied Murkle, confidently.

«'Ear! 'ear!» shouted the delegate from the Great White Horse Inn; «Hip, hip, hooray!» the «Swizz»; «*Hoop-là! ohé!*» French Marie; while Frida added an Alpine yodel, and elsewhere there was more than a suspicion of a college yell, «*Brek-ke co-ax co-ax,*» etc. It was apparent that the professor had found favor.

About half of the hour had already gone. He handed a small loaf of bread to Mr.

Murkle, and the latter took his position in the center of the crescent, facing the polyglot assemblage. Miss Shaft raised her pen expectantly.

«We will commence with the word ‹bread,›» said the professor. «What more appropriate as a starting-point for a new language than the word which represents that which is the staff of life among all men and all peoples? Psammetichus, an Egyptian king, if you recollect, caused two children to be brought up together in a tower, without communication with any one else, in order to see what they would say when they first began to speak. The first word they uttered was *bekos*, meaning ‹bread› in that language, from which some inferred that it was the primitive speech of man.»

«The doorkeepers probably talked a steady stream, and the children caught on; that 's the way it was,» said Murkle, skeptically.

«It may be; but I was going on to say that one of my ideas was to have such a gathering from all nations as we have assembled here to-day, live together, say, at the same boarding-house, and then see what language they would strike out in common. That would have been another way of working toward the desired result.» Miss Shaft could not forbear uneasily consulting her watch. «But, as I was saying, Mr. Murkle, will you now give the order to begin?»

Mr. Murkle held the bread aloft so that all could see it distinctly, and then began to beat time in a very energetic, florid way. The bread, which he still held, danced with his waving arm as if on the crest of a breaker.

Arms upward, arms outward, arms crossing, arms outward (weaving spells like a musician), arms up, arms DOWN—that was the signal, and the roar broke out, «Bread!» Murkle roaring with the rest.

In accordance with directions given, all were supposed to shout «bread,» each in his own language. The hall of the Beauty Show vibrated throughout its length and breadth. When the reverberation had died away, Professor Sandfog looked at Mary Shaft with a face of beaming exaltation and triumph, and also of inquiry.

«I did not get a single syllable of it,» she responded, with a worried air.

Turning then to his phonograph, he found that he had forgotten to press the vibrating plaque against the cylinder, so that it had taken no record. This oversight being repaired, he said:

«Let us have it over again. And in general, for greater accuracy, in these early stages it will be well to repeat the words somewhat often.»

«THE PROFESSOR WAS ESPECIALLY PLEASED WITH THE PATAGONIAN.»

Again, with waving arms and passes, Murkle gave the signal, and the shout broke forth with a hearty good will, the explosion of sound being even louder than before.

«*Br-r-od!*» was the cry of the German halberdier of Old Vienna.

«*Bröd!*» that of the Danish chambermaid.

«*Kr-r-obs!*» that of the grave Bedouin, child of the desert.

«*Nkanak!*» vociferated the Armenian of Ararat.

«*Amlok!*» the Turkish merchants Kibob and Hamed; for Kibob, on the whole, had concluded that they would come.

«*Pan!*» the Spaniard.

«*Pane!*» the Italians.

«*Pain!*» the sprightly French soubrette.

«*Pannada!*» the Engadine girl.

«*Khleb!*» the Russian.

«*Berena!*» the Hawaiian dancer Fetoia. She gave it in the same shrill and crooning tone in which she was wont to sing the «Mau-u-lu-ul-u» at the South Sea village.

The young jugglers Sinda Ram and Sarabiji, having no word for bread in the Hindu speech, threw in, as per agreement, «*Charu!*» the one that meant «biscuit.»

The Japanese student piped up, «*Sho-ko-mo-tan!*»

«*Pek-wej-igan!*» the Cris of Saskatchewan.

«*Guaddaga!*» the Indian of Yucatan.

«*Tlaxcalli!*» the Mexican Aztec.

And in like manner, each after his kind, whether from their own knowledge or from hastily prepared lists, shouted the foreigners all along the line.

Again the professor consulted Miss Shaft. «What did you get this time?»

«It sounded to me something like *br-r-an-kak*,» said she.

He reversed his phonograph and brought forth the facts it had registered. For the first instant there seemed in that phonograph a conflict of all the elements, as if it would burst asunder. The consonants and vowels, all possible gutturals, dentals, and labials, were compressed into that brief space, and one might fancy that they were belaboring and throttling one another in deadly strife. It was the linguistic conflict of all the ages repeated in an instant of time. Something had to yield, and it did; whatever it was cannot be known, but there issued forth with some distinctness, though surrounded by sizzlings and sputterings, the resultant *branka*.

«Hurrah! victory! victory!» cried Professor Sandfog, quite beside himself with delight. «Do you see what a remarkable correspondence? The sound has impressed the phonograph and the ear of an acute observer in substantially the same way. The test is perfect. *Branka*—what a word!»

And he joyfully directed *branka* to be entered for «bread,» as the first word of Anti-Babel, the coming universal language.

The next word taken up was «milk.» Mr. Murkle displayed to the audience a vial filled with milk, and after sufficient time for inspection, «Are you ready?» he vociferated. «One—two—three—*milk!*»

«*Milch!*» now bellowed the German halberdier.

«*Mjölk!*» the Swede.

«*Leche!*» the Spaniard.

«*Lapte!*» the Rumanian.

«*Mook!*» the Eskimo.

«*Chichi!*» the Japanese.

«*Dou-ghièn!*» the Kamchatkan.

«*Okin!*» the Algonkin.

«*Py-huk-chi!*» the Choctaw.

«*Züt!*» the Turk.

«*Halif!*» the Arab.

«*Chir!*» the Persian.

«*Na bbà!*» the Otomi from the Mexican mountains.

«*Bagne!*» the Celt from the Irish village.

«*Nai!*» the Turkoman who dealt in praying-carpets.

«*Poï!*» a formidable Afghan.

This time, as the uproar subsided, Jagstone was seen to feel of his bones as if to assure himself that they were safe. «Are we all here?» breathed the Patagonian, in the same vein. And yet this tall and raw-boned person was really a member of a foot-ball team, and must have felt much at home even in scenes of far greater confusion.

«What do you make it?» demanded the professor, eagerly.

«I make it *mootch-nay*, as near as I can get to it,» Miss Shaft replied.

He turned round his phonograph, and they listened. Again the word came forth, accompanied as by the mutterings of a subsiding storm. The machine gave, with a pinched and metallic tone, something like *mynch-nif*.

«*Mynch-nif* it is!» cried the professor, in high glee. «What force! what music!» And this term for «milk» was entered as the second word in the vocabulary of Anti-Babel.

«We next take up, by way of variation, ‹the sun,›» said he; «the orb of day, known to every human being. Our program will consist at first of the things met with in the commonest daily experience. ‹The sun›—are you ready?»

A large placard with a picture of the sun was held up to view. «Are you ready?» repeated Murkle to his audience in the crescent. «Let her go, then; altogether, now—sun!»

The resultant was pronounced to be *snizrin-ge-ou;* the Finnish *awringo*, the Japanese *nizi-rin*, and the Provençal *soleou* had apparently entered into it, to the exclusion of most of the others.

«The moon» was about to be called next, when a disturbance was noted on the floor. The Chinese laundryman had taken his hat, in dudgeon, and was going away. The professor hurried down from his post in person to allay the trouble. «We cannot possibly spare such an important element,» said he. «He is at present our only representative of the speech of uncounted millions of men, and we cannot do without him.»

«Somebody pulled his cue,» said Murkle. «I guess it was that Bulgarian there, or the Malabar man, either one. You don't want to be too funny in these language-studies, you chaps. But he 's allee litee now, are n't you, John? Don't pay any attention to 'em. Catchee twenty-five centee more; if goee 'way now, no catchee nothing, see?» And in a mollifying way he pushed him back into the ranks.

«*Zwoot!*» exclaimed the alleged Bulgarian, as if in offense.

«Harmony, gentlemen! None but the kindest feelings are becoming to this scientific labor,» appealed the professor. Then in an instant he was off at a new tangent. Addressing the native of Malabar, «I want you to come to the blackboard and write me a specimen of the beautiful Malabaric character,» said he.

The man managed to kick Murkle in the shins in the confusion, and to appeal to him *sotto voce:* «What am I to do now?»

«He says that it is not written any longer, except by the—er—the—vulgar and uneducated class of people,» suggested Murkle, quickly.

«Oh, there is some mistake about that; you cannot have understood him.»

And he conveyed the man along with him. The victim took a piece of chalk, closed his eyes desperately, and was just about to inscribe some marks, no matter what, at random, when he was saved by the casual interposition of Mary Shaft. She called attention to the fact that time was passing, and asked if it would not be well to postpone all such matters till a later date. The professor was not really averse to being brought up with a round turn in his wandering tendency, and he accepted the suggestion. The words «moon» and «star» were given in good style. Then said Murkle:

«Our delegates can give the expression ‹I love› in forty-seven languages. I have drilled them myself, at our rehearsals, and I should take pride in showing how well they can do it.»

«He 's a cool hand,» muttered Mr. Jagstone, slapping himself on the thigh in surprise.

The Professor gladly consented. Thereupon the large chorus called «I love» in its various forms, the Greek rendering it as «*agapo,*» the German as «*ich liebe,*» the Frenchman as «*j'aime,*» the Russian as «*loubliou,*» the Swede as «*jag elskar,*» the Cambodian as «*khuhôm sreland,*» and so on down the list. There was even the Volapük «*lofob,*» and the Japanese gave it as «*watakusi wa suki masu.*»

The result was adjudged to be *yig srubs,* the numerous extra and overlapping syllables of the Japanese being ruled out as clearly beside the purpose.

Amid the reverberation of this particular expression two female figures whom we have already seen entered the hall. These were Mrs. Sandfog and Leontine Himmel. They had met at the door. The former had come to make a new demand upon her husband's purse, the latter to join her chaperon.

The visitors were so startled by the noise that it is probable they did not see very distinctly what was before them till they had reached the upper end of the room. Leontine, at least, paid no particular attention to anything till her eyes fell upon the professor's curious diagram on the wall. This called forth from her the remark aside to Mary:

«I 've always wondered why it would n't have been better to let them go on with their tower, if they were so simple. It could not have been quarter as high as the modern ‹sky-scrapers› and nobody accuses them of being too near heaven.»

The last of her remarks was drowned in a new roar giving the affirmative word «yes,» followed again by the negative «no,» and this, in short order, by the words for «sword» and «spear.» The «*Yaw!*» and «*Nein!*» of the stout halberdier were something prodigious; and when it came to the weapons, his halberd was seen waving above the swaying throng with an unheard-of enthusiasm. In all the «Swizz» came in as a heavy second, and the bass notes of the Patagonian as a good third, but many or most of the others seemed almost obliterated.

«No, no; stop!» exclaimed the professor; «this will not do. A greater uniformity of tone must be secured. I fear that some are led by the promptings of a patriotic pride to try and secure an unfair advantage to their own form of speech. The feeling is a creditable one under ordinary circumstances; but here, where science secures the rights of all in the exact and natural proportion, there is no need of it, and I trust that such misguided attempts will cease.»

«Let yourselves down a few pegs, boys,» commanded Murkle, backing up this request. «You, there, especially, Mr. Chonek, Mr. Halberdier Schtürmer, and Mr. Swizz-ama-jigsaw, we 're talking to you. Nobody is allowed to make any more noise than anybody else. You want to strike an even gait, understand?»

Some familiar tone in the voice of this master of ceremonies caused Leontine Himmel to prick up her ears. His back was always turned to the party, in pursuance of his duties to the crescent, and he wore burnoose and fez; but her languishing dark eyes began to follow him about, and even grew jealous of his manner toward Frida and Marie.

«Water» was distilled from Professor Sandfog's wondrous alembic as *ak-oz-amtch;*

«sword» as *mtspay;* «rose» as *grosla;* «tooth» as *drentko;* and «cow» as *vakuzt.*

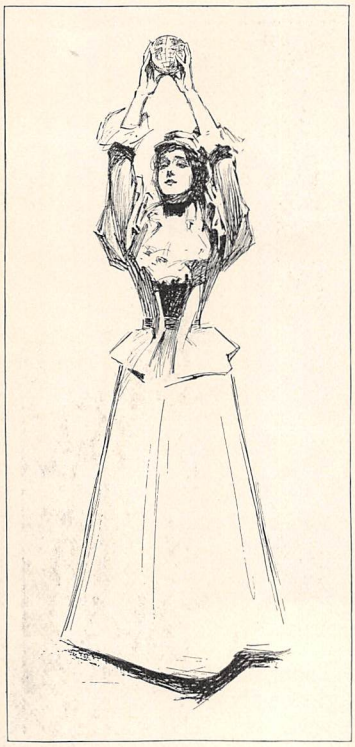
«I don't know as I should really like, in the long run, words with so many consonants in them all in a bunch. Do you not think something could be done about that?» suggested Mary Shaft, very mildly.

«Not at all, not at all,» rejoined the professor, enraptured with his work. «They are full of melody: *ak-oz-amtch, mtspay*—what a charm! Is there not, when you come to think about it, a strange familiarity about them? Does it not seem to you as if you had always heard them?»

The colors, ordinary articles of dress, and the ordinary animals, were next to be dealt with. Most unexpectedly the professor caught up a large placard representing the horse,—a placard of the kind used by school children,—and thrust it into the hands of Miss Leontine.

«Here, you hold this, if you will,» said he. «Everybody is at work, and you will assist us a great deal by leaving Mr. Murkle free to attend to securing good order and precision of time.»

There was, indeed, need of some one who should attend to the matter of order; for as the end of the hour approached, a spirit of unrest was growing, which extended even to those delegates who were real foreigners and not merely imitations. But a keener ear than before was now listening to their speech, and a keener eye observing their appearance. There were many discrepancies in dress which it would hardly require a trained ethnologist to detect. The headpiece worn by Zoroaster was very like a base-ball player's mask, and his dressing-gown had never come from the land where the bulbul sings to the rose. Why should a Kalmuck Tartar include in his attire padded foot-ball trousers and an Oxford mortar-board? And while a representative of the Provençal districts would have worn a short cloak and slashed doublet a few hundred years ago, he certainly would not do it now; nor would his mandolin be apt to have a large «Y» upon it, usually standing for the glee-club of a well-known university.



«A FAIR YOUNG ATLAS.»

James Murkle turned about to see who it was that had been charged with a portion of his labors. His eyes met hers, and he all but dropped to the floor in his sudden confusion. But before Leontine, even more astonished than he, could throw down the placard, as her impulse was, to let her recognition of him be known, he gave a stentorian command for the next word, «horse.»

«*Cheval!*» «*Caballo!*» «*Cal!*» «*Pferd!*» «*Häst!*» «*Aspo!*» «*Hippos!*» «*Koma!*» they roared in deafening tones. And it added to her peculiar state of mind that she thought she heard, with the rest, «Three beers!» from the «Swizz,» and «Hot, hot, hot! all hot!» from the Patagonian.

The very moment that this was over, for he was going rapidly now, Professor Sandfog made her hold up a globe. She stood raising it aloft in both hands, a fair young Atlas, with a look of uneasiness, alarm, and protest on her face, while the combined cry of «*Wereld!*» «*Mundo!*» «*Lume!*» «*Aleu!*» «*Svet!*» and the rest, resounded about her. Then she ran to Miss Shaft, and, flushed with excitement, said:

«Mary, some of these persons are not what they pretend to be. I am sure that many of them are not foreigners at all. The conductor, that young man in Moorish dress—well, he is—he is not—»

A new roar, but this time a continuous one, drowned her explanations. Counting had begun. The professor had written on the blackboard the numerals from one up to ten, and all were reciting them in unison.

«*Kahi, lua, kola, ha, lima, ono, kika, walu, umi,*» went the Hawaiian maid.

«*O-um, beni, temro, jethro,*» the Persians.

«*Jik, y, šam, si,*» the Chinaman.

«*Asa, duwa, tija, âmpat,*» the Malay.

But this exercise offered also an unprecedented opportunity for running in a farrago of nonsense, all of which was bound up with the rest in the phonograph and in Miss

«(I LOVE) IN FORTY-SEVEN LANGUAGES.»

Shaft's stenographic notes. Each one who had forgotten his word might easily replace it with anything he pleased.

One of the students bethought him to give the declension of an Anglo-Saxon noun. Another simply read off a list of the delegates to the Congress of Religions. The alleged Guarany Indian conjugated the present of his verb « to be » as follows: « *Tini, ereini, oini, oroini, neini, peini.*» And this put it in the head of one of the clerks to recite the children's counting-out words, pure and simple, « *Een-y, meen-y, mein-y, mo.*»

And furthermore, the Fijian, carried away by the pleasant excitement, struck a mighty blow upon his tom-tom, and the native of Java upon his *jambang*, while the Hungarian musician clashed his cymbals. At the same time, too, a sailor cried, as if pulling upon the yards, « Heigh-ho, haul away! 'Renzo, boys, 'Renzo! » the students delivered their college yell, and the Patagonian and a little knot of comrades, hopping the while gaily, first on one foot, then on the other, poured out a number of expressions in French art-student jargon.

These latter, above all, Leontine recognized. She would endure no more, but flew to the professor in person.

«I want to warn you; I must put you on your guard,» she began breathlessly. «There are some mistakes here; you are being misled.»

But his mind was all wrapped up in his work, and he received her information in a dazed way.

«Yes; of course some few mistakes will occur,» he rejoined patronizingly. «That is unavoidable. In the word ‹bread,› for instance, I am aware that several may have given me their general word for ‹food.› Still, we may rely, I think, upon a substantial accuracy.»

She saw that further parley with him was idle, and running impulsively down the hall, confronted Murkle. He shrank into himself, and endeavored to pull the Turkish fez yet lower upon his forehead; but the fez does not lend itself well to the disguise of the human features.

Mrs. Sandfog took advantage of this brief intermission to make her application to her husband for money.

«Five minutes for refreshments!» exclaimed Jagstone; and, to a neighbor, «May I offer you a piece of brankak and a glass of mootch-nif?»

Mary Shaft, having at length realized who the young man was, had misgivings as to her duty toward Leontine's father. But she would have had none could she have heard the fashion of Leontine's interview with her former lover. The meeting had completely disillusioned her and cured her of any lingering repining over the broken engagement.

«Elliot Shorter,» she began severely, «how *can* you do such things?»

«Yes; well, let 's hear your opinion of it in full,» he returned sullenly, yet affecting bravado. At the same time, however, he edged away, so that the exposure should not be heard by others; and in this she was well satisfied to follow him.

«I did not realize that you were the very head and front of it till I heard the French *blague* you picked up at Mother Mirabelle's and were forever quoting to us. ‹*Ohé la rentière*› and the rest—I should know that anywhere. Then I saw it was you that had filled them up with all that ridiculous nonsense, to take in the poor innocent professor.»

«Honest, Leontine, the other fellows put in about half of it. They spent a day at one of the libraries copying the stuff out of language-books.»

«Of course I shall at once tell the professor of the trick that has been played upon him.»

«If I were you I would n't; he won't thank you for it. He is looking for glory, for himself and his McCorkleville University, and it won't please him to learn he has n't got it. Better let him down easy, at any rate. I 'll resign, and we can tell him that the Dagos' bosses needed their services and would n't let them come back.»

There was a trace of reason in this, and it slightly mollified her severe expression. With consummate assurance, he seized upon it as a sign that she was completely relenting.

«Now that we meet again in this lucky way,» he proposed, «what do you say to calling our engagement on again? I understand that you never really wanted to break it off; it was all your family's doing.»

The hopeless scapegrace stood revealed. Leontine thanked Heaven for it. Her expression grew positively stony.

«Nobody else would have done half as well by the professor as I did. A *lot* of those natives were *real*. I could have run in twice as many of the make-believe kind on him if I 'd wanted to, could n't I?»

«That chapter is closed,» she said icily.

The jovial part of the chorus, seeing their leader so long in conference with the pretty girl, thought it appropriate again to shout «I love» in forty-seven languages. And the interview was concluded under the stentorian howl of:

«*Yig srubs!*»

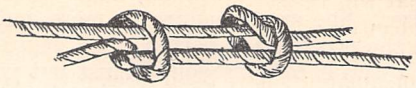
William Henry Bishop.

BIRDS AND BARDS.

SINGS in the light the lark;
The nightingale in the dark:
But the poet sings through dark and light—
His heart the echo of day and night.

Henry Austin.

AN OVERHAND KNOT.



THE BEST KNOT.

SCIENTIFIC KITE-FLYING.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE BLUE HILL EXPERIMENTS.

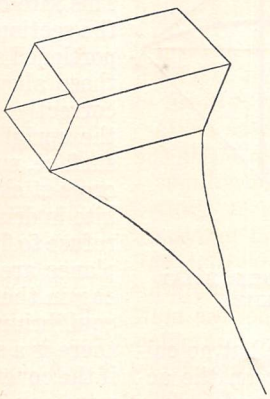
MOST persons, when asked for their mental picture of the wind, describe it as a horizontal stratum of air practically uniform in velocity. In reality neither of these characteristics is a part of the description of the wind. Investigations into the internal movements of the air currents, made by Professor S. P. Langley in America and by others abroad, have shown conclusively that the wind is made up of innumerable commingling and conflicting currents, much like the multitude of scarcely perceptible wavelets which unite to make up a huge billow. These component currents move in various directions, vertically as well as horizontally, and with velocities quite their own. The constant variation in velocities may be detected by any one who will watch a cup-anemometer whirling in a gale of wind. A little patience will soon detect the cups at a full stop for an appreciable period, while the gale whistles by. Meteorological instruments have detected distinct upward and downward movements in ordinary winds, and some of those who are investigating bird flight and the vast subject of aëronautics are convinced that the soaring power of a bird is due to its instinctive recognition of these upward currents, and to its ability instantly to make use of them in order to secure or retain altitude. Much in the same way as billows move in one general direction, a given wind usually follows a uniform course; but if it meets a terrestrial obstruction, it is at once retarded at some points, and a mingling of forces results. A hill obstructs the wind much as a dam retards water. The current in the stream is more rapid on the surface than at the point of contact with the dam. In the same way, the anemometer on a mountain-top may indicate a certain velocity, while the clouds above, moving in the same wind, will be observed to be moving much faster.

Considering the eagerness with which scientists are pursuing the fleeting testimony of nature's atmospheric vagaries, and the fact that this field of study lies directly over our heads, almost within reach, it is a matter of surprise for most readers to be told that until kites were resorted to there was no adequate means for getting records of the conditions even a few hundred feet above any chosen locality, whereas at the present time records above one and a half miles are frequent. If we take our instruments to the mountain-peak, we find there disturbing conditions due to the fact that we are still on the earth. If we ascend in a balloon, we are borne along with the wind, and while facts are obtained at different heights, they are from points far apart horizontally. The captive balloon has thus far afforded the only means for local use, but it is obvious that the expense of maintaining such a service is beyond average resources, to say nothing of the element of personal danger, and the important fact that captive balloons cannot be used if there is much wind, nor ascend very high under the most favorable conditions. To be deprived of studying the air because moderate wind-velocities forbid would be to lose the privilege of analyzing conditions which may be most desired.

In order that weather predictions may be made with greater certainty, it is necessary that the atmospheric conditions above may be frequently investigated, perhaps several times a day, and the results compared. If this be done in concert at several points far apart, the results will of course be of greater value, and the coming changes over a larger territory can be far more accurately predicted.

So it comes about that the toy which has amused the Chinese and the Coreans through countless dynasties (for the origin is in tradition), and which the Japanese adopted just as they did Chinese art, has come to be a scientific instrument of unique value. Kite-flying is generally associated with a fair wind in an open field in the summer; but as meteorologists use kites, a snow-storm, a freezing temperature, or a gale of thirty to forty miles an hour, does not deter the work in the least. It has again happened that amateurs have pointed the way for scientists. In the face of scientific deductions from known facts, it has been demonstrated that light kites can be constructed.

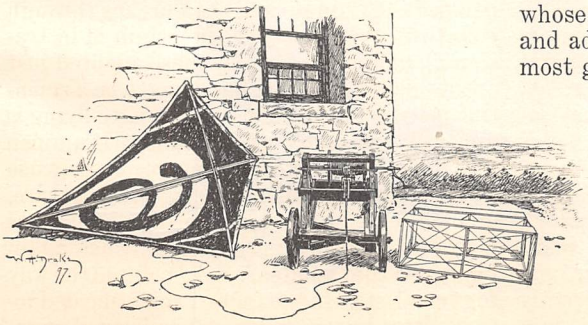
that will resist the pressure of great wind-velocities and at the same time lift considerable weights. In this practical demonstration amateurs have been foremost. The best knowledge on the subject a few years ago, when kites were first taken up seriously, was so deficient as to be virtually useless. Many of the materials used in kite construction had not been tested at all, and others had never been tried under conditions similar to those in which the strain was to occur. No one knew the breaking-point of different kinds of string, or what kind was on the whole best when compared weight for weight or by diameters. The manufacturers had never had occasion to make such tests. The safety of the whole apparatus in use depends upon the original strength of the string or wire used, and upon the knots in making connections. The literature of kites gave no information as to the best methods of tying a string on itself, or on a foreign object like a kite-stick. It is clear that tying two ends of a broken string cannot restore it to its former strength, since the parts in the knot cut on each other. It was essential to find the most efficient knot, and till this was done no high altitudes with kites were possible, and tandem flying was hazardous to the apparatus. The breaking-point of the woods commonly used,—straight-grained spruce or white pine,—and the force of the wind per square foot on a flat surface at right angles to the wind, were of course well known; but these and all other facts accessible two years ago pointed to the conclusion that kites would probably never be sent up more than 3000 to 4000 feet, and that no kite could be made strong enough in proportion to its weight to fly in winds varying from ten to forty miles an hour. The absence of data much needed in order to proceed on scientific lines in devising kite forms was due to the fact that the kite had always been considered a toy, and but for the development of tailless kites it would doubtless still be so regarded. The moment the weight and resistance of the tail may be safely discarded, the kite is able to lift so much more, and self-recording instruments may be attached; but any kite that can lift only itself is obviously useless in meteorology.



JAPANESE PROTOTYPE OF THE TWO-CELLED HARGRAVE.

Almost every man remembers kite-flying as one of the delights of his youth; but few, if any, have until very recently experienced the unique sensation of flying a kite up into the clouds. It is thrilling, indeed, to watch a kite disappear in the mist, to remain there sometimes half an hour; and still more so, in flying several kites on one string, to see some above and others below the cloud, perhaps facing in various directions as the wind currents in different strata vary. Very frequently, in trying for high altitudes, the largest kites used are lost to sight in the clear sky, and to avoid this the leaders are usually painted black.

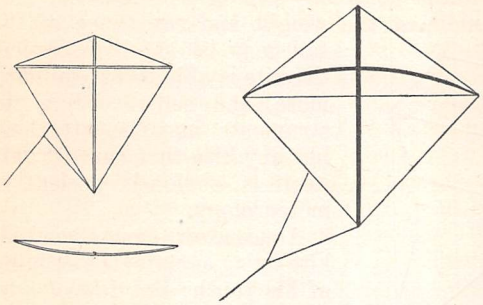
The motives which have actuated those who have studied kites from the amateur point of view have differed largely. Mr. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Wales, who invented the cellular or «box» kites, was in search of soaring-machines, and perhaps leaned toward aëronautics. It is interesting to note that the Japanese prototype of the box kite is made of but one cell flown on edge, as shown above. Mr. Hargrave tried some single-celled forms flown with flat surfaces toward the wind. Mr. W. A. Eddy, to whose enthusiasm we owe the resurrection and adoption of the Malay kite, and who has most generously aided others, including the writer, was in search of means to lift his leading kite high into the air, and his experiments have been to some extent meteorological. Many others in this country, and a few in England, have given serious attention to kites on account of their interest in one of these two subjects. Nearly everything has been done by rule of thumb. «Try it and see,» has been the re-echoed advice of those who were sup-



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

A NINE-FOOT MALAY KITE WITH REEL, AND A HARGRAVE KITE.

posed to know. Science had recorded the fact that the pressure upon any rigid plane inclined toward the wind was greater at the top and diminished toward the bottom, because the top meets the wind first and



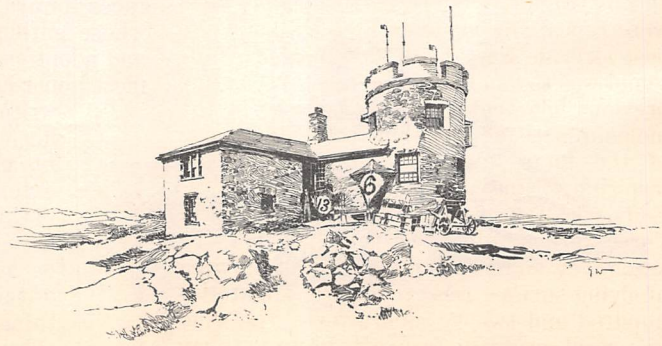
AN AMERICAN MALAY KITE. A JAPANESE MALAY KITE.

starts the flow of air downward; but no calculations had been made public on the action of the wind on a flexible curved surface like a Malay kite, so that the resultant of the forces was not known.

During the summer of 1896 the Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C., gave special attention to kite trials, and the results have been reported in full in the « Weather Bureau Review » by C. F. Marvin, professor of meteorology. To these exhaustive analyses of the forces acting upon all sorts of kites, upon the string at various points, and upon the reel at the ground, the future experimenters will refer with confidence as a guide to their ultimate goal,—the kite of greatest efficiency,—and as a measure of success at any moment. Nothing seems to have been omitted in these analyses. It appears that the rule of thumb found the most efficient kite form some time ago, and none of the elaborate variations since constructed under the wing of science have been an improvement, which science now comes forward to substantiate with elaborate and indisputable formulæ.

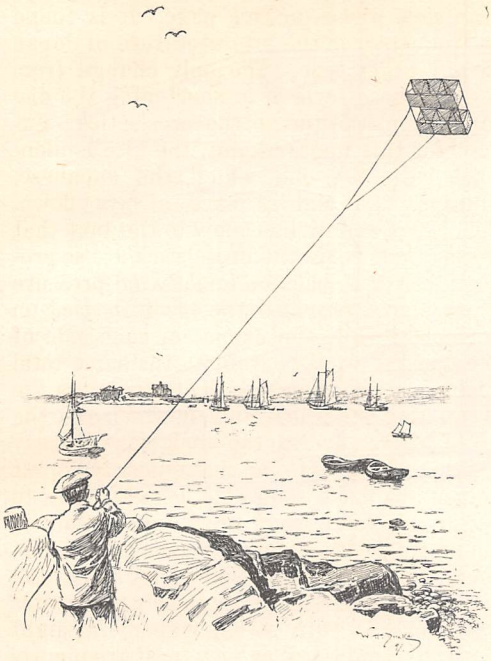
The two forms in use, the Malay and the Hargrave or cellular, are widely different. Both are tailless, and while the latter is by far the more efficient, the former, on account of its extreme lightness per unit of area, will doubtless be used for a long time to come in tandem flights in conjunction with the cellular. The construction of the Malay is best seen in the rear view given on this page. It is found as frequently in the kite literature of Japan as any other type. The only change from the Japanese form is in shortening the distance from the top to the cross-stick. Except for this improvement, the kite is identical with the one which the Japanese, Chinese, and Malays have always flown. This kite owes its buoyancy to the fact that the sections below the cross-stick are so proportioned as to balance under wind pressure those above, provided the bridle is tied on correctly; while the planes on each side of the upright stick, containing the same total surface, must balance each other, unless the cross-stick bends unevenly, in which case the kite is driven over to the weak side and may refuse to fly. It is found that unless the lower planes are made somewhat loosely, so as to bag in the wind, the kite will not remain in equilibrium without a tail. On the other hand, there is a serious loss of buoyancy and « lift » if the cover is too loose. Formerly these kites were covered with strong paper; but light cloth, like nainsook, is now most frequently used, and with great advantage in durability. The loop or bridle to which the flying-string is tied is generally fastened to the kite at two points only, and this permits the planes on each side of the upright stick to move laterally with freedom; but the writer has obtained much better results with the same kite by fastening additional hangers at each end of the bow. The point on the bridle at which the flying-string is tied determines the kite's angle of incidence. If the angle is too great,—that is, if the point is too low on the bridle,—the kite will not rise; if too small, it will dive, for if inclined too nearly parallel with the ground the wind does not strike the surface with sufficient force to establish equilibrium.

The Malay form has been vastly improved and carried to its greatest efficiency by Mr.



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

THE OBSERVATORY AT BLUE HILL, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

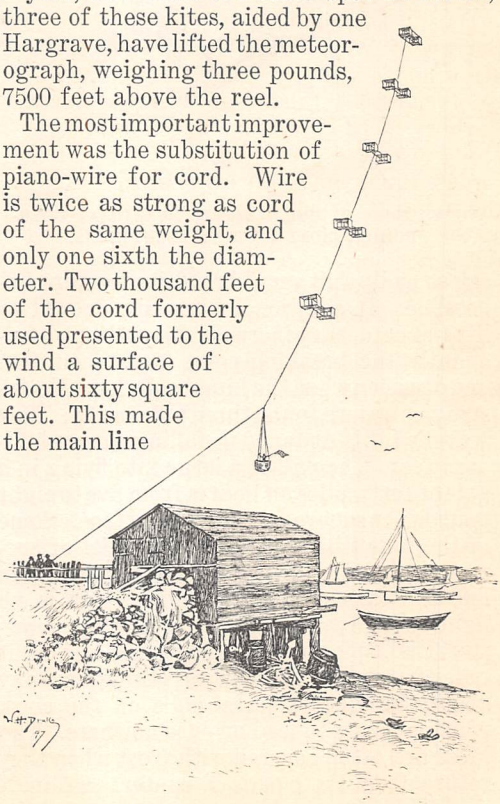


DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

THE LATEST FORM OF CELLULAR KITE INVENTED BY MR. CLAYTON.

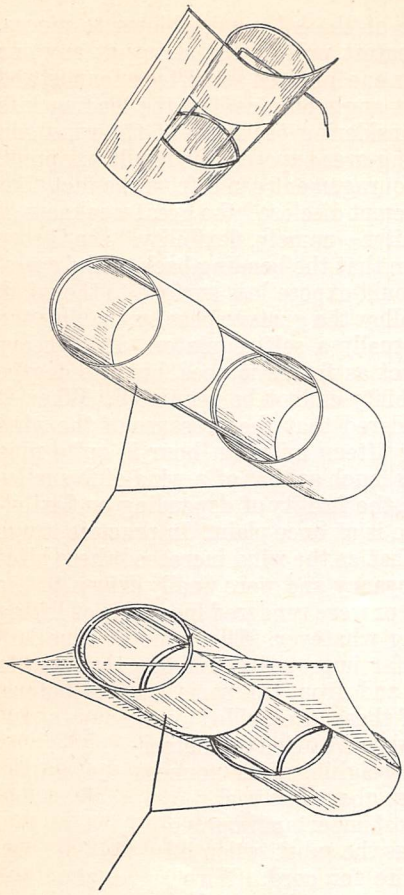
Fergusson and Mr. Clayton, the observers at Blue Hill Observatory, Milton, near Boston, Massachusetts, who, assisted by Mr. Sweetland, have been giving a large portion of their time to ascensions with kites during the last two years. To them belongs the credit not only of having carried their meteorograph quite half a mile higher than any one else by means of kites, but the honor of being the first to collect a mass of data from repeated ascents above a mile. The storms of winter have been no obstacle, and the rain-clouds of summer have been compelled to submit their records. Previous to 1894 occasional attempts had been made to attain great elevations, but the limit reached was only about 1500 feet. During August, 1895, trials with Malay kites were repeatedly made at Blue Hill, and the best altitude was about 1900 feet. This attempt was so much more successful than any previous one that it was considered at the moment satisfactory; but calm discussion of the facts was both discouraging and inspiring. Nine Malays, made by Mr. W. A. Eddy, who was present to instruct, were used. Three were nine feet tall, three six feet, one seven feet, and two five feet. The total area of flying-surface was, therefore, about two hundred and twenty square feet. The wind increased gradually from fifteen up to thirty miles per hour, during which the paper covers of some of the kites were blown to pieces. The greatest pull on the string at any one time was one hundred and fifteen pounds, and the best angle obtained by the leading kite 31°. Considering the force of the wind and the lifting-area exposed, the result was puny; but encouragement came from the fact that this attempt disclosed the great weakness of Malay kites—namely, flexibility. The theory had been that the bending back of the cross-stick would expose less surface to the wind, and so allow the gusts to pass by, making the kite virtually a self-regulator. This theory is correct as far as it goes, but the degree of flexibility cannot be regulated. When it is considered that the pressure of the wind blowing fifteen miles an hour is quite nine times as much as that of a wind of five miles an hour, the futility of depending on flexibility alone is at once plain. In practice it was found that as the wind increased these kites lost buoyancy and were finally driven to the ground, or were rendered incapable of lifting anything whatever. The force at Blue Hill has so far improved the Malay that within a year, and from the same spot as before, three of these kites, aided by one Hargrave, have lifted the meteorograph, weighing three pounds, 7500 feet above the reel.

The most important improvement was the substitution of piano-wire for cord. Wire is twice as strong as cord of the same weight, and only one sixth the diameter. Two thousand feet of the cord formerly used presented to the wind a surface of about sixty square feet. This made the main line

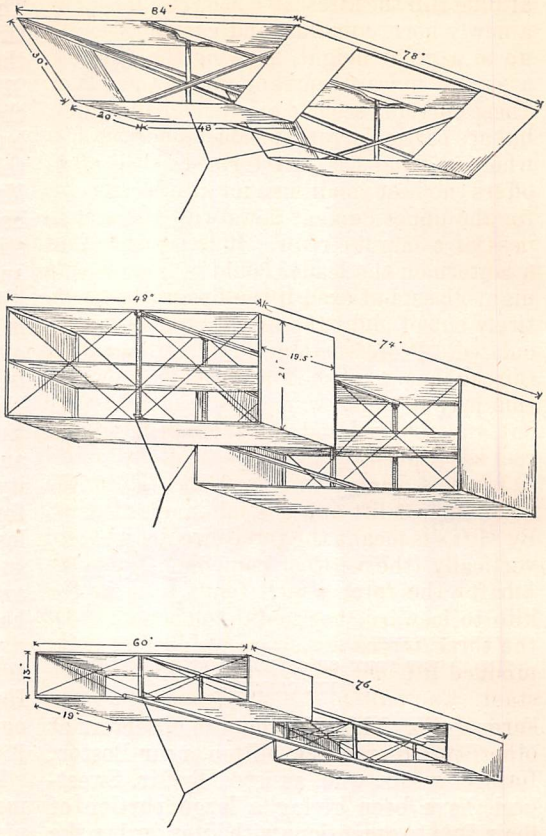


DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

FIVE HARGRAVE KITES LIFTING A BASKET CONTAINING A MAN.



FORMS TRIED BY THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON. NONE OF THEM IS EFFICIENT.



FORMS TRIED BY THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON. NO. 3 IS THE MOST EFFICIENT.

sag so badly that very high altitudes were impossible. If additional kites are needed to lift the cord, they increase the pull until frequently the breaking-point is reached. On one occasion when the kites broke loose the instruments were found three miles away. They travelled this distance in falling fifteen hundred feet. The pull of a large kite flying in a gale of forty miles an hour is from five to eight pounds per square foot of kite surface. Some of the Blue Hill kites have forty feet of surface, and when three are on the same main line the task of holding the «team» is no light one. A black kite in a driving snowstorm is a picturesque spectacle; and as it fades from sight there is something uncanny about the violent, jerky pulls on the cord, which appears to lead off into nowhere. The kites are often covered with frost when they return from the clouds in winter. Ordinarily a cold day would not be chosen by the amateur for kite-flying; but the scientist wants facts, and under all conditions. The Blue Hill force sent up their kites on February 17, 1895, during the lowest temperature on record for twelve years. Where warmer waves are found above, it indicates that within six or eight hours the influence of these waves will be felt below. As the kites ascend the wind-velocity increases and usually bears off to the right, showing a uniform curve in the direction of the wind. This does not always occur, but more frequently in south and westerly winds than in others. At Blue Hill the sea breeze is from the east, and it has been found, by sending kites up until they meet another current and face about, that these sea breezes are seldom more than twelve hundred feet thick. Clouds from which rain is falling, or about to fall, are often less than one thousand feet up.

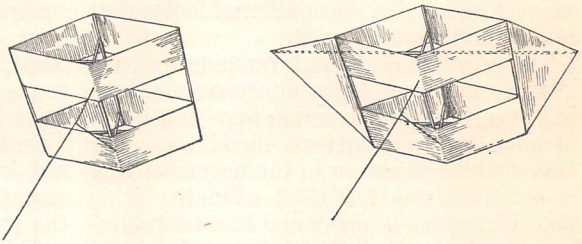
The cumuli which boil up rapidly on a summer day are not so easily reached. The formation of one of these clouds may often be seen. It resembles a puff of steam shot into the blue ether, and this puff instantly begins

to grow and boil like its kind. Several times at Blue Hill the kites have been caught under a newly born cumulus, and carried speedily up to a great height, showing that there is a strong upward current under the cloud. These currents seem to exist under all cumuli, but are particularly noticeable under the spot where a cloud has just formed. The night offers the best conditions for kite ascensions, for the upper current flows with the steadiness of a mighty river. It is possible that a lantern on the leader could be seen with a night-glass; but even if the apparatus be entirely out of sight the elevation may be calculated. Professor Marvin of the Weather Bureau has published a formula by which this may be done when the length of wire out, the tension, and the inclination at the reel are known.

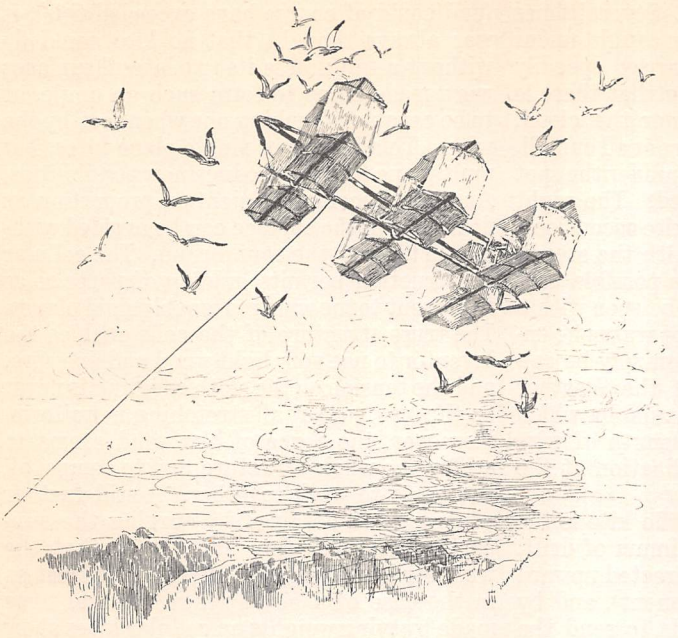
What is wanted in a scientific kite is the maximum of lift and the minimum of drift. By «lift» is meant the force directed upward vertically (the vertical component), and by «drift» the force which tends to send the kite to leeward (horizontal component). Of the three forces acting on the kite so as to produce lift and drift, gravity alone is constant. The pull on the string and the pressure of the wind on the kite surface, the other two forces, are variable; and as the former is the result of the latter, it is not properly a force in itself. Therefore, it follows that wind pressure is the only force which differs from time to time as conditions change. The problem in kite-flying, therefore, is so to construct the supporting plane or planes, and so to arrange the point of tying on the string, as to enable the kite to adjust itself quickly to changes, however violent, in the direction as well as in the force of the wind. In winds of twenty miles an hour gusts of from thirty to thirty-five miles frequently occur. On the water squalls are avoided by taking in sail; but even if a kite could be furled when aloft, it would be necessary to accomplish this at a moment's notice, since gusts approaching upon kites far up in the air are invisible from below. The apparatus would therefore have to be automatic, and may yet be invented.

It is seen that the wings of a bird when soaring bend upward slightly, forming a dihedral angle; and until Mr. Hargrave published the proportions and drawings of his cellular kites, with which, using several tandem, he lifted himself about fifteen feet (and could of course have exceeded this), it was always thought that no kite could fly without a tail unless its two lateral surfaces were made so as to form such an angle, or to be capable of making one when met by the wind. This is true of single-plane kites, but multiplane forms introduce new possibilities. Any kite becomes efficient in proportion as flexibility in the surface can be avoided without disturbing the equilibrium. The cellular construction permits bracing of parts so as to present to the wind reasonably rigid planes. The truss structure of the cells enables the inventor to use very light wood and fine wire, and the tension on the cloth covering is never on the bias, so that all stretching is uniform. Moreover, the force of the wind seems to stiffen the whole structure and to compel all the parts to work together. A still further advantage is obtained by curving the supporting surfaces fore and aft, so that the wind strikes a slightly convex plane, just as in the case of a bird's wings. Actual tests made by tying weights on cellular kites show that those with planes curved in this way are much the better lifters, and for the same reason they fly in much lighter winds. Even the simplest cellular kites lift much more than Malays of the same area; and as the pleasure in flying kites, as well as the scientific profit, depends considerably on the pull and lift, they are far the best for ordinary use.

At first sight it is not easy to understand why these forms fly at all, for they violate all past ideas of kites. The explanation is, however, simple. The side planes act as fins to keep the kite in the wind. The rear cell acts as a rudder, and actually lifts about one third as much as the front cell when both are of the same area. This depends, however, on the distance between the front and rear cells, which must be great enough to allow the wind to escape freely, after it has deflected from the front cell, without interfering with the current acting on the rear cell. It was found in yachting that cutting the old-fash-



TWO FORMS USED AT THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON. BOTH WERE FAIRLY EFFICIENT.



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

THE «LADDER KITE» INVENTED BY MR. OCTAVE CHANUTE.

The wings are fastened to a central frame made like a pair of «lazy-tongs» so as to produce various transformations and changes in the position and angle of incidence of the wings. This kite flies very steadily, pulls very hard when arranged as shown in this illustration, and very little (while sustaining the same weight) when adjusted so as to resemble a step-ladder. It is the prototype of a gliding-machine recently constructed by Mr. Chanute.

ioned big jib up into two or three small ones resulted in more power, because the wind was enabled to escape out of the way after it had done its work, and to permit a fresh current to impinge. The same law holds good in cellular kites, with the additional factor that equilibrium depends on it.

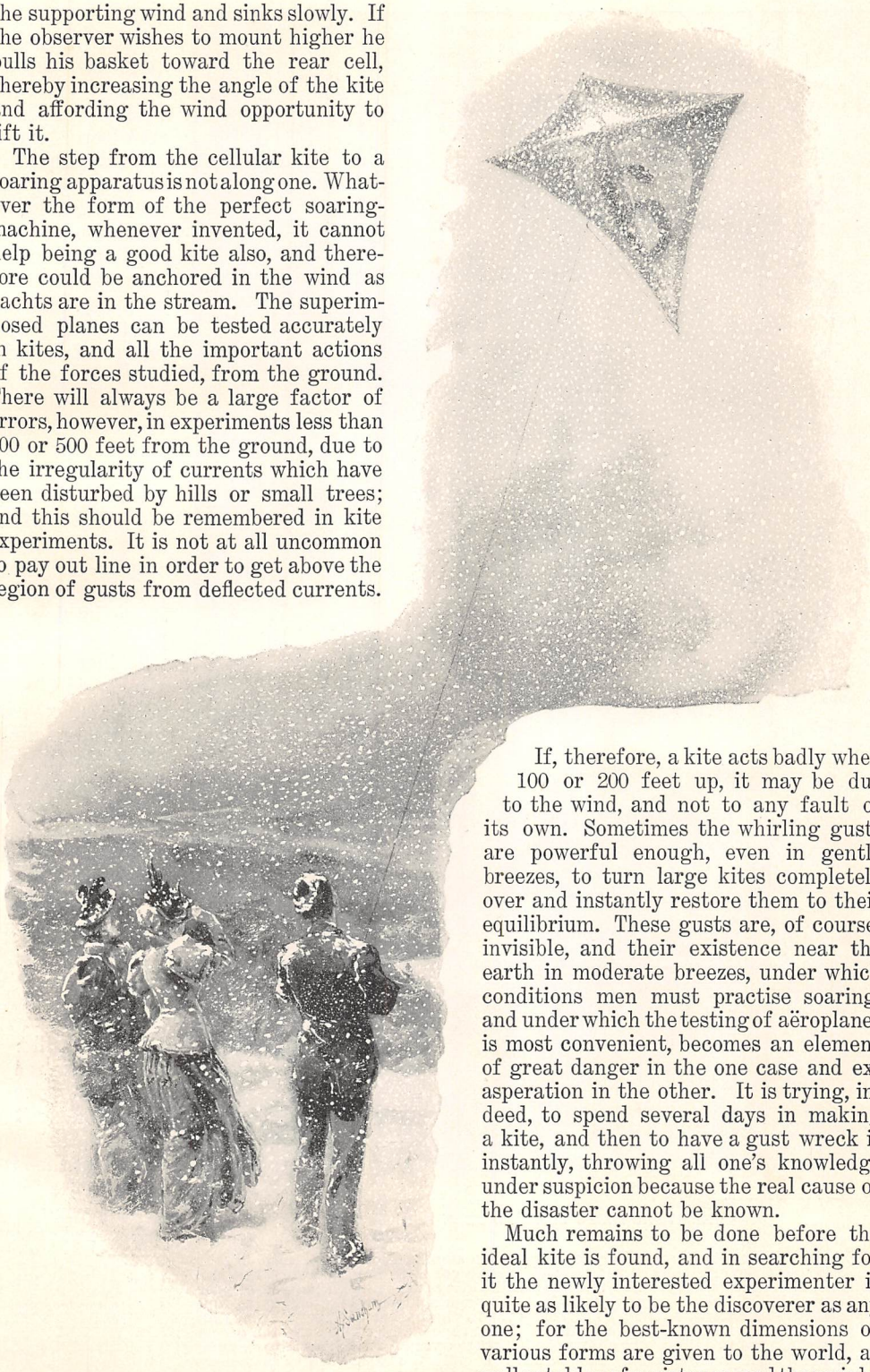
The Weather Bureau at Washington tried a large number of different arrangements of cells, varying in number and shape; but it was found at last that the two-celled rectangular kite, such as is shown in the accompanying illustrations, was the most efficient. It is also the easiest to make and the most durable. No diamond-shaped kite can be made without cutting the cloth or paper on the bias. This means that the edges will stretch and the proportions alter. A Malay which flew with perfect success in a heavy wind to-day may fail utterly to-morrow, unless thoroughly overhauled to remedy some imperceptible change in dimensions. The cellular kite, on the other hand, needs very little attention, and can be depended on to fly day after day. A tandem team of these kites may be safely counted upon to reach a higher elevation than any other combination, for the reason that they can be connected back to back and therefore pull in one direction. Malays cannot be so joined, but are put on in loops, and are often pulling at a disadvantage.

The possible use of kites in time of war, either for photographing the surrounding country at night, for signaling by kites illuminated by electricity, or for lifting observers into the air, is attracting the attention of inventors. For photographing the cellular is by far the better, because the camera may be attached to the kite-frame instead of being hung below. It is much steadier than the Malay under any conditions, and its position may be changed through a considerable arc by hauling taut on either of the two light strings which may be tied for the purpose to the lower front corners; while the angle of incidence, or inclination to the horizon, may be altered very much, for a few moments at a time, by pulling on both light strings at the same time. This regulates the field of the camera fairly well. As for raising men into the air, no one who has ever felt the lifting-force of a cellular kite containing twenty-five square feet, in a wind of twenty-five miles an hour, can have any doubt of it. The small model is already at hand, and it only remains to plan a kite large enough for the purpose. Naturally the details of construction would have to be entirely changed, because of the well-known law that the weight of solids varies as the cube of the dimensions, while the strength varies as the square.

The observation kite shown in the illustration on page 74 has several new features, one of the most important being the extended side planes which, while adding much to the lifting-power, prevent the kite from tipping sidewise, and convert it into a parachute the moment it breaks loose or is cut adrift. The observer in the basket has complete control of further ascent or descent without the assistance of those on the ground; for, by pulling on the supporting guy which leads forward, the observer's weight is brought forward, and causes the kite to assume a more horizontal position. It therefore spills

the supporting wind and sinks slowly. If the observer wishes to mount higher he pulls his basket toward the rear cell, thereby increasing the angle of the kite and affording the wind opportunity to lift it.

The step from the cellular kite to a soaring apparatus is not a long one. Whatever the form of the perfect soaring-machine, whenever invented, it cannot help being a good kite also, and therefore could be anchored in the wind as yachts are in the stream. The superimposed planes can be tested accurately in kites, and all the important actions of the forces studied, from the ground. There will always be a large factor of errors, however, in experiments less than 400 or 500 feet from the ground, due to the irregularity of currents which have been disturbed by hills or small trees; and this should be remembered in kite experiments. It is not at all uncommon to pay out line in order to get above the region of gusts from deflected currents.

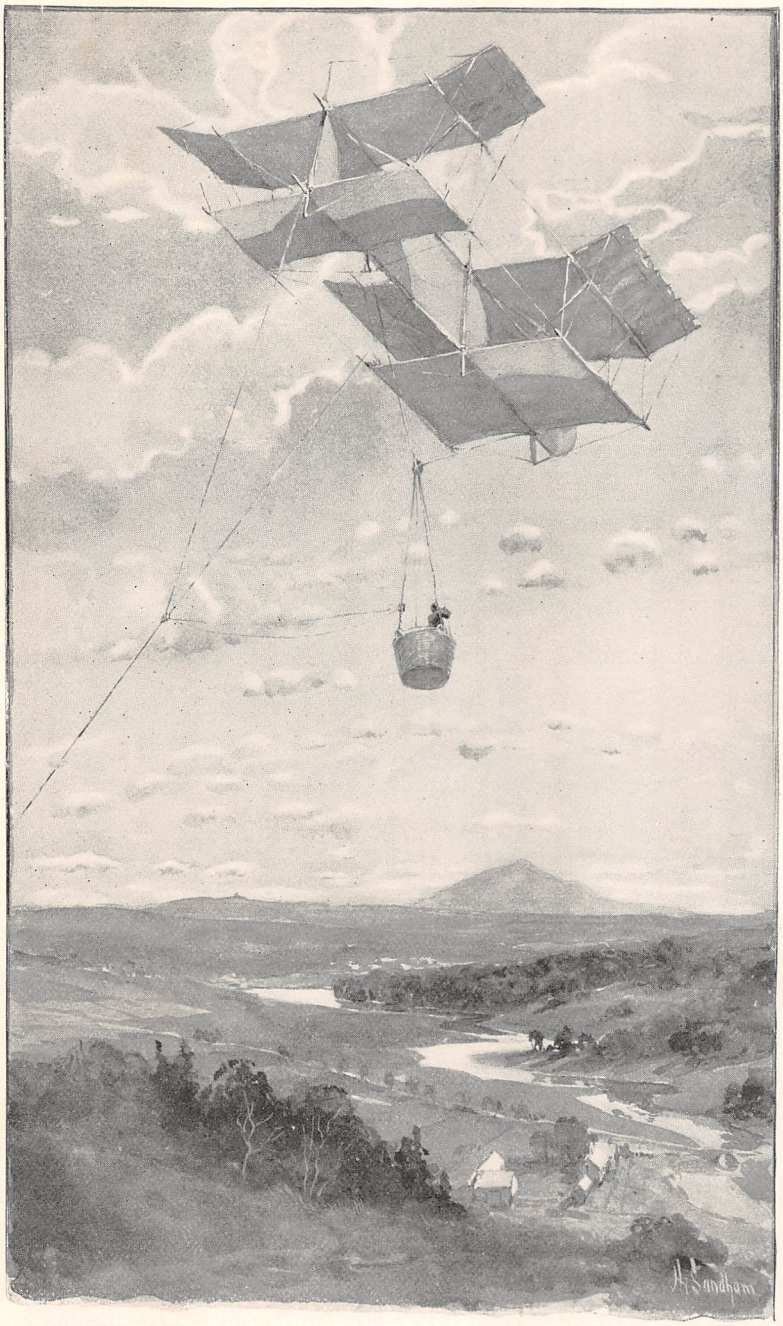


DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

FLYING A MALAY KITE IN A SNOW-STORM.

If, therefore, a kite acts badly when 100 or 200 feet up, it may be due to the wind, and not to any fault of its own. Sometimes the whirling gusts are powerful enough, even in gentle breezes, to turn large kites completely over and instantly restore them to their equilibrium. These gusts are, of course, invisible, and their existence near the earth in moderate breezes, under which conditions men must practise soaring, and under which the testing of aëroplanes is most convenient, becomes an element of great danger in the one case and exasperation in the other. It is trying, indeed, to spend several days in making a kite, and then to have a gust wreck it instantly, throwing all one's knowledge under suspicion because the real cause of the disaster cannot be known.

Much remains to be done before the ideal kite is found, and in searching for it the newly interested experimenter is quite as likely to be the discoverer as any one; for the best-known dimensions of various forms are given to the world, as well as tables of resistance, and the weight per square foot of different materials,

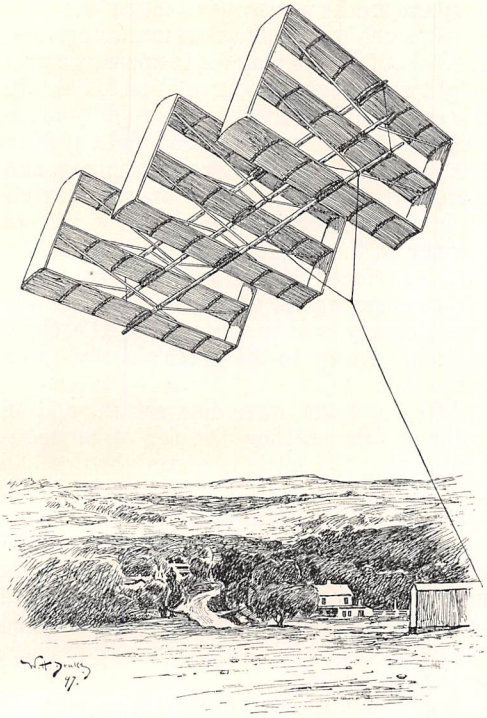


DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

OBSERVATION KITE DESIGNED BY J. B. MILLET.

In this kite the central vertical plane acts at once as a keel and as a backbone. In order to make the efficiency of the rear aëroplanes equal to the front ones, they are made nearly twice as large. The tendency of the kite is to assume a horizontal position, since the bridle-cord or wire runs loose through a block where the flying-rope is attached. Therefore, so long as the observer in the basket can at will place his weight as nearly under the rear or front cells as he chooses, he can control the ascent or descent of the kite. For, if he allows the basket to swing forward, the kite assumes a horizontal position and sinks to the ground; if he pulls the basket aft, the kite must rise. The inclined planes not only add much to the lifting-power, but convert the kite into a perfect parachute in case it breaks away or is cut adrift. This has been demonstrated by experiment with heavy weights.

and the best methods of handling kites in various winds. Well-recorded failures are often of more value than marked successes. It is necessary to know by trial under what wind pressure a given form will collapse, and at what point; and many variations in dimensions must be tried before we are sure of the best. It is clear that the kite which takes the best angle—that is, flies nearest the zenith—gives the most promise, provided it maintains its position as the wind increases. A kite which lifts ten pounds and flies at an angle of 20° is of no use in meteorology, for it could never obtain a high elevation or assist other kites to do so. The angular elevation of an unweighted kite ought to be from 50° to 60° under the best conditions, and will frequently run up to 70° or 80° for a short time. The relation that the weight of the kite bears to the force of the wind will indicate what may be expected of the kite without trial. If the pressure of the wind is only two or three times the weight of the kite, only a low



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

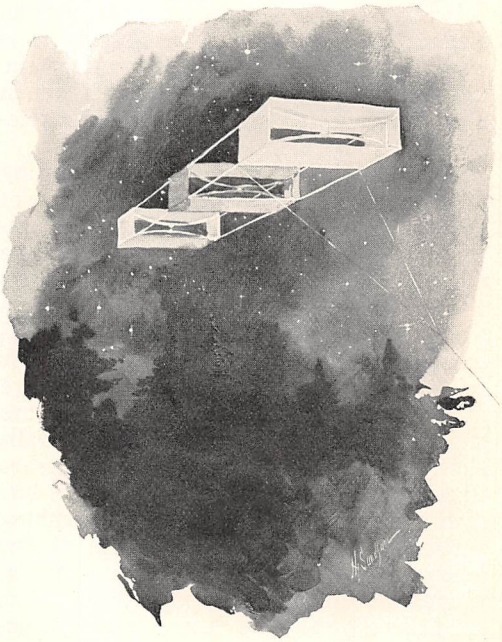
« LADDER KITE » INVENTED BY J. B. MILLET.

The aëroplanes are all curved fore and aft, and in the illustration are inclined at an angle of about ten degrees. In other words, the front edges are lifted so as to catch the wind better. This angle may be changed at will. The aëroplanes are placed so that each one gets the full and unbroken force of the wind. The spaces between the aëroplanes have been calculated with reference to the width and thickness of the aëroplanes so as to allow plenty of room for the wind to escape freely after it has done its work.

angle is possible. For high elevations the wind must be strong enough to produce a pressure from five to seven times the weight of the kite.

The highest ascent ever made with kites occurred on October 8, 1896, when the Blue Hill meteorograph was sent up to a height of 8740 feet above the hill, or 9375 feet above sea-level. Nine kites (seven Malays and two Hargraves), having a total area of nearly one hundred and seventy square feet, were used to lift the instrument and the three miles of piano-wire to which the kites were attached. About twelve hours were spent in making the ascent and descent, although between 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. the wire was wound in until the meteorograph was at a height of 600 feet, in order to remove a defective kite (a Malay). From this point the ascent was completed in less than ten hours.

The rise in humidity at 2 P. M. shows when the instrument entered the cloud, and its emergence is also indicated by the fall in humidity between 3 and 4 P. M. When the kites were drawn in, the instrument again entered a cloud (about 5:30 P. M.), and for the next hour and a half the whole apparatus remained stationary. The marked fall in humidity at 7 P. M. shows clearly when the weather cleared. When the meteorograph was at its highest point the recorded temperature was 20.2° F., at which time the temperature at the observatory was 46.2° F. The pull on the wire varied from thirty to one hundred pounds, and for several hours, when the kites were at the highest elevation, the pull was from sixty to one hundred pounds. The windlass used was wound in by hand, and the entire work was done by Messrs. Clayton, Fergusson, and Sweetland. Not the least difficult portion of the work is winding in the wire. Two miles seem a long distance when there is a pull of fifty pounds. Then the kites have to be taken off the main line as they come in, and landed safely. This takes both strength and skill. During the ascent one observer is detailed to take the angle of the leading kite (near which the meteorograph is fastened) at regular intervals, at the same time recording in the field-book the time, the



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

TRIPLE-CELLED KITE ARRANGED WITH DIFFERENT-COLORED ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN EACH CELL.

They are connected with the ground through the flying-wire, and any one of them may be illumined at will, thus enabling signals to be exchanged at night. Designed by J. B. Millet.

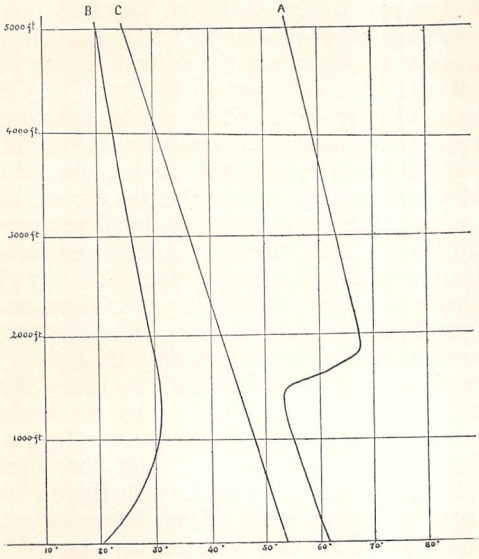


DIAGRAM OF PLOTTED CURVES.

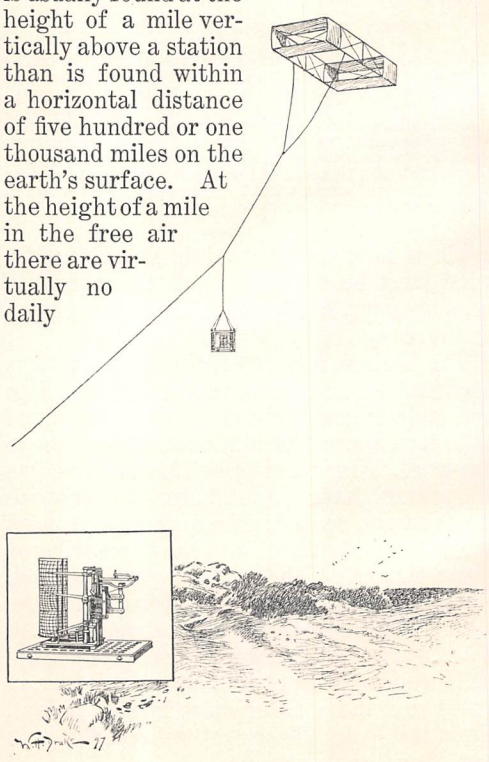
number of feet out, and the number, size, and kind of kites on the line. Whenever a kite is added to the «team,» the size, kind, and distance from the one ahead is carefully noted, as well as the minute when the added kite started. The total pull on the wire must be watched, and special care used to avoid electric shocks, for very frequently it is necessary to ground the wire. After the kites are 3000 feet up, sparks appear even in clear weather, and are particularly troublesome in snow-storms.

From the records of ascents the following facts appear: As a rule, the temperature of the air falls as the recording instrument ascends. Warm and cold waves are felt in the upper air many hours earlier than at a station on the ground beneath, which gives us a basis for prediction. If a recording instrument is sent up before the warm wave is felt on the ground, it enters the warm wave at some point above, when the temperature suddenly rises a few degrees, and then falls slowly with farther ascent. These changes are illustrated in the diagram above by the line marked A. In this diagram the lines running vertically upward from the figures at the bottom show the temperatures, and the figures at the left show the height in feet. The condition shown by the curve A is a very common one in the atmosphere, and whenever found indicates warmer weather soon.

The fall of temperature illustrated by the line C in the diagram precedes and continues during cold waves. In this case the instrument records a very rapid fall of temperature as it ascends. After the cold wave passes over and a southeast storm begins to set in, the change of temperature with height shown by the curve B is found. In this case the temperature rises rapidly as the instrument ascends, until at a height of from 1000 to 2000 feet it becomes stationary, and then, with farther ascent of the instrument, begins to fall. But in such cases it may be warmer at the height of a mile than at the earth's surface. The part of the curve where the temperature is stationary is generally found cloudy, and in some cases the cloud extends entirely to the earth's surface as a dense fog.

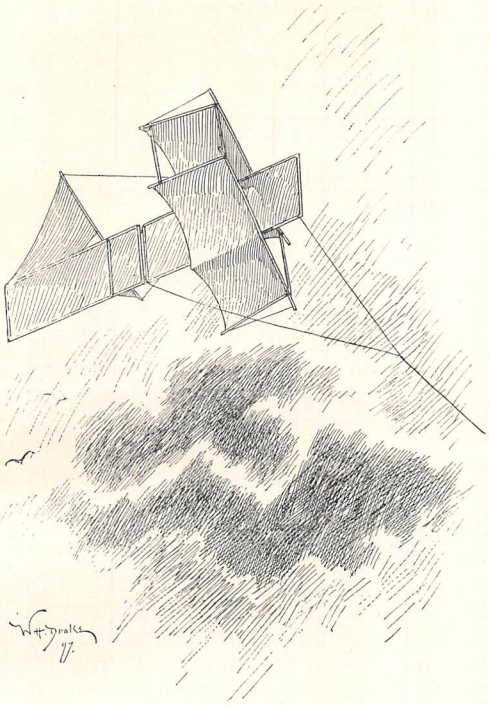
After a warm wave has set in, and in ordinary fair weather, the fall of temperature during the day is in a straight line like that shown by C, but is very much slower, the average fall being 4° in a thousand feet in ordinary weather. At night the change of temperature with height resembles very much that of the curve B, being coldest in the lowest places, as in valleys or hollows, and warmest at a height of a few hundred feet above the ground.

A greater difference of weather conditions is usually found at the height of a mile vertically above a station than is found within a horizontal distance of five hundred or one thousand miles on the earth's surface. At the height of a mile in the free air there are virtually no daily



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

METHOD OF ATTACHING METEOROGRAPH.



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

TRIPLE-PLANE CELLULAR KITE INVENTED BY C. F. LAMSON.

changes of temperature. The kite observations indicate that the average temperature of the night is less than a degree colder than the day temperature. Virtually the only changes which occur at this height are those due to the passage of warm and cold waves. The daily changes of humidity are, however, very marked. The days are very damp, the air being frequently saturated with moisture, while the nights during fair weather are very dry, so that the air rivals in dryness that at the ground over the driest desert. This daily change of humidity is the reverse of that found at the ground, where the days are dry and the nights damp.

At the height of a mile the wind-velocity averages four times as great as that found at the ground, and gales of one hundred miles an hour are not uncommon. (Clouds have been observed moving at the rate of one hundred and seventy-four miles an hour.) The air is not infrequently serenely clear, while the earth below is enveloped in clouds.

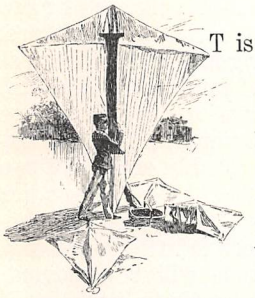
The facts already collected by the observations with kites at Blue Hill will serve to modify some of the opinions now expressed in text-books, and it is hoped will aid in solving some of the difficulties in the way of more accurate weather forecasting. The successive chiefs of the Weather Bureau have each expressed the opinion that observations in the upper air are the main reliance of more accurate weather forecasting in the future. The lifting of recording instruments to great elevations by means of kites at the Blue Hill Observatory has shown for the first time that frequent observations at altitudes exceeding a mile, and probably exceeding two miles, are possible. The highest ascent was but little short of two miles, and with improved appliances there is little doubt that ascents to this altitude will be frequent. Greater heights are entirely possible if mechanical skill becomes interested enough to work out the desiderata now formulated by science. It is no longer sufficient to make and wreck kites in order to learn what to avoid. Only those imperfections which are most prominent can be discovered in this way. Analysis of the forces acting on the kite, and of the kite's movements, will lead to a development along the lines of scientific accuracy. Without such assistance the minute details will elude the inventor, and we are even now at a point where no details can be ignored. A sunken yacht may serve again as a model, but a distorted or broken kite may not, unless the cause of the wreck is understood. Fragile as the best kites are, they are seldom broken by the wind alone. They should not be expected to withstand violent contact with the earth or trees, but should be built to resist wind pressure only.

The air above us is as yet unconquered, although much of the mystery which surrounds its unseen motions has been dispelled. The resistless and merciless force of its currents in violent action constantly reminds man of the utter uselessness of undertaking its entire subjection; and it is because that fact is recognized that one finds peculiar and almost vindictive pleasure in occasionally winning a victory in the combat between scientific ingenuity and the invisible forces which tantalize and defy us.

J. B. Millet.

EXPERIMENTS WITH KITES.

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WRITER'S ASCENT FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

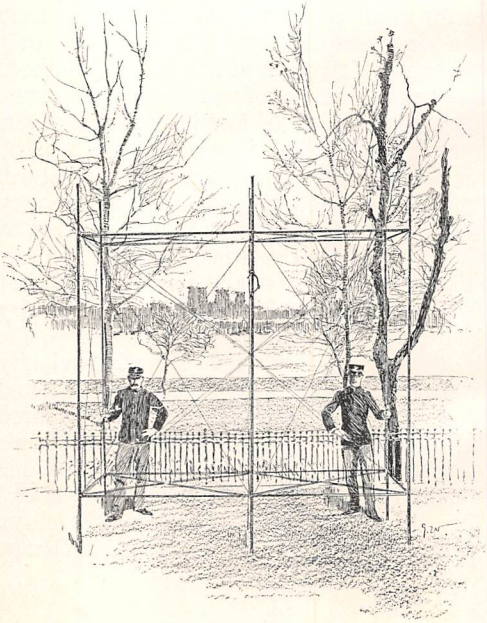
A 12-FOOT EDDY KITE (MODIFIED MALAY).

IT is not my intention to discuss the mathematical principles of the kite, or to enter into an investigation of the forces acting upon it; for, however interesting it might be to the student of the subject, it would be decidedly uninteresting to the average reader. My object is simply a description of a few of the many experiments that I have undertaken in the neighborhood of New York.

The invention of the kite is usually attributed to the Chinese. The first man on actual record as having used the kite is Archytas (about 400 B. C.). For what purpose he employed it I have been unable to ascertain, but it is not probable that he accomplished anything of scientific importance; and it was not until 1749, when Dr. Alexander Wilson and Mr. Thomas Melville, in Scotland, used it for taking the temperature of the upper air, that the kite showed possibilities of becoming a useful and scientific apparatus. Franklin's well-known experiment of obtaining atmospheric electricity by means of a kite again drew attention to it. It is, however, within the last decade that the kite has gained nearly all of its importance; and this is due to its development by men who have studied it, and the forces acting upon it, in a scientific way. Among others may be named Marvin, Langley, Hargrave, and Eddy; by their labors a hitherto useless toy has become an important scientific apparatus.

The limits of this article forbid even a hasty reference to the experiments conducted under the direction of these men, or to the wonderful results accomplished in aërial photography by Eddy, and in meteorological observations by the Weather Bureau. My own experiments began in September, 1896, when, having become interested in the subject, I took it up principally for the amusement that it afforded, without feeling at all sure that it was of any value, and without knowing that it was then receiving much attention. Since then I have devoted much study and labor to kites, and have experimented with them with a view to determining their value for various purposes, two of which are the subject of this article.

The first kite that I built was a five-foot kite of the Hargrave cellular type modified by Lieutenant J. K. Cree, Fifth United States Artillery. This kite, which was built exceedingly light and was covered with Manila wrapping-paper, was excellent in light breezes; but one day, in a moderate wind, it suddenly collapsed. In the meantime I had read all the kite literature that I could find, and had obtained descriptions of the Hargrave kite and the Eddy Malay kite, one of each of which I built; and though I have since experimented with a number of other forms, I have found none equal to these.

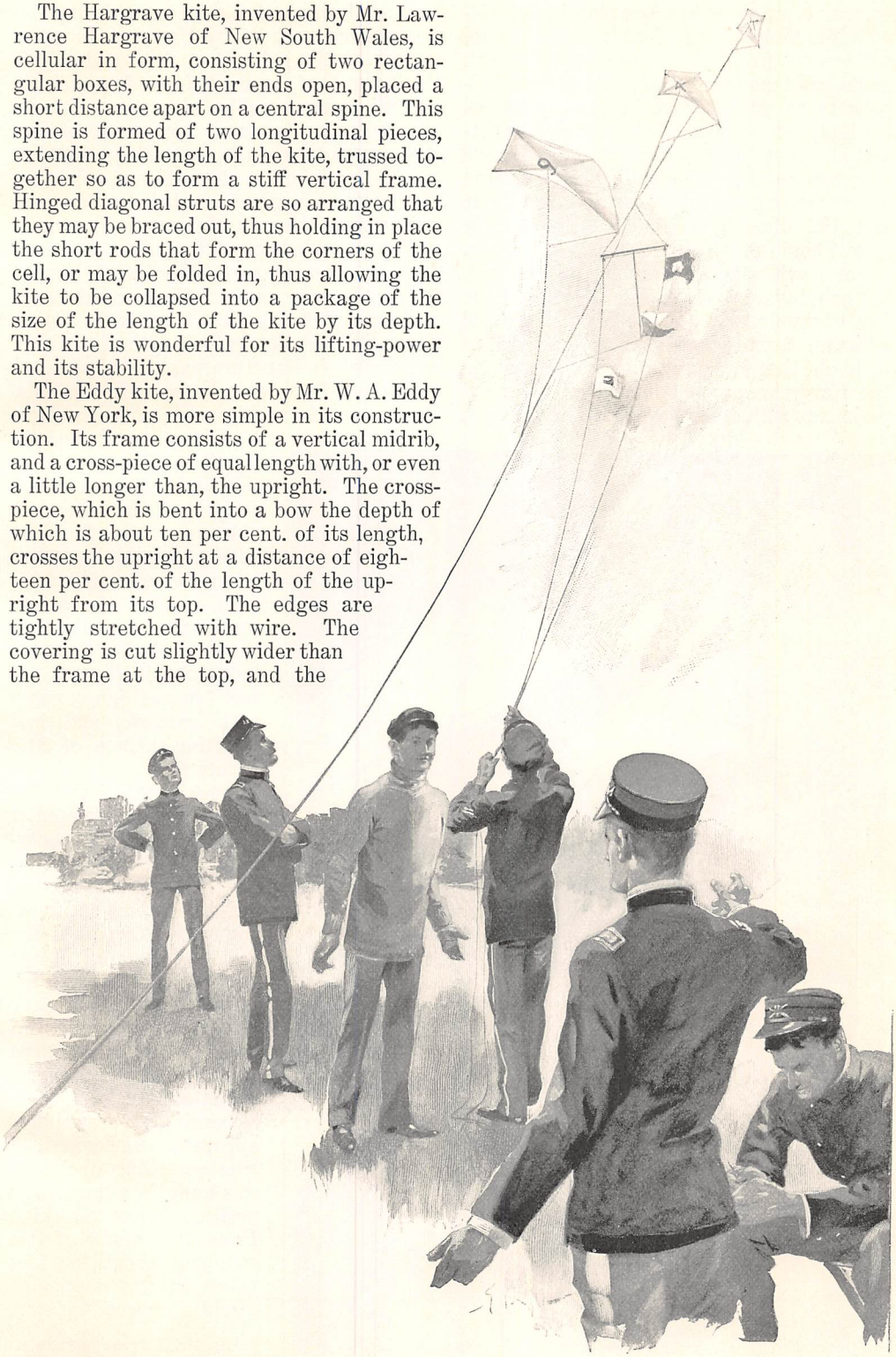


DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

FRAMEWORK OF THE LARGEST CELLULAR KITE (LIEUTENANT WISE'S MODIFIED HARGRAVE KITE).

The Hargrave kite, invented by Mr. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Wales, is cellular in form, consisting of two rectangular boxes, with their ends open, placed a short distance apart on a central spine. This spine is formed of two longitudinal pieces, extending the length of the kite, trussed together so as to form a stiff vertical frame. Hinged diagonal struts are so arranged that they may be braced out, thus holding in place the short rods that form the corners of the cell, or may be folded in, thus allowing the kite to be collapsed into a package of the size of the length of the kite by its depth. This kite is wonderful for its lifting-power and its stability.

The Eddy kite, invented by Mr. W. A. Eddy of New York, is more simple in its construction. Its frame consists of a vertical midrib, and a cross-piece of equal length with, or even a little longer than, the upright. The cross-piece, which is bent into a bow the depth of which is about ten per cent. of its length, crosses the upright at a distance of eighteen per cent. of the length of the upright from its top. The edges are tightly stretched with wire. The covering is cut slightly wider than the frame at the top, and the

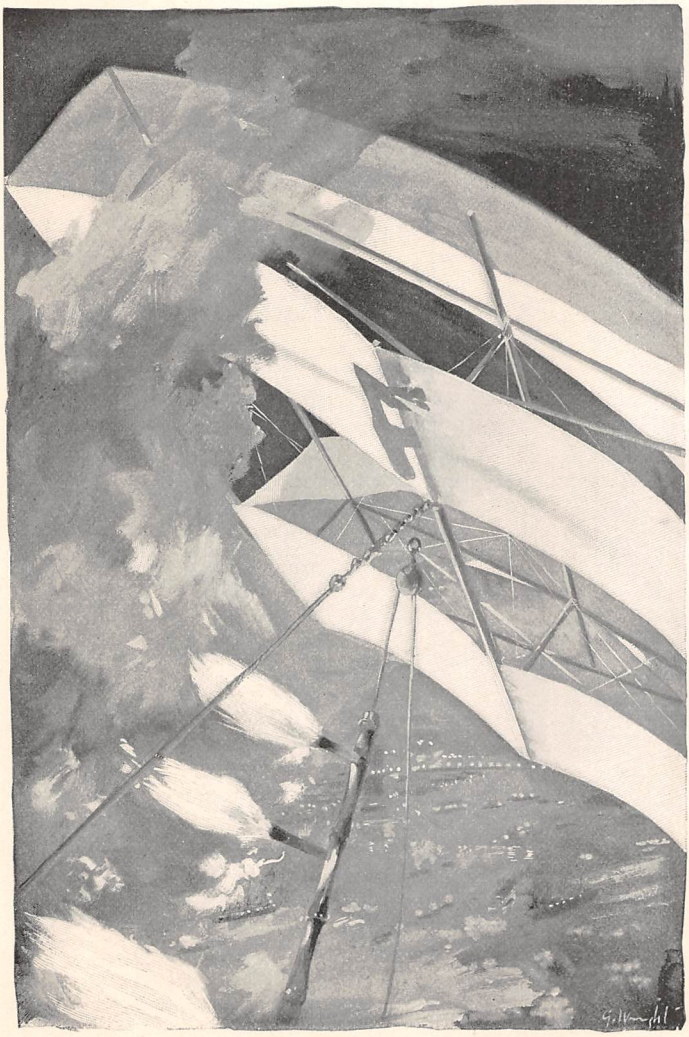


DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

INTERNATIONAL SIGNAL-CODE.

fullness is gathered in a box-plait in the middle. Mr. Eddy has had for his object the development of a kite that would fly at a high angle, and that would require only a low wind-velocity to raise it, and for these purposes the Eddy kite is unexcelled. It lacks the lifting-power of the cellular kite, and I have therefore used it principally when the wind was not strong enough to sustain the cellular kite, but when by a tandem of large Eddy kites I could obtain sufficient lifting-power.

For a while my Hargrave kite flew well, but one day, in a high wind, it suffered the fate of my first kite. I was too well pleased with this form to abandon it, so I decided to build one that would not collapse. Retaining the Hargrave proportions, which, after experiments with others, proved to be the best, I modified simply the structure. It will be remembered that in the Hargrave kite the corners of the cells were short rods. The result was that, even when the fore and aft cells were connected by wires, there was always some independent movement of the cells—a twisting of the central truss—which greatly impaired the strength and efficiency of the kite. Again, there being no connection between the ends of the struts, a sudden strain was liable to break them.[1] To overcome these weaknesses, portability had to be sacrificed to some extent. The trusses were made complete by ties, the corner pieces were extended the entire length of the kite, and the whole structure was strongly braced with wire. To prevent fluttering of the sails, leeches were formed by sewing in their edges a strong cord boiled in paraffin. This construction slightly increased the weight of the kite, but not enough to offset the advantages of increased strength and rigidity. In smaller kites the struts were replaced by diagonal ties of wire. The first kite built of this form was 5 feet 7 inches high, covered with cambric, and had a lifting-surface of 34.8 square feet.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

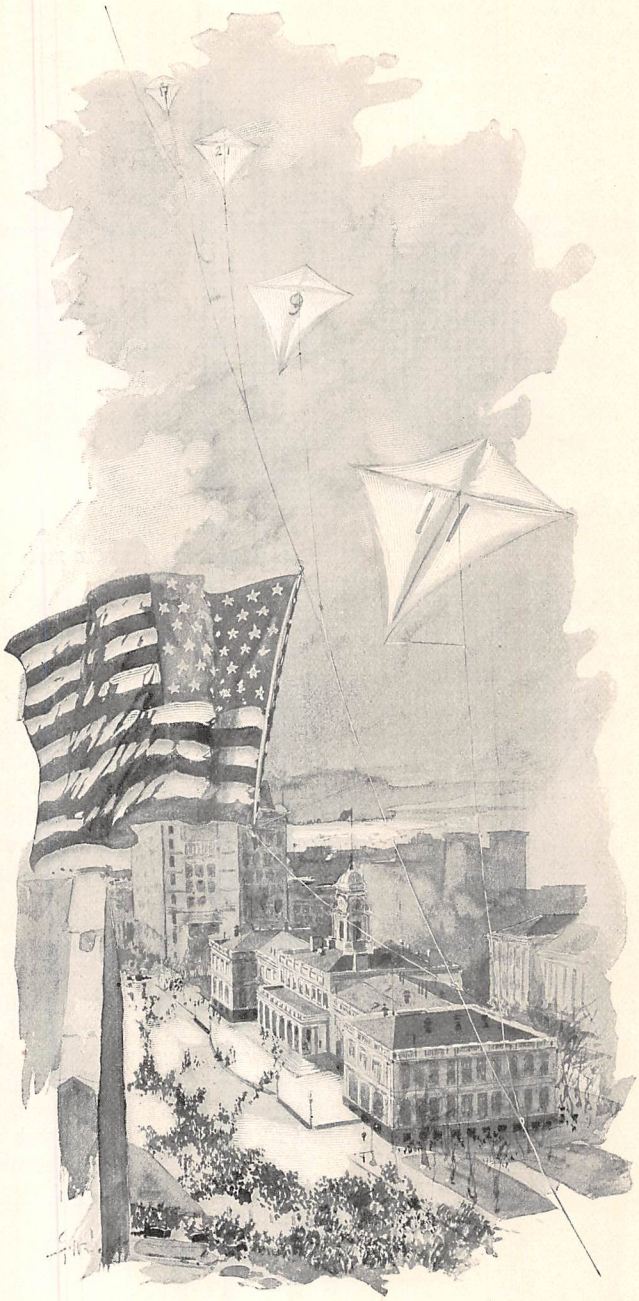
A CHEMICAL-LIGHT SIGNAL.

At 9 P. M. on the day that it was completed it was sent aloft in a twenty-mile breeze, bearing a two-pound stable-lantern, the weight of which had apparently no effect upon the action of the kite. It was evident that if lanterns of different colors were sent up, so arranged that their relative positions could be changed, the army signal-code could be used. Accordingly a very simple apparatus was devised. A bamboo rod five feet long was hung in a horizontal position below the kite. From the middle of this rod, and about ten feet below it, was suspended a white railroad-lantern.

[1] In Mr. Hargrave's more recent construction this fault has been overcome.

At each end of the rod was a pulley, and over these passed an endless cord which hung to the ground. To each side of this cord, twenty feet below the rod, was attached a lantern, one red, the other green. This apparatus was then sent aloft in a twelve-mile breeze by a tandem of two cellular kites. When it had reached an altitude of about five hundred feet, a man on the ground beneath the kites, grasping the halyard, could make the following combinations, reading from top to bottom: (1) white, red, green; (2) red, white, green; (3) white, green, red; (4) green, white, red. These were sufficient to enable us to use the regular signal-code, and a message was sent and read. On the following day the same experiment was repeated, using signal-flags instead of lanterns.

It was, of course, a simple matter to use a code of set signals, such as the international code; for in that case the only apparatus necessary was a pulley, over which passed a halyard. The flags, being tied to the halyard in their proper order, were quickly run up to the pulley; and while they were aloft the next set was tied to the other side of the halyard, and rose as the first set was lowered. This method made it possible to use powerful chemical lights instead of lanterns. A long bamboo rod with holes in it being lashed to the halyard, sticks of combustible substances that burned with great brilliancy and gave different-colored lights were stuck in the holes in the proper order. The fuses being lighted, the rod was run up to the pulley, where the lights burned for five minutes with sufficient brilliancy to be seen at a distance of about fifteen miles.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

DISPLAYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

While these devices for night signaling were successfully operated, yet there are certain objections to them. A better device by far would be a powerful incandescent electric light of about fifty-candle power. Such a light could be seen for about twelve miles. The current could be sent over the small wire cable with which the kite is flown, the core and surface of which should be separated by insulation, the current going up the inside of the cable and down the outside. A key similar to the telegraph-key would enable the operator to flash his messages as with a heliograph, and all heavy apparatus and cumbersome trailing

DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

LAUNCHING A LARGE KITE.

lines would be avoided. A sample which I have of such a cable fulfils all the requirements of strength and lightness, and I hope some day in the near future to operate successfully an electric light on a kite.

One of the most powerful tandems of Eddy kites that I have ever flown was composed of eleven kites varying in size from $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 12 feet high, and aggregating 329 square feet of surface. On this tandem a United States flag measuring 20 feet by 36 feet was raised. The top of the staff was tied to the main cord below the sixth kite, and a back guy to the foot of the staff held it in a vertical position. The flag was brailed to the staff by a cord, the end of which was retained as the flag rose. When at an altitude of five hundred feet a quick pull withdrew the cord from the flag, the cord fell to the ground, and the stars and stripes burst forth and stood spread in the breeze as though alone in the sky.

Having been successful in sending aloft such considerable weights, I determined to try to raise even greater ones, and, if possible, to lift a man by kites. Before this was done it was necessary to determine what was the best form of tandem and to what point the weight could be most advantageously attached. The wonderful lifting-power of the cellular kites made it evident that they should be used, and the rectangular cell was unquestionably the best form. Accordingly, four small kites of this form were carefully built for the experiments. I now had a most valuable assistant in Corporal Lewis, and after a number of experiments we decided that a tandem of cellular kites, each tied to the back of the one below it and rather close together, gave the best results; for though a single kite of the same area of lifting-surface apparently had a slightly greater lifting-power, yet the tandem gave greater stability. To determine the proper position for the

Kite.	Total length.	Total width.	Length of cell.	Breadth of cell.	Distance between cells.	Distance from front edge to flying-knot.	Size of Spines.	Size of Corner-pieces.	Size of Struts.	Weight.	Lifting-surface.	Covering.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	inches.	inches.	inches.	lbs. oz.	sq. ft.	
A	5 7	4 10	4 10	1 10	1 11	1 6	$\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	4	34.8	Cambric.
B	9	9	9	2 6	4	2 10	1×1	$\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$	16 8	90	Muslin.
C	4 6	4 6	4 6	1 3	2	1 5	$\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	4 8	22.6	Cambric.
D	9	9	9	2 6	4	2 10	1×1	$\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$	17	90	Muslin.
E	12	12	12	3 6	5	3 10	$\frac{7}{8} \times \frac{7}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$	30	160	Muslin.
F	6	6	6	1 9	2 6	1 11	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$	8	40	Cambric.
G	2	2	2	7	10	8	$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{3}{16} \times \frac{3}{16}$	8	5	Silk.
H	3 4	3 4	3 4	10	1 8	1 1	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{16} \times \frac{3}{16}$	12	10	Silk.
I	2 9	2 9	2 6	2 6	1 1	1 3	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{16} \times \frac{3}{16}$	$10\frac{2}{3}$	8.5	Silk.
J	3 7	3 7	3 7	2 9	1 11	1 2	$\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{16} \times \frac{3}{16}$	12	9	Silk.

attachment of the weight was by no means an easy task, for the uncertain action of the wind rendered it almost speculative. We finally concluded, however, that the best place to attach the weight was to the main line, close up against the lower kite. An excellent carpenter was put to work, and I soon had, besides twenty-two Eddy kites and a number of kites of various forms, the cellular kites, some completed and others well under way, given in the table on page 82.

When B was completed it was taken out for trial; and though it flew well, there was great difficulty in launching and landing it. This difficulty was overcome by tying to its back a smaller kite; but no windlass that I had was strong enough to withstand the pull of this powerful kite. The post quartermaster kindly lent me a massive iron derrick windlass with a diminishing gear, and with this one man could easily handle the kite.

We now began experiments for lifting a man. A dummy weighing thirty pounds was made, and being seated in a rope chair, was sent aloft beneath a tandem composed of B and C, retained by a $\frac{5}{16}$-inch Manila rope. The wind was blowing seventeen miles an hour, and the two kites, aggregating 112 square feet of lifting-surface, had little difficulty in rising with their burden. Indeed, the angle of flight was not much diminished, being nearly 40°. Had the dummy been a live man, he would surely have died of seasickness, for the loose-jointed way in which he performed as the kites first rose, at times

DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

«THIS EXCURSION IS POSTPONED.»

swinging entirely over the main rope, was almost appalling even to those who knew him to be simply an old uniform stuffed. This aëronaut rose to an altitude of five hundred feet, and was then wound in and landed safely. Having demonstrated that if a man was to go up on the kites, they should first be allowed to rise far enough to become steady, this martyr, like Columbus, was cast into a cellar, and has never made another voyage.

Experimenting with large kites is not without its humorous phases, and a day or two after the experiment with the dummy an incident occurred which, though ridiculous, well nigh resulted seriously. The same kites that bore the dummy aloft had been sent up about two hundred feet, when the two men who were assisting me went for another kite, leaving me alone at the windlass. Noticing that the rope was in danger of being cut by the cogs, I put on the brake, and passing around to the front, bore down on the rope, which did not appear to be under great strain. In order to readjust the rope on the drum it was necessary to relieve the tension. Near the windlass a piece of rope had been spliced to the main line as a leader for the cord of another kite. This I wrapped around my waist and tied with a bow; then, drawing my knife, I cut the main line from the windlass. I was not long in discovering my mistake, for as the rope parted the knife flew from my hand, I was jerked over on my back, and started for a sleigh-ride across the grass at a rapid pace. In my efforts to untie the bow, I pulled the wrong end and made a hard knot. Finally I managed to get to my feet; but this was little better, and in spite of my efforts I was rapidly approaching the sea-wall. Where it would all have ended I am unable to say; but I am inclined to believe that I should have needed no ferry ticket to Staten Island had not a friendly lamp-post happened to be directly in the line of travel. I approached it with outstretched arms, clasped it in a fond embrace, and there I hung until assistance arrived. With great difficulty three men led back this runaway team and harnessed it again to the windlass. Since then I have not been «so attached» to large kites.

THE FIRST KITE ASCENT.

Having successfully lifted the dummy, my next attempt was to lift a man. I had now two nine-foot kites, B and D. On an afternoon when the anemometer showed a wind-velocity of twenty-two miles an hour, B, D, and C, aggregating a lifting-surface of 202 square feet, which a hasty calculation showed to be sufficient, were taken out. The windlass having been pegged to the ground, 300 feet of $\frac{7}{16}$-inch Manila rope, capable of bearing a strain of 1250 pounds, was run out

and stretched to leeward, and to it D was made fast. Sixty feet of $\frac{5}{16}$-inch rope, capable of bearing a strain of 750 pounds, was tied to the back of D and stretched in prolongation of the other rope, and to its end B was made fast. A man was stationed by each kite to hold it flat upon the ground. A pulley was lashed to the main line close up to D, and over it passed a long rope to one end of which a boatswain's chair was attached, my idea being to allow the kites to rise unhampered at first, and when they became steady to hoist myself to them, then to cleat the halyard to the chair and allow the kites to rise. C, having been launched, was tied to the back of B. Taking my seat in the chair, I gave the signal. The man at B raised its front edge, and it bounded into the air, followed by D, and the halyard spun over the pulley. Anticipating a jerk on the main line, I had stationed six men to hold it in front of the windlass in order to lessen the jar upon the kites. I had underestimated, however, the tremendous power of the tandem; for as it rose the men were dragged forward, and the rope tightened upon the windlass with a jerk that tore the whole central truss from the lower kite. The two upper kites, steadied by the weight of the helpless lower one, floated away. As they passed over the fort they were caught by some soldiers, and the tandem was saved, though the kites were broken against the neighboring walls in lowering them. So ended this experiment, and the work of weeks had been torn to pieces in a few moments.

An experiment is a failure when nothing is accomplished by it; therefore this one was not a failure, for by it were detected errors to be avoided in the future, and the damaged kites were the price paid for their detection.

For the next two months I was engaged in experiments of another kind, which are not within the limits of this article; and it was not until E, probably the largest kite of this type ever built, was completed that I again attempted an ascent. In the meantime the broken kites had been repaired, and strong ash spines had been substituted in the large kites. On January 22, at 4 P. M., the anemometer registered a wind-velocity of fifteen miles an hour, which was more than sufficient to lift a man with the kites now at my disposal. All my experiments had shown that the best tandem for lifting weight was one in which the kites were tied one to another; but as I had more power than I needed, I decided to send up two tandems, and to unite them, since this greatly facilitated their management. The windlass, wound with 500 feet of $\frac{1}{2}$-inch rope, was placed in position and lashed to a tree. C was launched and tied to the back of B, and the two kites were allowed to rise to the end of 150 feet of $\frac{5}{16}$-inch rope, which was then made fast to a tree. One hundred feet of the large rope was now run from the windlass and made fast to E, to the back of which F, having been launched, was tied. Six men took hold of the rope fifty feet from E, the man stationed by the kite raised its front edge, and it rose gracefully from the ground. The strain was given gradually to the windlass, and then the first tandem was brought up and tied to the main line. At the point of junction the same apparatus used in the last experiment was made fast, and the kites were allowed to rise until the pulley was about thirty feet from the ground, when,

DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

A RUNAWAY.

taking my seat in the chair, I was hoisted to the pulley. The line sagged badly, so that I was at a height of only about twenty feet. In a few minutes the breeze died out considerably, and I was lowered to the ground, where I waited for the wind to freshen.

After a short wait the wind rose to seventeen miles an hour, and when I was hoisted to the pulley there was not a great sag in the line. Grasping the halyard, I made it fast to the chair, and gave the signal to the men at the windlass. As the rope ran out the kites bore me up until I was as high as the neighboring houses, when I signaled to stop the windlass. A measurement of the trailing rope showed a height of forty-two feet from the ground to the chair. The sensation was not at all unpleasant—a gentle swaying and lifting not unlike the motion of a swing. I was tempted to go higher, for there would have been no difficulty; but I was not provided with a parachute, and I did not wish to run any unnecessary risk. After remaining aloft a short while and observing the action of the kites, I signaled to wind in, and when near the ground I was lowered by the pulley, with the satisfaction of knowing that this experiment at least had been a success, and that it was the first kite ascension in the United States.

In this ascent the lifting-area was:

	sq. ft.
C	22.6
F	40.0
B	90.0
E	160.0
Total	312.6

The weight lifted:

	lbs.
Four kites	59
Ropes	20
Chair and man	150
Total	229

The tension on the cord varied from 300 to 500 pounds. The angle from the windlass to the seat was 32°.

I am not altogether satisfied with the experiment, and I now see how many improvements may be made; but as a result of it I believe a kite can be built that will safely carry a man.

It is nonsense to suppose that the kite can ever replace the captive balloon, for in its very nature it is dependent upon the wind. On the other hand, a kite of the proper form, with a frame of steel tubes—for these offer great advantages of strength and lightness—and covered with strong cloth, can be safely used in a wind that would render an ascent by a captive balloon most hazardous, if not impossible. Such a kite can be made portable, its cost is relatively small, the expense of an ascent is nothing, and I think it highly probable that it might be a valuable accessory to the balloon service.

Again, there are instances where the balloon cannot be used on account of its size, such, for instance, as on a small war-ship. A tandem of ten folding cellular kites, each of about thirty square feet lifting-surface, could be stored in a small space, and could be sent up with a man, even in a calm, by the wind pressure due to the speed of the ship, affording the man an opportunity of observing everything within the range of a telescope.

To signaling with kites the same objection holds true—the wind is too uncertain to be relied upon. But occasions might arise when large flags or bright lights high in the air would prove valuable.

On the whole, the kite, though not a new invention, is new in its development. It has proved itself most efficient for some purposes, and doubtless the scientific study which it is now receiving will soon render this old toy an apparatus useful for many purposes of peace and of war.

Hugh D. Wise,
U. S. A.

PHOTOGRAPHING FROM KITES.

INCLUDING ACCOUNTS OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHING FROM KITES AND OF THE FIRST TELEPHONING AND TELEGRAPHING THROUGH A LINE HELD BY KITES.

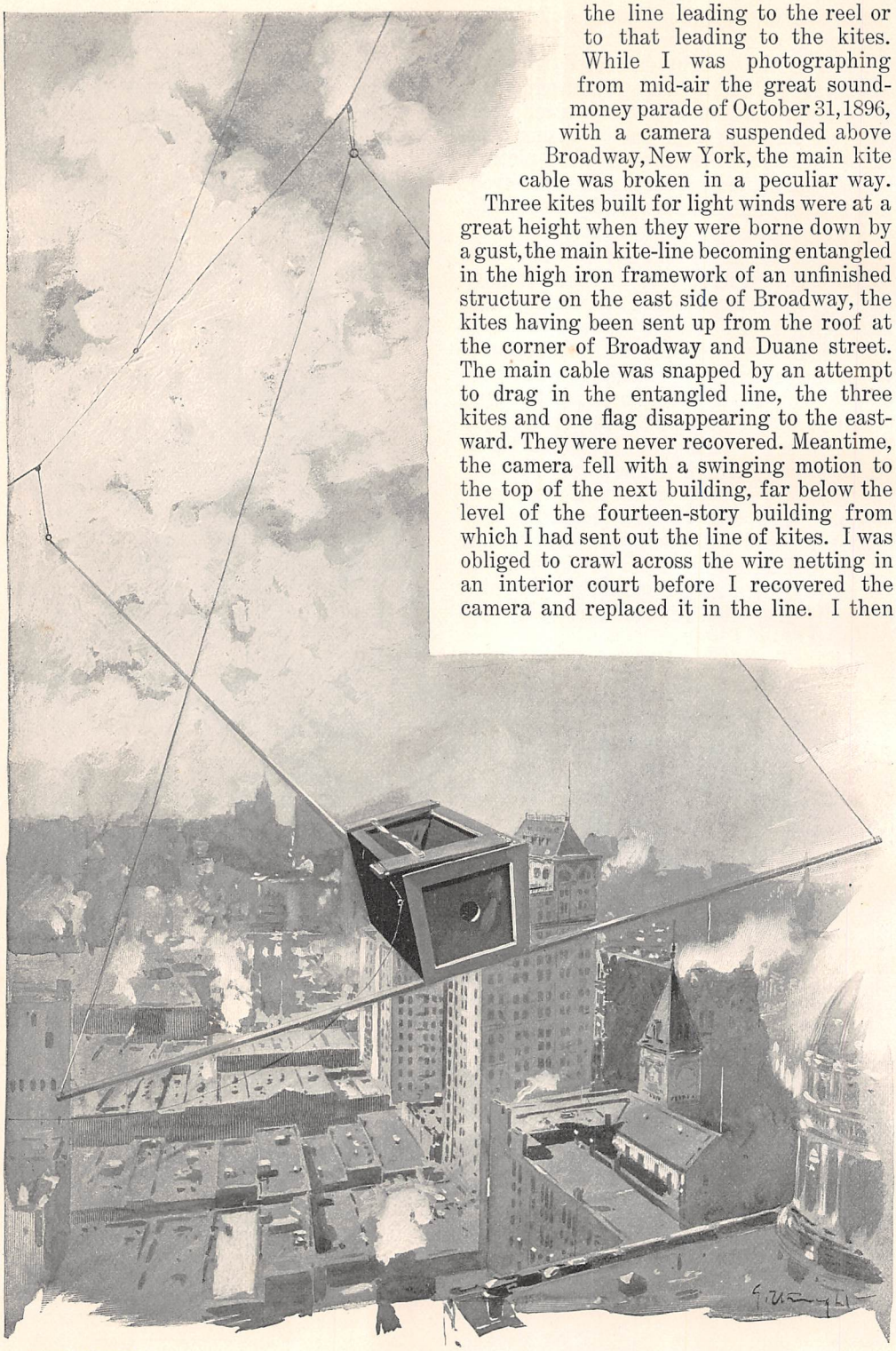
ON May 30, 1895, at Bayonne, New Jersey, I obtained my first photograph by means of a camera suspended from a kite-line. This was undoubtedly the first aërial kite photograph of any kind taken in the Western Hemisphere. My instantaneous camera worked too readily, however, making the first exposure too near the ground, although I sent the camera up several hundred feet, supposing the exposure had not been made. I first used a dropping lead weight with a fall of about six inches to operate the shutter, the detach-

ment resulting when I pulled a special string running up from the earth; but I found that the fall of the weight detracted from the clearness of the picture by jarring the camera, and that the camera shutter would now and then be forced open, causing over-exposure and the destruction of the picture. I soon substituted an arrangement whereby the shutter could be snapped by means of a gradually increasing pull, which lessened the number of accidents and at the same time steadied the camera. My first bracing apparatus, or fastening to the upward-slanting kite-string, included a projecting spar which clearly indicated from below the direction in which the camera was pointing. I was forced to give this up, however, because the spar became unexpectedly part of the photograph. I finally used a triangular kite-stick frame guyed into my main kite-line in such a manner that a relatively horizontal view was taken. When the camera would rise no higher I would pull the special thread-like string leading up from the earth, snapping the shutter, and at the same time dropping a metal ball, which remained hanging by a string six feet long. The gleam of the polished metal as the ball changed position, and its fall, could be seen at a great distance, although the signal-ball was only two inches in diameter. I have since discontinued this signal, as I found that the time was too valuable to waste in adjusting it, the dangers of a declining wind, of a break in the main line owing to a gust, of distortion of the bracing frame, with other perils, making it imperative that I should send up and draw in the camera as rapidly as possible. The chief danger in mid-air kite photography is that the strong pull of forty or fifty pounds used to lift the camera may break the line. This strain may be more than tripled any moment by a gust. In such an accident the camera does not fall directly, but swings downward with a pendulum-like motion, because it remains attached either to

DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

TELEGRAPHING WITH THE AID OF KITES.

the line leading to the reel or to that leading to the kites. While I was photographing from mid-air the great sound-money parade of October 31, 1896, with a camera suspended above Broadway, New York, the main kite cable was broken in a peculiar way. Three kites built for light winds were at a great height when they were borne down by a gust, the main kite-line becoming entangled in the high iron framework of an unfinished structure on the east side of Broadway, the kites having been sent up from the roof at the corner of Broadway and Duane street. The main cable was snapped by an attempt to drag in the entangled line, the three kites and one flag disappearing to the eastward. They were never recovered. Meantime, the camera fell with a swinging motion to the top of the next building, far below the level of the fourteen-story building from which I had sent out the line of kites. I was obliged to crawl across the wire netting in an interior court before I recovered the camera and replaced it in the line. I then



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

EDDY'S AËRIAL CAMERA.

continued my mid-air photographing until nearly 5 P. M.

The perils threatening a camera in mid-air are many, and increase rapidly with altitude. In August, 1896, a careless knot, tied by a well-meaning spectator when I was not looking, caused the descent of my camera into a tree-top on Boston Common. The camera and runaway kites were rescued with great difficulty, in the presence of a large crowd, in Beacon street. The films were not injured by the fall, and were afterward successfully developed. I think that glass plates would have been broken.

At Bayonne my camera has been lodged in telegraph wires, dragged through tree-tops, and bumped into the ground. The most usual accident is the chance catching of the shutter-string in weeds, prematurely springing the shutter.

The danger of falling from one's point of vantage is one to be borne in mind constantly by kite-fliers in cities. Of the six high buildings from which I have sent out my kites, all but two had parapets or walls protecting nearly all the edges of their roofs. Two of the buildings had low boundary walls, but were otherwise safe. The most dangerous roof I ever encountered was in Jersey City, where I flew kites in the darkness, and sent out colored clear-glass lanterns above the North River, during the great naval parade on the evening of October 24, 1896. This roof was not steep, but it had no protecting railing near its edge. Fortunately, the vague outlines of the chimneys gave me an indication of the outline of the roof. In two instances I have been obliged to run a protecting cable eight or ten feet within the roof boundary. While handling single kites in light winds I am often compelled to back toward the parapet while looking up at the kite to be sure that it still continues to rise. When removing the adjustable spools of cable from the reel I usually hold the kite strain of forty or fifty pounds temporarily by hand until another full spool is placed in the reel, which ordinarily I lash to a flag-pole or other projection. Should the line break, and this at times happens, I should be precipitated over the inside guard-line, and not over the edge of the roof. In case the kites are sent out before an inside guard-line is in position, I usually make fast to any railing, and then pay out around a flag-pole while facing the sheer descent to the street below. Then if there should be a break in the line I would fall toward the center of the roof, and not over a low parapet or cornice into mid-air.

From long practice at Bayonne, where the kites are sent out from vacant lots, and where I have had some severe falls over stones and other obstacles, I now keep up a double watch upon the declining kites and upon the nature of the ground over which I am backing, as well as upon the positions of telegraph wires, tree-tops, roofs, and chimneys. A stumble or fall when the kites are exerting a strain of fifty pounds, with the line cut to insert the camera, may cause the escape of the line and the recession of the kites to a great distance. Twice mine have escaped from Bergen Point and crossed the Kill van Kull diagonally to Staten Island, about two miles away.

When sending up my line on high buildings I have many reserve kites; and unless the camera also escapes, I let the runaway kites go, and send up a new set of about the same weight and adapted to the same wind-velocity. They are all tailless, and need that appendage only when they are badly made. Very light winds call for kites having thin paper and thin sticks, while powerful winds call for cloth and heavy bracing at the center of the kite. The fragile light-wind kites are constantly being destroyed by sudden increases of wind-velocity, while the strong-wind cloth kites usually last for years.

The rush of light into a camera high in the air is apt to cause over-exposure; and when a very high altitude is attained above a smoky city, the buildings photographed are not so clear as those taken when the camera is nearer the roofs. In some instances the foreground will be perfectly clear, while the distance seems to suffer from a slight waver of the camera. Sometimes the ground appears to be whirling, giving only fragmentary glimpses of objects, while in extreme cases there is nothing but a rotary streak. Occasional map-like vertical views are desirable, yet it is usually better to get a perspective horizontal view, which is more interesting. The mid-air camera, even with an ordinary lens, makes buildings and scenes look not so far away as they are. In a photograph taken with the camera above the City Hall, New York, the heights of Brooklyn look very near. The effect is like a mirage, a distant landscape, ordinarily invisible, seeming to rise into the sky. Some pictures have been taken diagonally, as if the square film were purposely held in a position resembling the shape of a diamond, while others appear to be tipped slightly, and some are perfectly square and regular, as if taken by hand from a tripod.

In winter the difficulty in handling heavy

strains is greatly increased. There is danger of slipping in the snow when the line is cut to insert the camera. The pull as the camera is about to start upward is always very strong, as we have seen; and should the person temporarily holding the line lose his footing, the whole line would escape. I have not yet sent out kites from a snow-covered roof in a great city, all my kite photographs in winter having been taken at Bayonne; but I believe that excellent and very novel photographs can be taken of the city's whitened roofs, with glimpses of snow-laden trees in the parks. In light winds, when the kites sink downward, much of the line would be on the roof and be damaged by melting snow, because moisture deteriorates the twine very fast. No appreciable damage will be caused if the temperature is below the freezing-point, because the snow will then be fairly dry. In open ground the line does not become seriously wet unless trodden into the snow during a thaw. While photographing with the camera sustained by kites on Christmas day, 1896, with deep snow on the ground, two or three kites were left on the surface of the snow during most of the day without damage. They were discarded as not having the right weight to fit the wind, which was deceptive in that it was strong aloft and light at the earth. I did not find this out until the topmost kite had risen to an altitude of about a thousand feet. At times when snow was falling I have had my kites in the air, but they were generally borne down by the accumulation of snow on their upper surfaces, which gathered faster than I could shake it off by vibrating the line. In time such snow usually wets the kite-cable. During my first experiment with a kite in the rain, I soon found that even a paper-muslin kite became very heavy from the soaking that it got, and that a wind of twenty miles an hour was hardly strong enough to sustain the kite, which attained a height of 568 feet, and remained in the air about two hours. The line became so heavy with rain that the kite would not rise very high. With a very strong wind and a powerful kite flown from wire, I believe that high altitudes can be maintained for hours in the rain. During a downpour in winter the reel can be easily pinned to the earth with iron pins, except toward spring, when much hammering is required to force the pins into the frozen ground.

A complete view of the horizon can be taken at one ascent by arranging eight or more cameras in mid-air, back to back, on a circular platform, and snapping them simultaneously. I have completed designs for this apparatus, and I see no more difficulty in taking eight photographs than in taking one, if lighter-weight cameras of aluminium are used. That part of the horizon from which the sun shines would fog the film unless the cameras facing in the general direction of the sun were provided with colored shading-glasses to exclude excess of light. By such an octagon camera arrangement a man-of-war beyond the horizon, within a distance of twenty miles, could be found. In fact a group of cameras can be prevented from twisting, and a chart on the deck would give the number of the camera containing the negative of the distant man-of-war. At a height of nine hundred feet the horizon at sea is visible forty miles away. The hull of a vessel would be seen at a much greater distance than on land when photographed from aloft, because the dark landscape affords less contrast of light and shade, except in winter when snow covers the ground. Such a mid-air camera has some of the characteristics of the search-light, in that it discloses objects otherwise invisible.

Before the camera is sent into the air one should take into consideration the direction in which the kites are flying, the direction of the sun, the direction of the building or scene to be photographed, and the freedom from cloud shadows. The camera can be made to point anywhere. It is aimed at the object to be photographed before it is sent up, allowance being made for its probable position when in the air as related to the steepness and direction of the kite-line. It is often directed at right angles to the point toward which the kites are flying. In this way I am able to include a particular building in the view, with only a slight margin of uncertainty. The camera is often suspended behind the kite-line, and photographs it. It is difficult to place the camera above a street like Broadway, New York, because the distance to the camera cannot well be judged by the eye, and there is usually no time for measuring the cable paid out. The camera often points in such a way that I am included in the view while pulling the camera string. Street views from high buildings ought to be taken at noon, before the declining sun has cast the surface of the street into deep shadow. The camera in the air always looks farther away than it is; and in my anxious effort to get a view of the great sound-money parade in Broadway I overshot the mark several times.

The mid-air kite camera would be useful in time of war. The gas is forced out of a captive balloon in a high wind, taking away its ascending force at a time when a kite will do the work. Kites cost far less than balloons, and it is a fact that they can be flown during nearly every rainless day in the week, and even in the rain if the wind is strong. An enemy's encampment beyond high hills could readily be photographed and the negative developed in fifteen minutes. A print by electric light can be made in two hours, and by sunlight in less than five minutes, after the development of the negative.

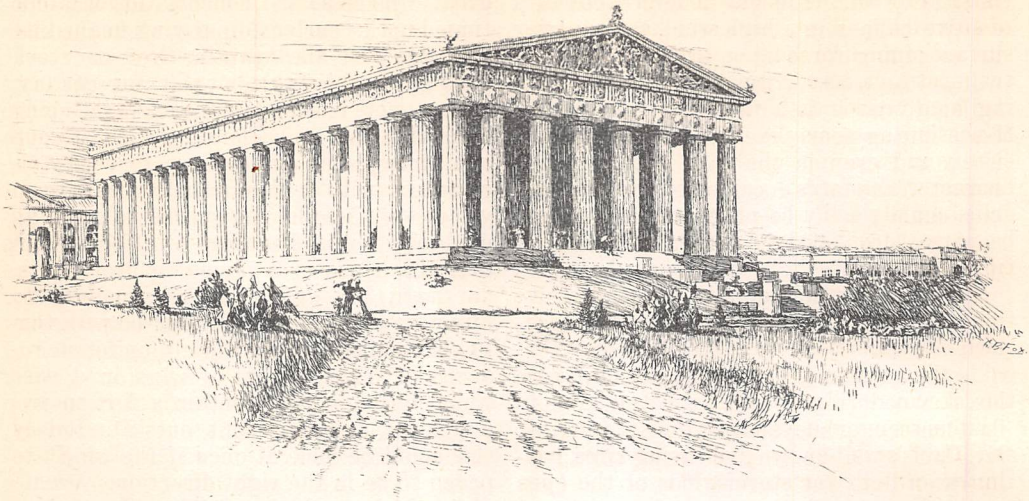
In the autumn of 1895, in coöperation with Mr. J. Woodbridge Davis, I used my kites to float messenger buoys across the Kill van Kull. Mr. Davis's well-known live-saving kites, having been built for storm-winds of the open sea, were, as a rule, too heavy for coast use, and so he decided to use my tandem kite apparatus, because my kites, if rightly made, fly steadily in winds of from four to fifty miles an hour. The messenger buoys, both with and without keels, were towed by the kites rapidly to Staten Island, demonstrating the value of the Davis buoys for carrying messages ashore from ships. The keel-buoys floated at nearly right angles to the pull, thus maintaining the kites in the air even in light winds.

On the night of December 5, 1896, at Bayonne, probably the first kite telegraph and telephone messages were sent over a mid-air wire. Dr. William H. Mitchell, the electrician of the experiment, and Mr. Henry L. Allen were associated with me in accomplishing this difficult feat. The three kites, two seven feet and one six feet in length, were sent up at 4:30 P. M., held by a cord reel pinned to the ground with iron pins. The altitude attained was about one thousand feet. The kites were left in the air until 7 P. M., with the usual safety-lantern signal attached to the line, to notify me of the descent of any of the kites in the darkness. The thin electric wire, to the end of which a plummet lantern was fastened, was paid out through a pulley held high in the air by the kite-cable. The kites and wire were thus paid out and away until the plummet lantern carried down the wire beyond trees, telegraph wires, and houses, enabling us to attach telephones at each end of the wire. The voice of Dr. Mitchell came to me over the wire, and was heard in the telephone with great clearness; and conversation was continued until nearly midnight, when the kites and wire were all drawn in. No battery was used in telephoning, the weak currents from the magnets in each telephone operating the line, with the probable assistance of earth and atmospheric currents, as shown by the clearness with which sounds and distant voices were heard. The apparatus could undoubtedly be used to drop a telephone wire over the heads of a besieging army in the darkness; but owing to differences in the direction of the wind, it would be necessary to communicate from the circumference of a circle. The changes of wind in a week would enable a party within a fort to drop a wire at a given point outside. Indeed, this could be done at once if the wind happened to be in the right direction. A white disk, which would be visible only to those looking for it as it approached the earth, could be sent aloft at night in place of the plummet lantern. The wire would drop its telephone to those expecting it in the besieged fortress.

In 1892 my first electric spark was drawn from a copper wire festooned to the kite-line and connected with a tinfoil-coated rectangular collector suspended aloft on the kite-cable. The power of the spark was greatly increased by means of a coil passed around soft iron. Archibald of England, who was the first to use steel wire for kite-line in 1884, complained of unpleasant shocks of electricity. During more than four years I have experimented almost incessantly with electricity drawn from kite-wires, and I find that the sparks cause an unpleasant sting. At Blue Hill Observatory, near Milton, Massachusetts, where I introduced my kites in 1894 with the courteous permission of Messrs. A. L. Rotch, H. H. Clayton, and S. P. Fergusson, owing to the dryness of the rock at the summit of the hill, the observers at times grounded the electricity by connecting their kite-wire with another running down the hill.

The impact of sparks from my kite-wire produces slight mechanical motion. This force, which interferes with those who use wires for kite-flying, will in time operate delicate appliances, enabling the mid-air photographer to change his films or glass plates and operate the shutter of his camera without hauling it down to the earth until the end of the experiment.

William A. Eddy.



DRAWN BY GEORGE BLADEN FOX.

THE ART BUILDING OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.
A MODEL OF THE PARTHENON, ACTUAL SIZE.

TENNESSEE AND ITS CENTENNIAL.

CRADDOCK'S mountaineers have made Tennessee famous, without giving more than a very limited idea of its people. Mr. Cable's «John March, Southerner,» while not directed particularly to Tennessee, describes another and more general aspect with marvelous fidelity. But Mr. Page's «In Ole Virginia» might have been written in the heart's blood of Tennesseeans, just as it was written in the heart's blood of Virginians, for it truthfully portrays the Tennesseean's ideal, toward which the early settlers strained invincible energies, for which the passing generation fought with incomparable gallantry, and of which their successors dream and sing and make orations and write in the newspapers and magazines. To commemorate their achievements in the pursuit of this ideal during the hundred years of Statehood just completed by Tennessee, the citizens have prepared at Nashville a Centennial Exposition, which will be open to the public from May till November of this year. The occasion is excellent for the study of that personal self-consciousness which belongs to a community as well as to individuals, and is the essence of patriotism.

Nature has liberally endowed Tennessee with riches and variety. It is isothermal with Spain, Italy, Greece, and Japan, yet its wind-swept plateaus have the summers of Norway, and a few of its mountain-peaks reach near to the line of perpetual snow. Four times it is measured from side to side by navigable waters—twelve hundred miles in all; their countless tributaries afford excellent water-power, and are well stocked with fish; while Reelfoot Lake, covering half a county, is the sportsman's paradise—a midway station for all the migratory birds.

Between the gaunt metamorphic crags of the Unaka Mountains on the east, and the broad alluvial plains of the Mississippi River on the west, twenty-seven geological formations have been recognized, belonging to each of the seven geological ages. Their dynamic history has divided the State into three regions of nearly equal size and striking diversity, which have been further distinguished by social developments and legislative enactment.

East Tennessee is the wreckage of a vast convulsion wherein everything was mixed, from Cambrian to Carboniferous. Its surface is crossed and scored by precipitous ridges, sheltering fertile valleys and confining impetuous streams which are eager to be in harness to the saw-mill and the ore-crusher. Middle Tennessee is a land of broad meadows and peacefully rounded hills, scoured into submissive contour by the glaciers, and of late so thoroughly subject to the arts of agriculture that it is called by its inhabitants a garden. More than half of it is a

low basin, greater in area than, and identical in character with, the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky. West Tennessee has the level surface of modern sedimentary deposits. For the most part, its soil is a mellow loam, working kindly and washing easily; but in the Mississippi bottoms the black earth produces each year two crops of the most exhausting character, the forests are dense, the streams are sluggish, and while the cranberries are being gathered in the Unakas, here figs are ripening.

Sixty per cent. of the State is forest land, the tulip-tree, misnamed the poplar, being the most abundant of the highly prized woods; oak comes next, and the Central Basin has the largest red-cedar forests in America.

Excepting the tropical fruits of Florida and California, every crop grown in the United States flourishes in Tennessee. In the last Federal census the highest averages, both as regards quantity per acre and excellence of quality, were awarded to various sections of the State for its great staples, corn, wheat, cotton, and tobacco. Tennessee wheat sells at a premium, and the tobacco of west Tennessee has drawn to the center of that district a permanent colony of European buyers. The light, aromatic leaves produced in the northeastern corner of the State are prized as ingredients for smoking-mixtures. But new conceptions of agricultural economy are becoming prevalent, and next to these staples, strawberries and tomatoes constitute the largest farm exports.

Blue grass, native to the soil, is gradually predominating in a State where every square foot of open land is covered with grass of some kind. Watered by plentiful springs and rills, this territory, where cattle need to be housed only two months in the year, affords ideal conditions for the cultivation of live stock; and although over three millions of acres of good pasturage in the State are unfenced and scarcely utilized, Tennessee is famous for the extent and perfection of its stock-farms. One establishment alone, for breeding race-horses, is valued at two and a half millions of dollars, its oldest stallion at a quarter of a million, and at its annual sales yearlings average two thousand dollars a head. Running, trotting, and pacing thoroughbreds lead the industry; yet the number of registered kine in the State is exceptionally large, and Tennessee wool took the gold medal over all competitors at the World's Fair, London, in 1851.

Nevertheless, it appears that the chief wealth of the State lies beneath the surface. Coal, iron, marble, copper, zinc, lead, phosphates, petroleum, cement, lithographic stone, gold in moderately paying quantities, dolomites for the manufacture of steel, barytes for paint, kaolin clay for pottery, granite, and roofing-slates, are now being mined, and the full resources of the region are still undiscovered. Twenty-two counties are comprised in the coal-fields; beneath them lie forty-two billions of tons of coal, enough to supply the State, at its present rate of consumption, for the next twenty thousand years. The quality varies from soft bituminous to cannel and anthracite. Connected with this deposit are petroleum reservoirs which repeated borings during the last thirty years have demonstrated to be of great capacity; their development is at present exciting lively interest. Since each division of the State contains hills and mountains of iron ore,—limonite, hematite, brown and red, and even magnetite in considerable amounts,—the supply is practically inexhaustible. Coal or charcoal, iron ore, and the limestone used as a reagent in the blast-furnaces, are usually found within a stone's throw of one another. This so greatly lessens the cost of smelting that Tennessee pig-iron competes advantageously with the product of States nearer market.

In east and middle Tennessee are found two hundred varieties of marble, from jet-black to Parian white. The brown marble which takes its name from the State is familiar throughout the world, owing to its superior decorative value. It is the only domestic stone admitted to the highest place of honor—the superb rotunda—of the Congressional Library at Washington, in harmonious contrast with the marble imported from Italy and Egypt. The railroads in Tennessee are ballasted with this beautiful stone, and it is used in the construction of the humblest dwellings.

The phosphate deposits, which have been only recently prospected, are estimated by the State geologist to be worth one hundred and twenty-three million dollars net profit. Copper ore of excellent grade is found and mined in a region of forty square miles. Six counties have prolific veins of lead and zinc.

The inhabitants of this bountiful domain number close upon two million. Only eighteen per cent. live in the fifty-three towns and villages, of which only four contain over thirty thousand souls. Nashville, the capital, numbers, with its immediate suburbs, one hundred and fifty thousand. The proportion of negroes to whites in the State is less than

thirty per cent., and is steadily diminishing. The foreign-born population is only one and a half per cent. of the whole.

Nevertheless foreign capital is a large sharer in the agricultural, live-stock, mining, and manufacturing industries, which, with the usual large show of aggressive enterprise, are at the same time accomplishing much solid growth. Three thousand miles of railway are operated; the coal and coke trade employs six thousand persons; there are twenty-six iron furnaces, feeding several foundries and rolling-mills; twenty-five large quarries prepare marble for shipment; and ten smelters are supplied by the copper-, lead-, and zinc-mines. Cotton-, woolen-, and flouring-mills thrive; leather and tobacco engage a number of large factories; and lumber, handled from the trees to agricultural implements and finished hard wood, supports one of the chief industries. As a lumber-market the State is prominent in America and Europe; its interests are thoroughly organized and ably represented by a prosperous journal. Although two million dollars are annually expended upon public schools, education is one of the most fruitful sources of revenue: nearly one thousand private schools, including six universities, enroll a yearly population of forty-four thousand, largely from other States. Book-printing and kindred crafts are extensively practised, especially as connected with religious organizations.

Self-sufficiency, therefore, is frequently claimed for Tennessee. Survivors of the old South are at times fond of talking about a condition of siege in which the State, cut off from every succor of the external world, could rejoice and prosper indefinitely, producing within its own borders all of the necessities and most of the luxuries of modern civilization.

It is remarkable to find how far this trait of self-sufficiency—borrowed doubtless, to a considerable degree, from their environment—goes to explain the social characteristics of Tennesseeans. Obstinate faith in native endowments, a mettle and zest for any enterprise in the face of whatever odds, and a grip on destiny which never loosens this side of death or victory—these qualities have shaped the history of the State, and constitute the most brilliant virtues of its public men. The first settlers (1754) were the first Anglo-Americans to build homes south of Pennsylvania, west of the Alleghanies. Twice these emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina were repulsed and butchered by the Indians, whom, on their third expedition, they compelled to sue for peace. During the Revolution, not only the men,—including the parsons,—but even the women and children, rushed to the aid of the colonies. One of the women, who at the cost of her life ministered to the Americans in hospitals and on the battle-field, was the mother of General Andrew Jackson; one of the six leaders who routed the British at King's Mountain was Colonel John Sevier, first governor of the State. Thirty years after their earliest settlement the pioneers, impatient of dependence upon North Carolina, declared themselves to constitute the State of Franklin; and although this government endured for only three years, the spirit of which it was an expression obtained from Congress, within the decade, territorial privileges which, on June 1, 1796, were perfected by the formal admission into the Union of the State of Tennessee.

Religion promptly followed the trails of the pioneers, carried from settlement to settlement by men who declared themselves to be the firebrands of God. Many of them were crude woodsmen converted suddenly from desperados to missionaries. Under their preaching the virile frontiersmen were infected with a frenzy of religious excitement, which in the years 1801–3 became one of the most notable revivals in American history, and firmly established in Tennessee three great Protestant denominations—Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian. Even here the trait of self-reliance manifested itself: a remonstrance from certain clergymen against the ministry of uneducated persons led to the foundation, in 1810, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which ordained the despised preachers and cherished them to such good purpose that it is now one of the most prosperous denominations in the Southern and Western States, a leader in educational as well as religious activities.

In many respects General Andrew Jackson is the central figure and chief representative of Tennessee life during the early years. He was born shortly after the first settlement of the territory; at thirteen he was a Revolutionary soldier, at fourteen a British prisoner, at fifteen an orphan and destitute, at nineteen a licensed lawyer, at twenty-one attorney-general of the district afterward comprised in Tennessee. His fearless and indefatigable journeys through the primeval forest which separated the sparse settlements of the pioneers, exposed to perils of ferocious beasts and hostile savages; his horse-racing,

foot-racing, and cock-fights; his eager acquisition of the choicest farm and timber lands, were typical of his sturdy generation. Together, Jackson and his fellows drafted the State constitution; side by side they fought in national House and Senate for frugality at home and inflexibility abroad; on the supreme judicial bench of the State they were the forerunners of later Tennesseeans who performed honorable service on the supreme judicial bench of the nation; they were rivals in agriculture and merchandise, or on the race-course and the dueling-ground; and perhaps Jackson's only distinction in these lines was the multiplicity of his pursuits. But in his great campaigns also—the return from Natchez, where he won the name «Hickory»; the four battles in which he exterminated the Creeks and broke forever the power of the red man in North America; the rash invasion of Spanish dominions in Florida, to begin the work of repelling the British, which he gloriously consummated at New Orleans in 1815; finally, the Seminole war, with its swift success and grave international menaces resulting from his peremptory disregard of *habeas corpus*—in these campaigns, which distinguished him as the military leader of the nation, faithful Tennesseeans under his guidance fought and suffered, and despised every obstacle, earning for their home the proud title of «the Volunteer State.» Sam Houston, governor and senator from Tennessee, the avenger of the Alamo and Goliad, the creator of Texas and the father of the red man, emulated General Jackson in his contempt of greater forces than his own, and was rewarded with equally marvelous victories. To complete the parallel, two other Tennesseeans have followed President Jackson to the White House; and although Mr. Polk was of far gentler temperament, to his vigorous administration is due, from beginning to end, the Mexican war, in which Tennesseeans figured eminently; while Andrew Johnson, the intrepid war governor of Tennessee, out-Hickoried «Old Hickory» as President, by his domineering impatience of constitutional limitations and official dignities.

It was in the nature of things that Tennessee should be among the last to join the Confederate States; but the first general secession convention was held in Nashville (in 1850), and Tennessee troops were the first to answer the call to arms after the attack upon Sumter. During the war one hundred and three thousand Tennesseeans fought for the Confederacy, constituting one sixth of the entire insurgent force, and exceeding the whole number under arms at the surrender. Of these Tennesseeans, two, Forrest and Stewart, were lieutenant-generals, seven were major-generals, and thirty-two were brigadier-generals. Meanwhile several gallant Tennessee regiments entered the Union army. Within the confines of the State one hundred and thirty-seven battles were fought, including Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Shiloh, Stone's River, Cumberland Gap, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Knoxville, and Franklin, which were among the bloodiest and most decisive of the war. Next to Virginia, no State suffered so much from the ravages of the conflict, and in next to none has the havoc been more energetically repaired.

To this the present Centennial and International Exposition bears eloquent witness. Vermont and Kentucky entered the Union in 1791, but allowed their hundredth anniversaries to slip by without celebration; Tennessee has set the example for younger States, and upon a scale that will hardly be surpassed. Not only has the World's Fair at Chicago been fearlessly imitated, but it is safe to affirm that in certain respects it has been rivaled; at Nashville, as at Chicago, every endeavor has conspired to the one effect of harmonious beauty, and the enterprise of the Tennesseeans has been wonderfully assisted by the munificence of nature and the abundance of time allowed for preparation. Thus a second example is given of the new love for architecture in America, which finds characteristic expression on a scale of magnificence beyond the dreams of an Oriental despot, yet in structures so ephemeral that their use is overpassed in less than a year. Literally a city has been built, with sewerage, water, and electric subways, with an elaborate system of public illumination, with graded streets and asphalt walks, with navigable waters spanned by costly bridges,—one of these a reproduction of the Venetian Rialto,—with countless devices for comfort and refreshment, and, finally, with public buildings of every description, which in extent and elegance transcend the permanent adornments of a modern metropolis.

When the affair was at first proposed, applications were made to the State and national governments for aid or coöperation. Upon the failure of these attempts, and in spite of the grievous business depression which prevailed, there ensued a generous rivalry of private contributions, which thoroughly demonstrated the patriotic character of the

enterprise. The plans called for an outlay of two million dollars, which were secured by various devices, a notable measure coming from shareholders at five dollars each. The children of the State gathered enough to erect a spacious building, and purchased for it a belfry of silver chimes. All responsibility for the Woman's Building was assumed by the women, who earned a considerable amount by conducting a special edition of the State's leading newspaper. The departments of general administration were undertaken without salary by professional and business men; artists, architects, and contractors volunteered many services free of charge; implements and materials were given; and in many instances even the laborers remitted a large proportion of their wages to the common fund. The effect of this was particularly noticeable in one contract, estimated at four hundred thousand dollars, which was completed for just one half that sum. It follows that all interests and classes are pledged to the success of the Exposition; original and eager thought has been concentrated upon it from every point of view, and the outcome is thoroughly representative of the entire State.

That some of the features are quaintly provincial is a natural consequence; but by far the most impressive fact is the universality of the Exposition, based perhaps as much upon the self-complacency as upon the self-sufficiency of Tennessee. If the idea of even a national fair, which obtained previous to 1893, had been the limit of the present enterprise, almost the whole might have been sheltered in the great Commerce Building of the Tennessee Centennial: but there have been erected fourteen buildings corresponding in size and beauty with the one devoted to commerce, and a score of smaller edifices have been constructed by other States, or counties, cities, churches, and private corporations. A separate village, to be known as «Vanity Fair,» comprises the same motley assortment of diversions which became famous as the «Midway Plaisance» at Chicago. In addition, stables, a cattle-ring, and a pavilion, an athletic field and an amphitheater, and the quarters and parade-ground for a continuous military encampment, occupy separate locations adjacent to the Exposition.

In his «Shadow of a Dream,» Mr. Howells credits those who live remote from the great centers of artistic and literary activity with the liveliest critical faculties and the most thorough reverence for masterpieces. Art culture has long received loyal support in Tennessee, and the Centennial gives to it the place of honor, making the Parthenon the central figure about which all the other buildings are grouped. This is a studiously classical reproduction of that glory of Greek architecture. Before it stands the colossal Athene of the Acropolis; but within the cella the plan of the temple is modified to afford admirable hanging-space for paintings, under the supervision of a numerous committee of American artists, with Mr. E. H. Blashfield at the head. Cash prizes, as well as medals of honor, will be awarded. The Centennial advertises the first general collection of art pottery in one department, and the first dedication of special days to art conventions during the summer program.

Of paramount significance is a noble structure fronting the Parthenon, devoted to the first exhibition by the negro race in America, contributed by organizations created for the purpose in the principal cities of the Union. Herein are displayed the records of a century's progress from barbarism to civilization, a presentation doubtless without parallel in the history of mankind.

Since we like to believe that Southern womanhood has been little involved in the coming of the new woman, it is pleasant to find that Tennessee women of the old school have outstripped all the other departments of the Centennial in designing, completing, and paying for the Woman's Building, which is a Greek idealization of the typical Southern mansion, as exemplified in the «Hermitage,» the residence of General Andrew Jackson. The Children's Building, set on the edge of a deer-park, contains exhibits collected by United States consuls in every part of the world. Daily exercises will be conducted by children from the schools of the State.

The pride of Tennessee in its past suggested a History Building, which, although it came somewhat as an afterthought, is in admirable accord with the original plans, which it perfects and dignifies. It reproduces a third memorable feature of the Acropolis—the Erechtheum. This temple was more intimately associated with the cultus of Athene and the fortunes of Athens than the Parthenon; but since its construction suffered more vicissitudes and its present ruin is more complete, the architects at Nashville have contented themselves with fidelity to the spirit of the original rather than strict adherence to archæology. Two of the four porches have been preserved in dimensions and details; rooms have been substituted for the other two, so that the interior consists

of five compartments, devoted respectively to history and antiquities, the Confederate Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution, and miscellanies.

Between ten and eleven millions live within a night's ride of Nashville. Over eighty conventions, chiefly representative of their common concerns, but several also of national importance, will meet during the six months of the Centennial. For them and for various festal occasions an auditorium has been provided, a majestic specimen of colonial architecture, with a seating capacity of six thousand.

It was not until the Exposition neared its completion that assurance was obtained of a Federal appropriation, of which thirty thousand dollars is to be expended upon a United States Building, and one hundred thousand dollars upon government exhibits. On the other hand, Congress early released from duty all foreign exhibits intended for the Centennial, and the State Department invited every city and commonwealth on the globe to participate. These interests were further promoted by the same staff of special agents who represented the World's Fair abroad. Consequently the fifty thousand square feet of space allotted to foreign exhibits were occupied three months in advance of the opening, and several countries erected special buildings.

The most commodious and imposing edifices are those appropriated to industries and natural resources—commerce, machinery, transportation, minerals and forestry, and agriculture. Their utilitarian character has been entirely superseded by the diligent adaptation of them to the purposes of architectural display. Greek models, suggested by the immediate presence of the Parthenon, were confirmed by a tradition in favor of Greek architecture which has always prevailed in the Southern States. Present variations from the classic are in keeping with this tradition; and since all the exteriors are white, the entire effect is eminently chaste and reposeful. Built by local artists in accordance with local tastes, this White City is essentially a home production. A generous half of its charm is due to the pure skies, the encircling hills, the luxuriant blue grass, the maples and oaks, and thousands of roses, which associate with the art work of man the bewitchments of nature, and are modestly claimed by Tennesseeans to surpass sky and water, trees and flowers, wherever else they may be found.

Marks White Handly.

DAYS TO COME.

A LONG, grim corridor; a sullen bar
Of light athwart the pavement, where no fleet
Pale sunshine spreads for dark her winding-sheet.
A light not born of noon or placid star
Glows lurid through the gloom, while from afar
Beats marching of innumerable feet.
Is this the place where tragic armies meet?
The throb of terror that presages war?
I strain to see; then softly on my sight
There falls the vision: manifold they come—
White, listless Day chained to her brother Night;
Their hands are shackled and their lips are dumb,
And as they meet the air where each one dies
They turn and smile at me with weary eyes.

Helen Hay.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG AND RAIDS ON WASHINGTON.

A DISAPPOINTED BAND-MASTER.

EARTHWORKS had been thrown across the neck of land upon which City Point is located. This intrenched line ran from a point on the James to a point on the Appomattox River. A small garrison had been detailed for its defense, and the commanding officer, wishing to do something that would afford the general-in-chief special delight, arranged to send the band over to the headquarters camp to play for him while he was dining. The garrison commander was in blissful ignorance of the fact that to the general the appreciation of music was a lacking sense and the musician's score a sealed book. About the third evening after the band had begun its performances, the general, while sitting at the mess-table, remarked: «I 've noticed that that band always begins its *noise* just about the time I am sitting down to dinner and want to talk.» I offered to go and make an effort to suppress it, and see whether it would obey an order to «cease firing,» and my services were promptly accepted. The men were gorgeously uniformed, and the band seemed to embrace every sort of brass instrument ever invented, from a diminutive cornet-à-pistons to a gigantic double-bass horn. The performer who played the latter instrument was encaged within its ample twists, and looked like a man standing inside the coils of a whisky-still. The broad-belted band-master was puffing with all the vigor of a quack-medicine advertisement, his eyes were riveted upon the music, and it was not an easy task to attract his attention. Like a sperm-whale, he had come up to blow, and was not going to be put down till he had finished; but finally he was made to understand that, like the hand-organ man, he was desired to move on. With a look of disinheritance on his countenance, he at last marched off his band to its camp. On my return the general said: «I fear that band-master's feelings have been hurt, but I did n't want him to be wasting his time upon a person who has no ear for music.» A staff-officer remarked: «Well, general, you were at least much more considerate than Commodore ——, who, the day he came to take command of his vessel, and was seated at dinner in the cabin, heard music on deck, and immediately sent for the executive officer, and said to him: ‹Have the instruments *and men* of that band thrown overboard at once!›»

HUNTER'S RAID.

HUNTER'S bold march and destruction of military stores had caused so much alarm that Lee, as has been said before, was compelled to send Breckinridge's force and Early's corps to the valley of Virginia. Hunter continued to drive back the troops he encountered till he reached Lynchburg. There he found that the strength of the works and the combined forces brought against him would prevent the further success of his raid. On June 18 he decided to exercise the discretion which had been left to him in such a contingency and retire toward his base. The result of the campaign, besides compelling Lee to detach troops from his own army, was the burning of Confederate cloth-mills, gun-stock and harness factories, and foundries engaged in the manufacture of ammunition, the destruction of about fifty miles of railroad, and the capture of three thousand muskets, twenty pieces of artillery, and a quantity of ammunition. The stringent orders given by Grant to Sigel, and by him turned over to Hunter, who had succeeded him, were prepared with a view to preventing all wanton destruction. They were in part as follows: «Indiscriminate marauding should be avoided. Nothing should be taken not absolutely necessary for the troops, except when captured from an armed enemy. Impressments should be made under orders from the commanding officer and by a disbursing officer. Receipts should be given for all property taken, so that the loyal may collect pay and the property be accounted for.» Notwithstanding these orders, there were some houses burned and damage done to individual property during this raid.

EARLY'S RAID ON WASHINGTON.

HUNTER having been compelled to fall back into West Virginia, the roads to Washington were left uncovered, and the enemy now advanced into Maryland. Sigel's small force retreated precipitately across the Potomac, followed by the enemy. It had been impossible for General Grant to obtain any reliable news for a number of days in regard to these movements, and it was not until the 4th of July that he received definite information.

We did not find many leisure moments to indulge in patriotic demonstrations at headquarters on Independence day, for the directions for executing the plans for checkmating the enemy in his present movement fully occupied every one on duty. Grant telegraphed to Halleck to concentrate all the troops about Washington, Baltimore, Cumberland, and Harper's Ferry, bring up Hunter's troops, and put Early to flight. While Grant was thinking only of punishing Early, there was great consternation in Washington, and the minds of the officials there seemed to be occupied solely with measures for defending the capital. Hunter's troops had fallen back to Charleston, West Virginia, and a drought had left so little water in the Ohio River that the ascent of the vessels on which his troops had embarked was greatly delayed.

All eyes were, as usual, turned upon Grant to protect the capital and drive back the invading force. On July 5, seeing, as he thought, another opportunity for cutting off and destroying the troops that Lee had detached from his command, Grant ordered one division of Wright's corps and some dismounted cavalry to Washington by steamers. Under subsequent orders the infantry division (Rickett's) proceeded *via* Baltimore to reinforce General Lew Wallace, at the Monocacy. General Grant had been very much dissatisfied with all of Sigel's movements, and now that the situation was becoming somewhat serious, he determined to make an effort to have him removed from his command. On the 7th he sent Halleck a despatch, saying: «I think it advisable to relieve him [Sigel] from all duty, at least until present troubles are over.» Sigel was immediately removed, and General Howe put in command of his forces until Hunter's arrival. By means of the telegraphic communications which he constantly received Grant was able to time pretty well the movements of the enemy, and to make preparations for meeting him before he could attempt the capture of Washington. He had been planning some important offensive operations in front of Richmond, but he now decided to postpone these and turn his chief attention to Early.

The Nineteenth Corps, which had been ordered from New Orleans by sea, and which was now arriving at Fort Monroe, and the remainder of Wright's Sixth Corps from in front of Petersburg, were instructed to proceed at once to Washington. Instead of sympathizing with the alarming messages from the capital and the many rash suggestions made from there, the general telegraphed on July 9: «Forces enough to defeat all that Early has with him should get in his rear, south of him, and follow him up sharply, leaving him to go north, defending depots, towns, etc., with small garrisons and the militia. If the President thinks it advisable that I should go to Washington in person, I can start in an hour after receiving notice.» The President answered, saying that he thought it would be well for the general to come to Washington, but making it only as a suggestion. General Grant replied to this: «I think, on reflection, it would have a bad effect for me to leave here, and, with Ord at Baltimore, and Hunter and Wright with the forces following the enemy up, could do no good. I have great faith that the enemy will never be able to get back with much of his force.» The general said, in conversation with his staff on the 10th: «One reason why I do not wish to go to Washington to take personal direction of the movement against Early is that this is probably just what Lee wants me to do, in order that he may transfer the seat of war to Maryland, or feel assured that there will be no offensive operations against Petersburg during my absence and detach some of his forces and send them against Sherman. Sherman is at a long distance from his base of supplies, and I want to be able to have him feel that I shall take no step that will afford an opportunity of detaching troops from here to operate against him.»

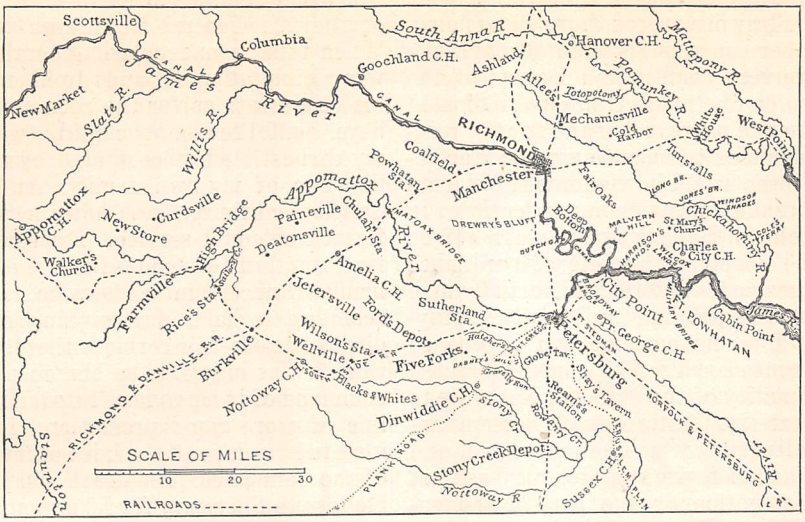
General Lew Wallace, in command of what was called the Middle Department, made a gallant stand at the Monocacy, and effected a delay in the enemy's movements toward Washington; but his small force was of course defeated. Early now moved directly on Washington, and on July 11 advanced upon the outer line of fortifications; but, to the surprise of his troops, they saw the well-known banners of the Sixth Corps, and found that Washington, instead of being weakly defended, was

now guarded by veterans of the Army of the Potomac. Early discovered that he had been outmanœuvered, and on the night of the 12th began a retreat. Grant had now but one anxiety, which was to have an efficient head selected for the command of the troops that he was collecting to operate against Early. He sent a despatch to Halleck, saying: «Give orders assigning Major-General Wright to supreme command of all troops moving out against the enemy, regardless of the rank of other commanders. He should get outside the trenches with all the force he possibly can, and should push Early to the last moment, supplying himself from the country.» The next day (July 13) Wright moved forward with his command, following up Early.

There had been several days of serious perplexity and annoyance at headquarters. The commanders had to be changed, and the best results possible obtained with the material at hand. Twice the wires of the telegraph line were broken, and important messages between Washington and City Point had to be sent a great part of the way by steamboat. It was rumored at one time that Hill's corps had been detached from Lee's front, and there was some anxiety to know whether it had been sent to Early or to Johnston, who was opposing Sherman; but the rumor was soon found to be groundless. Grant's orders now were to press the enemy in Maryland with all vigor, to make a bold campaign against him, and destroy him if possible before he could return to Lee. Early, however, had gained a day's start, and although a number of his wagons and animals and some prisoners had been captured, no material damage was inflicted upon him. On July 20 he reached Snicker's Ferry, and the chase was abandoned. Early continued his march to Strasburg, where he arrived July 22.

GRANT AS A WRITER.

THE general had occupied himself continually during this anxious and exciting period in giving specific instructions by wire and messengers to meet the constantly changing conditions which were taking place from day to day and from hour to hour in the theater of military operations; and no despatches were ever of greater importance than those which were sent from headquarters at this time. His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that went on around him, upon the field or in his quarters, could distract his attention or interrupt him. Sometimes, when his tent was filled with officers talking and laughing at the top of their voices, he would turn to his table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate «Hush!» and abundant excuses offered by the company; but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after a while his officers came to understand his wishes in this respect, to learn that noise was apparently a stimulus rather than a check to his flow of ideas, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line could divert his thoughts from the subject upon which his mind was concentrated. In writing his style was vigorous and terse, with little of ornament; its most conspicuous characteristic was perspicuity. General Meade's chief of staff once said: «There is one striking feature about Grant's orders: no matter how hurriedly he may write them on the field, no one ever has the slightest doubt as to their meaning, or ever has to read them over a second time to understand them.» The general used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek and Latin tongues. He had studied French at West Point, and picked up some knowledge of Spanish during the Mexican war; but he could not hold a conversation in either language, and rarely employed a foreign word in any of his writings. His adjectives were few and well chosen. No document which ever came from his hands was in the least degree pretentious. He never laid claim to any knowledge he did not possess, and seemed to feel, with Addison, that «pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it.» He rarely indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was always expressive and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being «in a bottle strongly corked,» or referred to our armies at one time moving «like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together.» His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being aware of it. There was scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottos or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: «I propose to move immediately upon your works»; «I shall take no backward steps»; the famous «I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,» and, later in his career, «Let us have peace»; «The best means of securing the repeal of an obnox-



MAP OF THE PETERSBURG CAMPAIGN.

ious law is its vigorous enforcement»; «I shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people»; and «Let no guilty man escape.» He wrote with the first pen he happened to pick up, and never stopped to consider whether it was sharp-pointed or blunt-nibbed, good or bad. He was by no means as particular in this regard as General Zachary Taylor, of whom an old army rumor said that the only signature he ever made which was entirely satisfactory to him was written with the butt-end of a ramrod dipped in tar. General Grant's desk was always in a delirious state of confusion; pigeonholes were treated with a sublime disregard, and he left his letters piled up in apparently inextricable heaps; but, strange to say, he carried in his mind such a distinct recollection of local literary geography as applied to his writing-table that he could go to it and even in the dark lay his hand upon almost any paper he wanted. His military training had educated him to treat purely official documents with respect, and these were always handed over to Colonel Bowers, the adjutant-general, to be properly filed; but as to his private letters, he made his coat pockets a general depository for his correspondence until they could hold no more, and then he discharged their contents upon his desk in a chaotic mass. The military secretaries made heroic struggles to bring about some order in this department, and generally saw that copies were kept of all letters of importance which the chief wrote. Whatever came from his pen was grammatically correct, well punctuated, and seldom showed an error in spelling. In the field he never had a dictionary in his possession, and when in doubt about the orthography of a word, he was never known to write it first on a separate slip of paper to see how it looked. He spelled with heroic audacity, and «chanced it» on the correctness. While in rare instances he made a mistake in doubling the consonants where unnecessary, or in writing a single consonant where two are required, he really spelled with great accuracy. His pronunciation was seldom, if ever, at fault, though in two words he had a peculiar way of pronouncing the letter *d:* he always pronounced corduroy «corjuroy,» and immediately «immejetly.»

GRANT DEVOTES ATTENTION TO SHERMAN.

WHILE planning means for the defeat of Early, General Grant was still giving constant attention to the movements of Sherman. That officer had been repulsed in making his attack on Kenesaw Mountain, but by a successful flank movement had turned the enemy's very strong position, and compelled him to fall back over the Chattahoochee River on July 4. On the 17th Sherman crossed that river and drove the enemy into his defenses about Atlanta. It now looked as if Sherman would be forced to a siege of that place; and as he was many hundreds of miles from his base, and there was only a single line of railroad to supply him, it was more than ever important that no troops should be allowed to leave Virginia to be thrown against his lines.

Grant was frequently in consultation with

Meade in regard to preventing the enemy from withdrawing troops from Petersburg. The Southern papers received through the lines gave very conflicting accounts of the operations on Sherman's front, and indicated that there was a great demand for the reinforcement of Johnston, and expressed the belief that there would be vigorous movements made to break Sherman's communications. In a despatch to Halleck Grant said: «If he [Sherman] can supply himself with ordnance and quartermaster's stores, and partially with subsistence, he will find no difficulty in staying until a permanent line can be opened with the south coast.» The general directed a large quantity of the stores at Nashville to be transferred to Chattanooga. There was another contingency which he mentioned, and which he had to devise steps to guard against —a determination on the part of the enemy to withdraw the troops in front of Sherman and move them quickly by rail to Petersburg, and in the meantime march Early's corps back to Lee and make a combined attack upon the Army of the Potomac. This, Grant believed, would be done only in some extreme emergency, and in case the enemy felt convinced that Sherman was so far from his base of supplies that he could not move much farther into the interior. One means which the general-in-chief had in contemplation at this time for preventing troops from being sent from Virginia was to start Sheridan on a raid to cut the railroads southwest of Richmond.

Important news reached headquarters on July 17 to the effect that General Joe Johnston had been relieved from duty, and General Hood put in command of the army opposed to Sherman. General Grant said when he received this information: «I know very well the chief characteristics of Hood. He is a bold, dashing soldier, and has many qualities of successful leadership, but he is an indiscreet commander, and lacks cool judgment. We may look out now for rash and ill-advised attacks on his part. I am very glad, from our standpoint, that this change has been made. Hood will prove no match for Sherman.» He waited with some curiosity to know just what policy Hood would adopt. As was anticipated, he came out of his lines and made an attack on July 20, but was repulsed with great loss. He made another offensive movement on the 22d, and fought the celebrated battle of Atlanta, but was again driven back. On the 28th he made another bold dash against Sherman, but in this also he was completely defeated, and fell back within the defenses at Atlanta. In the battle of the 22d General McPherson was killed. When this news reached General Grant he was visibly affected, and dwelt upon it in his conversations for the next two or three days. «McPherson,» he said, «was one of my earliest staff-officers, and seemed almost like one of my own family. At Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga he performed splendid service. I predicted from the start that he would make one of the most brilliant officers in the service. I was very reluctant to have him leave my staff, for I disliked to lose his services there, but I felt that it was only fair to him to put him in command of troops where he would be in the line of more rapid promotion. I was very glad to have him at the head of my old Army of the Tennessee. His death will be a terrible loss to Sherman, for I know that he will feel it as keenly as I. McPherson was beloved by everybody in the service, both by those above him and by those below him.»

GRANT'S TREATMENT OF HIS GENERALS.

In the midsummer of 1864 General Grant had an increasing weight of responsibility thrown upon him every day. While he was requiring his commanders to sleep with one foot out of bed and with one eye open, lest Lee might make some unexpected movement which would require a prompt change in the general plan of operations, he had to devise new methods almost daily to check raids in different parts of the country, protect the capital, save the North from invasion, and lay vigorous siege to Petersburg, which had been rendered as nearly impregnable by the enemy as the art of the military engineer was capable of making it. He was constantly embarrassed, too, by some of his subordinates. General W. F. Smith was engaged in quarrels with his superior officers as well as with his associates. An acrimonious personal warfare was progressing between Butler and him, and his bitter criticisms of Meade had aroused the resentment of that officer, which added a new phase to the general quarrel. Grant finally made up his mind that he would either have to relieve General Smith or several prominent commanders, and the result was that Smith was given a leave of absence, and was never recalled. General Grant felt that in the true interests of the service this had become absolutely necessary in order to restore harmony and coöperation.

As a commander General Butler had not been General Grant's choice. The general-

in-chief, when he assumed command of the armies, found Butler in charge of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and utilized him to the best advantage possible. He had always found him subordinate, prompt to obey orders, possessed of great mental activity, and clear in his conception of the instructions given him. He was a good administrative officer, though often given to severe and unusual methods in enforcing discipline and in dealing with the dissatisfied element of the population living within his department; yet he did not possess the elements necessary to make an efficient officer in the field. As he was inexperienced in fighting battles, Grant felt reluctant to give him charge of any important military movement. One embarrassment was that he was the senior officer in rank in Virginia, and if General Grant should be called away temporarily, Butler would be in supreme command of the operations against Petersburg. The general struggled along under this embarrassment by keeping matters under his own direction when Butler's forces were employed in actual battle, and by sending an experienced corps commander to handle the troops in the immediate presence of the enemy.

General Meade's irritability of temper, and over-sensitiveness to implied censure or criticism on the part of the newspapers, led him at one time to tender his resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac. General Grant talked to him very kindly on the subject, soothed his feelings, and induced him to reconsider his intention. The general-in-chief did not mention the matter publicly, and was very glad that hasty action had been prevented. If Meade had resigned at this time, Hancock would have succeeded him, and Ingalls, who had shown such signal executive ability, might possibly have been given an important command. Ingalls and I expressed a desire repeatedly to serve in command of troops, as such service gave promise of more rapid promotion and was more in accordance with our tastes; but the general always insisted upon retaining us on his staff.[1]

General Meade was a most accomplished officer. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, and had a complete knowledge of both the science and the art of war in all its branches. He was well read, possessed of a vast amount of interesting information, had cultivated his mind as a linguist, and spoke French with fluency. When foreign officers visited the front they were invariably charmed by their interviews with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was a disciplinarian to the point of severity, was entirely subordinate to his superiors, and no one was more prompt than he to obey orders to the letter. In his intercourse with his officers the bluntness of the soldier was always conspicuous, and he never took pains to smooth any one's ruffled feelings.

There was an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac who had formerly been a surgeon. One day he appeared at Meade's headquarters in a high state of indignation, and said: «General, as I was riding over here some of the men in the adjoining camps shouted after me and called me ‹Old Pills,› and I would like to have it stopped.» Meade just at that moment was not in the best possible frame of mind to be approached with such a complaint. He seized hold of the eye-glasses, conspicuously large in size, which he always wore, clapped them astride of his nose with both hands, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: «Well, what of that? How can I prevent it? Why, I hear that, when I rode out the other day, some of the men called me a ‹d—d old goggle-eyed snapping-turtle,› and I can't even stop that!» The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling, and to take his chances thereafter as to obnoxious epithets.

In view of the want of harmony which often prevailed, the service would have suffered severely if an officer of a different character had been in supreme command; but Grant was so complacent in his manner, so even in temper, and so just in his method of dealing with the conflicting interests and annoying questions which arose, that whatever his subordinates may have thought of one another, to him they were at all times well disposed and perfectly loyal.

GRANT'S EQUANIMITY.

THROUGHOUT this memorable year, the most important as well as the most harassing of his entire military career, General Grant never in any instance failed to manifest those traits which were the true elements of

[1] A reference to this subject occurs in «Around the World with General Grant,» by the Hon. John Russell Young, who accompanied him upon his tour. The language used by General Grant in one of his interviews with Mr. Young is reported as follows: «Ingalls in command of troops would, in my opinion, have become a great and famous general. . . . Horace Porter was lost in the staff. Like Ingalls, he was too useful to be spared. But as a commander of troops Porter would have risen, in my opinion, to a high command.»—EDITOR.

his greatness. He was always calm amidst excitement, and patient under trials. He looked neither to the past with regret nor to the future with apprehension. When he could not control he endured, and in every great crisis he could «convince when others could not advise.» His calmness of demeanor and unruffled temper were often a marvel even to those most familiar with him. In the midst of the most exciting scenes he rarely raised his voice above its ordinary pitch or manifested the least irritability. Whether encountered at noonday or awakened from sleep at midnight, his manner was always the same; whether receiving the report of an army commander or of a private soldier serving as a courier or a scout, he listened with equal deference and gave it the same strict attention. He could not only discipline others, but he could discipline himself. If he had lived in ancient days he might, in his wrath, have broken the twelve tables of stone: he never would have broken the laws which were written on them. The only manifestation of anger he had indulged in during the campaign was upon the occasion, hereinbefore mentioned, when he found a teamster beating his horses near the Totopotomoy. He never criticized an officer harshly in the presence of others. If fault had to be found with him, it was never made an occasion to humiliate him or wound his feelings. The only pointed reprimand he ever administered was in the instance mentioned in the battle of the Wilderness, when an officer left his troops and came to him to magnify the dangers which were to be feared from Lee's methods of warfare. The fact that he never «nagged» his officers, but treated them all with consideration, led them to communicate with him freely and intimately; and he thus gained much information which otherwise he might not have received. To have a well-disciplined command he did not deem it necessary to have an unhappy army. His ideas of discipline did not accord with those of the Russian officer who, one night in the Moscow campaign, reprimanded a soldier for putting a ball of snow under his head for a pillow, for the reason that indulgence in such uncalled-for luxuries would destroy the high character of the army.

GRANT AS A THINKER.

It was an interesting study in human nature to watch the general's actions in camp. He would sit for hours in front of his tent, or just inside of it looking out, smoking a cigar very slowly, seldom with a paper or a map in his hands, and looking like the laziest man in camp. But at such periods his mind was working more actively than that of any one in the army. He talked less and thought more than any one in the service. He studiously avoided performing any duty which some one else could do as well or better than he, and in this respect demonstrated his rare powers of administration and executive methods. He was one of the few men holding high position who did not waste valuable hours by giving his personal attention to petty details. He never consumed his time in reading over court-martial proceedings, or figuring up the items of supplies on hand, or writing unnecessary letters or communications. He held subordinates to a strict accountability in the performance of such duties, and kept his own time for thought. It was this quiet but intense thinking, and the well-matured ideas which resulted from it, that led to the prompt and vigorous action which was constantly witnessed during this year, so pregnant with events.

He changed his habits somewhat at this period about going to bed early, and began to sit up later; and as he preferred to have some one keep him company and discuss matters with him of an evening, one of the staff-officers always made it a point not to retire until the chief was ready for bed. Many a night now became a sort of «watch-night» with us; but the conversations held upon these occasions were of such intense interest that they amply compensated for the loss of sleep they caused, even after a hard day's ride at the front. The general, however, did not always curtail the eight hours of rest which his system seemed to require; for he often pieced out the time by lying in bed later in the morning when there was no stirring movement afoot.

WHY GRANT NEVER SWORE.

While sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him: «General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation.» «Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear,» he replied. «When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In

fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time.» His example in this respect was once quoted in my hearing by a member of the Christian Commission to a teamster in the Army of the Potomac, in the hope of lessening the volume of rare oaths with which he was italicizing his language, and upon which he seemed to be placing his main reliance in moving his mule-team out of a mud-hole. The only reply evoked from him was: «Then thar 's one thing sart'in: the old man never druv mules.»

MEADE AND WARREN.

On July 22 General Grant called upon the aides to go with him to Meade's headquarters. Soon after our arrival there, Meade mounted his horse and rode out with us to visit Warren. The meeting between Meade and Warren was not very cordial, in consequence of a rather acrimonious discussion and correspondence which had just taken place between them; but they were both such good soldiers that they did not make any display of their personal feelings while engaged in their official duties. A Pittsburg newspaper had stated that Meade had preferred charges against Warren for disobedience and tardy execution of orders. Warren at once wrote to Meade, asking him what truth there was in it, and if the rumor was correct that he had told General Grant that he had threatened him (Warren) with a court martial if he did not resign. Meade replied, denying the statement of the newspaper, but said he had been offended by the temper and ill feeling that Warren had manifested against him recently in the presence of subordinates, and the want of harmony and coöperation which he had exhibited, and that he had spoken to Grant about this, and had gone so far as to write a letter to him asking that Warren might be relieved; but that, in the hope that disagreements might not occur in future, and in order to avoid doing him so serious an injury, he had withheld the letter.

A thorough examination of Warren's front and other parts of the line was made. Sharp firing occurred in front of Burnside, which was thought to indicate something of importance; but it was only a random fusillade on the part of the troops, kept up between the parts of the lines which were quite close together.

SEWARD VISITS GRANT.

Saturday, July 23, William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, came down from Washington to visit General Grant and see the armies. He arrived at seven o'clock in the morning on the steamer *City of Hudson*, and came at once to General Grant's quarters. The general had seen but little of the distinguished Secretary of State previous to this time, and was very glad to welcome him to City Point, and make his more intimate acquaintance. He presented the officers of the staff who were in camp at the time, and invited them to take seats under the tent-fly in front of his quarters, where he and the Secretary were sitting. Mr. Seward was profuse in his expressions of congratulation at the progress which had been made by the Union armies in the East, and their successes generally throughout the country. We soon began to realize that he fully merited his reputation as a talker. He spoke very freely in reference to the progress of the war, and more particularly about our foreign relations. He had conducted our many delicate negotiations with foreign nations with such consummate ability that every one was anxious to draw him out in regard to them. The first topic of conversation which came up was the unfriendliness of our relations with England the first year of the war, and especially how near we came to an open break with that power in regard to the «*Trent* affair,» in which Commodore Wilkes, commanding the U. S. S. *San Jacinto*, had taken Slidell and Mason, the Confederate emissaries, from the English vessel *Trent*, upon which they were passengers. Mr. Seward said: «The report first received from the British government gave a most exaggerated account of the severity of the measures which had been employed; but I found from Commodore Wilkes's advices that the vessel had not been endangered by the shots fired across her bows, as charged; that he had simply sent a lieutenant and a boat's crew to the British vessel; that none of the crew even went aboard; that the lieutenant used only such a show of force as was necessary to convince the ‹contraband› passengers he wanted that they would have to go with him aboard the *San Jacinto*. The books on international law were silent on the subject as to exactly how an act such as this should be treated; and as our relations abroad were becoming very threatening, we decided, after a serious discussion, that whatever was to be done should be done promptly, and that, under all the circumstances, it would be wise

and prudent to release the prisoners captured, rather than contend for a principle which might not have been sound, and run the risk of becoming involved in a war with Great Britain at that critical period. The great desire of the Davis government was to have this incident embroil us in such a war, and we were not anxious to please it in that respect. Our decision in the matter was the severest blow the Confederacy received in regard to its hope of ‹assistance from abroad.›»

This naturally led to the mention of a more recent event upon the seas—the destruction of the *Alabama* by the *Kearsarge*. General Grant had rejoiced greatly at this triumph of our sister service the navy, and admired immensely the boldness and pluck exhibited by Winslow, the commander of the *Kearsarge*, in forcing the fight with the Confederate cruiser. The general was naturally delighted, for it showed that Winslow was a man after his own heart, who acted upon the commendable military maxim, «When in doubt, fight.» Mr. Seward was asked whether he had in contemplation any steps to take England to task for the action of the British yacht *Deerhound* for picking up and carrying off our prisoners. He said: «I have communicated with our minister at London, directing him to lay before the British government our grievance in this matter. I feel pretty well convinced that the captain of the *Deerhound* had arranged with Semmes, the captain of the *Alabama*, previous to the fight, to transfer to the yacht certain moneys and valuables which Semmes had aboard, so as to carry them to England for him, and to occupy a position during the fight near enough to render assistance under certain contingencies. It was reported that Captain Winslow asked the captain of the *Deerhound* to rescue the crew of the *Alabama*, who were drowning when that vessel was sinking; but that did not seem to be necessary, as Winslow was able with his boats to rescue all the men. It appears that many of Semmes's guns were manned by British gunners, and the wounded who were picked up were carried to England and cared for in a British naval hospital. The circumstance is a most aggravating one, and we have given Great Britain to understand that such acts will not be tolerated in future by this nation.»

General Grant then brought up the subject of the empire in Mexico, which was supported by Louis Napoleon. The general's services in the Mexican war had made him thoroughly well acquainted with Mexico, and he not only had deep sympathy for her people in their present struggle, but was a stanch supporter of the Monroe doctrine generally, and was opposed on principle to any European monarchy forcing its institutions upon an American republic. Mr. Seward expressed himself at great length upon this subject, saying among other things: «I have had a very exhaustive correspondence on this subject with Louis Napoleon's ministry. He has tried by every form of argument to justify his acts; but I have insisted from the start that when an American state has established republican institutions, no foreign power has the right to use force in attempting to subvert the government formed by its people and set up a monarchy in its place. When an American republic becomes a monarchy by the voluntary act of its people, the matter is no affair of ours, as the people are always the rightful source of authority; but in the present instance a European emperor has stepped in to deprive the Mexicans of the right of republican freedom. I have been insisting very forcibly that Louis Napoleon must withdraw his army from Mexico. Why, rumors have reached us from time to time that his forces were to advance across the Rio Grande, by an understanding with the Davis government, and take possession of the State of Texas. We shall never feel easy until those troops are withdrawn.»

General Grant said: «While we don't want another war on our hands before we finish the present one, yet I feel that the reëstablishment of republican government in Mexico would really be a part of our present struggle. As soon as the war of secession ends, and I think it is coming to a close pretty rapidly, we will have a veteran army in the West ready to make a demonstration upon the Rio Grande with a view to enforcing respect for our opinions concerning the Monroe doctrine. I regard this expedition to Mexico not as a movement of the French people, but as one of the ambitious schemes of Louis Napoleon, which shows that he has as little respect for the French people's opinions as for our own. The French people are our old allies; it is natural that we should have a great regard for them, and there is a very close bond of sympathy between the two countries; but Louis Napoleon does not represent the people of France. I hope that his power may some day cease, and that France may become a republic, and I do not think that day is far distant.» Mr. Seward remarked, «Yes; we want to get Napoleon out of Mexico, but we don't want any war over it; we have certainly had enough of war.»

One of the party remarked to Mr. Seward that he always seemed to have an abiding faith in the triumph of the Union cause. The Secretary replied: «Yes; though we have passed through many gloomy periods since the breaking out of the war, I have always felt confident that the integrity of the Union would be preserved. It is a part of my philosophy to believe that the American republic has now, and will have for many years to come, enough virtue in its people to insure the safety of the state. Sometimes there does not seem to be any virtue to spare, but there 's always enough.»

After some further conversation, Mr. Seward, by invitation of General Grant, visited some of the nearest camps; and in the afternoon General Butler accompanied the Secretary on his steamer on a trip up the James River as far as it was safe to go. Mr. Seward was urged to prolong his visit, but as he had an engagement to be in Norfolk in the evening, he felt compelled to start for that place in the afternoon, as soon as his steamer returned from the excursion up the James.

PREPARING THE PETERSBURG MINE.

At this time the general-in-chief was devoting much of his attention to the planning of an important movement in connection with the explosion of the famous Petersburg mine, which had now been completed. The operations attending it were novel and interesting, though the result was the greatest disaster which occurred during the siege of Petersburg. After the assaults on the 17th and 18th of June, Burnside's corps established a line of earthworks within one hundred yards of those of the enemy. In rear of his advanced position was a deep hollow. In front the ground rose gradually until it reached an elevation on which the Confederate line was established. Colonel Pleasants, commanding the 48th Pennsylvania regiment, composed largely of miners, conceived the idea of starting a gallery from a point in the hollow which was concealed from the enemy's view, pushing it forward to a position under his earthworks, and there preparing a mine large enough to blow up the parapets and make a sufficiently wide opening for assaulting columns to rush through. Before the end of June he communicated the project to Burnside, who talked the matter over with General Meade. It was then submitted to General Grant for his action. This point of the line was in some respects unfavorable for an assault; but it was not thought well to check the zeal of the officer who had proposed the scheme, and so an authorization was given for the undertaking to continue. There was a main gallery, 511 feet long and 4½ feet square, and two lateral galleries. The terminus was under the enemy's parapet, and at a depth of about 23 feet below the surface of the ground. These preparations were completed July 23, and the mine was soon after charged with eight thousand pounds of powder, and made ready for use. A movement preliminary to its explosion was begun on July 26, that required the exercise of much ingenuity and good generalship, and which the general-in-chief had planned with great care. It involved making a feint against Richmond, which should be conducted with such a show of serious intention that it would induce Lee to throw a large portion of his command to the north side of the James, and leave the works at Petersburg so depleted that the movement on Burnside's front would have in its favor many chances of success. Hancock's corps drew out from its position on the afternoon of the 26th, and made a rapid night march to Deep Bottom on the north side of the James, and was followed by Sheridan with the cavalry. This entire force was placed under Hancock's command. On the morning of the 27th it advanced and captured a battery of rifled guns. I had been sent to Hancock that morning, and found him with his troops, lying upon the grass with some of his staff during a lull in the firing. I threw myself on the ground beside him while we conversed in regard to the situation, and informed him that General Grant would be with him some hours later. Suddenly firing broke out again in front, and we all sprang to our feet to mount our horses. Hancock wore a thin blue-flannel blouse, and as I rose up one of my spurs caught in the sleeve, and ripped it open from wrist to elbow. I felt not a little chagrined to find that I was the means of sending this usually well-dressed corps commander into battle with his sleeve slit open and dangling in the air, and made profuse apologies. There was not much time for words, but Hancock treated the matter so good-naturedly in what he said in reply that he at once put my mind at ease.

General Grant rode out on the field in the afternoon, arriving there at half-past three o'clock, for the purpose of determining upon the spot what the possibilities were on that side of the river before giving directions for carrying out the rest of his plans. Lee was

now rushing troops to the north side of the James to reinforce the defenses of Richmond. The next morning (July 28) Sheridan, while moving around the enemy's left, was vigorously assaulted by a large body of infantry, and driven back a short distance; but he promptly dismounted his men, made a determined counter-attack, and drove the enemy back in confusion, capturing two hundred and fifty prisoners and two stands of colors. This engagement was called the battle of Darbytown. Now that Grant had satisfied himself that more than half of Lee's command had been sent to the north side of the James, he made preparations to throw Hancock's corps again in front of Petersburg, and carry out his intended assault upon that front.

It was decided that the attack should be made at daylight on the morning of the 30th. In the meantime, in order to keep up the deception and detain the enemy on the north side of the river, many clever ruses were resorted to, in which the general-in-chief's ingenuity and rare powers of invention were displayed to the greatest advantage. Meade and Ord were directed to cease all artillery firing on the lines in front of Petersburg, and to conceal their guns, with a view to convincing the enemy that the troops were moving away from that position. Hancock withdrew one of his divisions quietly on the night of the 28th, and moved it back, while he remained with his two other divisions north of the James until the night of the 29th, so as still to keep up the feint. On the 28th Sheridan had the pontoon-bridge covered with moss, grass, and earth to prevent the tramping of horses from being heard, and quietly moved a division of his cavalry to the south side of the James. He then dismounted his men, concealed his horses, and marched back by daylight, so that the enemy would suppose that infantry was still moving to the north side. A train of empty wagons was also crossed to that side in sight of the enemy. Steamboats and tugs were sent up the river at night to the pontoon-bridges, and ordered to show their lights and blow their whistles for the purpose of making the enemy believe that we were transferring troops to the north side. These manœuvers were so successful that they detained the enemy north of the James all day on the 29th. Immediately after dark that evening the whole of Hancock's corps withdrew stealthily from Deep Bottom, followed by the cavalry. On the morning of the 30th Lee was holding five eighths of his army on the north side of the James, in the belief that Grant was massing the bulk of his troops near Deep Bottom, while he had in reality concentrated his forces in the rear of Burnside at a point fifteen miles distant, ready to break through the defenses at Petersburg.

EXPLODING THE MINE.

On the afternoon of July 29 the general-in-chief proceeded with his staff to Burnside's front, and bivouacked near the center of his line, to give final instructions, and to be upon the spot when the assault should be made. Burnside had been carefully instructed to prepare his parapets and abatis in advance for the passage of his assaulting columns, so that when daylight came the troops would have no obstacles in their way in moving to the attack rapidly and with a strong formation. Ord had been moved to a position in Burnside's rear. Burnside had proposed to put Ferrero's colored troops in advance, but Meade objected to this, as they did not have the experience of the white troops; and in this decision he was sustained by Grant, and white troops were assigned to make the assault. Burnside, of course, was allowed to choose the division commander who was to lead the attack; but instead of selecting the best officer for the purpose, he allowed the division commanders to draw straws for the choice, and the lot fell, unfortunately, upon Ledlie, who was by far the least fitted for such an undertaking. Meade had joined Grant at his bivouac near Burnside's headquarters, and every one was up long before daylight, aiding in communicating final instructions and awaiting the firing of the mine.

Now came the hour for the explosion—half-past three o'clock. The general-in-chief was standing, surrounded by his officers, looking intently in the direction of the mine; orderlies were holding the saddled horses near by; not a word was spoken, and the silence of death prevailed. Some minutes elapsed, and our watches were anxiously consulted. It was found to be ten minutes past the time, and yet no sound from the mine. Ten minutes more, and still no explosion. More precious minutes elapsed, and it became painfully evident that some neglect or accident had occurred. Daylight was now breaking, and the formation of the troops for the assault would certainly be observed by the enemy. Officers had been sent to find out the cause of the delay, and soon there came the information that the match had been

applied at the hour designated, but that the fuse had evidently failed at some point along the gallery. Another quarter of an hour passed, and now the minutes seemed like ages; the suspense was agonizing; the whole movement depended upon that little spark which was to fire the mine, and it had gone out. The general-in-chief stood with his right hand placed against a tree; his lips were compressed and his features wore an expression of profound anxiety, but he uttered few words. There was little to do but to wait. Now word came that the men of the 48th Pennsylvania were not going to permit a failure. Not knowing whether the fuse had gone out or was only «holding fire,» a search through the long gallery meant the probability of death to those who undertook it; but Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Reese, of the 48th Pennsylvania, undertook to penetrate the long passageway and discover the cause of the failure. They found that the fire had been interrupted at a point at which two sections of the fuse had been defectively spliced. They promptly renewed the splice, and as soon as they emerged from the gallery the match was again applied. It was now twenty minutes to five, over an hour past the appointed time. The general had been looking at his watch, and had just returned it to his pocket when suddenly there was a shock like that of an earthquake, accompanied by a dull, muffled roar; then there rose two hundred feet in the air great volumes of earth in the shape of a mighty inverted cone, with forked tongues of flame darting through it like lightning playing through the clouds. The mass seemed to be suspended for an instant in the heavens; then there descended great blocks of clay, rock, sand, timber, guns, carriages, and men whose bodies exhibited every form of mutilation. It appeared as if part of the debris was going to fall upon the front line of our troops, and this created some confusion and a delay of ten minutes in forming them for the charge. The crater made by the explosion was 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide, and 170 feet long. One hundred and ten cannon and fifty mortars opened fire from our lines. Soon fatal errors in carrying out the orders became painfully apparent. The abatis had not been removed in the night, and no adequate preparations had been made at the parapets for the troops to march over them; the débouchés were narrow, and the men had to work their way out slowly. When they reached the crater they found that its sides were so steep that it was almost impossible to climb out after once getting in. Ledlie remained under cover in the rear; the advance was without superior officers, and the troops became confused. Some stopped to assist the Confederates who were struggling out of the debris, in which many of them were buried up to their necks.

The crater was soon filled with our disorganized men, who were mixed up with the dead and dying of the enemy, and tumbling aimlessly about, or attempting to scramble up the other side. The shouting, screaming, and cheering, mingled with the roar of the artillery and the explosion of shells, created a perfect pandemonium, and the crater had become a caldron of hell.

GRANT'S ADVENTURE BETWEEN THE LINES.

When it was found that the troops were accomplishing so little, and that matters were so badly handled, General Grant quickly mounted his horse, and calling to me, said, «Come with me.» I was soon in the saddle, and, followed by a single orderly, we moved forward through some intervening woods, to make our way as far as we could on horseback to the front of the attack. It was now a little after half-past five. We soon came to a brigade lying upon its arms. The general said to an officer near by, who proved to be General Henry G. Thomas, a brigade commander, «Who commands this brigade?» «I do,» he replied, springing up from the ground suddenly, and manifesting no little surprise to find that the voice of the person addressing him was that of the general-in-chief. «Well,» remarked the general, «why are you not moving in?» The officer replied, «My orders are to follow that brigade,» pointing to the one in front of him. Then, after a pause, he added, «Will you give me the order to go in now?» «No,» said General Grant, not wishing to interfere with the instructions of the division commander, «you may keep the orders you have,» and moved on to the front. A Pennsylvania regiment was now met with knapsacks piled on the ground, and about to move to the attack. The commanding officer made a salute, and the general returned it by lifting his hat. The men now recognized him, and it was all the commander of the regiment could do to keep them from breaking out into a cheer, although all noise had been forbidden. The officer said to me some years after: «If the general had given me only a slight nod of the head that morning I should have been delighted; but when I saw him, at such a try-

ing moment, look at me and politely take off his hat, it brought the tears to my eyes and sent a big lump into my throat.»

The enemy had now rallied his men upon the line in the rear of the crater, and there was heavy fighting going on between them and our advanced troops. After proceeding a short distance I said: «General, you cannot go much farther on horseback, and I do not think you ought to expose yourself in this way. I hope you will dismount, as you will then be less of a target for the enemy's fire.» Without saying a word, he threw himself from his horse and handed the reins to the orderly, who was then directed to take our animals back to the edge of the woods, while we proceeded to the front on foot. The general had by this time taken in the situation pretty fully, and his object was to find the corps commander, to have him try to bring some order out of the chaos which existed. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that Burnside was on our left and some distance farther in advance. General Grant now began to edge his way vigorously to the front through the lines of the assaulting columns as they poured out of the rifle-pits and crawled over the obstructions. It was one of the warmest days of the entire summer, and even at this early hour of the morning the heat was suffocating. The general wore his blue blouse and a pair of blue trousers—in fact, the uniform of a private soldier, except the shoulder-straps. None of the men seemed to recognize him, and they were no respecters of persons as they shoved and crowded to the front. They little thought that the plainly dressed man who was elbowing his way past them so energetically, and whose face was covered with dust and streaked with perspiration, was the chief who had led them successfully from the Wilderness to Petersburg. Some officers were now seen standing in a field-work to the left, about three hundred yards distant, and Burnside was supposed to be one of the number. To reach them by passing inside of our main line of works would have been a slow process, as the ground was covered with obstacles and crowded with troops; so, to save valuable time, the general climbed nimbly over the parapet, landed in front of our earthworks, and resolved to take the chances of the enemy's fire. Shots were now flying thick and fast, and what with the fire of the enemy and the heat of the midsummer Southern sun, there was an equatorial warmth about the undertaking. The very recollection of it, over thirty years after, starts the perspiration. Scarcely a word was spoken in passing over the distance crossed. Sometimes the gait was a fast walk, sometimes a dog-trot. As the shots shrieked through the air, and plowed the ground, I held my breath in apprehension for the general's safety. Burnside was in the earthwork for which we were heading, and was not a little astonished to see the general approach on foot from such a direction, climb over the parapet and make his way to where the corps commander was stationed. Grant said, speaking rapidly: «The entire opportunity has been lost. There is now no chance of success. These troops must be immediately withdrawn. It is slaughter to leave them here.» Burnside was still hoping that something could be accomplished; but the disobedience of orders and the general bungling had been so great that Grant was convinced that the only thing to do now to stop the loss of life was to abandon the movement which a few hours before had promised every success. The general then made his way on foot, with no little difficulty, to where our horses had been left, mounted, and returned to where we had parted from Meade.

FAILURE OF THE ASSAULT AT THE MINE.

INSTRUCTIONS were reiterated to Burnside to withdraw the troops; but he came to Meade in person and insisted that his men could not be drawn out of the crater with safety; that the enemy's guns now bore upon the only line of retreat; and that there must be a passageway dug to protect them in crossing certain dangerous points. Both of these officers lost their tempers that morning, although Burnside was usually the personification of amiability, and the scene between them was decidedly peppery, and went far toward confirming one's belief in the wealth and flexibility of the English language as a medium of personal dispute. Meade had sent Burnside a note saying: «Do you mean to say your officers and men will not obey your orders to advance? If not, what is the obstacle? I wish to know the truth.» Burnside replied: «I have never, in any report, said anything different from what I conceived to be the truth. Were it not insubordinate, I would say that the latter remark of your note was unofficerlike and ungentlemanly.» It was quite evident that the conference was not going to resolve itself into a «peace congress.» However, both officers were manly enough afterward to express regret for what they had written and said under the excitement of the occasion. Although Ledlie had proved a fail-

ure, other division commanders made gallant efforts to redeem the fortunes of the day, but their men became disorganized, and huddled together inextricably in the crater. When the confusion was at its worst Burnside threw in his division of colored troops, who rushed gallantly into the crater, but only added greater disorder to the men already crowded together there. As a colored regiment was moving to the front in the midst of this scene of slaughter, a white sergeant, who was being carried to the rear with his leg shot off, cried out: «Now go in with a will, boys. There 's enough of you to eat 'em all up.» A colored sergeant replied: «Dat may be all so, boss; but de fac' is, we hab n't got jis de bes' kind ob an appetite for 'em dis mornin'.»

The enemy soon brought to bear upon the crater a mortar fire, which did serious execution. There were many instances of superb courage, but the most heroic bravery could not make amends for the utter inefficiency with which the troops had been handled by some of their officers. It was two o'clock before all the survivors could be withdrawn. The total losses amounted to about thirty-eight hundred, nearly fourteen hundred of whom were prisoners.

Thus ended an operation conceived with rare ingenuity, prepared with unusual forethought, and executed up to the moment of the final assault with consummate skill, and which yet resulted in absolute failure from sheer incapacity on the part of subordinates. Burnside had given written orders which were excellent in themselves, but he failed entirely to enforce them. When the general-in-chief and staff rode back to Petersburg that day, the trip was anything but cheerful. For some time but little was said by him, owing to his aversion to indulging in adverse criticisms of individuals, which could not mend matters. He did not dwell long upon the subject in his conversation, simply remarking: «Such an opportunity for carrying a fortified line I have never seen, and never expect to see again. If I had been a division commander or a corps commander, I would have been at the front giving personal directions on the spot. I believe that the men would have performed every duty required of them if they had been properly led and skilfully handled.» He had no unkind words for Burnside, but he felt that this disaster had greatly impaired that officer's usefulness. Two weeks afterward Burnside was granted a leave of absence, and did not serve again in the field. General Parke, one of his division commanders, and an officer of eminent ability, was placed in command of the Ninth Corps. Grant and Burnside, however, did not break their amicable relations on account of this official action, and their personal friendship continued as long as they both lived.

A surgeon told us a story, one of the many echoes of the mine affair, about a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater and carried to one of our field-hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in an astonishingly amiable frame of mind, and looked like a pugilistic hero of the prize-ring coming up smiling in the twenty-seventh round. He said: «I 'll jest bet you that after this I 'll be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano; and as I was comin' down I met the rest of 'em a-goin' up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me, and yelled after me, (Straggler!)»

A NEW COMMAND FOR SHERIDAN.

General Grant ordered the cavalry and a corps of infantry to start south at daylight the next morning, before the enemy could recross the James River, with instructions to destroy fifteen or twenty miles of the Weldon Railroad. That night, however, information of the crossing of the Potomac by Early's troops compelled the general to change his plans and send Sheridan to Washington with two divisions of his cavalry.

Early, finding that pursuit had been abandoned, and that the Union forces had returned to Washington, put his army in motion and started to return to Maryland. His advance reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on July 30; and finding no troops to oppose them, burned the defenseless town, and left three thousand women, children, and unarmed men homeless. A week afterward this force, while retreating, was overtaken by Averell, and completely routed.

General Grant now expressed himself as determined not only to prevent these incursions into Maryland, but to move a competent force down the valley of Virginia, and hold permanently that great granary, upon which Lee was drawing so largely for his supplies. The most important thing was to find a commander equal to such an undertaking. No one had commended himself more thoroughly to the general-in-chief for such a mission than Sheridan, and he telegraphed Halleck to put

Sheridan in command of all the troops in the field, and to give him instructions to pursue the enemy to the death. Sheridan reached Washington on August 3. Halleck telegraphed expressing some other views in regard to the disposition to be made of Sheridan, but they did not prevail. On the evening of the 3d the President sent to General Grant the following remarkable telegram, which is so characteristic that it is given in full:

«I have seen your despatch in which you say: ‹I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.› This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the despatches you may have received from here even since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of ‹putting our army south of the enemy,› or of ‹following him to the death› in any direction. I repeat to you, it will neither be done nor attempted unless you watch it every day and hour, and force it.

«A. LINCOLN, President.»

It will be seen from this that the President was undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers at Washington, and that he did not call for assistance to protect the capital, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. It is the language of a man who wanted an officer of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting and send the troops after the enemy, even if the capital had to be left temporarily without defense.

General Grant received the President's despatch at noon of August 4, and he left City Point that night for Hunter's headquarters at Monocacy Station in Maryland, reaching there the next evening, August 5. He ordered all the troops in the vicinity to move that night to the valley of Virginia. The general had now a delicate duty to perform. He had decided to put General Sheridan in command of the active forces in the field; but he was junior in rank to General Hunter, and in order to spare the feelings of Hunter, and not subject him to the mortification of being relieved from duty, the general-in-chief suggested that he remain in command of the military department, and that Sheridan be given supreme control of the troops in the field. Hunter removed all embarrassment by saying that, under the circumstances, he deemed it better for the service that he should be relieved entirely from duty. This unselfish offer was accepted, and Sheridan was telegraphed to come at once from Washington to Monocacy by a special train. Grant met him at the station, and explained to him what was expected of him. His present army consisted of nearly thirty thousand men, including eight thousand cavalry. Early's army was about equal in numbers. Grant said to Sheridan in his instructions: «Do not hesitate to give commands to officers in whom you have confidence, without regard to claims of others on account of rank. What we want is prompt and active movements after the enemy in accordance with the instructions you already have. I feel every confidence that you will do the best, and will leave you as far as possible to act on your own judgment, and not embarrass you with orders and instructions.» This despatch was eminently characteristic of Grant; it affords a key to his method of dealing with his subordinates, and explains one of the chief reasons why his commanders were so loyal to him. They felt that they would be left to the exercise of an intelligent judgment; that if they did their best, even if they did not succeed, they would never be made scapegoats; and if they gained victories they would be given the sole credit for whatever they accomplished.

As soon as Sheridan moved south the enemy was compelled to concentrate in front of him, and the effect was what Grant had predicted—the termination of incursions into Maryland. The general returned to City Point on August 8.

Rawlins had broken down in health from the labors and exposures of the campaign, and had been given a leave of absence on August 1, in the hope that he might soon recuperate and return to duty; but he was not able to join headquarters for two months. Already the seeds of consumption had been sown, from which he died while Secretary of War, five years afterward. He was greatly missed by every one at headquarters, and his chief expressed no little anxiety about his illness, although no one then thought that it was the beginning of a fatal disease.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE EXPLODED NEAR HEADQUARTERS.

AN event occurred in the forenoon of August 9 which looked for an instant as if the general-in-chief had returned to headquarters only to meet his death. He was sitting in front of his tent, surrounded by several staff-officers. General Sharpe, the assistant

GENERAL GRANT HASTENING TO ORDER THE RECALL OF THE ASSAULTING COLUMN.

(SEE PAGE 110.)

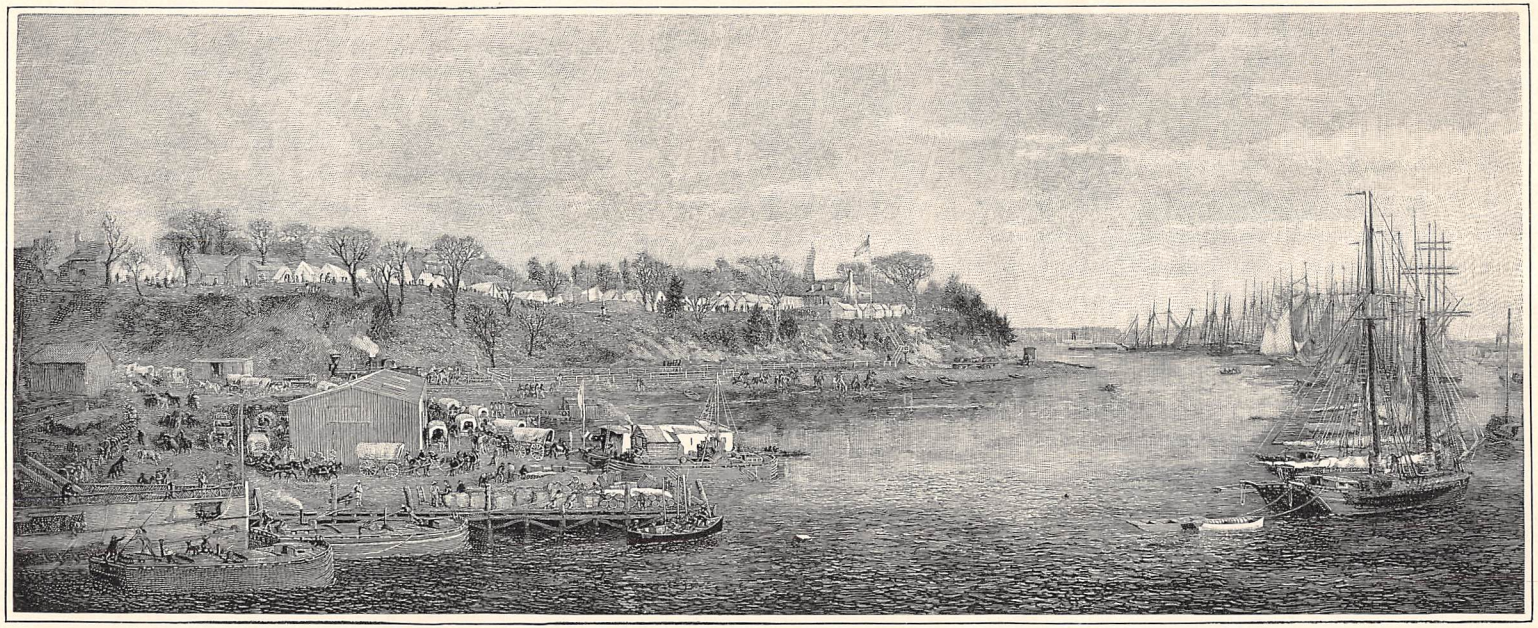
provost-marshal-general, had been telling him that he had a conviction that there were spies in the camp at City Point, and had proposed a plan for detecting and capturing them. He had just left the general when, at twenty minutes to twelve, a terrific explosion shook the earth, accompanied by a sound which vividly recalled the Petersburg mine, still fresh in the memory of every one present. Then there rained down upon the party a terrific shower of shells, bullets, boards, and fragments of timber. The general was surrounded by splinters and various kinds of ammunition, but fortunately was not touched by any of the missiles. Babcock of the staff was slightly wounded in the right hand by a bullet, one mounted orderly and several horses were instantly killed, and three orderlies were wounded. In a moment all was consternation. On rushing to the edge of the bluff, we found that the cause of the explosion was the blowing up of a boat loaded with ordnance stores which lay at the wharf at the foot of the hill. Much damage was done to the wharf, the boat was entirely destroyed, all the laborers employed on it were killed, and a number of men and horses near the landing were fatally injured. The total casualties were forty-three killed and forty wounded. The general was the only one of the party who remained unmoved; he did not even leave his seat to run to the bluff with the others to see what had happened. Five minutes afterward he went to his writing-table and sent a telegram to Washington, notifying Halleck of the occurrence. No one could surmise the cause of the explosion, and the general appointed me president of a board of officers to investigate the matter. We spent several days in taking the testimony of all the people who were in sight of the occurrence, and used every possible means to probe the matter; but as all the men aboard the boat had been killed, we could obtain no satisfactory evidence. It was attributed by most of those present to the careless handling of the ammunition by the laborers who were engaged in unloading it; but there was a suspicion in the minds of many of us that it was the work of some emissaries of the enemy sent into the lines.

Seven years after the war, when I was serving with President Grant as secretary, a Virginian called to see me at the White House, to complain that the commissioner of patents was not treating him fairly in the matter of some patents he was endeavoring to procure. In the course of the conversation, in order to impress me with his skill as an inventor, he communicated the fact that he had once devised an infernal machine which had been used with some success during the war; and went on to say that it consisted of a small box filled with explosives, with a clockwork attachment which could be set so as to cause an explosion at any given time; that, to prove the effectiveness of it, he had passed into the Union lines in company with a companion, both dressed as laborers, and succeeded in reaching City Point, knowing this to be the base of supplies. By mingling with the laborers who were engaged in unloading the ordnance stores, he and his companion succeeded in getting aboard the boat, placing their infernal machine among the ammunition, and setting the clockwork so that the explosion would occur in half an hour. This enabled them to get to a sufficient distance from the place not to be suspected. I told him that his efforts, from his standpoint, had been eminently successful. At last, after many years, the mystery of the explosion was revealed.

This occurrence set the staff to thinking of the various forms of danger to which the general-in-chief was exposed, and how easily he might be assassinated; and we resolved that in addition to the ordinary guard mounted at the headquarters camp, we would quietly arrange a detail of «watchers» from the members of the staff, so that one officer would go on duty every night and keep a personal lookout in the vicinity of the general's tent. This was faithfully carried out. It had to be done secretly, for if he had known of it he would without doubt have broken it up and insisted upon the staff-officers going to bed after their hard day's work instead of keeping these vigils throughout the long, dreary nights of the following winter. The general never knew of this action until his second term of the Presidency, when he made the discovery through an accidental reference to it in his presence by a visitor who had heard of it. He then expressed himself as feeling very much touched by the service which had been performed with a view to his personal protection.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.



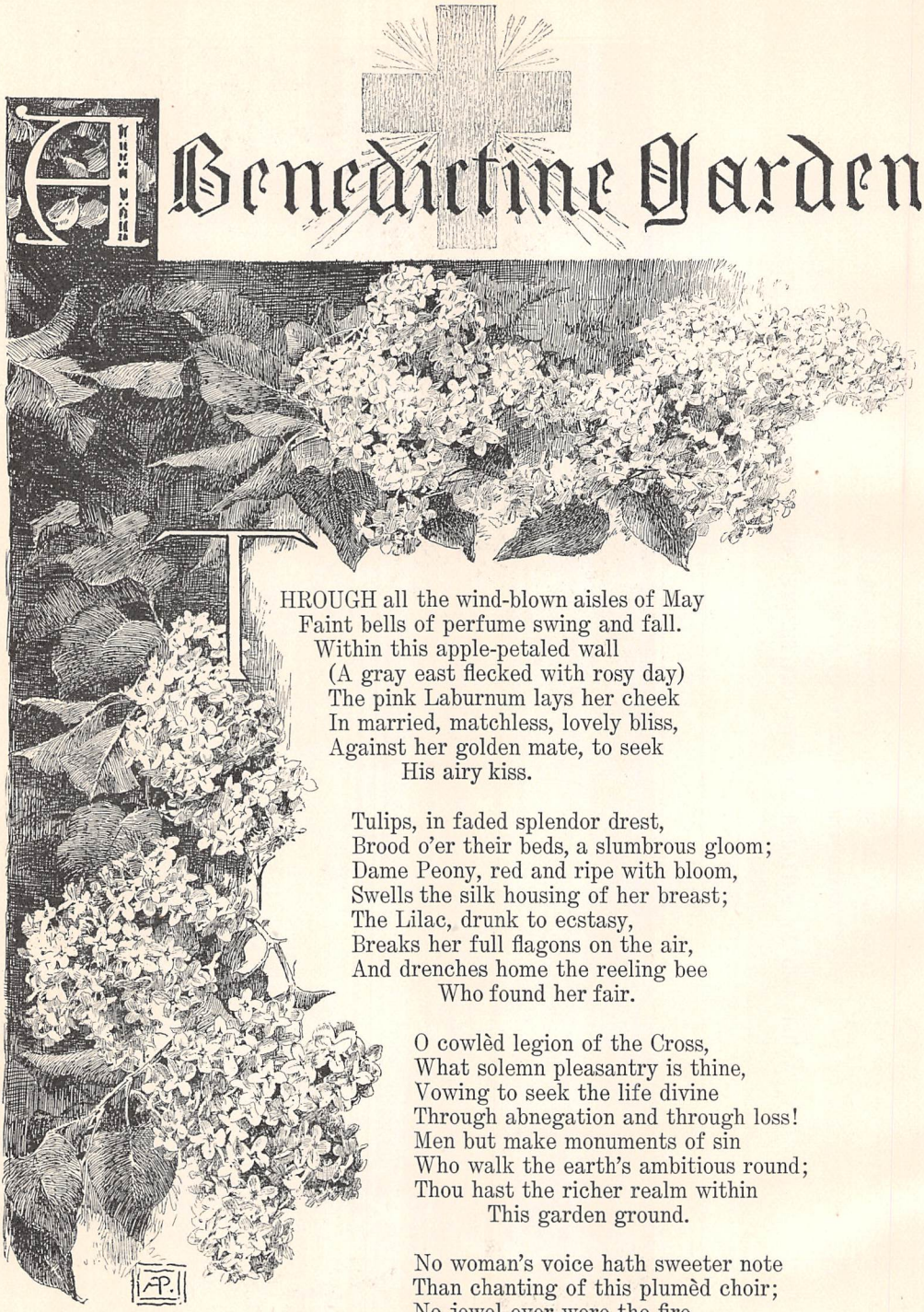
REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR NOVEMBER, 1887.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AND BASE OF SUPPLIES AT CITY POINT.

FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY,

OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.

A Benedictine Garden



THROUGH all the wind-blown aisles of May
Faint bells of perfume swing and fall.
Within this apple-petaled wall
(A gray east flecked with rosy day)
The pink Laburnum lays her cheek
In married, matchless, lovely bliss,
Against her golden mate, to seek
His airy kiss.

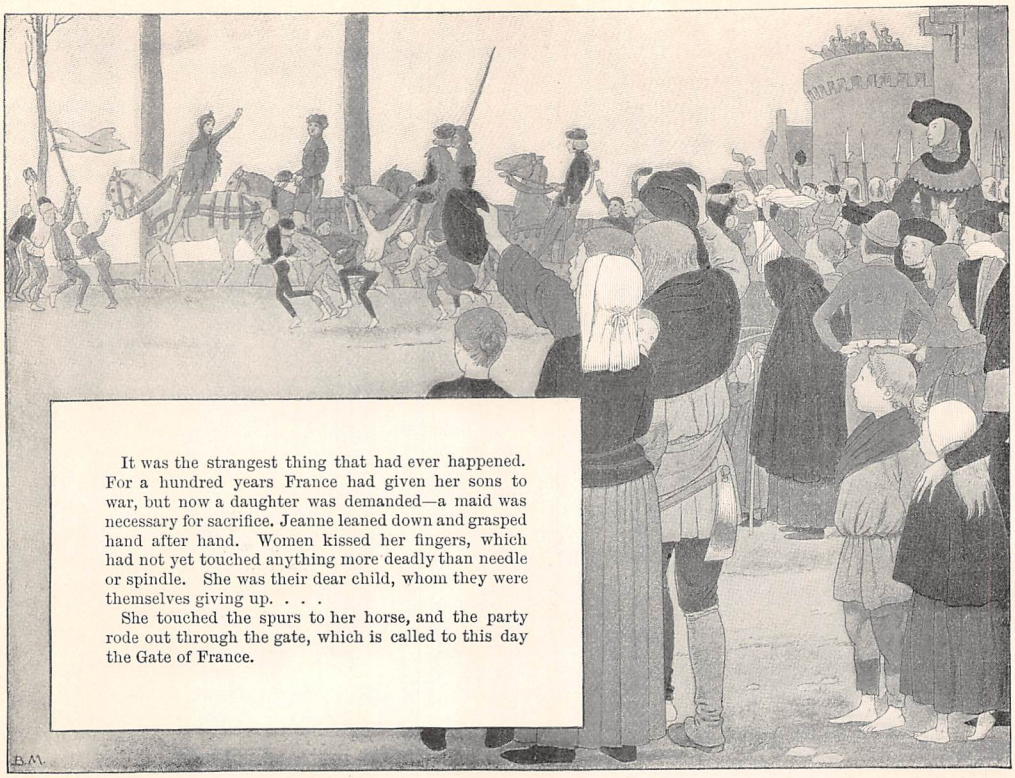
Tulips, in faded splendor drest,
Brood o'er their beds, a slumbrous gloom;
Dame Peony, red and ripe with bloom,
Swells the silk housing of her breast;
The Lilac, drunk to ecstasy,
Breaks her full flagons on the air,
And drenches home the reeling bee
Who found her fair.

O cowlèd legion of the Cross,
What solemn pleasantry is thine,
Vowing to seek the life divine
Through abnegation and through loss!
Men but make monuments of sin
Who walk the earth's ambitious round;
Thou hast the richer realm within
This garden ground.

No woman's voice hath sweeter note
Than chanting of this plumèd choir;
No jewel ever wore the fire
Hung on the dewdrop's quivering throat.
A ruddier pomp and pageantry
Than world's delight o'erfleets thy sod;
And choosing this, thou hast in fee
The peace of God.

Alice Brown.

ALFRED PARSONS



JEANNE LEAVING VAUCOULEURS.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL

III.

THOUGH Jacquemine gave Mengette trouble, the burden of her life was Choux. Since the death of her father, Auguste Poulinet, and her mother, Marguerite Vallas, she had lived in her house with this relative, whose exact kinship could hardly be traced, yet who was handed down as a charge. Choux was a humpbacked creature, so old that age had given him up and delivered him again to the lithe activities of youth. He seemed made of steel springs. His joints and muscles did not sag when he walked. The skin was so tightly stretched across the bones of his large features that it scarcely wrinkled, but, deepening its brown, became like mummy husk, with points of fire surviving in the lively eyes. What few shreds of hair he had clung in forgotten strands to the skull; but these were seldom seen, for Choux wore always a red woolen cap tied under the chin like a woman's. This was as much a part of him as the red sash girdling his clothes around the middle. He wore it indoors and out, to mass and to bed. When Mengette saw that the cap would have to be renewed, she made another, and standing behind the bench while he ate, put it over the one he wore. Choux let the strings hang down unheeded until he was alone. Whatever became of the first cap, whether he secretly burned it or buried it in the earth, it was never seen again. One pair of clean strings soon appeared under his chin, and Mengette drew a breath of relief.

But it was not so easy to get his garments from his body. Choux's instinct was that an animal's covering ought to shed naturally. He exhaled a hyena-like odor, and when on a February day he sat by the chimney, Mengette was thankful for its wide throat. Domremy was not too sensitive to smells. Chickens and geese lived in the streets, and manure-heaps ripened beside the front doors. But public comfort sometimes demanded that Choux should change his clothes; and the

curé, Father Fronte, was then obliged to labor with him. In his heart Choux despised the offices of the church, but he stood in terror of having its final protection denied him. When exhortations and threats had availed, Mengette flew to the river with his cast-off things. She had once anchored them and let them freeze, and as often as she could afford it she gave him an entire new outfit.

Choux had nothing except a high regard for himself, and he had not labored in her lifetime. He often sat bragging by the hour in the Widow Davide's wine-shop. The Widow Davide, when a customer grew noisy, would take him by the ear and lead him to the door, and it was his part to grin and submit. Choux, for more reasons than his tongue, was oftener led out than any other man; yet he never suffered it without indignation and astonishment.

He danced before the wine-shop to show his contempt for the Widow Davide, and made a tube of his fists, trumpeting through it. His hump, as he tilted and turned, gave him the high-shouldered appearance of a hyena. He sang derisively about the wine she sold. It was not fit for dogs—dogs would die of it, in fact. He could marry the Widow Davide if he wished, but who would marry a woman that sold such bad wine?

«Myself,» proclaimed Choux, slapping his breast, «I was brought up on the best. Nothing is too good for me. When I was of an age to marry, all the maids of my village wanted me for a husband. I picked the handsomest and richest, and when I was married my wife did nothing but wait on me. She sold the last goose of her flock to provide me for travel. I have seen the world in my lifetime. I have been eastward as far as Nancy, and westward as far as Bar-le-Duc; and if my wife had lived to work for me I might have gone farther.»

«He never was married in his life,» the listeners told one another, laughing. «The Champenois are great boasters,» was one of the proverbs of Lorraine. Choux came out of Champagne.

He trumpeted through his hands, and danced again, making a clatter on the hard road with his wooden shoes. «I can whip any man in the wine-shop. And this will be the case with me until I am ten years older. Come out, Widow Davide, and take me again by the ear. Have a care; it will not be the Burgundians who next time set fire to your house; the people of Domremy are fond of me. I do not lift a hand for myself. Everything is done for me. I am the flower of the Meuse valley.»

Through all his dancing and boasting the uncanny creature carried the natural grace and airiness of the Latin. An Anglo-Saxon boor, half tipsy before a wine-shop, would have broken the door or the head of its keeper. Choux's many words were to him what action is to the more forceful race. As he capered in the green winter twilight Mengette appeared at his elbow, to drive him to shelter as she had already driven her geese. He knew she had plenty of fagots in, and the soup steaming before the fire. He enjoyed the life he lived, and the homely night sound of dogs barking in Greux.

«Regard me now, Widow Davide. My supper is ready, with meat in the pot. Why do I ever come to your wine-shop to be poisoned? It is because I pity you. I am not above showing sympathy to a poor woman without a man.»

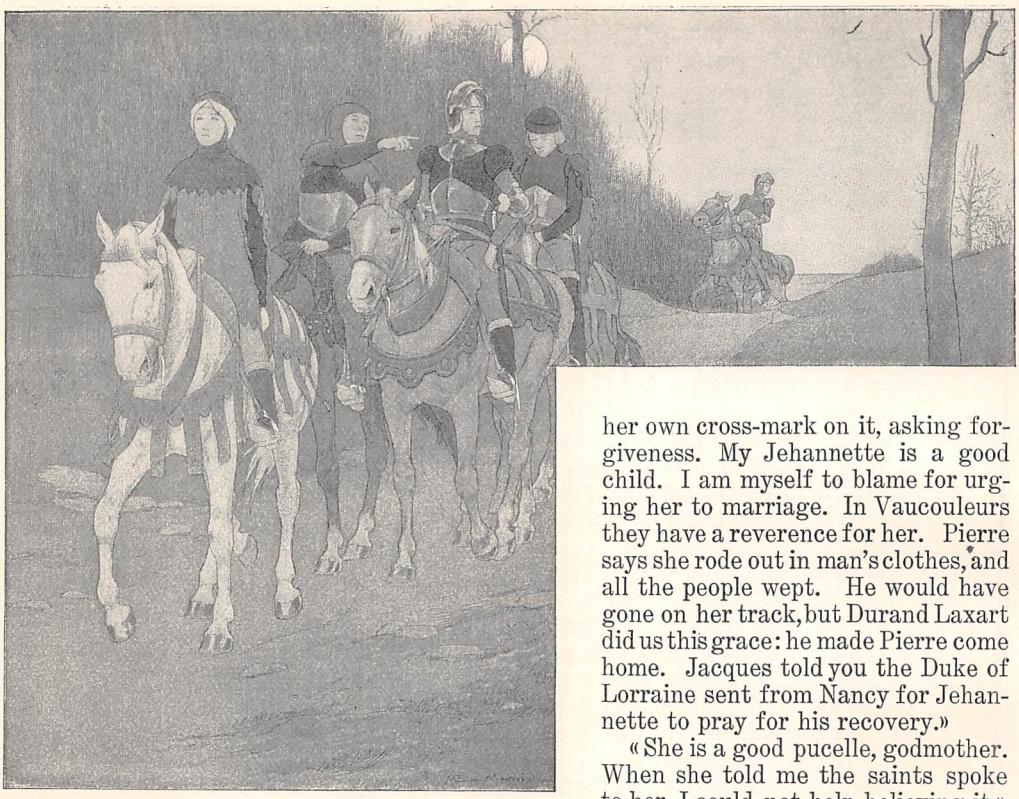
«Go home, Choux,» said Mengette, pushing him. «The Widow Davide may declare your sympathy costs her more than I can pay with my spinning. There is no meat in the pot. They laugh at you, but messire the curé will not laugh if he sees you dancing longer here.»

He was harder to chase into the house than an obdurate gander, and no spoon could fill Choux's mouth too full for talk. Mengette was glad when he turned into his lair for the night. He slept in a room which could be entered only from the garden; and though there was a chimney in it, he would not build himself a fire or permit one to be lighted on his hearth. He liked darkness, and had none of the craving of age for heat.

But Mengette was glad of her own fagots when she hooked the doors and opened her bed for the night. The light seemed a protection from the voice which talked with Choux in darkness, often alternating its high boyish note with Choux's deliberate croak half the night. Formerly when any neighbor came in after nightfall Choux kept silent; but since this unseen person, whom he called Valentin, had begun to visit him, he was so insolently noisy that Mengette dared not forecast what suspicions of sorcery he might bring upon himself. She felt the shame of an accomplice in trying to endure this invisible creature, who doubtless ought to be proclaimed and put out of the house; but Mengette shrunk from meddling in any way with the unusual. She wanted the natural things of life to surround and protect her from visions and voices.

A hand was on the door, and she unfastened it to admit Isabel Romée and Jacquemine.

The strong features of Jeanne's mother were thinned as by long illness. She did not cast her eye around with the usual oversight



ON THE ROAD TO CHINON.

of Mengette's housekeeping. The pots were in a neat row, and the hearth was scoured white, and Jacquemine felt satisfaction in sitting down before blazing fagots in this house where he was to be master. All three were silent, speechless trouble driving Choux and his voice out of Mengette's mind.

Isabel put both hands over her face and leaned forward sobbing.

«Pierrelo has come back from Vaucouleurs alone.»

«I know it, godmother. I saw him between Domremy and Greux when I was driving in the geese.»

«My child has gone into France! I shall never see her again.»

«She will come home sometime, godmother.»

«No, she will come home no more. I was sure of that from the first; but when I saw him riding by himself, it seemed that I had never known it. Did Pierre tell you he brought a letter from her?»

«He showed me a folded paper.»

«Her father sits by the hearth, and will not turn his head. The letter has been in his hand since the curé read it to us. She had it written by a clerk at Vaucouleurs, and put her own cross-mark on it, asking forgiveness. My Jehannette is a good child. I am myself to blame for urging her to marriage. In Vaucouleurs they have a reverence for her. Pierre says she rode out in man's clothes, and all the people wept. He would have gone on her track, but Durand Laxart did us this grace: he made Pierre come home. Jacques told you the Duke of Lorraine sent from Nancy for Jehannette to pray for his recovery.»

«She is a good pucelle, godmother. When she told me the saints spoke to her, I could not help believing it.»

Isabel shook her head. The vigorous woman, who had little bent toward the superstition of her time, still denied Jeanne's visions. Saints certainly existed in a far-off place called heaven, but it was not likely they troubled themselves about anything in this world. Isabel considered them vaguely benevolent, but much taken up with tuning harps and singing. More than all, she felt it impossible that such holy beings should stoop to members of her own family. In other ages and countries heaven had communicated with blessed martyrs: but St. Michael had never shown himself in her garden behind the church; the child had dreamed it.

She wiped her face, raising it to meet what was yet in store for her.

«And now we must lose Pierrelo. In the spring, when the hermit friar sets out for Tours, the curé will ask him to take Pierrelo to Jehannette. The lad can hardly wait our consent.»

Jacquemine sat with his knees braced together and both hands resting on them. He now spoke out with virtuous determination:

«Myself, I will never forsake my father and mother to go to the wars, even with their consent.»

«You!» flashed Isabel, unreasonably re-

senting on him the pain inflicted by those she loved better. «Yes; Jacquemine will stay at home and be a daughter to us.»

Jacquemine burned scarlet, the blood submerging his freckles and mounting into his sandy hair. Mengette resolved that when he became her husband she would never make his eyes fill so piteously. She said to him, «Sit closer to the fire, Jacquemine,» and he did so, feeling that his part was taken and comfort offered him. She understood a home-keeping nature. Mengette would not have left Domremy for the crown of France. She loved to do the things she was accustomed to do, and sometimes thought of Choux's death almost with grief because, though it would permit her marriage, it must change her employment. The longer she was betrothed to Jacquemine the more satisfaction she took in the arrangement, though there was little chance for courtship, Isabel being watchful, and Mengette having that discretion which is given to some girls instead of mothers.

Isabel scarcely noticed them. She stared into space, wondering at the nature that had outgrown her guidance. It had been her delight to train Jeanne, the child was so docile and so responsive to good. Jeanne's eyes would fill with tears at sight of any suffering. No wonder the troubles in France had swept her away.

«But where is she now?» exclaimed Isabel. «My child is somewhere out in the night, with only men around her!» The room again resounded with unrestrained mourning.

«No one would hurt Jehannette,» declared Mengette.

«It is true the men were all put under oath by the Captain of Vaucouleurs to conduct her in safety, and Pierrelo says they are very trusty men, and Bertrand de Poulengy is of the party. But my heart has begun to misgive me about Bertrand de Poulengy. One is afraid of everything when one's child is no longer under the roof. What is that?» demanded Isabel, with sudden attention. «I hear a stranger in Choux's room.»

Mengette swallowed her voice, and knew that her heart was beating audibly. A rapid, boyish treble rose higher and higher in Choux's chamber, and ended in shrill laughter. Jacquemine drew closer to the hearth, fading to ghastliness in the increased light, and seeking Mengette's eye for companionship. He had heard Choux boast in the wine-shop of this nightly visitor, and had laughed at it; for then it was broad daylight, and nobody believed a word Choux said.

Isabel turned to her goddaughter, who knew that the moment for telling the truth had come. «What stranger is staying in your house?»

«It is no person at all, godmother. It is nothing but a voice. Choux says it comes and talks to him every night, and he calls it Valentin.»

Choux's croak and Valentin's high note jangled rapidly together, stopping on Isabel's lips the accusation of trickery. Her face became stupid with astonishment, the blankness changing to a look of humiliation.

«How long has he had this voice?»

«Not very long, godmother. Only a few months.»

«Why have you not told me?»

Mengette picked at her petticoat, and answered, «I did not like to.»

«These things put me out of patience,» said Isabel, fiercely. «I wonder what is abroad in the world, that even old Choux hath taken to him a familiar spirit? Run home, Jacquemine, if you have so much fear. As for me, voices and visions have broken my heart. They can no longer fright me.»

«I was but thinking that the curé should come with a censer,» Jacquemine answered, shrinking against the chimney.

«The curé should come with a stout club. Did Jehannette ever hear this voice of Choux's?»

«No; I am certain she never did. I alone have heard it, for they were not so bold with their talking before Jehannette went away.»

The contrasted laughter of cackling age and shrill youth filled the next chamber. Jacquemine repeatedly crossed himself against that unrestrained second presence, which grew more tangible to the imagination than Choux's head in its red cap.

Isabel lost no time, but thumped on the partition with her knuckles. It was a stone wall, but an open cupboard was let into it, making a good conductor of sound.

«Choux, stop that noise!»

There was silence. Then the young voice in mimicry repeated Isabel's command like an echo.

«Mengette shall not stay in the house with you, and no one in this village will feed you, if this sorcery be not stopped. If you must play your tricks with Satan, go out in the fields, where Christian folks cannot hear. I am going to sleep here with Mengette, and I will have you up before messire the curé if that limb of the fiend makes any more disturbance to-night.»

There was a flurry of whispering, and when

it ceased Choux lifted his husky voice to defy a woman he dreaded, but who stood at the other side of a wall. «Limb of the fiend be named thyself, Isabel Romée. Valentin, whom thou hast frighted off, is as honest a creature as any saint that ever went walking in thy own garden. It would have been better to listen to news from thy maid, who never stood in such peril as she stands in this night.»

«Such mock messengers bring no word for me. And now, mind what I tell thee: whether thou hast a familiar or art practising trickery, there shall be no more of it in this house.»

Isabel listened austerely; but when she turned from silencing Choux her face had many more haggard lines, which were not the marks of fear. He had cunningly reminded her that Jeanne was sleeping in the open fields. The mother's thoughts tried to bridge darkness, roaming indefinitely southwestward, and having no means to come at the actual spot near the river Aube.

By bridle-paths and across country the riders from Vaucouleurs had achieved more than nine leagues the first day, and the same distance the second. The first night they were received at the Abbey of St. Urbain, in what is now the department of Haute-Marne, but the next night brought them to more dangerous ground. They descended into a valley near the little town of Bar-sur-Aube, and, avoiding it, forded the river some distance north of the walls. The place they selected for their camp was a cove between two shoulders of the winding hills. Some leafless trees sheltered it. Already there were monitions of spring in the air, and a faint green light, like the tender apple-green of the Meuse, swam in motes between one's eyes and gray slopes, until the world was blurred by night. Houses on the walls began to shine like candles. Jeanne's party lighted no fire, but ate cold bread and meat, and drank their wine, she sitting a little apart from the men, and the servants taking their portion to themselves.

The dauphin's messenger was a lean, light man in the saddle, running over with jokes and songs, which he could hardly suppress in the presence of the maid he was conducting; but he was the first one to wrap himself well in his cloak and lie down for the night. It had been agreed that the maid was to be guarded between Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy. These were Baudricourt's orders when camp was made under the open sky. So she lay down betwixt knight and squire, with her peasant dress under her head for a pillow; and the old soldier was soon asleep. But the young one lay awake, with his face away from the cloaked maid whom he had so desired for his wife.

She slept with regular, low breathing, as unconscious of his presence as when he rode behind her all day. She had no armor. It was not necessary for him to serve her as squire; but he could watch unceasingly her gay eagerness to get forward, her steadiness in fording deep water, the curve of her back where waist met hips, and even the blush of tan beginning to tint ears and cheeks under her soldier's cap. He lay near enough to put his hand upon her, yet he had never in his life felt so remote from Jeanne d'Arc.

Tears swelled his eyeballs and choked his throat. The boy ground his teeth with an oath between them, changing his oath to a prayer, the anguish and unendurable contradictions of life filling him full to the lips. In starting to the wars he had counted on a sublime self that had been wearied out of his body, a high, priestly fellow with no personal needs whatever; and here he was the same Bertrand de Poulengy, heartsore, and full of fierce youth and desire. But while he lay with his back toward Jeanne, and his fists clenched, feeling like a dog,—a faithful, worshiping dog, yet one that was never to be rewarded by a pat,—some of the peace which enveloped her came over him. His blood ceased its rapid beating, and external things seemed to approach in a new way to divert and comfort him. He folded his arms and turned his face toward the sky. Humid night air, chill earth, and vapor-strewn stars became forces for him to resist hardily, with patience, as a man, and with a kind of toughening of the spirit. There was not one bitter or unsound spot in the boy.

«By the time down has grown stiff on my lip,» thought Bertrand, «and I have seen something of battle, I shall bear this without making a fool of myself.»

Couvre-feu had already rung in Bar-sur-Aube; the lights were out; no noises came from the town. The full river whispered. Without knowing it, the voices of the two sullen soldiers and Richard the archer, who had ridden with the messenger from Chinon, encroached more and more upon the silence. Bertrand knew they were sullen. He had seen them scowl when they rubbed down the horses, and wink derisively at one another when the maid went into a thicket with her rosary in her hand. One underthought of his wakefulness was to watch these men. The archer had been left on guard, to be followed by his companions in turn; but all three

heads were yet clustered together, as they had sat at their bread and meat, with a bottle going round from mouth to mouth. Peril enough attended this journey to Chinon without seeking any in the camp. Peril in the camp, however, will soon come seeking him who lets it be. Bertrand rested on his elbow and listened. He would have crept toward the men, but the letter of his oath bound him to his place by Jeanne's side during a night in the fields. Three dim shapes against the darkness of the hills, Richard the archer and the two soldiers pushed their voices farther and farther into the cove. The humid air carried cautious sounds in full volume to the listener.

«If the lot fell to me I would do it,» spoke the archer. «We have had enough of this witch-work. Let us be rid of her.»

«Since it comes to sleeping on the ground,» said one soldier.

Bertrand's weapons, which hung from his belt when it was clasped, now lay within a fold of his cloak. He took the small ax and held it ready.

A murmur of urging and fragments of words reached his ears. He caught, without distinctly hearing, the men's determination to throw the maid into the Aube, and then desert with the horses; and reaching cautiously over Jeanne, he prodded De Metz with the ax-handle. De Metz slept on like an honest man. Bertrand thought this movement of his was seen by the soldier on whom the lot had evidently fallen; for the man paused in stealthy approach, and slunk back to his fellows, being met by a low growl like reviling.

Richard the archer, standing a foot above his companions, next stepped forward, and Bertrand held the ax ready to split his head as he stooped. But two lance-lengths beyond the reach of the guardian's arm he seemed to find a barrier that he could not pass, and collapsing backward as if he had already received a blow, scrambled on hands and knees toward his mates, who uttered a sound of panic.

Bertrand's blood was all alive, forgetting depression and the chill of the earth. Jealous of his right to protect the maid, he said to himself, «I will not wake De Metz.» His own part of secrecy and silence amused him, and he tingled with laughter at the futile attempts.

«The poor fools really have no harm in them; they are only discontented; and when they have done easing full minds on one another they will go about their business.»

Yet he determined to see that they went about their business, and clasping on his weapons, he stood up to follow them. A swift smiting of light on the eyeballs, like that which flashes within the lid when sight struggles in pitch darkness, showed him the archer and both soldiers crouching a few feet away.

«What are you doing there?» he demanded; but they did not hear him. They did not look at him. A thinning of the dimness around, like the shadowed edge of light, revealed their staring eyes and the separate hairs bristling on their unshaven jaws.

Jeanne had risen to her knees betwixt De Metz and Bertrand, her muffled figure bent forward, the fixed curve of her body, the very threads of her cloak, whitened strangely in the night. No visible hovering presence poured glory on her, yet she shone. Her squire, still holding the ax, crossed his hands on his bosom, feeling drenched by some divine power.

Long after Jeanne lay down from her half-conscious prayer, breathing like a healthy child, and long after archer and soldiers, separating in silence, had taken to watch or to hiding, Bertrand stood with his hands crossed on his breast. He knew that he should never speak of this night except lightly, but he wondered what terror there could be for ignorant men in that instant's glow which had rested on the maid.

IV.

CHINON CASTLE stood among clouds above the compact walled town of Chinon, huge and white, buttressed along the cliffs, showing all its towers and battlements, from the horologe portal to an ancient Roman round fortress at its extremity, as the riders from Vaucouleurs approached it at sunset. The valley of the river Vienne, like so many of the valleys of France, stretched from the foot of sheer heights to far blue alluvial hills. Touraine was a rich country even then, when large tracts of the realm lay waste and unproductive year after year. The forward spring made a blur like green light over massed distances, showing, as no single tree by the river could do, revival of life in buds.

Some fishermen were in a boat, poling over the rocky bottom of the Vienne. Its dark-green water in shady places took the color of ale. As the party from Vaucouleurs crossed the bridge, the town gates were opened, and the dauphin's messenger came out to meet them.

«You have made good speed to-day without me,» he said, wheeling his horse to enter beside De Metz, who led the company; «but it is a plain journey from Ste. Katherine de

Fierbois to Chinon. How many masses did the maid hear yesterday while she rested in the church of St. Katherine?» [1]

«Only three,» answered De Metz. His smile was indulgent, but the courtier's was mocking. «And every man of us, constrained to rub his knees so long on that stone floor, was fain to envy you riding forward at ease, with a letter to the dauphin, and the end of the journey in sight.»

The horses neighed when the gates closed after them, scenting shelter and provender. Nimble-footed, they picked their way through lanes of overhanging houses crowded to the hill beneath the castle buttresses, remembering no more their twelve days' beating across varying soils of France. By way of Auxerre, Gien, Salbris, Ramorantin, Selles, St. Aignan, Loches, and the parish church of Ste. Katherine de Fierbois, they had brought their riders without mishap to Chinon. The horse which Durand Laxart had provided for Jeanne stepped soberly behind De Metz's; her squire reined his, more spirited, a pace behind. Two or three church towers seemed to hold the light of the March sunset which ascending little streets so readily lost.

«Deputies from Orléans are now at the castle,» said the dauphin's messenger; «they have come to hasten this business about the maid.»

«I call that good news,» answered the knight. «And since the expense of this expedition has rested on me, and the three troublesome knaves behind our backs are certain to demand their pay at once, the dauphin will doubtless soon put my mind at rest about the scores.»

«Oh, doubtless; or Messire Alan Chartier will make you a song which will give your mind great ease. We will all share our tranquillity with you; but if you expect to find any money at Chinon you will be disappointed. Jacques Cœur of Bourges is the only man in this poor kingdom that hath any gold; and sage as that generous goldsmith is, he will be stripped before this business with England be finished. I myself am used to eating sheep's legs at Chinon, where the king hath not even a comfit-box to pass to the ladies. But if I told other good fellows at court that you came with a full pouch, you would not have pieces enough to divide among the borrowers.»

«In that case the dauphin might as well stand indebted to me. In truth, this is the first time I have taken thought about my money, for the maid was welcome for her own sake, and I must abide by the good or bad that comes of this venture. But I hope we shall have leave to go to Orléans soon.»

«I think myself it promises well that the envoys from Orléans are here. But a king is not the only person that governs a realm, Messire de Metz.»

A few dogs barked at the cavalcade, but the quiet villagers paid little attention to it. There was much coming and going betwixt court and distressed kingdom. A man blind in his left eye and lame in his right foot was dipping a two-handled jug in the public fountain, and singing. The sweet, tremulous tenor spread through the valley, and followed Jeanne as she ascended to the castle, like music sent to encourage her.

The Dauphin's messenger made his party dismount at the inn, where the horses were to be left, and where even the big cook, white as flour from head to foot, came out to help hold bridles; and he then took the most direct path, which was a paved gutter between walls scarcely two arms' lengths apart. A door stood open at one side, showing a dark interior, lighted only by a red hearth with a child's head against the shine, and Bertrand was startled to see that these continuous walls were house-fronts. Voices of women were heard talking within the stone. A thread of water moved down the depressed center of the way. Winding, this path led up to a broad track which turned upon itself and faced the castle. Chinon had been a favorite seat of English kings before it passed into the hands of the French. A huge gray ruin, the ancient Abbey of St. George extended along the height like a detached outwork of the castle. Its thick walls had been burrowed into by poor wretches who stood gaunt-faced at their doors, and looked at the arriving maid. Living so near the royal gates, they had heard of her, and they witnessed the insolence of a drunken soldier who came down the slope and boldly stumbled against her. Bertrand de Poulengy struck him out of the way.

«Jarnedieu!» the soldier snarled, using the common oath of his class.

«Dost thou jarnedieu,» said Jeanne, piteously, turning to follow him with her eyes—«thou who art so near death?»

The warder lowered a long drawbridge across the moat, and the clock struck high above their heads as they passed through the tower of the horologe. From this portal a sunken road guarded by masonry ascended to a wide garden. The glow of sunset lingered on winding paths, and masses of trees, and

[1] St. Catherine's name is thus spelled in all records concerning this parish church.

banks where roses would be rankly abundant in their season. Though birches, oaks, and shrubs were yet leafless, they almost hid the royal château, to which it seemed a far cry from the gate. Nothing was spoken until the party came to this pile, buttressed along the cliff, and looking with large stone-cased windows over valley and height.

«This is the middle château, where the king rests,» said the royal messenger; and Jeanne would have turned aside to the great entrance.

«You are not to be lodged here,» he told her; «you go yonder to the tower of Coudray, beyond the inner moat.»

They passed the long palace side, seeing no face look down in welcome, and crossed the bridge over the inner moat. Instead of water a fleece of springing grass covered the depths of this wide and sheltered moat. A curtain of stone connected a high tower on the moat bank with another battlemented tower built into the buttressed cliff wall. There was an archway in the curtain at the end of the bridge, through which they passed to the tower of Coudray on the right hand. It rose between two wings of masonry. The farther one was expanded to a chapel, but the nearer one seemed merely a sheltered entrance to a stone staircase built up to the first floor of the tower. Joints of creepers clung about its corners and massed over its sashless window. Wherever a rock had crumbled, little tufts of green were coming generously out to meet the Touraine sun.

«Ascend here, pucelle,» said the dauphin's messenger; «and wait until I see the king. Women will be sent to attend you. Here is better footing than on the inner stairs.»

«But when shall I see the dauphin?» inquired Jeanne. Her guide made a gesture which counseled patience.

«It hath struck seven of the clock,» ventured Bertrand. «Perhaps his Majesty is now at supper.»

«The king dines at seven in Chinon,» said the messenger; «and I have never seen him so bent on affairs of state that he abated his natural habits.»

«Messire Colet,» said Jeanne, using her guide's name with a power of entreaty which pierced a courtier's indifference, «go you at once to the dauphin, and tell him I am here and must see him.»

«It shall be done, pucelle; but you yourself need food; and rest also you need after ten days in the saddle, and no repose and comfort except what you could take upon your knees on the stones of Ste. Katherine de Fierbois.»

Jeanne turned laughing from her ascent of the stairs, and clapped her guide on the back with a sudden palm.

«I wish I had ten thousand such men as these, all armed and equipped, and ready to march this minute. We would make short work of the English in France.»

The astonished messenger saw her shut the door of the tower before he turned to De Metz and the squire.

«Hath she not a strange effect on a man? You would say she is a child driven by some power toward bloody war; yet when you see her riding at speed, with her throat swelled out and her shoulders back, or when she rouses you with a stroke like that, you want to unsheathe a sword and shout.»

He led Jeanne's escort around to the front of the tower, where a door let them into a dark circular inclosure.

«I call this a beastly place,» growled the archer. «In Vaucouleurs we had better stables for cattle.»

«This dungeon is only the guard-room of the tower,» said the messenger; «but over yonder, beyond St. Martin's Chapel, we have some deep underground cells, with irons in the walls, for such fellows as you, my good bowman. If you bring a proud stomach to Chinon, you will be let down out of daylight, as many a better man hath been before your time.»

«A soldier needs nothing but a bench and the earthen floor,» said De Metz; «but I would be glad to know that the maid hath better accommodations above.»

«She has two commodious chambers, one over the other, for herself and the ladies who will be sent to bear her company. And now, messire knight, set your guard, and I will show you and the squire where you are to lodge.»

«Let me stay with the guard until company is sent to the pucelle,» requested Bertrand; and his forwardness was not rebuked. He sat down near the door, Richard the archer being left as sentinel at the foot of the inner stairs. Richard could see nothing but cross-tracery of distant boughs or chapel walls through the door, while his watcher could also see the Roman tower, and much nearer something like a colossal chimney-top standing half the length of a man above ground. While Bertrand sat there some serving-men descended into it by means of a ladder, and he learned afterward that it was an entrance to the subterranean storehouses of the castle.

Ten days' resentment broke silence with the archer. «I need no spy over me, messire

innkeeper. I stood at guard before thou wert born.»

«Age never improves a knave,» retorted Bertrand. «Stand back, there! I would as lief stick thee in the ribs as not. I have scarce been able to keep my hands off thee and thy two fellows since the night by Bar-sur-Aube.»

Though far from claiming social equality with a squire, the bowman resented being ranked with servant-soldiers who had not yet risen to be men-at-arms. In every body of troops the archers were most numerous. A lifetime of practice went to the making of their skill, while any varlet could soon learn the trade of man-at-arms. Richard coarsely sneered and put his knuckles on his hips at mention of his two fellows, but his face changed at mention of the night by Bar-sur-Aube.

«Come,» said Bertrand, «tell me what you saw, and I will never mention the matter to the dauphin. The pucelle is now safe in Chinon, but he might clap you in irons for conspiring to drown her, if he knew it. I will pledge you also the silence of Messire de Metz, though we are both resolved you go no farther in our company. What made you three knaves pick up your heels every time you approached her?»

«I do not know, messire.» Richard's eyes were uneasy and his figure was dejected.

«Did you see any apparition?»

«I will tell thee, Messire de Poulengy, I am glad this business is done, and I wish to be no more about the maid. While no man likes spying, I am well enough pleased to have thee on that bench as twilight falls, before torch be lighted in this vault.»

«What did you see at Bar-sur-Aube?» Bertrand repeated with impatience.

«Nothing, messire—nothing. It was the feeling. We all had it. I would rather be scalded with boiling oil, or take a shaft through my body, than ever have it again. She may be a maid of God, but my flesh creepeth on coming near her. Something hath guard over her that an honest soldier cannot abide.»

«You did not see the awful archangel St. Michael hovering above her?»

«No, messire.»

«You did not see St. Margaret and St. Catherine, one on each side of her, St. Margaret's dragon trailing across De Metz, and St. Catherine resting her wheel on a fold of my cloak?»

«No, messire,» the bowman answered, a shudder going with his words.

«It is well for you that you did not see them. The sight of them slays men that have the intention to do murder.»

«I pray God I may never see them,» said Richard, devoutly.

«Although you are a sinful man,» observed Bertrand, «I think your prayer will be answered. And see to it, you three, that you make early confession. It is dangerous to be in the neighborhood of such a maid with sin on your conscience.»

«We are all agreed on that, messire. At first I thought she was a witch; but now, though I have such terror of her as I never had of woman, I know she is not holpen of the devil.»

«You would be more at your ease in her company if she were?»

«Yes, messire; whereas, after that feeling she gave me, I am loath even to swear in her hearing.»

«That must work you great discomfort. The knight of Novelopont will get you placed where you can curse in peace, and kill with more advantage to the dauphin.»

The rush of women's clothes, rather than the sound of footsteps, startled the squire from his bench. As he hurried past the window of that extension which sheltered the outer staircase, he saw two figures ascending. One was an elderly woman, servant or duenna, and before her ran, light-footed, a creature of elegant back, wearing a high conical head-dress from which floated a cloud of gauze.

«These be the dames sent from court,» thought Bertrand.

But Jeanne, sitting in the upper chamber by a window overlooking valley and middle château, turned at the small pat of footsteps, and saw only a maid entering from the stairs.

It was a delicately fashioned, blue-eyed, white and rose-red maid, with square brows and a full, oval face. The hair was drawn up from her high forehead and concealed under her head-dress. Though the face was shown thus freely, and all of the well-set neck, its sweet modesty was its first charm. Jeanne stood up to receive her, but she made a gesture of greeting, and drew a chair for herself near the window, measuring Jeanne's male hose and cuirass with the swift and critical inspection of youth.

«You are the maid from Vaucouleurs?»

«Yes, demoiselle.»

«I saw you pass under the château windows, and slipped away directly to see you. My name is Agnes Sorel. My aunt is lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Sicily, his Majesty's mother-in-law.»

She drew in her breath with pretty haste, and added: «Let us have some talk before the old duennas come. You are to have two of the most tiresome women at court put in here to take care of you. By that arrangement we get rid of them, and they feel their selection a mark of royal favor.»

«I did not come to women; I came to see the dauphin,» said Jeanne.

«Here we do not say the dauphin,» observed Agnes. «Charles is our king, having been consecrated at Poitiers. That little beast Louis, the king's son, is the dauphin; and if he lives—which God forbid!—will some day be Louis XI of France, provided the English leave us any France.»

The eagerness of the one, so unlike the quiet power of the other, seemed to work a sudden embarrassment between the two maids. Agnes, however, drew her chair still nearer to Jeanne. In this high tower a primrose daylight lingered, reflecting its glow upon them from the circular stone walls. No tapestry was hung here, but both bedchambers of Coudray were provided with all that women then used in their dressing- and sleeping-rooms.

«Do you like to wear the habit of a man?»

«The habit matters nothing,» answered Jeanne. «I am obliged to wear it to do what I am sent to do.»

«And will you really ask the king to send you to war?»

«I will go to-morrow, demoiselle, if he but give me men-at-arms.»

Agnes rested her full, oval chin on a hand so sensitively white and fine that Jeanne reflected that it could never have twisted wool betwixt finger and thumb, or washed at the river.

«One can see you are no fool. I have myself sometimes felt in a rage to go to war, or to do anything which would stir this lazy Charles. He is the sweetest king that ever drew breath. Do you see that great stone shaft on the back of the middle château?» she suddenly inquired. «That is an oubliette. The courtiers say nothing about it, but everyone knows it is an oubliette, and is entered from the upper floor of the château. There a trap drops one to the very depths of this rock, and a sluice carries one's body into the river, and no person the wiser, and all trace lost. Oh, many a king has dropped his enemies down that oubliette; but Charles has never used it in his life. I should use it. Long since would that machinery have been oiled and set in motion if I had been king, and the first person sent down the shaft would have been Georges la Trémouille.»

«Who is Georges la Trémouille?»

«Did you never hear of the king's favorite? If France be altogether lost to the English, it will be his fault. Indeed, there is not a soul near the king who cares what becomes of France, unless it be the Queen of Sicily, who has bestirred herself for all the troops raised. I despise kings' favorites,» said the child courtier, with fervor. «I am only poor Agnes Sorel of Loches, but I can see through that La Trémouille. He will not suffer any one to be near Charles except himself, and hath even sent the queen away to tend the nursery of the little beast of a dauphin. Yet he loves neither the king nor the realm. He simply wishes to be master at court. You will have to pass him before you get leave to face the English, pucelle. My aunt has heard it said he is in league with them. He has a château at Sully-sur-Loire, near Orléans; but the English, however they go about meddling with France, never trouble him.»

Agnes lifted a finger to silence her own rapid talk, and turned her head to listen as the woman who had entered the tower with her repeated a call on the stairs.

«Your old cats are coming, pucelle. I am warned to go.»

«Will you carry a message for me to the dauphin, demoiselle?»

«Gladly would I; but my aunt does not yet permit me to have speech with the king. I am too young and insignificant. I am not of the court, indeed, but only taking a peep at it from my convent at Loches, to be sent directly back. But I can use my eyes and ears, and they should be serviceable to you if my aunt permitted me to stay at Chinon.»

She had reached the stairs. She turned and faced the tall maid standing in man's clothes against the fading window. They looked at each other with a long look. Agnes Sorel's face whitened with passionate earnestness, forecasting the power of her maturity, when she should be called «belle des belles,» and reign like a queen for the good of the kingdom.

«Pucelle, I may never see you again. We are very different, but we both love France. And I shall love France better as long as I live because I have seen you. Good day.»

«Good day, demoiselle. Pray for me.»

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE FRENCH FROM MEXICO.

A CHAPTER OF SECRET HISTORY.

BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, U. S. A.

WHILE the government of the United States was fully occupied with the contest for the preservation of the Union, Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, attempted to overthrow the republican government in Mexico, and establish in its stead an empire under the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. If the American conflict had resulted in the triumph of secession, so also might Napoleon have succeeded in reëstablishing monarchical government on the American continent. But from the moment when the union of the States became reassured, European interference in the political affairs of the American republic became impossible. Upon this subject there appeared to be no division of sentiment among the people of the United States. Certainly there was none among the responsible American statesmen of that time. It was their unanimous voice that the French intervention in Mexico must be speedily terminated; but there was naturally some division of opinion respecting the means by which this should be effected. Some favored the most prompt and vigorous military action, while others, not unmindful of the long-existing friendship between the people of the United States and France, preferred more peaceful measures.

As the first and necessary step in either line of policy, whether for immediate active military operations or as conclusive evidence of ultimate military purpose in aid of diplomacy, General Sheridan was sent, with an army of about fifty thousand men, to the line of the Rio Grande. But Sheridan's troops were Union volunteers who had been enlisted especially for the Civil War, then terminated; and the necessity was at once recognized of organizing a new army for the express purpose of acting against the French army in Mexico, in case of need. It was proposed that this new army should be enlisted and organized under the republican government of Mexico, the only legitimate government recognized by the United States in that country. This course would avoid the necessity of any political action of the government of the United States in the premises. Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, was requested to select an officer to organize and command the proposed army.

In June, 1865, at Raleigh, North Carolina, I received a message from General Grant informing me of my selection, and desiring me, if I was willing to consider the proposition, to come to Washington for consultation on the subject. Upon my arrival in Washington, I consulted freely with General Grant, Señor Romero, the Mexican minister, President Johnson, Secretary of State Seward, and Secretary of War Stanton, all of whom approved the general proposition that I should assume the control and direction of the measures to be adopted for the purpose of causing the French army to evacuate Mexico. Not much was said between me and the President or either of the secretaries at that time about the means to be employed; but it appeared to be understood by all that force would probably be necessary, and for some time no other means were considered. The subject was fully discussed with General Grant and Señor Romero, and I then consented to take charge of the matter, with the understanding that I should have perfect freedom of action and choice of means and of time, so far as circumstances would permit. To enable me to do this, the War Department gave me leave of absence for twelve months, with permission to go beyond the limits of the United States and to take with me any officers of my staff whom I might designate. It was proposed to organize in Mexican territory an army corps under commissions from the government of Mexico, the officers and soldiers to be taken from the Union and Confederate forces, who were reported to be eager to enlist in such an enterprise.

The Mexican authorities proposed to furnish the means by which this army should be paid and the expenses of military operations defrayed, and to that end a loan was to be negotiated in the United States. To facilitate the enlistment and equipment of the proposed army corps, General Grant gave me a manuscript order, dated West Point, July 25,

1865, addressed to General P. H. Sheridan, then commanding the Military Division of the Gulf, with a large force near the Mexican frontier. The following is a copy of General Grant's order:

«HEAD QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

«WEST POINT, N. Y. July 25, 1865.

«Maj. Gen. P. H. SHERIDAN,

«Comd'g Mil. Div. of the Gulf.

«GENERAL: Maj. General J. M. Schofield goes to the Rio Grande on an Inspection tour, carrying with him a leave of absence for one year, with authority to leave the United States. If he avails himself of this leave he will explain to you the object more fully than I could do in the limits of a letter, and much more fully than I could do now, under any circumstances, because much that will have to be learned to fix his determination, whether to go or not, has yet to be found out in Washington whilst I shall be away. This however I can say, Gen. Schofield's leave has been given with the concurrence of the President, he having full knowledge of the object. I have both written my views to the President and had conversations with him on the subject. In all that relates to Mexican affairs he agrees in the duty we owe to ourselves to maintain the Monroe doctrine, both as a principle and as a security for our future peace.

«On the Rio Grande, or in Texas, convenient to get there, we must have a large amount of surrendered ordnance and ordnance stores, or such articles accumulating from discharging men who leave their stores behind. Without special orders to do so send none of these articles back but rather place them convenient to be permitted to go into Mexico if they can be got into the hands of the defenders of the only Government we recognize in that country. I hope Gen. Schofield may go with orders direct to receive these articles, but if he does not I know it will meet with general approbation to let him have them if contrary orders are not received.

«It is a fixed determination on the part of the people of the United States, and I think myself safe in saying on the part of the President also, that an Empire shall not be established on this Continent by the aid of Foreign bayonets. A war on the part of the United States is to be avoided, if possible, but it will be better to go to war now when but little aid given to the Mexicans will settle the question than to have in prospect a greater war, sure to come, if delayed until the Empire is established. We want then to aid the Mexicans without giving cause of war between the United States and France. Between the would-be Empire of Maximilian and the United States, all difficulty can easily be settled by observing the same sort of neutrality that has been observed toward us for the last four years.

«This is a little indefinite as a letter of instructions to be governed by. I hope with this you may receive them, instructions, in much more positive terms. With a knowledge of the fact before you however that the greatest desire is felt to see the Liberal Government restored in Mexico, and no doubt exists of the strict justice of our right to demand this, and enforce the demand, with the whole strength of the United States, your own judgment gives you a basis of action that will aid you.

«I will recommend in a few days that you be directed to discharge all the men you think can be spared from the Dept. of Texas, where they are, giving transportation to their homes to all who desire to return. You are aware that existing orders permit discharged soldiers to retain their arms and accoutrements at low rates, fixed in orders.

«Very respectfully, your Obt. svt,

«U. S. GRANT

«Lt. Gen.»

In effect this order required General Sheridan to turn over to me all of his volunteer troops who might wish to take part in the Mexican enterprise, with their arms and equipments, and all «surrendered ordnance and ordnance-stores,» etc, thus making it easy for me to arm and equip at small cost the ex-Confederates and others who would join my standard. Soon after the date of General Grant's order to General Sheridan, and at the request of Secretary Seward, conveyed to me by Mr. Stanton, I met Mr. Seward at Cape May. He then proposed to me to go to France, under authority of the State Department, to see if the French Emperor could not be made to understand the necessity of withdrawing his army from Mexico, and thus save us the necessity of expelling it by force. Mr. Seward expressed the belief that if Napoleon could be made to understand that the people of the United States would never, under any circumstances, consent to the existence in Mexico of a government established and sustained by foreign power, he would withdraw his army from that country.

If this were done, the friendly relations between the people of France and the United States would not be disturbed, while the forcible expulsion of a French army from Mexico by American volunteers would engender great bitterness of feeling among the French people, even if it did not lead to war between France and the United States.

This proposition from Mr. Seward seemed to put upon me the responsibility of deciding the momentous question of future friendship or enmity between my own country and our ancient ally and friend. I had, on the one hand, full authority from the War Department and the general-in-chief of the army, given with the knowledge and consent of the President of the United States, to organize and equip an army for the purpose of driving the French out of Mexico, and on the other hand a request from the State Department to go to France and try by peaceful means to accomplish the same end.

As the negotiation of the Mexican loan had not made great progress, the funds were not yet available for the support of an army. It was expected that the actual beginning of operations on the Rio Grande would stimulate subscriptions to the loan, yet the lack of ready money was a sufficient cause for some delay in making the proposed «Inspection tour» to the Rio Grande; and this fact, added to a natural love of peace rather than of war, and a due sense of the dictates of patriotism as contrasted with mere military ambition, determined the decision of that question. It is reason for profound thankfulness that the peaceful course was adopted.

In a letter dated August 4, 1865, I informed Mr. Seward of my decision, «after mature reflection,» «to undertake the mission» which he had proposed. Mr. Seward acknowledged my letter on August 9, and on the 19th I received a telegram from the War Department to «report at the State Department upon your [my] next visit to Washington.» This order was promptly obeyed. On August 23 the Secretary of War sent a letter to the Secretary of State, accrediting me as an officer of the army, in which capacity, and unofficially, I was to be understood by the public as visiting Europe. A copy of this letter, inclosed in one from the State Department, was sent to Mr. Bigelow, United States minister at Paris; and similar letters were sent to several other United States ministers in Europe. But time passed until November 4, and thus more than two months elapsed before the Secretary of State was ready for me to start for Europe. Mr. Seward then gave me a confidential letter, dated November 4, 1865, addressed to Mr. Bigelow, and a letter of credit on the Barings, and requested me to proceed on my mission.

In his letter to Mr. Bigelow he said: «General Schofield proceeds to Paris. He is, I believe, fully informed of the feelings and sentiments, not only of this government, but of the American people. I commend him to your confidence,» etc. Mr. Seward explained to me several times during this period of delay that correspondence then going on with the French government rendered it advisable that my visit be delayed until he should receive expected answers from that government. The Atlantic cable did not then exist, and hence correspondence across the ocean was necessarily slow. The expected despatch—viz., that from the French Foreign Office to their minister at Washington, dated October 18, 1865, and communicated to Mr. Seward on the 29th of the same month—was no more satisfactory, though in better tone, than those which had preceded. In effect it demanded a recognition by the United States of the government of Maximilian in Mexico as a condition precedent to the recall of the French army. The time had evidently arrived when Napoleon must be informed in language which could not be misunderstood what was the real sentiment of the government and people of the United States on the Mexican question. It was difficult, perhaps impossible, to express that sentiment in official diplomatic language that an emperor could afford to receive from a friendly power. It was therefore desirable that the disagreeable information be conveyed to Napoleon in a way which would command his full credence, and which he yet need not regard as offensive. Mr. Seward's explanation and instructions to me, after several long conversations on this subject, were summed up in the words: «I want you to get your legs under Napoleon's mahogany, and tell him he must get out of Mexico.»

In my visit to Paris I was accompanied by two officers of my staff, Brevet Brigadier-General William M. Wherry and Brevet Brigadier-General G. W. Schofield, who had been given leave of absence for the purpose of going with me to Mexico or elsewhere. We sailed from New York, November 15, 1865, on the Cunard steamer *Java*, and stayed a day in Liverpool and several days in London, where I explained to Mr. Adams, United States minister, the purpose of my visit.

Mr. Adams expressed hearty sympathy

with the object of my mission, and gave cordial assent to my wish that I might feel at liberty to consult him in regard to it at any time.

Mr. Motley, United States minister at Vienna, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the residence of Mr. Adams, assured me that the government of Austria was especially desirous of not being regarded by the United States as responsible in any manner for the attempt to establish an empire under the Austrian archduke in Mexico. Mr. Motley thought a visit by me to Vienna while the Mexican question was pending might produce undue excitement. Hence I limited my tour in that direction to Italy.

I proceeded to Paris on the 2d of December. Our arrival had been preceded by vague rumors of an official mission more or less hostile to the interests of France, which caused great excitement among the French people and the American residents in Paris, and serious depression of United States, Mexican, and French securities in the financial markets of Europe. It was also understood that no little anxiety was felt at the French court, then at Compiègne. It was manifestly desirable to allay so far as possible this undue excitement in the public mind. Hence I availed myself of an early opportunity, given by the American Thanksgiving dinner at the Grand Hotel, to intimate in unmistakable terms that my mission, if any, was one entirely friendly to the people of France.

The following is a part of the account of that banquet given by the Paris correspondent of the «New York Herald,» under date of December 8, 1865:

The American residents and transient sojourners in Paris celebrated the national Thanksgiving by a grand dinner at the Grand Hotel, which passed off in splendid style. . . . The next toast was the long-looked-for one of the evening, for it was known that it would call up a distinguished guest from whom all were anxious to hear. It was «The Army and Navy of the United States.» When the band had ceased playing «Yankee Doodle,» Major-General Schofield rose to reply to this toast, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm. The ladies rose and waved their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen shouted until they were hoarse. The General, after bowing his acknowledgments, said: «Fellow-countrymen—I want words to express to you the satisfaction which will be felt in the heart of every soldier and sailor when he learns the manner in which the names of the army and navy have been received by you to-night. I will at this time allude but briefly to one of the great lessons taught by the American war—the grandest lesson of modern times. A great people who have heretofore lived under a government so mild that they were scarcely aware of its existence have found, in time of war, that government to be one of the strongest in the world [cheers], raising and maintaining armies and navies vaster than any ever before known [cheers]. In point of character, in point of physical and moral qualities, in point of discipline and of mobility in large masses, the armies of the United States have never before been equaled [loud cheers]. Yet this, great as it is, is not the greatest wonder of the American war. This vast army, as soon as its work was done, was quietly disbanded, and every man went to his home, as quietly as the Christian goes back from church on Sabbath morning; and each soldier reëntered upon the avocations of peace a better citizen than he was before he became a soldier [renewed applause]. This was the grandest lesson of the war. It shows that the power of a nation to maintain its dignity and integrity does not result from or depend upon its form of government; that the greatest national strength—the power to mass the largest armies in time of war—is entirely consistent with the broadest liberty of the citizen in time of peace [enthusiasm]. Permit me, in conclusion, to propose a toast which I know will be heartily responded to by every true American—‹The old friendship between France and the United States: may it be strengthened and perpetuated.›» General Schofield's toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, and upon his taking his seat the applause which followed his remarks was deafening.

The situation of Napoleon's government at that time was extremely critical. The opposition was powerful and aggressive. The intervention in Mexican affairs was very unpopular in France, and yet the national pride of the people would not permit the Emperor to yield to menace even from the United States, nor allow his army to be driven by force from Mexico without a supreme effort to maintain it there. Napoleon could not have submitted to such humiliation without the loss of his throne. In short, forcible intervention by the American people in the Mexican question, or the public threat of such action, arousing the national pride of France, must have led to a long and bloody war, resulting, doubtless, in final success in America and probably in a revolution in France.

Such a result would have been a just punishment to Napoleon for his conduct toward the United States and Mexico during our Civil War. But why involve the people of France and the people of the United States in this punishment? Why make enemies of our ancient friends? Our sister republic of Mexico must be relieved from foreign domination, at whatever cost; but strife and lasting enmity between the United States and France would be a fearful price to pay for

even so great a good as the freedom of Mexico. Manifestly such extreme measures should not be resorted to until all peaceful means should have failed. Considerations of this nature determined my course while in Paris. I had sufficient opportunity in two interviews with Prince Napoleon, and in several conversations with officers of high rank on the Emperor's staff, to make known to the Emperor the views and purposes of the government and people of the United States in respect to Mexican affairs. Our conversation was without reserve on either side, and with the understanding that nothing said by me would be withheld from the Emperor.

The principal of these staff-officers was the distinguished Admiral de la Gravière, who had commanded the French squadron in American waters in the early part of our Civil War and in the capture of Vera Cruz. This gallant and honest old sailor had reported to his government the exact truth about the enterprise which Napoleon had undertaken when he ordered the bombardment and capture of the Mexican seaport for the alleged purpose of collecting a French claim, namely, that he was no better able to collect that claim after the city was in his possession than he had been before, and that the conquest of Mexico by the operations of a great army would be necessary before any financial return could be expected. This unwelcome report led to the admiral's recall to France, and he was sent to his home in disgrace. But in due time the Emperor learned that while all others had deceived him, the admiral had told him the truth, whereupon he was called to Paris, restored to the confidence of his chief, and appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of the Emperor. Admiral de la Gravière was a warm friend of America, rejoiced in the triumph of the Union cause, understood and appreciated the sentiments of the people of the United States, among whom he had made many friends, and was a very willing medium of communication to the Emperor of the exact attitude of the American people respecting the Monroe doctrine, which the Emperor of the French had been betrayed into violating through the influence of persons high in his confidence, but governed by sordid motives.

Admiral Reno, Assistant Minister of Marine, was another of the high French officials with whom free conversation was held.

The fidelity with which Prince Napoleon and others reported to the Emperor the character of the unofficial message which I had to deliver rendered it quite unnecessary that it be delivered in person, and quite impossible that the Emperor should be willing to receive it in that way. Hence, though I received several intimations that I would be invited to a private interview, no invitation came, and none was sought. My letters from Paris to Mr. Seward, to General Grant, and to Señor Romero, reported the progress made, and the nature of the situation as it then appeared to me. In my letters to my family I touched more lightly, as follows, on my daily life in Paris:

«December 12. I have invitations to dinner or some other entertainment at least twice a day, and have more calls than I can ever return. The excitement about the hostile character of my supposed mission has somewhat subsided. My speech at the Thanksgiving dinner had a most charming effect. The French papers all speak of it in terms of praise, and with great satisfaction at its friendly tone. It seems, together with the object of my visit, to be the subject of conversation all over Paris. The whole thing has produced a greater fluctuation in the French funds than has occurred before in a long time. This notoriety is very well in its way, but it is also somewhat embarrassing.

«December 14. I have just received a very amiable letter from the Minister of War, Marshal Randon, ordering an officer of the Imperial Guard to report to me, to show me all military places in France, and see that proper honors are paid me. The letter is very friendly and complimentary. Fortunately, the officer placed at my disposal, Captain Guzman, is one of those who were in the United States during the war, and to whom I had letters from General Meade. He speaks English well and seems a very pleasant gentleman. So I have the prospect of seeing the military establishments of France under the most favorable auspices. The Emperor has not returned from Compiègne, but is expected to-night or to-morrow. The foreign minister is also there, and they seem to be having a warm time. I think affairs will come to a head soon. I hope to know something definite by the time of departure of next week's mail. . . .

«December 19. For the last three days I have been too miserable to write or do anything else. Have not been out of the house until to-day. I have had a sort of intermittent fever arising from a bad cold. . . . Captain Guzman came this morning to commence our tour of the military works of Paris, but I was compelled to postpone it until I am stronger. . . .

«The court has returned to Paris, and they say all is life and gaiety about the Tuileries. The King and Queen of Portugal are there as guests. They had a wedding at the Imperial Chapel day before yesterday. The Princess Murat was married to some French nobleman whose name I do not recollect. On New Year's day the Emperor gives his first grand reception, when I expect to be presented to him. It is not probable that I shall see him before that time. My impression is that for the present he would a little rather not see me, and I can afford to wait as long as he can. All seems to be working well, but, as all such matters do, rather slowly.

«January 2, 1866. I believe when I closed my last letter I was about starting to pay my visit to the Prince Napoleon. I found the prince surrounded by a good deal of the pomp of royalty, it is true, yet maintaining a simplicity of style and manner almost republican. He received me cordially, and we had a pleasant chat of near an hour. He was frank in his expression of political opinions in opposition to the Emperor's policy, especially in reference to the Mexican intervention. The prince was not only polite, but seemed desirous of showing me as much attention as possible. I was altogether very much pleased with my visit, and shall go to see him again soon.

«January 15. I have at last got my ticket of invitation to the Emperor's ball at the Tuileries, which is to come off on Wednesday, the 17th. . . . I am going to the palace in company with Mrs. Pierrepont and her daughter. She is the wife of Judge Pierrepont of New York, and a very pleasant lady. I shall, of course, go in uniform, with sword and sash, but shall not wear epaulets or chapeau. I think the plain American style is much prettier than the highly gorgeous French.

«January 19. The ball at the Tuileries was as grand as can be imagined. The salons of the palace are very large, and ornamented in the most magnificent manner. The party was too large for comfort; indeed, it amounted to a perfect crowd. There were present several princes and princesses, and representatives, both civil and military, of nearly every nation of the earth, with an inconceivable variety of dress—some splendid and in good taste, some gorgeous and in very bad taste, some very plain and homely, some plain, neat, and elegant. There was much more variety in the gentlemen's dress than in that of the ladies. As a general rule, the latter was about what you may see in New York or Washington, the only difference being in the amount and richness of the jewelry worn by a few. The Empress was, of course, magnificent. I cannot attempt a description of her dress, but she wore a crown of jewels, very brilliant, a transparent overdress, very full, with flowers and green leaves tastefully arranged upon the underskirt so as to show through the overskirt. The Empress appeared somewhat faded, but I have never seen a more splendid-looking woman. Her manner is exceedingly graceful and elegant: I would also say, for an empress, remarkably simple and unostentatious. The Princess Mathilde is very plain in looks, and was rather plainly dressed. The young Princess Hohenzollern is very beautiful, and wore a light, elegant, but not very rich dress. The Princess Metternich, who is plain in the face, but tall and queenly in manner, wore a splendid dark dress of grand proportions, which she had the honor of catching upon the end of my sword as she swept by! Our mutual apologies appeared to be entirely satisfactory. The main object of wearing swords seems to be to tear the ladies' dresses. All are expected to wear them, civilians as well as military, and the destruction of dresses is terrible. Speaking of swords, I believe mine was the finest in the palace; and my uniform, much plainer than many, was richer than many others, and about as elegant as any. At least it appeared to attract a good deal of attention, whether on its own account or that of its wearer, I don't know.

«We went to the palace a little before nine o'clock, and were ushered into a salon set apart for those guests who were to be presented to their majesties—that is, those who had not before had that honor. There were about twenty Americans, mostly ladies, and about forty of all other nations, the representatives of the great republic preponderating over those of any other nation. The diplomatic corps were assembled in an adjoining salon, where they were first received by the Empress. Meanwhile, we were all arranged round the room in an irregular «line of battle,» ready to make our bow upon the approach of the sovereigns. I was placed at the head of the row of Americans, being preferred even to the ladies, which does not seem quite right. After the reception in the ambassadors' salon was finished, each minister came into our salon and joined his flock. Presently his Majesty appeared, and was announced by the grand chamberlain, who said in a loud voice, «L'Empereur!» The Emperor then passed along the line, and each person was presented in turn by the ambas-

sador of his or her country. The Empress followed soon after, was announced in the same way, and received her admiring guests. As a general rule, they merely bow, and pass on without making any remark; and no one is privileged to say anything unless first spoken to by the Emperor or Empress. This mode of reception is, I believe, peculiar to the French court, and has been recently adopted, I presume for the purpose of saving the annoyance of having persons who are presented stopping in front of their majesties and entering into conversation. It is also much less fatiguing than to stand in one place while receiving a large company, as is the custom of the English and other courts. Their majesties do not shake hands, which is a decided improvement over American custom, and do not formally receive their guests, except the ambassadors and those who have not before been presented at court. During the evening they walk through the several salons, receiving the salutations of the guests as they pass, and politely returning them, and sometimes addressing a few words to some particular person whom they may recognize. Immediately after the presentation the Emperor and Empress took their seats upon the throne in the central salon, surrounded by the ladies of the court, and looked upon the dancing of the few beaus and belles who were so fortunate as to have the honor of dancing before them, a thing which is, of course, esteemed a great privilege. I noticed that a large proportion of the ladies who were invited to dance there were Americans, who, it was generally decided, bore the palm for beauty. Indeed, it was evident that they quite surpassed the ladies of all other countries in that respect, and were the favorites of the young courtiers who are in the habit of dancing before the Empress. They have a rule of etiquette which is very convenient. The young gentlemen of the court do not need to wait for an introduction, but unhesitatingly step up to any young lady in the room and ask her to dance. Hence nearly all our American ladies had plenty of opportunity to gratify their vanity by displaying their grace and beauty before the Empress, and having their delicate waists encircled by the arm of a gallant young courtier whose name even they did not know—a very pardonable female vanity, no doubt.

«I must not forget to tell you about my own reception by their majesties. Contrary to the usual custom, they both stopped and indulged in a short conversation. The Emperor expressed his pleasure at seeing me in France, and at the opportunity to extend to me the hospitalities of his palace, for which, of course, I thanked him. He then opened conversation concerning our late war, and asked some questions about the campaigns in which I was engaged; said it was a subject of very great interest to him; asked if I intended to remain long in Paris, and said he should see me again. This was the substance of our conversation. The Empress also said she was glad to see me, hoped I would spend some time longer in Paris, and said she should see me again. They were both affable and pleasant, and showed an evident desire to appear friendly. . . . I met the Empress once while she was walking through the hall, when she recognized me, and gave me one of her politest bows and blandest smiles. I mention these matters because, although nearly insignificant in our country, they mean so much here, where a smile or a nod from a sovereign has its meaning. . . .

«I have received quite an imposing card inviting me to dine on Monday next with ‹L. L. A. A. I. I. Mgr. le Prince Napoléon et Mme. la Princesse Marie Clotilde Napoléon au Palais Royal,› which invitation I have accepted in a note written in French. . . . Their imperial highnesses are not on very good terms at the Tuileries, especially with the Empress, and were not at the ball on Wednesday. They are very friendly to America, and no doubt will make it very pleasant for me at the Palais Royal. Next Monday is also the opening of the Corps Législatif, which I hope to attend and hear the Emperor's address.

«January 24. I enjoyed two rare treats on the 22d. One was the opening of the French legislative session, and the other a dinner at the Palais Royal. The former is probably the most imposing and brilliant ceremonial to be seen in Europe. It took place in the grand hall of the Palais du Louvre, which is quite near—indeed connected with—the Tuileries. The hall, although large, has little more than room enough for the official dignitaries who have to be present. Hence only a very small number of spectators can be admitted, and to secure a ticket is a rare piece of good luck. Through the kindness and forethought of some of my friends who are on familiar terms at court, I got two tickets, went early and secured a good place to stand,—no seats being furnished for gentlemen,—where I could see and hear everything. The ceremony was appointed for one o'clock, yet the hall was crowded at eleven, so anxious were all to secure a good place. I went at ten, and

had a good time standing three hours in a dense crowd. Yet in spite of the fatigue I felt well paid. Besides the two houses of the legislature, all the officers of the state and church, judges of the courts, marshals and admirals of the army and navy, and all the imperial family, and the whole diplomatic corps, were present, all in their official robes. It would be difficult to imagine a more brilliant scene. The galleries were mostly occupied by ladies in *toilette de ville*, but many of them very rich and brilliant, yet entirely cast in the shade by the gilded trappings of their ‹lords› below. . . .

«The dinner at the Palais Royal was not what was first intended, on account of the death of the Prince of Savoy, brother of the Princess Clotilde. The latter did not receive her guests, and no ladies were present. All were informed of the change the day before the dinner.

«The party consisted of only about twenty gentlemen, very select, of course. Mr. Bigelow and myself were the only Americans present. He was seated on the right and I on the left of the prince. The other gentlemen took their seats by chance. The table-service was very fine, everything except the wine-glasses being of silver and gold. The dinner was an ordinary good French dinner, but inferior to many I have eaten at the houses of wealthy Americans in Paris. It was served and disposed of in the way the prince does everything—that is, with rather inconvenient haste. We were not at the table more than an hour and a half at the most. The spice of the evening came after dinner. In the prince's private parlor, over a good glass of punch and cigar, the Frenchmen discussed French and American politics with a freedom that would have done honor to an American club-room. The prince is very much of a democrat, and believes in freedom of speech. In his palace you can say what you please, the Emperor to the contrary notwithstanding. They handled the Emperor's speech in a manner that would, no doubt, have astonished him greatly had he heard it. All showed a very gratifying feeling of admiration and friendship for the United States, which had also the merit of being evidently sincere. Altogether it was one of the most pleasant evenings I have spent in Paris.»

Every shade of political opinion in Paris was represented among the guests. I have said that political discussion seemed to be entirely unrestrained, but there was one exception, when a remark which savored of disloyalty to the empire was rebuked by the prince.

In the Emperor's address, his future policy in respect to Mexico had been hinted at in the words: «[Our expedition] *touche à son terme.*» The declared purpose of speedily terminating the intervention in Mexico having been applauded by all, the prince inquired pointedly of me whether, in my opinion, the Emperor's declaration would be satisfactory to the United States, and received the unreserved reply that it would, as I believe, be accepted as entirely satisfactory.

In my report to Mr. Seward of January 24 I expressed the belief that even his enemies in France would not be disposed to embarrass the Emperor in respect to Mexico, «well satisfied to see him get out of that country by any means, and thus avoid war with the United States»; and I ventured the suggestion that «this course would also seem wise on our part.» In my letter of the same date to General Grant I said:

«You will get by this mail Napoleon's speech delivered at the opening of the French legislative session. I was present and heard the speech delivered. That part of it relating to Mexico and the United States was received with very general tokens of approbation, while most of the remainder met with a cold reception. I have since heard it discussed very freely by many prominent men of all shades of political opinion, among others the Prince Napoleon. All seem to recognize the falsity of the Emperor's assumptions where he says: ‹In Mexico the government founded by the will of the people is consolidating itself,› etc. Yet his statements are, no doubt, believed by a large majority of the French people, and therefore afford him a very good reason for yielding to the demand, made in common by the people of France and the United States, that his intervention in Mexico shall be brought to an end. This is the logic of his position and his solution of his difficulty, viz.: to assert that he has accomplished the object of his expedition to Mexico, and hence to end it. While we laugh at the absurdity of his premises, we can hardly find fault with his conclusion, and hence it is not worth while to criticize any part of his argument. Rather I think it well to let him make the most of his audacity in the creation of convenient facts. The opinion seems to be universal here that the Emperor is sincere in his declarations of intention as to Mexico; indeed, that he has adopted the policy of making the strongest possible bid for the friendship of the United States. It is certainly easy to derive such an opinion from his speech, and I am strongly inclined to believe it correct. Yet we cannot

forget the fact that in his speech of last year he used quite as strong language as to the speedy termination of his Mexican expedition. Hence I shall indulge in some doubt until I see the actual development of his present plans. I have no idea that Napoleon believes that Maximilian can remain long in Mexico after the French troops are withdrawn; but it is very important for him, in order to give some appearance of truth to his assumed grounds of action, that Maximilian be allowed to stay there some time without French aid. And for this reason he wants some assurance of neutrality from the government of the United States. Prince Napoleon and others with whom I have conversed express the decided opinion that Maximilian will come away with Marshal Bazaine, in spite of all the Emperor may say to induce him to try to stand alone. This, I apprehend, will be the difficulty, and may cause much delay, unless the United States kindly lend a helping hand. Would it not be wise for us to abstain for a few months from all interference, direct or indirect, and thus give Napoleon and Maximilian time to carry out their farce? Mexico would thus be rid of the French flag in the least possible time. If the French troops come also, Juarez can easily dispose of Maximilian at any time. If they succeed in getting the French troops to remain as colonists, then the United States can easily find a good reason for disposing of the whole matter, and Napoleon will not dare to interfere. . . . An officer of the Emperor's household left here about ten days ago with despatches for Mexico which, it is understood, contained the Emperor's declaration to Maximilian of his intention to recall his troops. This will give you some idea of the time when the matter may be arranged if all works well.»

My views relative to the purposes of the French government appear to have been concurred in by Mr. Bigelow at the time, as shown in his official despatches afterward published, and adopted by Mr. Seward in his subsequent correspondence with the French minister at Washington. They were soon afterward confirmed by the official announcement which the French minister was authorized to make to the government of the United States. While awaiting further instructions in reply to my report of January 24, I occupied my time in visits to the south of France, Italy, Switzerland, and England.

Some of the personal incidents connected with my stay in Paris seem worthy of record. Soon after my arrival in Paris, in company with Mr. Bigelow I called upon Marshal Randon, Minister of War, who was the only minister of the French government then in Paris. We were received with cold and formal politeness. Some days later, the Emperor having returned to Paris and having apparently become satisfied that I was not occupied with any designs hostile to France, I received a very courteous letter from the Minister of War, dated December 13, and addressed to Mr. Bigelow; and Captain Guzman, the officer therein named, reported to me immediately. Under the guidance of this accomplished officer I saw in the most agreeable manner all the military establishments about Paris. These courtesies were acknowledged in a letter dated February 25, 1866, addressed to Mr. Bigelow.

My presentation to the Emperor and Empress occurred, as described in the private letter printed above, at one of those brilliant occasions at the Tuileries for which the second empire was famous. In conversing with the Emperor, he especially desired to know something of the operations of the American armies, and their marvelous methods of supply at great distances from a base of operations. I remember two incidents of this grand entertainment, not referred to in my letter, which were peculiar as viewed from the republican standpoint. As supper-time approached, the officers of the Imperial Guard and other military men anticipated the hour appointed for their refreshment by occupying in full force the supper-room prepared for the great dignitaries of state and church. Another instance was still more striking. Soon after their Majesties entered the main salon, the Empress, surrounded by the ladies of the court, took her seat upon a platform raised several steps above the floor, from which she could conveniently view the beautiful dance in which American girls and French officers were engaged. There was present the wife of one of the most prominent statesmen of the United States, who had been presented to their Majesties. She was a lady who would, as a matter of course, have been invited to a place of honor near the wife of the President of the United States at any public reception at the White House. This lady, not naturally strong and evidently much fatigued, ventured to occupy one of the only seats available, namely, one of the many vacant steps leading to the elevated platform on which the Empress and her few attendants were seated. This was a breach of imperial etiquette that could not be tolerated. A court official requested the lady, very politely of course, but very firmly, to come down from

the too exalted place she had assumed near the foot of the throne. These two incidents suggested very forcibly that republican institutions teach much better than imperial the rules of deference and respect and the laws of etiquette which ought to govern the intercourse between all sorts and conditions of men and women.

Among the many grand entertainments in Paris in the winter of 1865–66, one at least was entirely above criticism from the American standpoint. It was a fancy-dress ball at the palace of one of the ministers of state. The hostess was an American lady by birth, and intensely loyal to her native country. The principal feature of the entertainment consisted of a parade in which the costumes were made to represent all the nations, tribes, and peoples of the earth. The two leading characters were France and the United States, seated upon beautifully decorated cars drawn respectively by French and American sailors. The ladies chosen by the patriotic hostess to represent these two characters were two radiantly beautiful American girls, the older representing France, and the younger America. This entertainment was characterized by generous refreshments for all who desired, at all hours of the night, and closed with a delicious breakfast at six o'clock in the morning.

It gives me great pleasure to record here, as I did in my correspondence at the time, the great courtesy, the kindness, and the charming hospitality shown me by Mr. Bigelow and his amiable family during my stay in Paris. Mr. Adams, United States minister at London, was also exceedingly kind, inviting a very distinguished company to meet me at dinner, taking me to several charming entertainments, and presenting me to the Prince of Wales, who then received in place of the Queen. General King at Rome, and Mr. Marsh at Florence, also entertained me very courteously during my short stay at those places. The warmth of greeting by Americans everywhere, and the courteous reception by all foreigners whom I met, lent a peculiar charm to the first visit of a Union soldier among those who had watched from a distance the great American conflict.

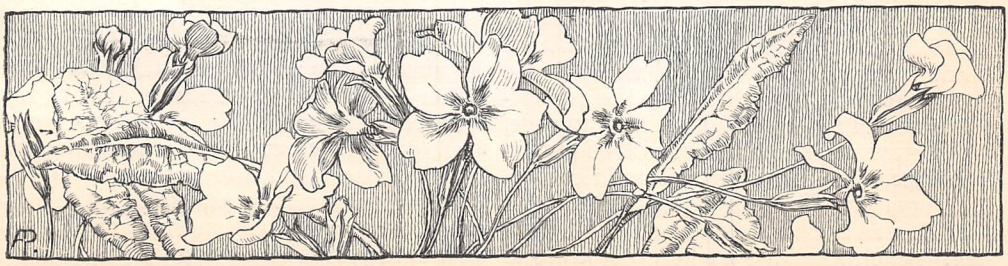
I now have the satisfaction of knowing, in the light of subsequent events, that whatever my mission to France contributed toward the solution of the momentous question of that day was wisely directed in the interest of peace at home, continued friendship with our former allies, the people of France, and the relief of an American republic from foreign domination; these great blessings were combined in the final result.

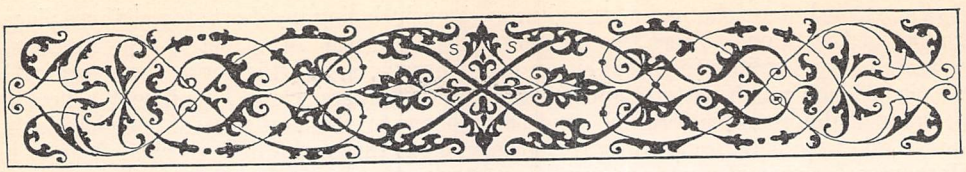
Too much cannot be said in praise of the able and patriotic statesmanship displayed by Secretary Seward in his treatment of the French violation of the Monroe doctrine.

Early in May, 1866, I received from Mr. Seward his final reply to my report of January 24, in which he said: «The object for which you were detailed to visit Europe having been sufficiently accomplished, there is considered to be no further occasion for you to remain in that quarter in the service of this department.» Whereupon I returned to the United States, and reported at the State Department on the 4th of June.

The condition of the Franco-Mexican question at the time of my return from Europe was not regarded as quite satisfactory in one particular—namely, in the time fixed by Napoleon for the recall of his troops, which was considered too remote. But this was a point which could be settled by official correspondence, and there was manifestly no further occasion for my offices in either of the ways which had been contemplated in behalf of Mexico. Subsequent events in Mexico included the sad fate of Maximilian and the sadder fate of Carlotta.

John M. Schofield.





THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

AS RELATED TO FRENCH INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

I HAVE always thought that the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty at Sedan in 1870 was due to Louis Napoleon's intervention in Mexico. But further to confirm this opinion I laid my views on the subject before competent persons who knew a great deal more about the events causing the crushing defeat of 1870 than myself. One of these was Señor Luis Maneyro, a Mexican gentleman who lived for many years in France; who resided there during the inception, progress, and termination of the intervention, acting both before and after the intervention as Mexican consul at Bordeaux; and who kept himself very well posted about the political affairs of that country. Another gentleman whose opinion I regarded as carrying great weight was Mr. John Bigelow, United States minister to France during the same period. I received answers from both gentlemen, which I do not feel at liberty to publish, altogether confirming my views. I append here a copy of the memorandum which I submitted to both gentlemen for their criticism.

MEMORANDUM.

THE defeat of the French army under General Lorencez at Puebla, on May 5, 1862, and more particularly the complete failure of the French intervention in Mexico, ending with the withdrawal of the French army, and the fall and execution of Maximilian in 1867, were, in my opinion, the origin and the principal cause of the humiliation of France in 1870, and the consequent downfall of Louis Napoleon. It seems to me that the French emperor, artfully using the controlling power of France to further his own ends, was always eager and ready to take part in the international troubles arising in Europe, and very naturally the side to which he allied himself was in every instance the victorious one. Napoleon always made the best use of his victories, which gave him great prestige, thereby increasing proportionately his moral influence. He was considered by Europe as a great political genius who was leading France in the pathway of greatness and prosperity, and who could make no mistakes; and he became in fact the arbiter of the destinies of that continent. His military defeat in Mexico in 1862, the first one he had suffered, and which showed that he did not possess the foresight with which he was credited, and his moral and political defeat in 1867, caused by the fall and execution of Maximilian, showed the thinking men of the world that he also could fall into errors of judgment, and that he was not by any means the great man he had been supposed to be, causing him at once to descend from the high pedestal upon which his former successes had placed him.

Men like Prince Bismarck saw that his reputation was usurped, and that he was not greatly above the average mortal, and prepared to strike the decisive blow which was dealt to him by Prussia in 1870. To deal this blow, Prince Bismarck took advantage of the complicated situation which Napoleon had created for himself in Mexico, by declaring in 1866 that war against Austria which ended with the battle of Sadowa, thus strengthening Prussia, and putting her at the head of the North German Confederation at a time when Napoleon, engaged in Mexico, and in imminent danger of becoming involved in difficulties with the United States, could not well take part in that contest without running serious risks. The talent of Prince Bismarck consisted in taking advantage of the right moment. If Napoleon had not been engaged with the Mexican intervention, he undoubtedly would have taken the side either of Austria or of Prussia, and the war would have terminated in favor of the power backed by France, with territorial advantages for the latter; and thus he would have increased his reputation as a sagacious statesman. But had Napoleon supported either power, the probabilities are that the matter would have been settled without any war, or, if a war had broken out, it would have ended

in favor of the allies of France. All this was swept away with the terrible collapse of 1867, which brought about his humiliation at Sedan and the fall of the empire.

It is true that before declaring war on Austria, Bismarck obtained assurances from Napoleon that he would remain neutral; but the difficulties in which the French emperor had involved himself by his Mexican venture decided his course in this case, and Prince Bismarck knew very well that while the Mexican scheme was pending the Emperor of the French could not well afford to take part in any other undertaking of a serious character.

I believe that future historians, looking at these events without passion or prejudice, and inspired by a desire to present facts as they really are, can reason only in this way. Mexico will have, as a reparation for the injustice done her by the French intervention, the sad satisfaction of having been the prime factor in the emancipation of Europe from the Napoleonic rule.

Matias Romero.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREECE.

«OUR country is certainly more democratic than the United States,» the Crown Prince of Greece once said to me, in the midst of a conversation about the political institutions of his country. He was surely right, if the remark be applied to the social and political instincts of the Greek people. No more naturally and unaffectedly democratic people exists under the sun than the Greek. Not only are there no aristocratic titles, but there is no apparent consciousness, in the ordinary life and manners, of the existence of social barriers. The village demarch sits placidly and comfortably with the other villagers and the peasants in the café or *bakáli;* the cabman who served you yesterday does not omit to give you from his box a graceful salute as he passes you on the street; no humbleness of occupation or of presumed station in life deters one man from greeting another whom he meets on the road or in the square, or from beginning the frankest and freest conversation. The reserve and cautious, if not bashful, self-respect of the Anglo-Saxon commonly interprets this Greek freedom at the first as bald effrontery. In the judgment of the newcomer the Greek commonly gains the credit of being what the American collegian would call «decidedly fresh.» In reality it is part and parcel of the national courtesy, tinctured and conditioned, to be sure, by the equally national curiosity. Democracy is no affectation. The bashfulness which springs from suspicion of barriers is unknown.

And yet Greece is a monarchy. On the whole, the people are well satisfied that it should be. To be sure, that form of government was not from the first of their own choosing. The revolutionary government from 1821 to 1830 had been republican; but in 1830 the powers, under whose protection the Greek nationality was able to achieve existence, decreed that its government should be a hereditary monarchy. It has not always been an easy throne for a king to sit upon, but at no time has the ruling family been more firmly intrenched in the good will of the nation than it is to-day. Otho of Bavaria was proclaimed the first king in 1832. The revolution of 1843 compelled the king to grant a constitution. Nineteen years longer he held the throne, until in 1862 a storm of discontent drove him and the efficient—almost too efficient—Queen Amalia from the country. Now, a generation later, a reaction in popular sentiment has placed the names of Otho and Amalia among the great benefactors of the land, and almost on a level with those of its liberators. Democracy had driven out one king, but it did not hesitate to call for another. It, indeed, proceeded to choose one. The plebiscite taken in 1862 resulted in the choice, probably in deference to the then prevailing admiration for British institutions, of the Duke of Edinburgh by a vote of 230,016 in a poll of 238,654. The powers, debarred by the terms of their agreement from accepting him, selected Prince William George, son of the reigning King of Denmark, Christian IX, as the successor, and since 1863 he has held the throne under the title of George I. He was scarcely eighteen years old when he came to the throne. The historical and social conditions were entirely new to him, and the whole situation was such as to have offered the severest test for even the most experienced. The hot-headed impulsiveness of the people, and their natural inclination to an individualism savoring of lawlessness and chafing

at orderly restraint; the restless intensity of political agitation, coupled with a ruthless freedom of speech and of the press that paid no heed to dignities or dignitaries; the unsettled character of society and social life; the financial difficulties which continually beset the government—all these combined to give the head which wore the crown of Greece no easy rest.

That the thirty-three years of his reign have, in spite of all this, been on the whole successful, and have resulted in establishing him and his house in a securer tenure to-day than they have at any previous time enjoyed, is due in large measure to the cool good sense with which the King from the very first accepted the situation and adjusted himself to it. He is not, in the ordinary use of the term, a great man. He is preëminently a man of sagacity and practical wisdom, a shrewd man. His own private affairs he has managed with remarkable skill. Rumor has it that his ventures on the bourse have been eminently successful. Out of his by no means lavish income he has managed to accumulate a reasonable fortune, which, in good prudence, he has invested outside the country. It is no uncommon subject of adverse criticism among the Greeks that he has treated his office as an employment from which to get gain; and yet, canny gain-getters as they are themselves, they really respect him the more for his prudence. The King is too practically minded a man ever to have concealed from himself a clear recognition of the fact that he had in reality been charged with the direction and administration of what was, in some of its chief aspects, a business enterprise. Sentiment was in play, to be sure, and nowhere more than in Greece; but, after all, that might be viewed as part of the assets, and used as such. He was a foreigner and of entirely alien blood. In religion he remained a Lutheran, though to the Greek the Orthodox Church is a phase of the state, and loyalty to it an essential of patriotism. He could not expect the loyalty of the people toward him to be grounded on sentiment. He followed, therefore, the course of wisdom when, not eschewing the appeal to patriotism and the national sentiment if it could be of service, he still preferred to vindicate his right to rule in proving himself a wise and helpful counselor and leader. This he has done. The feeling of the people toward him includes little of the sentiment of personal attachment. Their attitude toward his family, however, notably toward the princes, who were born and have grown up on Greek soil, is appreciably different. Yet they as well as the King are commonly criticized as cold, indifferent, and lacking in fire and spirit. This is nothing more or less than the contrast of temper between the Southman and the Northman.

Fortunate it is, indeed, for Greece that her passions are subject sometimes to the Northman's check. In their subservience to the sway of impulse and passion the Greeks are the veriest children. The only one of their own statesmen who could long control or guide them was Trikoupis, and he was half Anglo-Saxon in blood, and almost entirely English in training and temper. His coolness, his persistency of purpose, and his fine rationality, joined to an unselfish love of his fatherland which no one could mistake, gave him his power. The intimate personal relations existing between him and the King had been the means of great advantage to the state; and the breach between them, due chiefly to personal and private matters which have never yet been made public, led to Trikoupis's fall, and the loss of the brightest political hope of Greece. The immediate outcome has, however, contrary to all expectation, proved to be the great enhancement of the political importance of the King. There are no great political leaders. Deliyannis, the present premier, is merely a practical politician, devoid of principles or programs. He has maintained his political life in the past by catering to personal support and profiting by the mistakes of Trikoupis. His programs have been, as a witty Greek put it, merely those of Trikoupis «with misprints.» The King can virtually control Deliyannis; therefore to-day the King rules.

Strange to say, there has been an increasing popular demand in late years that the King should intervene more vigorously in state affairs. The complaint is often heard that he takes too little interest in the government. The fact is that the King, wisely gaging the temper of his people, knows well enough that it is best for him, so far as possible, to rule without appearing to rule. This he is doing to-day. He allows the ministry to assume the apparent responsibility, but *he* really rules. Deliyannis is a lay-figure. It is certainly much to the credit of the King that the gradual increase of his powers and influence in recent years has come as the result of popular demand. Much of this demand arises from weariness of politicians, but some surely from confidence in him.

Personally the King is a sociable, companionable man, fond of a joke, particularly

susceptible to the flavor of American humor, and not at all stringent in the minutiæ of official etiquette; he sometimes gives one the impression that he will be glad when the formal part of the ceremony is over. He is often seen walking in the parks or on the sidewalks of his capital, and in the seclusion of his garden rejoices in the use of an American bicycle, which no interpretation of royal license would permit him to ride upon the highways. He is, however, a rigid disciplinarian, and his children have been brought up to feel the full force of the authority of the Teutonic house-father. The Crown Prince, now twenty-eight years old and father of a family, still looks to him, as do all his other children, for permission and advice in regard to all their goings and comings.

The King's natural sympathies and tastes lead him toward France. It is in Paris that he loves best of all to spend his weeks of relaxation. Germany has little charm for him, and no wonder, Dane as he is. For him the person of the present German emperor adds nothing to the attractiveness of Berlin. Between them there is a deep gulf fixed. They are unlike by nature, and the unfortunate family differences that arose from the German emperor's expressed dislike of his sister's action when, after her marriage with the Greek crown prince, she entered the Greek Church, have made the gap impassable.

As uncle of the present Czar of Russia, brother of the Princess of Wales, and son of the King of Denmark, his connections are such as to furnish Greece decided aid in its relations to the other powers of Europe. That his son is brother-in-law of the unaccountable Wilhelm II seems, however, only to have aided in provoking the most determined hostility of Germany to all Greek interests.

The Queen is a Russian, and a Russian with heart and soul. She never fails to show the warmth of her allegiance, whether it be to individuals, to political interests, or to religion. She is a most devoted adherent of the Russian Church. The ministrations of the church she generally receives at a little Russian chapel specially constructed for her use in the palace, but on the great feast days she attends the Russian church in the city. The King regularly attends a Lutheran service held in the royal chapel and conducted by the court chaplains in German. The princes and princesses, however, are all adherents of the national Greek Church.

Almost as diverse are the linguistic conditions. The Queen does not speak Danish freely, nor the King Russian. Hence when by themselves they converse in German. Both speak English and French freely. In the family of the Crown Prince English is the established language. When the whole family is together it is made the rule that Greek shall be used at table, but at other times English or German is the usual language.

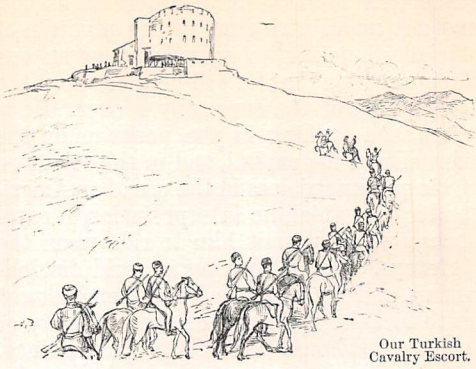
Fortunately the Queen's enthusiasm for Russian interests is not shared by her sons. They not only feel the danger which Russian advances in the Orient bring to Greece, but they have at heart no sympathy with the political ideas and institutions which Russia represents. Particularly is this so with the Crown Prince, whose tendency in recent years is strongly toward sympathy with England and English institutions.

That Queen Olga is a strong, true, noble woman one learns not only from her face and bearing, and from her active interest in all good works of mercy and charity, but from the children she has borne and reared. Of these are living six: Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince, born 1868; George, born 1869; Nikolas, born 1872; Marie, born 1876, and betrothed last year to the Russian Grand Duke Georges-Michaïlovitch; Andreas, born 1882; Christopher, born 1888.

Nikolas, the pet of the family, is a young gentleman of quiet refinement, English in manners and bearing. George, a great, hearty, noble son of the Anakim, is the one most popular with the masses. He is a born leader of men, forceful, commanding, ready of decision, not given to fine discriminations, cordial and democratic in manner. Strongly distinguished from him is his brother Constantine. They complement each other. Constantine is slow of decision, quiet and reflective in temper. The Greeks often think him dull. It is his conscientious caution which gives him this appearance. His real character is one of serious purpose and great fixity of determination. Once he has clearly conceived and determined on a plan of action, no one could be more firm or more skilful than he in execution. He is a patient student of details and an admirable executive. The success of the Olympic games of 1896 is to be largely attributed not only to his personal influence, but to his ability in organizing and directing. Nobility of purpose, firmness of character, and a quiet, winning refinement of demeanor, unite in him to make a personality which is to-day the fairest hope of the Greek nation.

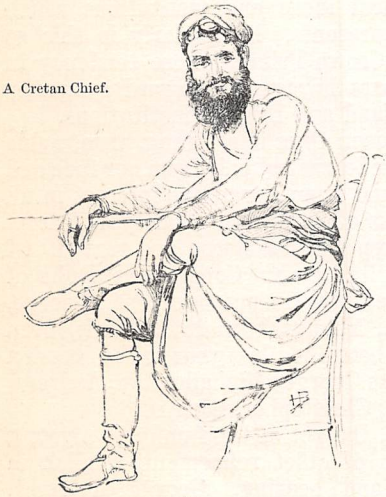
Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Glimpse of a "pacified" Cretan Village.



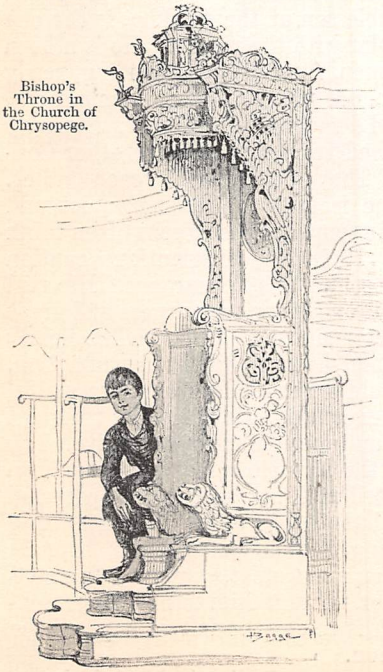
Our Turkish Cavalry Escort.

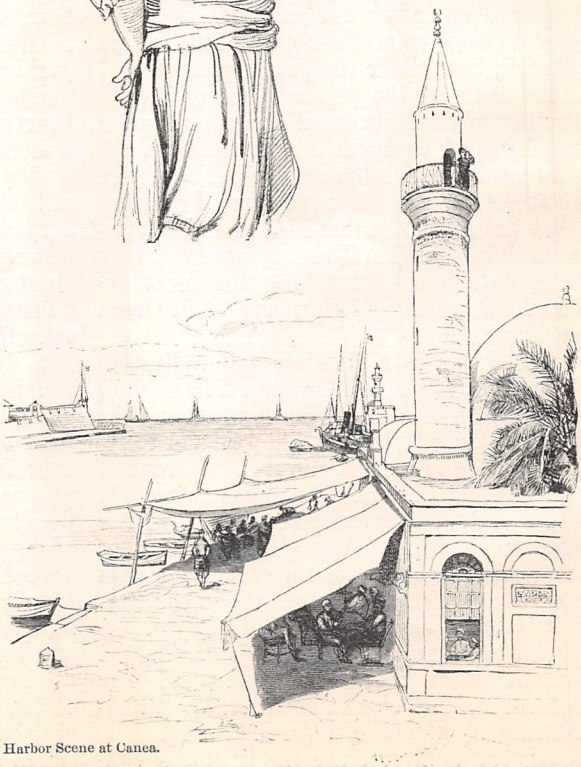
A Cretan Chief.



An Arab Mule-driver.

Bishop's Throne in the Church of Chrysopege.





Harbor Scene at Canea.

SKETCHES IN CRETE, BY H. BAGGE.

CRETE, THE ISLAND OF DISCORD.

THE famous island of Minos and Epimenides, where Zeus himself was born on Mount Ida, was nurtured, and even, according to the legend, was buried,—the «pearl of the Mediterranean,» whose «hundred cities» sent their contingents to the Grecian camp before the walls of Troy,—has once more attracted the attention of all who can sympathize with a gallant struggle for liberty.

The peculiarly favorable position of the island, situated at the junction of three continents, as it were, and commanding the coasts of all three, has invested it from the earliest times with an importance such as neither Sicily, Sardinia, nor Cyprus, although much larger in area, ever attained. While forming in prehistoric times a stepping-stone for Egyptian and Asiatic civilization in its progress toward the shores of Greece, Crete remained throughout antiquity singularly free from any close political connection with Egypt, Asia, or Greece. This insularity is to this day one of the marked characteristics of the Cretan people; and without accepting the view that they are the purest descendants extant of the Hellenes of the eighth century B. C., we must regard them nevertheless as one of the most interesting branches of the Greek race. Unfortunately, the gravest defects of the ancient Greek character were nowhere so pronounced as in Crete; and we are told that its history throughout antiquity was one continuous chain of civil strife, carried on with a savageness and bitterness of animosity exceeding all that was known in the rest of Greece. This political depravity was attended by such a degeneracy of morals as to render the name of «Cretan» a synonym for nearly every vice.

Finally the internal feuds of the Cretan cities became so violent that they all decided to invite Philip V of Macedonia to assume a protectorate over Crete. But Philip was soon entangled in his mighty struggle with Rome, and the Cretans were again left to their own devices. We next hear of them as formidable brigands and pirates, in the latter aspect second only to the Cilicians, and allied with the great Mithridates against Rome. Crete was the last section of Greece to bow to the Roman supremacy, just as, seventeen centuries later, it was the last Greek province to succumb to the Moslem conqueror.

It was not till 823 A. D. that the island fell into the hands of the infidels. A band of Andalusian Saracens, discontented with the climate or the government of Spain, appeared in the Levant, and after infesting Lower Egypt for eight whole years, sailed across to Crete with forty galleys, and after a short struggle became complete masters of the island. These Saracens of Crete, now called Candia, became as licentious corsairs as ever the natives had been in the past; and repeated expeditions sent by the emperors of Constantinople failed to dislodge them until the tenth century. Had Crete remained under Arab rule until the beginning of the thirteenth century, it is doubtful whether there would have been anything left of the Hellenic element in the island. By the reëstablishment of Greek supremacy, the Greek population was once more strengthened and revived throughout a period of two hundred and fifty years, to a degree that carried it safely over six centuries of Venetian and Turkish rule, until the general uprising of the Hellenic race in 1821.

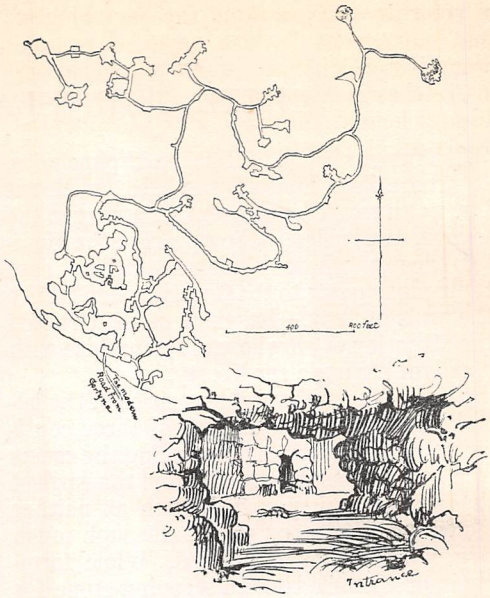
The Venetian supremacy in the island was maintained only by means of immense sacrifices and gigantic efforts. The revolts of 1212, 1213, 1217, 1219, 1228–34, 1251, 1271–77, 1283–99, 1319, 1333, 1341, and 1365, aided at first by the envious Genoese, later by the rehabilitated emperors of Constantinople, were in each case repressed with unsparing severity, Venice justly regarding Crete as the key to her dominion in the Levant and the bulwark of her trade with the far East.

It was in 1645 that the twenty-four years' struggle in Crete began between Turk and Venetian, which ended in the triumph of the crescent. The Cretans themselves, worn out with the cruelties of their Christian masters, looked with indifference at the approaching collision, feeling that even the Turkish yoke could not be worse than the Venetian. Nevertheless, at the last moment a large number of Cretan chieftains threw in their lot with the latter, and took an active and heroic part in the defense of the three large towns. Canea fell into the hands of the Turks in 1645, Retimo in the following year, and in 1648 Candia was completely invested by land, the defense lasting for nearly twenty-one years under the famous Francesco Morosini. The artillery of the defenders was handled

by the most experienced engineers of Venice and of France, while the Cretan archers, as redoubtable as in ancient times, poured their deadly showers upon the assailants. But skill and valor were at length forced to yield before the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Moslems, and on September 18, 1669, the capitulation was signed. The Venetians are said to have lost during the entire siege 30,000 killed and wounded, the Turks 120,000; the Turks made 56 assaults, and the Venetians 86 sorties; the Turks exploded 462 mines, the Venetians 1163. Three fortified places—Spinalonga, near the northeastern end of the island; Grabusa, perched on a precipitous cliff at the northwestern end; and the small islet at the entrance to Suda Bay—were occupied by Venetian garrisons for many years. But these, too, were evacuated in the course of time, Spinalonga being the last, in 1717.

Crete was the last of the Turkish conquests in Europe; yet the island, which was imperfectly conquered at the beginning, has since been retained in subjection only by an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure. Until 1869 the Turkish troops never succeeded in penetrating into the elevated regions of the interior, and the fierce mountaineers of Sphakia and Apokorona, secure in their rocky strongholds, have ever been ready to fly to arms on the slightest provocation. Through motives of fear or of self-interest, about one third of the Greek population embraced the creed of the Turkish conquerors, and, as usually happens in such cases, became worse Turks than the Turks themselves.

The ill-starred Greek rising of 1770—a premature movement instigated by Russia—was joined in by the Sphakiot Cretans, but no general uprising took place in the island. It was therefore natural that in the great war for Greek independence (1821–9) Crete took an active part. Matters were precipitated by the massacre of several thousand Christians by the Mussulmans, in the three principal towns, in June, 1821. The Cretans flew to arms, led by the indomitable Sphakiots, and in a few months had cleared the country-side of Mussulmans, established a local government, and elected deputies to the National Assembly of Greece. But internal dissensions, and the arrival of a powerful Egyptian army and fleet to reinforce the demoralized janizaries, destroyed the advantages thus gained, and led to a speedy failure of the movement. Thousands of Cretans went over to the Greek mainland to fight more effectively for the national cause. These Cretan volunteers, with



THE LABYRINTH OF GORTYNA: ENTRANCE AND GROUND PLAN.

There are to this day several intricate subterranean excavations in various parts of Crete, which approach one's conception of the mythical labyrinth of the Minotaur, Theseus, and Ariadne. One of these is that at Gortyna, probably a quarry, whose tortuous windings are depicted above. Here, in every Cretan revolution, hundreds of women and children found a safe refuge for months together. A similar labyrinth is that at Cnossus; a third, the Cave of Melidoni, where several hundred Cretan fugitives took refuge in 1822, and were suffocated by the smoke of the fire which the Turks kindled at the entrance.

the warlike Maniotes and the fierce Roumeliotes, formed the flower of the patriot armies of the eight years' struggle; and a strong body of Cretans was utterly cut to pieces rather than give way in the bloody battle of Phaleron, May 6, 1827. After the battle of Navarino, however, Crete made a fresh effort for liberty under Kallergis. Once more the Moslems were driven back into the three walled towns, and were on the point of abandoning the island when Europe decided to hand it over to Mehemet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, who promptly invested it with a large army. The Egyptian régime was at first a relief to the suffering Cretans, for order was restored, political organization was introduced, and the privileged position of the Mussulman minority was abolished. But Mehemet's barbaric instincts for oppression and extortion soon got the better of his dread of Christian Europe, and the result was the revolts of 1833 and 1840, which he suppressed with an iron hand; yet he was forced to restore the island to his suzerain the Sultan. Another insurrection followed in 1858, which was ended only by the promise

of reforms—this marking the beginning of that outrageous Turkish game of reform-promising which has caused untold misery in Crete, as in Armenia, and will continue to do so as long as Turkish duplicity is tolerated by six great Christian powers.

The promises made in 1858 were never fulfilled. This brought on the insurrection of 1866–9, which cost the tyrants $27,000,000, and was perhaps the bloodiest Cretan revolt in this century. One of the most noteworthy, though not strategically important, events of this struggle was the tragic catastrophe at the monastery of Arkadi, where about 200 insurgents, with 800 women and children, were besieged by a Turkish army of 23,000 men; and after the walls had been battered down by the Turkish artillery, and the place carried by assault, the besieged blew up themselves and their victors by igniting their powder-magazine. Of the Christians only 100 remained alive, while the Turks lost over 2000 men. They lost another 10,000 on two expeditions into the interior against Theriso and Sphakia; and Omar Pasha, who succeeded Mustapha as generalissimo, lost another 25,000 men in a couple of months' campaigning in the Sphakia district. The elastic system of warfare adopted by the Cretans—namely, drawing the Turks into mountain passes and then smiting them hip and thigh—worked so admirably that at the close of 1867 the Turks were practically confined to the three walled towns. By sea a squadron of thirty Turkish war-ships maintained a blockade, which three fast Greek steamers found no difficulty whatever in running, making regular weekly trips back and forth between Greece and the island, and landing arms, supplies, and volunteers within sight of the Turkish ships.

Finally, however, Hobart Pasha, an Englishman in the Turkish service, tightened the blockade so effectually that little support from outside could reach the insurgents. The latter became exhausted; and through the intrigues of Russia, who wished to avert any success of the Hellenic element in the East, and, singularly enough, then, as in 1896, found an easy dupe in the Greek government itself, the insurrection bubbled slowly away. The Grand Vizier himself came over to Crete, and the Cretans were persuaded to barter away the strong prospect of union with Greece for a measure of local self-government, known as the Organic Statute of 1869, which has proved a veritable Nessus gift to the unfortunate Cretans.

The year 1878 witnessed another insurrection, in which the usual barbarities were committed on both sides. Eventually the Cretan chiefs applied for the mediation of England; and under the auspices of the consul, the convention known as the Pact of Halépa was drawn up in the suburb of Canea which bears that name, and was sanctioned by the Porte. It was based upon the Organic Statute of 1869, which had meanwhile been confirmed by Article 23 of the treaty of Berlin. Among its more important provisions was the requirement that the governor-general of the island should henceforth be a Christian, appointed by the Porte for a term of five years.

The privileges obtained by the Halépa Pact relieved the Cretans from a large part of that grinding tyranny that is exercised by the «unspeakable» Turk in all other parts of his dominions, except Samos, but only to introduce the evils of a parliamentary régime among a people utterly unprepared for it. Political parties now sprang up in the Cretan Assembly,—«Liberals» and «Conservatives,» so called,—for no other visible reason than that there *must* be two opposing factions, each struggling for the upper hand in the administration. Political life thus became a scramble for the sweets of office, and the party which was beaten in the Assembly habitually conspired against the governor-general with his enemies at Constantinople, and in many cases with the Mohammedan military governor, who invariably aspired to supersede his Christian chief.

In this warfare of factions the Mussulman Cretans took part almost as eagerly as their Christian kinsmen, not, however, as a distinct party, but divided pretty equally between the two camps mentioned above. In fact, this political grouping might have had a most salutary effect in tending to obliterate the old religious hatred, had the Cretans as a race possessed the self-restraint essential to the working of parliamentary institutions. As it was, party strife absorbed the attention of the Cretans, to the exclusion of all thought on the material improvement of the island or the development of its abundant resources.

The next crisis occurred in 1889, under Sartinski Pasha, a governor of Polish extraction. The Conservatives, who had long been in power, having lost their majority, the governor conceived it to be his duty, according to constitutional principles, to bestow a number of appointments on the Liberals. The Conservatives replied by taking up arms and withdrawing to the mountains. Many of the native Mussulman beys, or landed aristocrats, clung to the Conservative party even

after this departure from Canea; but once the insurrection was lighted, the old half-dormant religious fanaticism became inflamed on both sides. In the space of a few months 8896 dwelling-houses, 152 schools, 57 mosques, and 14 churches were burned, and much valuable property was destroyed.

What the Christians had won in the way of political privileges through the two preceding insurrections the movement of 1889 destroyed for the greater part. The Porte acted for once with promptitude, and, as ever, with true Turkish duplicity. Aware that the Cretans invariably take the watchword from Athens, the Ottoman government besought M. Tricoupis, who was then at the head of Greek affairs, to persuade the insurgents not to resist the occupation of the important strategical posts in the island by the Turkish troops. Tricoupis, strangely unsuspicious of Asiatic perfidy, complied with the request without exacting any guaranty for the Porte's good faith; and the latter, once master of the situation, repaid him with the imperial firman of November, 1889, whereby the Pact of Halépa was well-nigh completely abrogated. Martial law was proclaimed throughout the island; Shakir Pasha, a Mussulman and a soldier, was appointed both civil and military governor; the number of deputies in the Assembly was reduced in a way which strengthened the Mussulman wing out of all proportion to the population; elections were henceforth to be on the indirect (elector) system; and the whole of the island's customs revenue, which since 1887 had been divided equally between the imperial and the Cretan treasuries, was now appropriated by the Porte. The protests of Greece and of the Cretans against this reactionary arrangement were unavailing. Turkish troops and Albanian gendarmes, quartered in every village, held the island in utter subjection; and for the next five years Crete was ruled autocratically, and without any assembly, by a succession of Mohammedan governors. Elections under the new system were, indeed, ordered; but the Christians refused to go to the polls, and it was not till 1895 that this attitude of uncompromising protest was relaxed, when the powers persuaded the Porte to nominate a Christian governor in the person of Alexander Karatheodory, hitherto Prince of Samos. An assembly was finally elected and brought together, and both Christians and Mussulmans showed a laudable desire to coöperate in concerting measures for the public good. But their efforts were defeated by the senseless high-handedness of the Porte, which rescinded several proposals, well suited to the requirements of the situation, that had been passed unanimously by the Cretan Assembly and ratified by the governor-general. The financial difficulty was the worst feature of the situation. Owing to the arbitrary appropriation by the Porte of the customs and other revenues, the salaries of public officials were long overdue, and the gendarmerie were on the verge of mutiny because of twelve months' arrears of pay. One may readily imagine what the state of public security was when such was the attitude of the police force in a land where murders of the vendetta type are frequent even in seasons of the most profound peace; and if one may believe an estimate derived from a non-Cretan source, some six hundred murders took place all over the island between September, 1895, and May, 1896. But the Porte shut its eyes obstinately to all the dangers of the situation, and Karatheodory's repeated remonstrances were not listened to.

It was about this time that the «Reform Committee» of Apokorona made its appearance—a band of disappointed office-seekers who had nothing to lose and much to gain by unfurling the standard of rebellion. Their demands centered in the restoration of the Halépa charter, but their efforts were not treated at first very seriously by the majority of the Christian population. But the infatuated conduct of the Porte in provoking collisions between the armed followers of the committee and the imperial troops—collisions which resulted repeatedly in the repulse of the latter—soon enhanced the committee's prestige, and ultimately inaugurated the revolution of 1896. The alarming increase of murders of Christians by Mussulmans, and *vice versa*, during the first months of 1896, and the immigration of the Mussulman rural population into the fortified towns, foreshadowed the coming storm. In March, Karatheodory, who had certainly done his best to remedy the situation, was recalled at his own request, and Turkhan Pasha, who had been governor of Crete at a previous period, was nominated as his successor. This appointment dissatisfied both Christians and Mussulmans; but it was felt, by the Christians at least, that the fault lay less with the person of the governor than in the short-sighted policy of the Porte, and this feeling was fully borne out by the events which followed. Although it was evident even to superficial observers that Crete was on the eve of revolution, and that the nucleus of armed

revolt gathered about the Reform Committee was growing rapidly, the Porte suddenly issued a decree postponing the opening of the Cretan Assembly, which had been fixed for April 29. This abrogation of the last remnant of the old privileges, of the only means by which a peaceful solution of the Cretan difficulty could have been worked out, served at once to drive even the moderate Cretans into the arms of the revolutionists. New importance was thus lent to the Reform Committee in its self-assumed character as the representative of the Christian population; and when, furthermore, a military force sent against the committee's camp was worsted at Selia, the committee assumed the offensive. The Turkish garrison of 1200 men at Vamos, the capital of the mountainous Apokorona district, was shut up in the fort there, and besieged for seventeen days, by a force of nearly 5000 Cretans, and would have been starved out had not Turkhan's successor, Abdullah Pasha, succeeded on May 29 in relieving them in the nick of time.

Meanwhile, on May 24, 25, and 26 serious bloodshed had taken place at Canea, where the Mussulmans attempted a general massacre of the Christians, and were thwarted in this undertaking only by the prompt arrival of British, French, and Russian warships. The revolution had begun, and the hurried revocation of the decree postponing the Assembly, which was telegraphed from Constantinople, was now insufficient to arrest it.

It is unnecessary to recount here the devastation of the whole coast district west of Canea by Abdullah's troops and the native Mussulman ruffians; the destruction of some fifty villages under the eyes of the European war-ships anchored outside Canea harbor; Abdullah's disastrous campaign into the Apokorona district; the Mussulman atrocities at Candia and vicinity; the formation of a provisional revolutionary government, and finally the intervention of the six signatory powers of the Berlin treaty, compelling the Sultan to restore to the Cretans their suppressed privileges, with several important improvements. As in previous insurrections, the Cretans received almost all their aid from free Greece; and in spite of the ostentatious cruising of three wheezy Turkish torpedo steamers between Crete and the nearest Greek islands, and the bustling show of neutrality on the part of the Greek government, arms, ammunition, and volunteers continued all summer to arrive in Crete, landing sometimes within twenty miles of Canea. Even a body of ten young Greek officers, tired of clanking their useless sabers about the marble pavements of Athens, took «French leave,» and sailed away one fine night to Crete to help the insurgents. Public feeling in Greece ran so high that the government dared not place any real obstacle in the way of the support lent to the insurgents, although many measures were ostentatiously taken, to save appearances.

In the recent stormy debates in the Greek chamber on the government's policy in this last Cretan insurrection, the government was severely criticized by the speakers of the opposition for not having seized the opportunity, offered by the massacres of May 24, to send the Greek fleet, with a few regiments on board, to Crete, and drive out the few thousand Turkish troops before foreign powers could intervene or Turkish reinforcements arrive. No doubt a golden opportunity was thereby lost; for of the 8000 Turkish soldiers then in the island, over 1200 were shut up in Vamos, and the remainder concentrated at Canea. No further Turkish forces could have landed on the island without Greece's consent; for the old Turkish navy of 1868 has long since disappeared, and Greece can easily command the Ægean Sea with her small but efficient fleet. The Porte would not have ventured to declare war upon Greece, with Armenia, Macedonia, and the Lebanon on the verge of open rebellion; for the whole Eastern Question would have been reopened, calling for a readjustment, in which the Porte would have been the only loser. The powers were anything but agreed on Eastern matters, and in such disagreement lies a mine of strength for the smaller Eastern states. In a word, everything was propitious for the intervention of Greece in Crete. But it requires a hand of iron and a heart of oak to strike the blow at such a critical moment, and the only Greek statesman—Tricoupis—who was possessed of both had passed away at Cannes five weeks before.

This rare opportunity lost, the Greek government's only alternative was to advocate by diplomatic means the concession of some measure of autonomy to the Cretans. Yet here, too, the cabinet's courage failed them; and, as it appears, at the instigation of France and Russia (to whose counsels, unfortunately, M. Delyannis personally is apt to lend too willing an ear), the Greek government came to a private understanding with the Porte that the Halépa Convention, *pur et simple*, with all its proven unworkability, should be the price of the Cretans' submis-

sion. The Sultan offered the latter this magnificent boon by means of a proclamation, and the Greek consul at Canea struggled with the insurgent chiefs in behalf of its acceptance. But too much blood had been spilled and too many Christian villages destroyed to admit of a solution that would have been accepted willingly six months earlier; and it was not till the six great powers forced the Sultan to grant numerous and substantial improvements in the Halépa Charter that the Cretans consented to lay down their arms. The Greek insurgent movement in Macedonia, set on foot expressly as a diversion in favor of Crete, and the Armenian troubles at Constantinople, coincided to make the Sultan only too glad to compromise with the Cretans, and grant them a much more endurable measure of self-government than the Greek rulers, in their faint-heartedness, had thought it possible to demand.

The new charter was received by neither party in Crete with much enthusiasm, although both were secretly glad of a respite coming just in time to enable them to gather the olive-crop, which was unusually abundant. The exasperation of the Christians over the Mussulman atrocities, and the success of the insurgents' arms, had aroused among the Christians the hope of finally attaining the long-cherished goal of union with Greece, for which the new settlement seemed but a sorry substitute.

No one who visited the island during the autumn of 1896 can forget the sad picture of misery and ruin which unfolded itself before his eyes. As our cavalcade, escorted by a *peloton* of Turkish cavalry as far as the outposts, emerged from the main gate of Canea, nothing but devastated fields and burned cottages met our gaze. The Christians doubtless had some share in the destruction effected during the recent insurrection; for Cretans are no lambs, especially after centuries of the most maddening sufferings, and a Cretan insurrection always assumes the character of a war of reprisals. But the ravages of the Christians in 1896 were for the most part confined to the burning of several villages in the vicinity of Candia, after the revolting massacre of August 9 at Anopolis, where the Turks, among other atrocities, roasted a monk alive over a fire of sacred pictures, after cutting off his ears and nose.

Our journey led us through scenery the natural beauty of which can only be meagerly outlined. Crete approaches more nearly to one's conception of an earthly paradise than any other part of Europe, notwithstanding the terrible waves of war and conquest that have swept over it in quick succession for five-and-twenty centuries. No other country offers to the eye such vivid and imposing contrasts of scenery. It is as if a block of Alpine landscape had been cast bodily into the Mediterranean, there to mirror its snow-clad crests, its dark, waving forests, and its green meadows upon the bosom of the blue waters.

Our party included three Christian deputies, who were the bearers of the text of the new charter to the insurgents' headquarters at Vamos. On the way, however, we were informed that they were not at Vamos, but at Campos, and were therefore obliged to alter our course in a more southerly direction. The news of the Sultan's accession to the Cretan demands had already been signaled to all parts of the island by beacon-fires from peak to peak several days before, just as of yore the tidings of the fall of Troy were flashed along the mountain-tops to Agamemnon's distant Argive home.

In half an hour after leaving the Turkish lines we arrived at the insurgents' outposts at Kontopoulo, and the whole garrison was soon grouped in a large semicircle under a wide-spreading plane-tree, while the new charter was read aloud and discussed with avidity. It was a striking group—from youths of fifteen to grandsires of sixty, most of them clad in the picturesque costume of the island (baggy dark-blue trousers, high boots, and a black kerchief twisted about the head), and each carrying his rifle and cartridge-belt. The Cretan's dearest possession is his rifle; all the men bear arms, and in times of disturbance such of them as have not gone to join the insurgent forces attend to their usual work with rifles in their hands.

When we arrived toward evening at Campos we found that the news of our approach had preceded us in the person of a fleet messenger lad from Kontopoulo; and as we entered the main street of the village the whole population greeted us, in true Cretan fashion, with salvos of musketry fired into the air.

The new charter was then read, and several speeches were made by some of the inevitable lawyer insurgents, each leaning upon his rifle; thereupon the gratification of the camp found vent in a furious discharge of rapid-fire musketry, which must have made an enormous hole in the camp ammunition. A gala open-air banquet followed, consisting of sheep (roasted whole, in Homeric fashion), fresh cheese, and a few raw vege-

tables, washed down with copious draughts of resinated wine in enthusiastic toasts to the welfare of Crete and to the dearest hope of the Cretans—union with Greece.

For it is no secret that the latter consummation alone can give the island that peace for which it has been struggling and bleeding for the past six hundred years. This must not be understood as implying that Greek rule is even approximately a model one. The present plight of the Greek kingdom, politically and financially, is indeed sorry. The Greeks took unto themselves parliamentary institutions fully a century too soon, and these have engendered among them a state of things not pleasant to look upon. Their reckless financial management has landed them in the slough of bankruptcy. Crete is in much the same predicament as free Greece, although not so much so through her own fault.

Crete, like Epirus, Cyprus, and the Archipelago, is indisputably destined to be united to the Greek kingdom; Macedonia, Thrace, and the coasts of Asia Minor are Greek territories whose possession is coveted by other, stronger powers, and only the providence of God can secure to them that union with the mother-country which they desire. The past year or two has witnessed a radical change in the international aspect of the Eastern Question. Bulgaria, so long the pet of England and the Triple Alliance, has at last stood out in her true colors and gone over to Russia; and England and Austria are awakening to the fact that the Hellenic, not the Slavonic, element in the East is the more serviceable bulwark against the Russian advance to the Mediterranean. There can be no doubt as to the sincerity and cordiality with which the entire Greek nation dreads the great Slav power of the North, which threatens to engulf the Hellenic race and efface it more effectually than the Roman or the Ottoman conquest succeeded in doing.

Roumania and Greece, for a long time hostile to each other, have recently become reconciled, as was natural and fitting for the two non-Slavonic states of the Balkan peninsula. A third vigorous and serviceable anti-Russian element is the Albanian; and it should become the object of England's and Austria's diplomatic efforts to strengthen these three races in every possible way at the expense of their Slavonic neighbors, and at the same time bring them into relations of perfect amity and coöperation with one another against the common foe, Panslavism. In this defensive complex, which should ultimately be substituted for the rotten empire of the Turk, the Greeks would necessarily become the central or connecting link, as occupying extensive territories in Asia Minor as well as in Europe. Yet for Greece the first step to this great future lies unmistakably in the reform of the present Greek kingdom politically and financially.

ATHENS, February, 1897.

Demetrius Kalopothakes.

«UBI SUNT QUI ANTE NOS?»[1]

HOW now are the Others faring? Where sit They all in state?
And is there a token that somewhere, beyond the muffled gate,
The vanished and unreturning, whose names our memory fill,
Are holding their upper conclave and are of the Century still?

Is it all a fancy that somewhere, that somehow, the mindful Dead,
From the first that made his exit to the latest kinsman sped,—
Their vision ourselves unnoting, their shapes by ourselves unseen,—
Have gathered, like us, together this night in that strange demesne?

That the astral world's telepathy along their aisles of light
Has summoned our brave immortals, this selfsame mortal night,
All in that rare existence where thoughts a substance are,
To their native planet's aura, from journeyings near and far;

[1] Written for the Semi-Centennial Meeting of «The Century Association,» under which title the Century Club of New York holds its charter. January 13, 1897, marked the fiftieth anniversary of this famous club's existence. Seven or eight hundred members gathered and feasted together that night in commemoration of the event. The President, Bishop Potter, and ex-President Daniel Huntington (one of the two surviving founders), made addresses. An oration was delivered by Parke Godwin, and poems were read by Richard H. Stoddard, William Allen Butler, and Edmund C. Stedman. The club anthems—Mr. Macdonough's «Carmen Centuriale» and Mr. Stedman's «Centuria»—were sung by the gathering.

And that now with forms made over, and life as jocund and young
As when they here kept wassail and joined in the catches sung,
They have met in the ancient fashion, and now in the old-time speech
Are chanting their Vivat Centuria just out of our hearing's reach?

Yes, oh, yes,—as the pictured ghosts of Huns war on in middle air,
With a fiercer battle-hunger from the field upflinging there,—
And since the things we have chosen from all, as most of worth
Forever here and hereafter, cease not with the end of Earth;

Since joy and knowledge and beauty, and the love of man to man
Passing the love of women, the links of our chain began—
Yea, even as these are ceaseless, so they who were liegemen here
Hark back and are all Centurions this night of the fiftieth year!

Yes, the draftsmen and craftsmen have fashioned with a dream's compelling force
The Century's lordlier temple, have builded it course on course,
And the luminiferous ether floods the great assembly-hall
Where the scintillant «C. A.» colophon burns high in the sight of all.

The painters have hung from end to end cloud-canvases ablaze
With that color-scheme from us hidden in the ultra-violet rays,
With the new chiaroscuro of things that each way face,
And the in-and-out perspective of their four-dimensioned space.

Oh, to hear the famed Cantators upraise the mighty chant,
With their bass transposed to the rumbling depth below our octaves scant,
And a tenor of those Elysian notes «too fine for mortal ear,»
Yet tuned to the diapason of this dear old darkling sphere!

And, oh, to catch but a glimpse of the company throned around—
The scholars that know it all at last, the poets finally crowned!
There the blithe divines, that fear no more the midnight chimes, sit each
With his halo tilted a trifle, and his harp at easy reach;

There all the jolly Centurions of high or low degree,
This night of nights, as in early time, foregather gloriously—
Come back, mayhap, from Martian meads, from many an orb come back,
Full sure the cheer they cared for here this night shall have no lack;

For they know the jovial servitors have mingled a noble brew
Of the tipple men call nectarean, the pure celestial dew,
And are passing around ambrosial cakes, while the incense-clouds arise
Of something akin to those earthly fumes not even the Blest despise.

And yet—and yet—could we listen, we might o'erhear them say
They would barter a year of Aidenn to be here for a night and a day;
And if one of us yearns to follow the paths that thitherward wend,—
Let him rest content,—let him have no fear,—he verily shall in the end.

Then not for the quick alone this hour unbar the entrance gate,
But a health to the brethren gone before, however they hold their state!
Nor think it *all* fancy that to our hearts there comes an answering thrill
From the Dead that echo our Vivats and are of the Century still.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Discontented Rich.

THE poor man declares, «If only I were rich I should be content.» He little knows the discontent of the rich. The occasions of discontent among the rich are of various kinds. One frequent cause of uneasiness on their part is on account of their relative poverty. There is with all but one rich man in every community—always some one richer; and to certain minds this is a continual reproach. There is at times a rage for greater and greater wealth that produces a sort of fever in the blood which destroys a good part of the happiness of large possession.

Then there are social ambitions and emulations among the wealthy that tend to discontent. Some achieve riches because the strife for a living for their families is carried on with such conscience and industry that riches are the natural consequence: but some pursue riches from the passion to surpass therein; some in order to shine in a certain social set; some for the opportunity of display in general; some for the love of success; some for the love of power. Emerson says: «The pulpit and the press have many commonplaces denouncing the thirst for wealth; but if men should take these moralists at their word, and leave off aiming to be rich, the moralists would rush to rekindle, at all hazards, this love of power in the people, lest civilization should be undone.» But this love of power, this emulation, and this passion for success, do not conduce to the contented mind.

There is still another cause of discontent among the rich—a discontent occasioned by their very riches. There have always been examples of this unease; but, on the whole, it is a modern ailment, a form of the altruism that had its most notable date some nineteen hundred years ago. In our day the discontent of the rich, of the well-to-do, is probably greater than ever before in the history of civilization, save in exceptional moments of religious revival or mania.

In its extreme form this discontent is morbid and enfeebling; it is moody and self-reproachful, and leads to unreasonable and unwise action. In its more usual manifestation this discontent is accompanied by just so much pricking of the conscience as leads to a keen sense of responsibility, an appreciation of the hard labor behind every piece of money and every bond and security. This discontent is noble, and leads to useful living. It builds hospitals and museums and halls of learning and churches; it builds character and honorable and devoted citizenship; and, as good as all else, if not better, it breeds justice, consideration, and sympathy in trade and in all manner of business.

But there are riches of another kind—riches of inherited faculties of culture and of character—which also produce a noble discontent, and always have done so. It is this discontent that is to-day making itself felt in works of philanthropy and of good citizenship all over the United States.

In no class is this discontent of the mentally and morally rich more plainly seen than in the walks of the higher education, among the professors in the colleges for men and women, and among the undergraduates and the graduates. Civic duties are assumed with enthusiasm, and works of benevolence are entered upon with a wise choice as to individual activities. The University Settlement system is one of the most prominent of the adopted means of public service. Yale undergraduates are noted for good works in many fields. Harvard's «Student Volunteer work» is a wisely guided coöperative effort by young men of the university «to get hold of the thing called charity, philanthropy, social service, most simply and effectively, to secure a real adaptation between it and the condition of college life.» In a word, these fortunate youths are not content to keep unshared their own riches of the mind and of the spirit.

So there are more kinds of riches than one, and there are at least three kinds of discontent to which the owners of riches are subject: a discontent contemptible, a discontent natural and salutary for the race, and a discontent noble and productive of good works. Of this last kind there cannot be too much.

The Fight for the Forest Reserves.

READERS of THE CENTURY do not need to be reminded of the progress that has been made during the last six years in the direction of a civilized and scientific policy for the preservation of the national forests from the destruction which threatens them from fire, the indiscriminate use of the ax, and the hoof of the sheep. On the meridian day of Mr. Harrison's administration, March 4, 1891, a beginning was made by the enactment of a provision authorizing the President to withdraw from entry and set apart as forest reserves such tracts of the public domain as, in his judgment, should be necessary for the preservation of the timber or for the conservation of the water-supply of agricultural regions. In the closing days of the same administration, at the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. John W. Noble, the first practical step was taken under this law, in the proclamation of fifteen reservations, amounting to 13,000,000 acres, including chiefly the great Sierra Reserve of California. September 28, 1893, President Cleveland established the Cascade Forest Reserve in Oregon, comprising about 4,500,000 acres. On the 2d of March, 1896, in response to a request by the Hon. Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, the National Academy of Sciences, in accordance with the obligations of its constitution as an official governmental body, undertook the investigation of the public forests through a commission consisting of a body of experts whose superiors for the purpose cannot be found in the country, nearly all of whom, moreover, are familiar, by long experience, with the needs of the West and with the character of the forests to be investi-

gated. The commission consists of Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard, chairman; Professor Wolcott Gibbs, president of the Academy, *ex officio;* Alexander Agassiz; Professor W. H. Brewer of Yale; General Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A. (retired); Arnold Hague of the Geological Survey; and Gifford Pinchot, practical forester, secretary. For an average of more than three months five members of this commission were in the field, and the first result of its labors (which, by the way, are given without compensation) was to recommend the establishment of thirteen additional reserves, comprising over 21,000,000 acres, the special reasons being given in its report to the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. David R. Francis, on whose further recommendation these reserves were set apart by President Cleveland by proclamation of February 22, 1897. There remains to be presented the main report of the commission, which will formulate a policy, to be submitted to Congress, for the intelligent care, control, and use of the reserves. When this shall have been adopted a most important reform will have been fairly instituted, which cannot but have an excellent influence on the settled policy of the government toward its forested lands, of which the reserves are but a very small fraction. By this advance the whole country will be the gainer, but chiefly and immediately the regions west of the Missouri River.

Nevertheless, the reservation policy has met with bitter opposition, chiefly from representatives of Northwestern States in Congress, who at the last session went so far as to induce the Senate to attach to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill a «rider» annulling the proclamation. The friends of the reserves drafted and procured the adoption of a substitute for the rider, making liberal provision against alleged injuries to actual settlers. It is understood that President Cleveland would have vetoed the bill on account of this rider alone. For other reasons it failed to become a law, and the reserves, as we write, are still intact. It is, however, well known that the opposition is not satisfied with the substitute, and that no effort will be spared, by appeal to President McKinley or by legislation at the extra session, to annul the new reserves. Whether any changes in the limits of the reservations are desirable, a careful discussion of the objections will determine. This consideration apart, the issue is plainly joined between those who, from indifference or interested motives, are willing to expose the public forests to destruction, and those who, with the warnings of history to inspire them, are determined, if possible, to make a new start in the right direction. On the conservative side are two Presidents, three Secretaries of the Interior, and a Forest Commission of disinterested and famous scientific experts, to whose support are rallying the most intelligent forces of the country. And while, doubtless, sincere men and good citizens may be found in the opposition, its mainspring will be discovered to be the interest of certain persons or corporations which have profited, and desire to profit, by extensive and reckless destruction of the timber, inspired by that delusive and fatal maxim of pessimism so prevalent in a new country, «After us the deluge.»

An incident of the contest at the recent session affords an object-lesson of great significance. When the promoters of the rider presented it to the California senators, they were informed that the new reserves in that State must be omitted from the annulment. This was in strict accord with the well-known conviction of Californians that the reservation of large tracts of high altitude in the Sierra is one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that ever befell the State, insuring as it does a perpetual supply of water to extensive agricultural regions dependent wholly upon irrigation. In fact, the commission, during its visit to California, was fairly besieged by requests to inspect large areas of land which it was desired to include in new reserves. What is true of California time will show to be true of the other States. After a little disquiet and alarm, sedulously fomented by sheep-herders and mining companies, and based on a misapprehension or a misrepresentation of the effect of the reservation policy, it will be found that no previously existing right is endangered, while the interests of the whole local population, present and to come, are to this extent safeguarded against the perils attendant on denudation, such as have overtaken the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

The prospect of so great a good should stir up the newspapers, the universities, colleges, and other educators, the boards of trade and chambers of commerce, and the farmers and laboring men of the whole country, and especially of the West, to make known to the President and to Congress their desire that the forests should be saved for the people, instead of being left exposed to the ravages of a few. Indeed, had a wise policy directed the government control of its forest and mineral wealth in the past, the franchises from these sources might have relieved us at critical times of the dread of an annual deficit in the national finances. It is not too late at least, to see that destructive agencies do not add to the already strenuous conditions of life in the West a heritage of calamity for generations to come.

Who are the Hypocrites?

THE friends of political immorality, apparently without exception, call the friends of good government «hypocrites.» The phrase is one of their most powerful arguments. They never find political rascals afflicted with this vice: it is only «snivel-service reformers,» «purists,» «high-toners»; that is to say, George William Curtis, James Russell Lowell, Carl Schurz, and men of that type. The bosses, boodlers, spoilsmen, lobbyists, and demagogues; all the men who grow rich on corruption funds, all the men who buy office for cash or otherwise, all the thugs and man-killers in politics, are declared by them to be, on the whole, morally preferable to the reformers, because of the saving virtue of «freedom from hypocrisy» and «dislike of sham and pretense.»

After a close observation of political methods for many years, it seems to us an interesting phenomenon that «hypocrisy» and a «lack of frankness» should assume so loathsome an aspect in the eyes of political immoralists. A personal acquaintance with the principal reformers of the country leads one to believe that instead of being hypocrites, they are about the only men interested in public affairs who tell the truth openly and fearlessly concerning them.

The cant, humbug, and hypocrisy of the professional politician have been the subject of ridicule for ages. If

he calls decent people hypocrites, it is only «the reply churlish,» the vulgar «You 're another» of the streets. No doubt the machine politician often tells the truth in private; he sometimes by inadvertence tells the truth publicly, as, for instance, the delegate who wanted to know what they were there for if not for the offices. But the whole position of the typical modern machine politician is false and hypocritical, as that of the demagogue has been from classic days till now. He pretends that he is the «friend of the people,» that he is working for the principles of the «grand old party,» when the honest fact is that he is merely conducting an employment bureau for the benefit of himself and the other «boys.»

The enemies of the merit system are always ostensibly in favor of «common-sense,» «genuine,» «practical,» or «progressive» civil-service reform; they are in favor of the «principle,» but against the present «academic methods.» They don't want so much «starch» in the merit system, but of course they dote upon the merit system itself. What they really want, of course, is some means of «beating» the law, of getting around the Constitution, in order to distribute offices as rewards to party workers or personal retainers who would be likely not to win their places by means of competitive examinations.

These examinations are *not* «academic» except when they ought to be; that is, when the duties of the office require «academic» knowledge of a specific kind. The reports concerning their ridiculous and unpractical character originate in hypocritical falsehood. The examinations do not result in placing none but college-bred men and women in office: the college-bred appointees are in a small minority. The examinations, as every one knows who has conscientiously looked into the system, are most sensible, and apply with precision to the duties of the particular office to be filled.

As a matter of fact, there is no hypocrite more offensive and dangerous than the «organization» manager, who spends his time feathering his nest, and who charges his own infirmity of hypocrisy upon his critics and betters.

«Don't!»

It would be interesting to follow the fortunes of all those who shall succeed in entering the public service of the United States at this time of change, in order to determine how many will yet confess that the thing they sought with such eagerness proved the bane of their lives. In those branches of the public service covered by the merit system, and where most of the higher offices in the same service are so covered, there is a chance for an honorable career. But where only a short term is probable, and where promotion means that the official will lose his place with a change of administration, how often has successful office-seeking meant the failure of a career!

We do not refer to the high representative offices, where conspicuous service even for a short term may mean honorable reputation. We refer to those places, often remote from home, which are held pleasantly for a time, but which, as things now are, mean often the losing of the thread of one's life, drifting out of the current of affairs, sometimes the acquiring of a distaste for ordinary business, ending in years spent either in aimless idleness, or continued searching, disappointment, and bitterness.

We have known young men to be very glad that they had not resented the application of Punch's matrimonial advice to their own office-seeking ambitions. We have never heard of any one who was sorry.

OPEN LETTERS

A Sleeping King.

It has been said truly by many observers that in the United States of America public opinion is king; but the qualification has been added usually that it is king only when it chooses to exert its power. Mr. Bryce, in his admirable and unequaled chapters on the subject in his «American Commonwealth,» opens his discussion with this impressive tribute: «Towering over Presidents and State governors, over Congress and State legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it.» But he closes his discussion with this, among other qualifying statements: «What opinion chiefly needs in America, in order to control the politicians, is a more sustained activity on the part of men of vigorously independent minds, a more sedulous effort on their part to impress their views upon the masses.»

It must be admitted by all observers that public opinion in this country has not towered over either politicians or legislators to such an extent during the last few months as to make them tremble before it. Indeed, it is doubtful if ever before in the history of the country politicians and legislators have shown such indifference to public opinion as they have recently. For the first time in our history they have adopted a policy of ignoring it. The most objectionable of them carry forward their schemes in the open interest of bad government without paying any heed to either criticism or exposure. If they wish to put bad men in office, and the character of the men is exposed, they treat the exposure with silence, and put in the men. Formerly they thought it unsafe to leave damaging charges unanswered or unrefuted; now they think any attention to them unnecessary. Their policy is summed up in the view once expressed by one of their number who was rebuking an associate for replying to the arguments of opponents: «Oh, let 'em talk—we 've got the votes.»

If public opinion were active, this policy of silence

would not be followed. It is clearly the politicians' belief that if the king be not dead, he is sleeping so heavily that they need have no fear of him, for the present at least. Their feeling of security is based largely upon the steadily growing hold which they have been gaining in recent years upon the nominating machinery of our politics. They control that machinery absolutely now in nearly all cases, and in that way they get possession of the votes which are necessary to enable them to carry through the legislatures such schemes as they desire, without regard to criticism. They have driven public opinion out of the primaries; it finds no voice there, and they think that by suppressing it there they have stripped it of its power. If the people can elect to public office only such men as the machines and bosses permit to be nominated, then indeed has public opinion become powerless.

As a matter of fact, however, public opinion has merely to exert itself to become as powerful as ever. There is a weapon ready at hand for the destruction of every bad primary nomination. Under the Australian ballot laws, which are in force in nearly all our States, a small number of citizens have only to unite in favor of a candidate to secure his nomination by petition. When thus nominated, his name must be printed upon the ballots, under certain disadvantages in most cases, it is true, but still printed, with the regular party candidates. If public opinion were vigilant and active, this power to nominate by petition would be held as a moral club over every party primary and nominating convention, and would exert an influence for good upon every one of them. Why is it not so held? Because public opinion, as created by the men who believe in good government, is not active, but lethargic and indifferent.

Popular government cannot be left to take care of itself. If the most intelligent and honest elements of the population will not do their part of the work, they cannot expect the other elements to do it for them. It is folly to turn the business of government over to the political machines, and expect them to manage it otherwise than in their own interest. The men who are in the machines have gone into politics to get a living, and they are in control because men who think this is not a proper use of politics are neglectful of their duties. The only remedy for this condition of affairs is for the men who believe in good government to go to work and secure it. Finding fault with the machine politicians will accomplish nothing unless it be followed by active measures to defeat their candidates and plans. This, as we have said, can be done by using the privilege of making nominations by petition. If the friends of honest government in all parts of the country will organize themselves into such associations as the Good Government clubs in New York city or the Civic Federation in Chicago; will make it their business to watch all regular party nominations; and will, in every case in which a bad nomination is made, set on foot a movement to secure a desirable nomination by petition, beneficial results will be certain to follow in time. The mistake should not be made of expecting success immediately; that has been the ruin of many a promising reform movement. Enlistment must be for the war, which in politics means for life. The machines do not stop with one election or a dozen elections. They keep at work all the time. Their opponents must do the same. Sustained activity, as Mr. Bryce says, is the only thing which will restore public opinion to its position of power, and keep it there. We must rid ourselves of the idea that good government can be secured for all time by some single great stroke. Hard as it is to secure it, the task of keeping it after it has been won is far more difficult. Reformers must learn of the machine politicians that incessant vigilance and labor are the first essentials of success in politics.

Joseph B. Bishop.

John Cabot, Discoverer of the North American Continent.

JOHN CABOT was the discoverer of the continent of North America, and Christopher Columbus was not. We read in George Bancroft's «History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent» (nineteenth edition, Boston, 1862, 1863, Vol. I, pp. 10, 11) a quotation from the commission of King Henry VII of England, empowering John Cabot and his son Sebastian Cabot «to sail into the eastern, western, and northern sea . . . in search of islands, provinces, or regions hitherto unseen by Christian people, and to affix the banner of England on city, island, or continent, and as vassals of the English crown to possess and occupy the territories that might be found.» Bancroft then says: «Under this patent . . . John Cabot, taking with him his son Sebastian, embarked. After sailing prosperously, as he reported, for seven hundred leagues, on the 24th of June, 1497, early in the morning, almost fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the main, and more than two years before Amerigo Vespucci sailed west of the Canaries, he discovered the western continent—probably in the latitude of about 56°, among the dismal cliffs of Labrador. He ran along the coast for many leagues,—it is said even for three hundred,—and landed. . . . He planted on the land a large cross, with the flag of England.»

It is true that on his third voyage Columbus, without knowing that he did so, landed on the South American continent; but this, Bancroft says, was long after John Cabot had landed on the North American continent and had taken possession of it in the name of England. John Cabot was the discoverer of the North American continent, and he made it known to the world. It is said that the Norsemen found America five hundred years before Columbus reached San Salvador, but their discovery was fruitless.

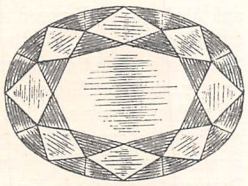
Sebastian Cabot had evidently the soul of an explorer, and after his return to England with his father on that first great voyage, he again crossed the ocean in search of further discoveries; for Bancroft tells us that Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, on his second voyage, sailed from England, May, 1498, with three hundred men, «for Labrador, by way of Iceland, and reached the continent in the latitude of 58°; and having proceeded along the shores of the United States to the southern boundary of Maryland, or perhaps to the latitude of Albemarle Sound, want of provisions induced him to return to England.» (Boston edition of 1841, Vol. I, p. 11.)

When the four-hundredth anniversary (June 24, 1897) shall come, Cabot's discovery should be celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

J. Hooker Hamersley.

A Historic Diamond.

An old book which came into my possession some time ago throws so much light on a once famous diamond—not now in existence—that the readers of The Century Magazine may be interested in learning something of it. The volume I refer to is in French, and is entitled «Pouget [M.], Traité des Pierres Précieuses et de la Manière de les Employer en Parure,» 4to, Paris, 1762, and seems to have belonged to one John Francillion of 24 Norfolk street, Strand, London, about 1812. He seems to have been a jeweler, or at all events a connoisseur in gems, because inserted in the volume are auction notices of historical gems, among them the Pigot diamond, named after Lord Pigot, governor of Madras, who is said to have brought the diamond with him to England about the year 1775. Indeed, in the first page of one of the auction circulars referred to the explicit statement is made that «the most noble brilliant, well known by the name of the Pigot diamond, was formerly



Exact Size of Pigot Diamond.

Thickness of Diamond.

Size of Culet, the flat Facet on Back.

brought to England from India by Lord Pigot.» Authorities are agreed that the Pigot diamond was a brilliant of the first water, but there is much discrepancy as to its weight and size. It is chiefly on this point that the entries in this old book are valuable. How Lord Pigot obtained possession of it is not clear. There is no record as to the place whence he obtained it, but it is probable that it was given to him by his friend the Rajah of Tanjore, for his lordship admitted to the directors of the East India Company that he «had accepted some presents of trifling value» from the Rajah. If this diamond was among those «trifles,» it was certainly a very valuable «trifle,» for it was appraised at £40,000, or about $200,000! Lord Pigot's second term of office in Madras ended fatally, and nothing is known of the next owner of the valuable gem. The auction notice says that it was «sold at auction by Mr. Christie at his Great Room, Pall Mall, November 10th, 1802, at 12 M.»; and Mr. Francillion adds, in the careful, old-fashioned handwriting of gentlemen of his day, that it was sold to «Mr. Parker, Pawnbroker of Princess Street, Soho, for £9,975, with one half of the duty of sixpence on the pound, amounting to £124 13*s.* 9*d.*," amounting in all to the sum of £10,099 13*s.* 9*d.* This pawnbroker seems to have made it the subject of a lottery for £30,000, but the name of the owner into whose hands it came is not known.

Mawe, writing in 1823, says that it became the property of a poor young man, who sold it for a low price. It was again disposed of, and passed into the hands of a jeweler in the city. Murray, writing in 1831, says that in 1818 it was in the possession of Rundle, Bridge & Rundle, jewelers, who sold it for £30,000 to the famous Ali Pasha, and a special messenger was appointed to receive it. Ali always wore it in a green purse attached to his girdle—green being the sacred color of the prophet. When, in 1822, Ali Pasha was mortally wounded by Kourschid, he immediately retired to his divan, and desired that his favorite wife, Vasilika, should be poisoned, and gave the diamond to Captain D'Anglas, with orders that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. This order was immediately carried out, and the beautiful gem was utterly destroyed. Murray adds: «Vasilika still lives, but the model of the diamond alone remains.» The too obedient officer bitterly regretted his folly, and the memory of the destroyed gem haunted him in his dreams for months afterward.

This, in brief, is the history of the Pigot diamond so far as known. It only remains now to adduce the evidence furnished by old John Francillion as to its weight and size. Murray gave its weight at 47½ carats, Dieulafait at 81½ carats, Emanuel at 82½ carats, and Kluge at 82½; but Mawe, who was acquainted with the diamond, and who had seen it before it was sold to Ali Pasha, gives its weight at 49 carats, and adds that «this statement must be accepted as final.»

From John Francillion's old auction catalogue we learn that its true weight was 188 grains, which, at four diamond grains to the diamond carat, gives 47 carats as the weight of the diamond, and this must be accepted as final. The engraving from the circular here reproduced shows its thickness and width as well as the size of its culet. From this we can see that the diamond was a very shallow one, and Mawe said that it was not considered of «sufficient depth.»

George Frederick Kunz.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

Mr. Alexander was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. His first art study, under his only teacher, the American artist Frank Duveneck, was in Munich and Florence. Since 1891 he has made his home in Paris, where, after two years of ill health, he exhibited in the New Salon (Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts), of which he was elected an associate in 1893, and *sociétaire* one year later. He has also taken part in the other principal exhibitions of both America and Europe. He was elected an associate of the Société Internationale Artistique of Paris in 1894, and secretary of that society in the same year. He is also a member of the Society of American Artists.

In his manner, method, and art, Mr. Alexander is a prominent figure among the younger American artists. His works partake largely of the nature of the *tour de force*, often aggressive, and to the critic challenging. His portraits, the class of work in which he has had his chief success, possess breadth of treatment, and in their strong likeness throb with vitality. His landscape work is distinguished in line and selection, and his studies of flowers, hardly known except to his intimates, have the rare quality of conveying their essence.

Among his principal American portraits are those of Dr. McCosh, Walt Whitman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Joseph Jefferson.

Mr. Alexander is represented in the new Library of Congress in a series of mural paintings, «The Evolution of the Book,» one of which is shown on page 708 of the March Century.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

At Candle-Lightin' Time.

WHEN I come in f'om de co'n-fiel' aftah wukin' ha'd all day,
It 's amazin' nice to fin' my suppah all erpon de way;
An' it 's nice to smell de coffee bubblin' ovah in de pot,
An' it 's fine to see de meat a-sizzlin' teasin'-lak an' hot.

But when suppah-time is ovah, an' de things is cl'ared away,
Den de happy hours dat foller are de sweetes' of de day.
When my co'n-cob pipe is sta'ted, an' de smoke is drawin' prime,
My ole 'ooman says, «I reckon, Ike, it 's candle-lightin' time.»

Den de chillun snuggle up to me, an' all commence to call,
«Oh, say, daddy, now it 's time to mek de shadders on de wall.»
So I puts my han's togethah,—evah daddy knows de way,—
An' de chillun snuggle closer roun' ez I begin to say:

«Fus thing, hyeah come Mistah Rabbit; don' you see him wuk his eahs?
Huh uh! dis mus' be a donkey; look how innercent he 'pears!
Dah 's de ole black swan a-swimmin'—ain't she got a' awful neck?
Who 's dis feller dat 's a-comin'? Why, dat 's ole dog Tray, I 'spec'!»

Dat 's de way I run on, tryin' fu to please 'em all I can;
Den I hollahs, «Now be keerful—dis hyeah las' 's de buga-man!»
An' dey runs an' hides dey faces; dey ain't skeered—dey 's lettin' on;
But de play ain't raaly ovah 'twell dat buga-man is gone.

So I jes teks up my banjo, an' I plays a little chune,
An' you see dem haids come peepin' out to listen mighty soon.
Den my wife say, «Sich a pappy fu to gin you sich a fright!
Jes you go to baid, an' leave him; say yo' prayers, an' say good night.»

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Pertinent Suggestions to Office-seekers.

IT has occurred to the writer that in these opening days of a new administration he could render no more important public service than by suggesting to persons who desire to obtain office under President McKinley the most approved way of doing it. For years I have watched the process by which places of honor, dignity, and profit have been bestowed by various administrations in their turn, and from these observations I am convinced that no pursuit more than that of office insistently demands scientific methods and strategic skill. There are tricks in all trades, and office-seeking is no exception.

The fundamental mistake that a beginner is most liable to make is in believing everything that is told him. His skepticism should first be aroused by the advice of pretended friends that his application for office «should be made in writing.» This is all wrong. The man who wants an office should come to Washington to get it. The suggestion to write «inclosing testimonials, etc.,» is simply a device of the statesman in office to rid himself of annoyance and importunity from the man on the outside. Written applications are convenient for the influential statesman, because they can be folded and filed and so disposed of in a way that their living authors could not. Letters rarely receive attention. Some insignificant clerk sends out a formal, stereotyped answer, and then files every letter in such a way that if its author is ever seen coming, it may be taken down and given a cursory reading. But if the seeker never comes in person his letter is never read. When a Democratic «boss» in New Jersey, who thought himself of considerable consequence, received in reply to one of his letters a printed form from the private secretary of a cabinet officer, stating that a communication of a certain date «would be given careful consideration,» the boss, in offended dignity, folded the formal note and returned it to the private secretary, indorsed with the single word «Thanks.» If a practical politician from New Jersey can command no attention with a written request, what unspeakable folly for the ordinary seeker to expect it! When the foreign missionary remains in New York and converts the heathen by writing letters to them, or the book-agent reaches his customers successfully in the same way, it will be time to use the pen for getting a leverage on the government pay-roll.

Let the office-seeker come to Washington, and come at once, and come prepared to stay. It may be urged that living in Washington is expensive, and that perhaps the chances of success are not worth the outlay. This can all be satisfactorily arranged. Of course the seeker will not stamp himself and his «claims» with an air of cheapness at the start by giving as his city address some fourth-class boarding-house on Z street, southeast; but he may take advantage of the economical rates of such an establishment, and at the same time maintain the best nominal residence in the city. Ascertain carefully from the Congressional Directory the member of your State delegation who has the most fashionable hotel address in Washington. Say to that member of Congress that, owing to the crowds now in the city, your mail has not been coming to you very regularly, and that perhaps it would be well to have it come to his hotel and in his care. If this request is made at what promises to be about the end of a forty-minute call, you will be surprised at the alacrity with which it is granted. You will then have a good post-office address for your calling-cards, and, what is of more importance,

you will have made a friend. Your daily calls thereafter upon the influential statesman at the fashionable hotel will occasion no comment. Friendship will ripen, and it will be possible from time to time to put in a few well-chosen words in the interest of your candidacy. The inference which the other members of the delegation will draw from this seeming intimacy is also worth something. This is a much better plan than for you to board at the —— Hotel, because in this way you can stay longer. A protracted office-seeking campaign is generally desirable, and usually necessary.

When once settled in Washington, your first duty is to build up an acquaintance, and in doing this you will not waste much time on subordinates. Private secretaries and confidential clerks of all grades should be ignored. Next to the «put-your-application-in-writing» humbug, these persons are the worst obstacle in the way of patriotic men bent on entering the service of their country. The inexperienced seeker, without some such word of warning, is very apt to rejoice and consider his battle half won when somebody's private secretary pours a few smooth words into his ear. That is what a private secretary is hired for, and he is, moreover, only earning his salary when he is keeping the seeker away from the statesman; and hence between the secretary and the seeker there is an irrepressible conflict to which no known rules of honorable warfare apply. Ride over the private secretary rough-shod, or he will ride over you. When you call on Senator Blank, and learn that the senator is «out,» but that «his secretary, Mr. J—— will see you,» just inquire at what hour Mr. J—— is likely to be out, and make that your time for calling in the future.

It is invariably better to see a senator at his residence than at his committee-room in the Capitol, where he is sure to be disturbed by other seekers, and may even occasionally be interrupted by official duties. He has there, besides, immeasurably greater facilities for eluding you than at his private residence, where, fortunately, certain rules of hospitality cannot be wholly ignored. A good time to call at the house is near a meal-hour, for it is one of the characteristics of a statesman that when his ear is gained just as he is about to respond to a dinner-call, he will surely be an attentive, even though a somewhat irritable, listener. This little nervous tension that the statesman is under is invaluable in fixing firmly the seeker's claims. A long call at any time, of course, is better than a short one. With hundreds of office-seekers actually wearing the life out of every man of influence in these days, it is hardly to be expected that a few minutes' conversation will sufficiently impress upon the memory the needs and merits of any one claimant. The longer the call the greater the impressiveness. Measure your success in minutes, not in cordiality. Remember the parable of the unjust judge and the importunate widow.

It is related that President Lincoln once became so weary of the solicitations of an office-seeker that he ordered the claimant for favor to find on a globe standing in the executive chamber the one point furthest removed from Washington. Lincoln then rang for his private secretary, and requested him to ascertain the consular post on the earth nearest to the point represented on the globe. The persistent place-hunter was immediately appointed to that consulate; and while on grounds of politeness his methods could hardly be commended, it is well to remember that in office-seeking they are wonderfully effective. At least the seeker should never err in the other direction, as did a Georgian four years ago, who, instead of going to Secretary Hoke Smith's residence, went to his office, where he became one of a long line of clamorous applicants. So depressing was this atmosphere that when the seeker reached the Secretary of the Interior, and saw his woe-begone look, and the pushing throng behind, all that the seeker could remember of his carefully prepared speech was to say that he had called merely to pay his respects. He declared impromptu that he wanted no office whatever. Too much Chesterfield has ruined many a good place-hunter. An Iowan, on the other hand, who called at the White House a few days ago, gave evidence of a perception of the right idea. When asked if he desired to see the secretary to the President, he replied: «No, sir; I do not want to see any secretary, or any assistant, or any executive clerk, or any one of the messengers. The name of the man I want to see is William McKinley.» Perhaps at the executive mansion some deference must still be paid to subordinates; but as a general rule the office-seeker should see the influential man himself, and not his servants; should see him at his residence, and not at his office, and in such a way as to be most impressive. Above all, the office-seeker must not stand at one side and write letters.

The worst thing that the honorable office-seeker has to fear is the treachery of pretended friends. Your influential statesmen in Washington are the men who have been successful in working off as legal tender a good many promises, and many of these must naturally be dishonored when presented for redemption, but not necessarily his promises to you. The only way I know of to avoid becoming a victim of this sort of thing is by seeing to it that treachery is made impossible. A common device of the statesman is to say to his office-seeking friend: «Oh, yes; I will speak to the President about you. I am going over to the White House next week to talk over that marshalship, and I will tell him all about you—yes, everything,» with a significant chuckle. The sagacious seeker will rise to this occasion by saying: «That suits me exactly, and I will go right along with you. What day shall it be? Any day is perfectly convenient to me.» If the seeker only accompanies the statesman right to the throne, there will then be little chance of any treasonable evasion. Another common form of treachery is conducted by letter-writing. The statesman says to his constituent: «Oh, yes; I will give you a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, insisting on your having this appointment.» Senators recommend so many men in this way that sometimes it happens that the cabinet ministers are obliged to number the candidates for each particular post recommended by the same statesman. Mr. Jones's letter from Senator Blank recommending Jones's appointment as district attorney is briefed in the department files something like this: «Blank, senator; district attorney, second district; No. 7; name, Jones.» Most congressional people have an understanding with the cabinet officers, moreover, that letters are to be counted as absolutely meaningless, and that if anything is really wanted the statesman will call

in person to see about it. Sometimes secret signals are arranged, so that letters which bear the signature of the full first name are known to be worthless, while letters signed with an initial for the first name are to be taken as of some value. It is well for the beginner to remember these things. And he should by all means avoid making a ridiculous spectacle of himself by taking around a package of letters and testimonials. Everybody knows that these things are merely perfunctory, and yet each year a new crop of office-seekers is fooled by the same chaff, and set to work gathering letters of indorsement just as children collect postage-stamps. A colored man who was appointed to office a few years ago had a package of indorsements so large that it filled a «Saratoga» that had to be checked as baggage wherever he went; and yet it did not help him to get his office, and that the package was ever opened may well be doubted. Another colored man recently asked Secretary —— if he had not produced testimonials enough to get his son a messengership, whereupon Mr. —— gave a glance at the package, and said: «Testimonials enough for a place in the cabinet!»

While the seeker's first important duty is to gain the attention of influential people, his greater task will come after in the making out of his case. He should ascertain whose favor and influence are necessary to secure the coveted prize. For some positions the President himself will allow no outsider to influence him in making a decision, while many of the smaller places, even though nominally «presidential appointments,» are given over unreservedly to senators, representatives, and the like. Certain offices are known as «senatorial patronage»; others as «congressional» (by which the lower House of Congress is always meant); and the cabinet officers and their assistants all reserve certain places for their own friends. It is first necessary, then, to find out who controls the office that you want. There is only one certain test by which you may know this, and that is by the eagerness with which those statesmen who have nothing to do with the filling of a particular place will urge you to try for it.

In stating their claims office-seekers should avoid conventionalities. The same argument appeals to almost every one of the vast army of place-hunters, and as a result Presidents, cabinet officers, and congressmen all become weary of hearing a thousand stories just alike. Some of the most successful office-seekers have been men who have broken loose, even blunderingly, from conventional lines. The mental refreshment which an occasional new plea affords is very effective. It once happened that when two rival factions of Minnesota politicians were seeking a coveted prize, each berating and vilifying the other, an absolutely obscure young man, unknown and hence unhated, came to Washington and presented himself as the «harmony candidate» for the great office for which the factions were noisily contending. He was successful because, as the President said, «He seemed the only man in the State whose appointment would not completely disrupt the party.» This had been the testimony of the factions concerning each other. This incident illustrates the folly of telling the President that the other candidates for the place you seek are all very bad men. It will be inferred, without your saying it, that you think they are.

But a much worse piece of conventionality than this is to say that you are the «logical candidate» for the office you seek. The inventor of this phrase brought out something that sounded so well that it met the needs of thousands of people. Had the phrase been copyrighted it might have remained a good thing; but without such protection the words have become, in Washington at least, a weariness to the flesh. The office-seeker from Skowheganville thinks, because the last district attorney for the State came from that town, that he is the logical candidate for the succession. Two boys were pitted against each other in a political debate at Harvard twenty years ago. One of them became minister to a South American country under President Cleveland, and the story goes that the other fellow has made application for his place, on the ground that because of that old debate he is the logical candidate to succeed his one-time opponent. The railroader of ten years' experience is the logical candidate for railroad commissioner, and the owner of some former government land for public land commissioner; and so it goes. An old Cape Cod fisherman, now in the city, who wants to be collector of the port at Pocasset, was asked a few days ago by a somewhat officious friend if he was not the logical candidate for the post. The old fisherman replied emphatically: «I think I ought to be; Senator Lodge says I am his man.» The phrase ought to be restricted to this use.

Major McKinley will be pained to learn that he is so unpopular that you have been nearly crushed out of existence for his sake; so do not tell how much you have suffered for the sake of the President, but rather how much you will suffer if you do not get the desired office. It is never necessary to say that you have made a failure of business life, and desire a public position to get a living. The politer, although perhaps more roundabout, form of expressing the same thought is to say that your business is so arranged that you can leave it.

Another conventionality which it is best to avoid is the coincidence, or historical analogy. It is not wise to urge your appointment on the ground that your mother was a member of the same church as Mrs. Nancy McKinley, or that your uncle learned the iron-molder's trade with David McKinley. Because Lincoln appointed your grandfather consul to Calais, President McKinley may not regard it as absolutely incumbent upon him to appoint you to the same position. No President wants to bestow all the so-called «federal plums» upon the fast friends of his youth, the jurymen of his first law case, the soldiers of his old regiment, or even upon that unnumbered army of individuals known as the «first discoverers.» Every township in the United States has at least one man who thinks he first suggested McKinley for the Presidency. The claim is a good one, but has become somewhat attenuated, particularly since a large percentage of these discoverers want government offices as a vindication of their right to the exclusive title.

Especially is the claim weakened for honest men by the ingenious devices of the mercenaries. Take the case of Mr. Baycot, who is perhaps typical of the professional «first discoverer.» He planned to pose with title unquestioned as the original advocate of any man who might possibly be elected to the Presidency. This would seem to be a large undertaking, and herein lay the bold-

ness of Baycot's plot. He composed a series of «letters to the editor,» which he had published in different newspapers throughout the country, selecting one journal for each candidate in sight when he began three years ago, and adding a publication to his list whenever a new «remote possibility» appeared on the horizon. The «Gazette» was his McKinley paper, the «Patriot» his H. Clay Evans organ, and so on. Since nobody but Mr. Baycot and the proof-reader ever read these letters, it seemed like an easy matter after election to pull out the one series of newspaper clippings, running back for years, that had urged the nomination and election of McKinley. To one of these communications to the editor—for Baycot never failed to send them where they would do the most good—Major McKinley is said to have responded by saying that he hoped that Mr. Baycot would not prove a prophet without honor in his own country. On the 5th of March, so the story goes, Mr. Baycot took Mr. McKinley's polite note and went to the White House with this equally felicitous response: «President McKinley, since you have expressed the hope that I may not be without honor in my own country, I see no better way than for you to honor me. I want something paying about five thousand dollars a year.» Mr. Baycot's whole scheme was apparently simple and effective; but he neglected one precaution, illustrating the sage reflection that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. In his enthusiasm he had at times talked on uncertainties. Some weeks before the choice of the St. Louis convention had become apparent, and when the chances for some dark horse seemed good, Baycot had told his friends that he was for Governor Morton. After both national conventions had been held he was also indiscreet enough to come out for Bryan, and to berate in unmeasured terms the Republican party and its platform. He had allowed himself to have personal views aside from the comprehensive scheme of viewing with favor all possibilities; and it was the leaking of these personal views which led to the disclosure of the whole plot. Poor Baycot has already started in for the campaign of 1900, with an added resolve, known as «Silence until certainty.»

An office-seeker makes a great mistake in asking for anything for his own sake alone. With a thousand applicants for every possible office, it is eminently desirable that the greatest conceivable number of people should be represented in the man who is finally successful. Every man should analyze his career, his social, business, and society connections, to see how many influential bodies he may fittingly assume to stand for. If he has ever been a shoe-worker, he should approach the throne saying: «One million sons of St. Crispin are behind me. Every man who works on leather from the Atlantic to the Pacific desires my appointment.» The seeker should next take account of his religious connections, and if he has none of his own, those of his wife or mother will answer about as well. If a Baptist, he had better call attention to the enormous membership of that denomination in the United States, and the compliment which by his appointment would come to every member of that body. Of course fraternal orders, like the League of American Wheelmen, the Grand Army, the Sons of Veterans, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, are very important, and should be carefully borne in mind. A person who has ever figured prominently in one of the charities connected with any of these orders is especially fitted to ask for office in the name of the order. In presenting your application, always make your request in the name of the thousands whom you in some way represent. If you are a railroad man, say that the million men thus engaged deserve some recognition, and that your appointment is just the way to gratify them.

So small a matter as the paper upon which he writes many an office-seeker believes to be very important. Sometimes the seeker has a thousand sheets of notepaper struck off, bearing under a McKinley and Hobart emblem the banner of some local club which may appropriately be named in honor of an influential statesman of his locality. The seeker's own name always appears as president of the club. Some seekers even go so far as to get up badges to give seriousness to some fancied political service they have performed; but this always arouses suspicion, and such a practice cannot be commended.

These suggestions, if carried out, may not be efficacious in every instance; but the office-seeker who acts upon them, and fails, may ever afterward enjoy the blissful assurance that his defeat was due to his own intrinsic qualities, and not to the strategic method with which his case was conducted. This at least is something.

Robert Lincoln O'Brien.

A Matter of Temperament.

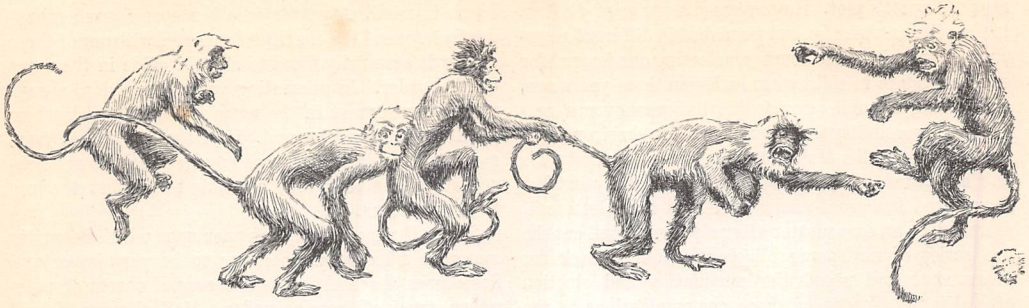
I AM a bard of high degree,
As these inspiring lines will show,
And there are others—*inédits*—
Which means quite out of print, you know.
I crave whatever 's sweet and nice
To feed my fancy's royal bent,
And debit each alluring vice
To my artistic temperament.

My wife,—a rondeau won her heart,—
Believing in her laureate yet,
My fickleness confounds with Art
When I with other dames coquet.
Unprofitable friends I slight,
All social rulings I resent,
And hear: «It does seem impolite;
But—his artistic temperament!»

My bills I often fail to pay,
For computations vex my mood;
But friends respect my air distrait
And somehow keep my credit good.
When in Bohemia's fair domain
A night ambrosial I have spent
My deviations I explain
With—«My artist(hic) temp'rament!»

So, while the primrose path I tread,
I lay my lapses to the Muse:
A mind so delicately bred
All common standards must refuse.
And when before St. Peter's gate
My poet soul I shall present
I 'll pass—dead sure—to heavenly state
On my artistic temperament.

Edward A. Church.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS.

PREHISTORIC FOOT-BALL IN THE JUNGLE.

The Trial.

LOVE arraigned my sweetheart Kitty—
Outrageous flirting was her crime;
The culprit had no claim to pity,
For 't was the forty-second time.

I was her judge, Love her accuser;
But Kitty's lawyers were her eyes!
How could I punish or abuse her,
Opposed by arguments so wise?

Yet was I deaf to all their pleading,
Nor to be moved from duty's path;
And on the culprit, tears unheeding,
Pronounced her doom in righteous wrath.

Mark well her fate, O flippant misses,
And from like sins straightway depart:
It was—a fine of fifty kisses,
And a life sentence in my heart.

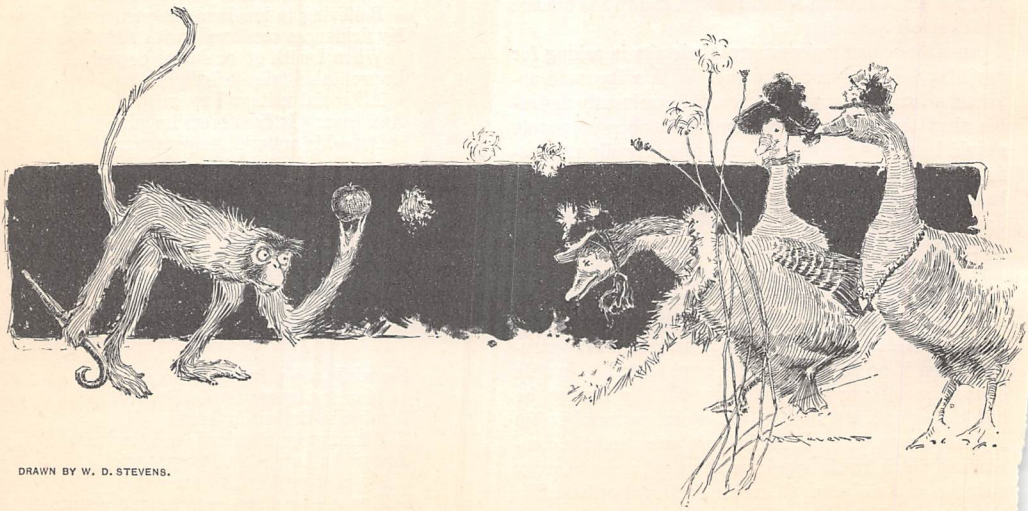
Katharine V. Gunter.

When Love went Maying.

LOVE went Maying, long ago,
And he met a boy I know,
And he led him, in his playtime
When his heart was all aglow—
Led him where a little maiden
Sat, her lap with roses laden—
Ruddy roses of the May-time,
All ablow.

And behold, that little chap
Walked into the pretty trap
Love had decked with dainty posies
Purposely for his mishap;
And to-day, 'mid other faces,
Other forms, and other graces,
He remembers still the roses
In her lap.

Albert Bigelow Paine.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS IN THE JUNGLE.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

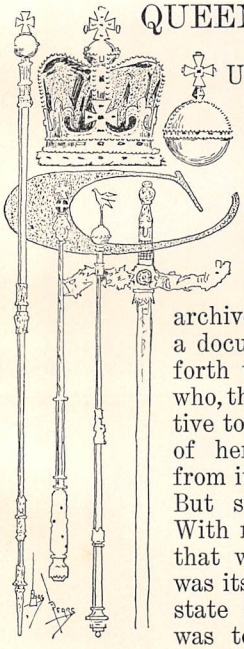
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM E. GRAY FROM THE PAINTING BY STEPHEN POINTZ DENNING IN THE DULWICH GALLERY. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIV. JUNE, 1897. No. 2.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S «CORONATION ROLL.»



CURIOUSLY enough, neither the birth, baptism, nor confirmation of Queen Victoria is a matter of official public record. One might suppose that, filed away in its appointed place among the state archives, there could be found a document formally setting forth the birth of the child who, though not heir presumptive to the throne at the time of her birth, was removed from it by only three degrees. But such is not the case. With regard to her birth, all that was deemed necessary was its announcement by the state officials whose duty it was to be personally cognizant of the fact.

In the huge Public Records Building in Chancery Lane, wherein are jealously guarded the muniments of ancient landed titles and the records of royal treaties, one may see the marvelously well-preserved Doomsday Book, which is the beginning of all things to the English conveyancer; the solemn compacts of cardinals, envoys, ambassadors, and ministers; the priceless records of royal prerogatives side by side with the grants wrung from unwilling monarchs to the growing power of the people. There, also, are preserved, and with equal care, a multitude of writings which have no other interest, despite their antiquity, than that which comes from the fact that they have to do with the trivial details of the most common incidents in the lives of the kings and queens of England. But among them all there can be found no official or other record of the coming into existence of a certain child, one Alexandrina Victoria, who was destined to become the first empress that ever sat upon an English throne, to rule over a wider extent of country than ever before comprised the dominion of a sovereign, to count among her willing subjects a greater number of people and a wider diversity of races than has ever acknowledged a common scepter, and who has, finally, in the closing decade of the nineteenth century, completed a longer term of continuous reign than has been allotted to a queen in the world's history.

Among these records there is guarded, as if it had a special pious virtue, a discolored parchment which, in Elizabeth's time, was the patent by the authority of which a certain dean was made the instructor of the queen in the rites and ceremonials of the church. But there is no note, formal or informal, among these records of how or where or when Queen Victoria, this first empress, and the most illustrious of English sovereigns, was received into that church of which she is now the temporal head. Even the circumstance that, since the time of Charles II, every English sovereign, upon his accession to the throne,

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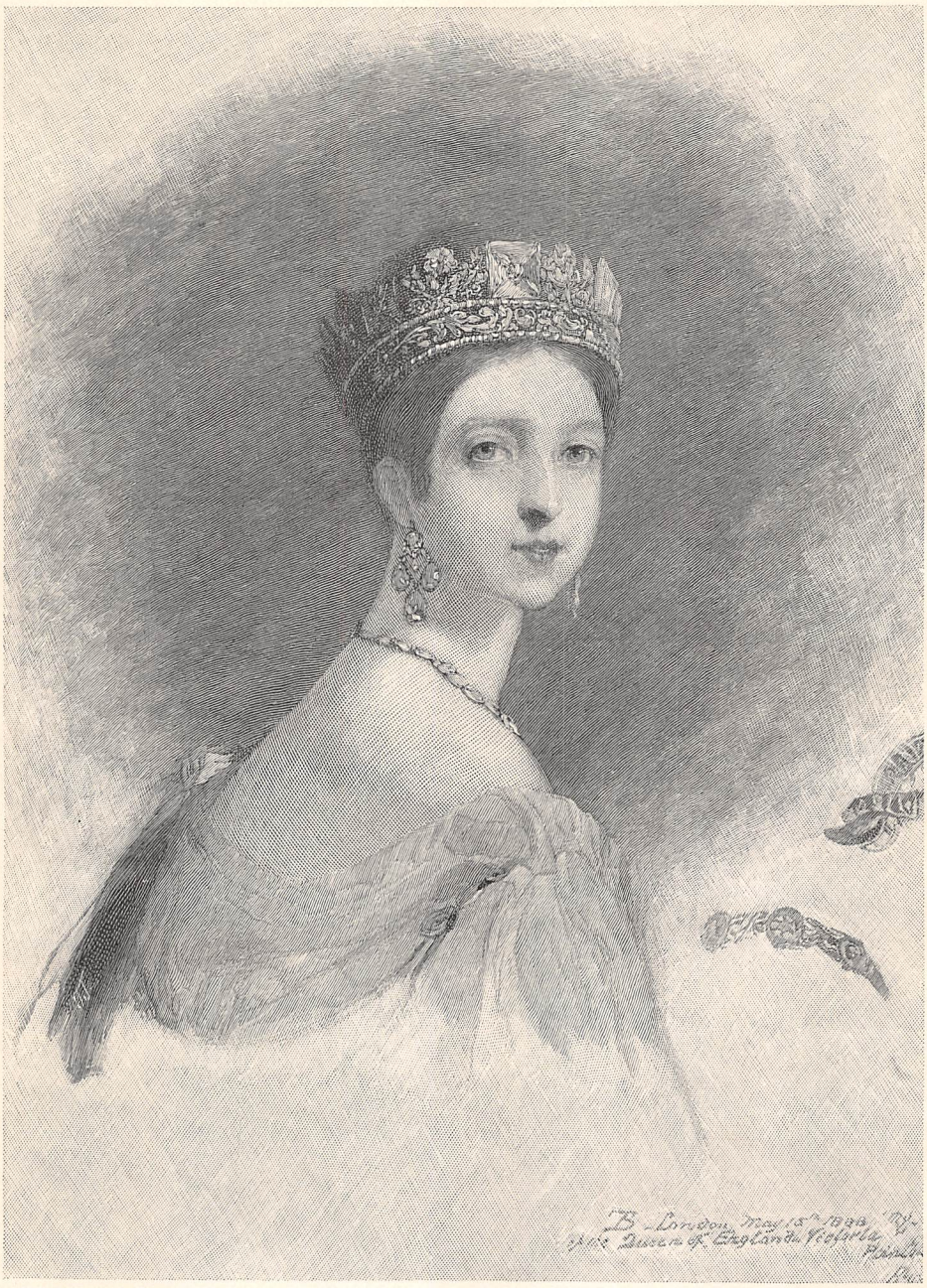


FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1838.

has been required by law to make a declaration which precludes the possibility of its occupant being of any faith save that of the Established Church, is hardly sufficient to account for the omission from the records of the baptism and confirmation of the present head of the church. But this being the case, and the birth of the Queen being accepted as a matter of officially demonstrable proof, and her baptism as a matter of inference, her coronation becomes, in point of time and of importance, the first event with which the public records concern themselves.

Fortunately this one record, which is called the «Coronation Roll,» is wonderfully and curiously complete. It sets down every detail with minuteness and elaboration. The «Coronation Roll» of Queen Victoria is like the rolls of all her predecessors since the time of Richard II—a huge, bulky roll of parchment. It is what the lawyers would call a deed poll as distinguished from an indenture. It has its preambles and recitals and its obligation, all of which are quaintly set out in stilted phrases on a series of pieces of sheepskin, each fifteen inches wide, fastened together by loose stitches, until the whole attain the length of nearly one hundred lineal feet. It can be perused only by unrolling from one end or the other, and is so unwieldy that the seeker for any information of which the precise location is unknown must invoke the aid of no end of manual assistance to attain it. The script is in the highest style of the scrivener's art, and is an excellent example of the engrossment that is still considered necessary in England for wills and deeds, which, as there is no general system of publicly recording such instruments, are kept in «strong boxes» under lock and key. Speaking generally, the result, as a whole, is over a hundred square feet of solid reading in one breath and in a language that is a mixture of legal, medieval, and court phrases; but each line gives one a glimpse not to be had otherwise of the intricacy, dignity, and significance of the coronation ceremony.

Modestly enough, the title on the documents is «A Roll containing certain Proceedings relating to the Coronation of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria,» and it begins by the announcement of the Queen's intention to be crowned. But one need not suppose that this announcement was a simple thing. Kings and queens may be anything else, but they may never know what simplicity is. They may hear of it, and wish to know it, and even be acquainted with it by tradition, but to have a speaking acquaintance with it is obviously impossible. Keeping that in mind, it is not surprising, then, to read that «Whereas We have resolved by the Favour and Blessing of Almighty God to celebrate the Solemnity of Our Royal Coronation and forasmuch as by Ancient Customs and Usages of this Realm as also in regard of sundry Manors Lands and other Hereditaments many of Our loving subjects do claim and are bound to do and perform divers services on the same day . . . We Therefore out of Our princely care for the preservation of the lawful rights of Our loving subjects whom it may concern do hereby give notice of and publish the same accordingly.» The day originally fixed upon was Tuesday, June 26, 1838, the second year of her reign; this date was changed by a second royal proclamation to Thursday, the 28th, and yet another proclamation is recorded in the roll which states that, «inasmuch as it is the wish of Her Majesty to make the arrangements as much abridged and as economical as might be compatible with a strict regard to the solemnity and importance of the Occasion it is decided to omit that part of the Coronation that usually takes place in Westminster Hall and that part which consists of the Procession leaving only that part which is solemnized in Westminster Abbey. But that such omission shall not interfere with the Rights and Privileges of those persons whose attendances and services are hereby dispensed with.»

This last announcement was not merely a matter of form; for the rendering of the services connected with the whole ceremony was not only a privilege legally belonging to the heads of certain families, but upon the due performance of those services depended, in some cases, the actual tenure of land and houses. If, therefore, the opportunity of rendering these services was taken from sundry persons by omitting the part of the ceremony in which they would have occurred, it became a legal necessity to state that their non-performance came, not from any neglect on their part, but because their services had been dispensed with by royal command and for this particular occasion.

And thereby hang many tales, which the roll proceeds to unfold with its inevitable deliberation and capital letters. After telling how the Privy Council was formed into a commission «to hear the petitions of the Lords, Great Men, Nobles, Knights, and others with regard to services duties attendances Offices Fees and Rights connected with the Ceremony of Coronation,» the roll states what

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY H. T. RYALL, AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS. BY PERMISSION OF PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1840.

these petitions were, or at least such of them as were granted.

One was that of the Duke of Norfolk, who claimed «the right to find for the Queen on her day of Coronation a glove for Her Majesty's right hand and to support the Queen's Right Arm on the same day as long as Her Majesty shall hold in her hand the Royal Sceptre the petitioner holding the Manor of Worksop by the aforesaid services.» In other words, if the Duke of Norfolk had failed to provide the glove or to support her Majesty's arm at that particular time, his ownership of Worksop Manor would have been invalidated, and the property have reverted to the crown.

Another petition was that of Barbara, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, who, as the head of her family, claimed the right to carry the great spurs before her Majesty on the day of her coronation, and asked that George, Lord Byron, be appointed her deputy for the performance of that duty.

Yet another was that of Francis, twelfth Earl of Huntingdon. The earldom of Huntingdon had remained suspended for many years, owing to the tenth earl dying without issue. When, however, this twelfth in the line of succession succeeded in establishing, as a descendant of the second earl, his right to the peerage, he also claimed the right to carry one of the four swords of state in the coronation procession; this, as well as other duties and services connected with the ceremony, being the condition of his tenure of lands. Small wonder, then, that in announcing the omission of the procession it was important to set forth also that the non-performance of duties connected with it should entail no forfeitures.

Some of the coronation services were, as the roll puts it, connected with certain «Offices Fees and Rights» which, naturally enough, the claimants were not slow to set forth. The most interesting of these to one not versed in either religious or court ceremonial is the petition presented by the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. In it they claim the right to be admitted to the coronation for three reasons: First, because «The Abbots of the late Monastery of St. Peter in Westminster have been beyond the memory of man the instructors of the Kings and Queens of England in all the forms, rites and ceremonies used in their Coronation. Second, because the Abbots have for all the time aforesaid usually assisted the Archbishop to perform Divine Service at the Coronation, and, Third, because by virtue of letters patent from our late illustrious Sovereign Queen Elizabeth the Dean ought to be the instructor of the Queen in her Coronation.» Surely a convincing plea, when one considers all that it embodies of law, precedent, and implied duty.

Being evidently quite convinced that this much of their petition will be granted, the dean and chapter go on to enumerate the «Fees and Allowances for their services in the Coronation.» The list is too quaint, too interestingly minute, not to give it in full. It comprises:

Two yards of Scarlett Six ells of dark coloured Cloth Six yards of Sarcenet Two pieces of double Worsted	For the Dean's Robes.

Four ells of black Cloth and a piece of double worsted for each of the Dean's Chaplains for their Robes.

Robes for six Ministers of the said Church, of the Queen's gift.

The Queen's Upper Vestment in which she comes to the Church at her Coronation.

Also The Oblation and Offering at the time of her Coronation. (The oblation being one pound—in weight—of Gold, and the offering a Purse of Gold.)

Also The Stage Throne Royal Seats Tapestry Chairs Cushions Carpet Cloths and all the ornaments with which the Stage and the Church shall be embellished at the time of the Coronation.

Also The four Poles or Staves which support the Canopy and the four little bells that hang at each corner of the Canopy.

Also The blue Cloth upon which the Queen walks from the West door of the Church to the Stage.

Also The Great Chantor to have an ounce of Gold by the hands of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber.

Also An hundred Manchets of Wine and Fish according to the bounty of her said Royal Majesty for the said Dean and Chapter's repast on her Coronation day.

Six ells of cloth was considered enough for a dean's robe, but the Lord Great Chamberlain was not to be satisfied with any such modest amount for his appareling; for «in consideration of bringing to Her Majesty, by proxy, such of Her Majesty's apparel as is usually brought to her by him on her Coronation day he claims forty ells of crimson velvet for his Robe and the furniture in the Chamber occupied by Her Majesty the night previous to her Coronation.» Truly a large fee for a small service, especially when that service is rendered by proxy!

But the petition concerning the largest number of people was that presented by the baronets, who discovered, evidently to their

PAINTED BY F. M. BELL SMITH. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

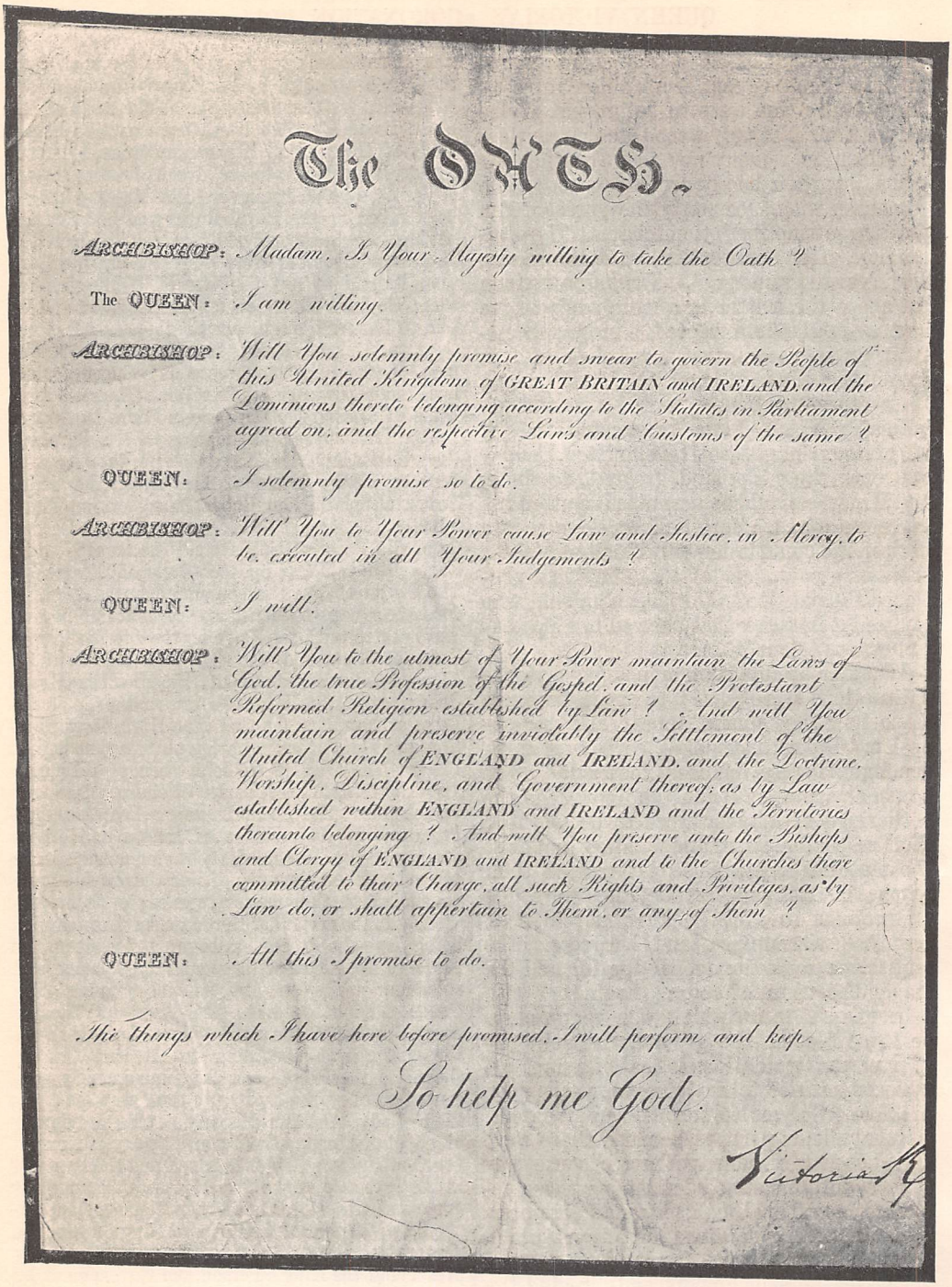
QUEEN VICTORIA, 1895.

consternation, that they were not included in the «Lords, Great Men, Nobles, Knights, and others» who were to be present at the coronation. Not only were there no services for them to render, nor fees for them to claim, but their bodily presences were to be dispensed with. Promptly they presented a petition setting forth their claims. The commission, after deliberation, «did not see its way clear to granting it.» The baronets then set about the matter in a more businesslike and, as might be expected, a more successful way: they organized themselves into an association for the time being, and through their representative presented a second petition, in which it was suggested that if all of them might not be admitted, four—one each from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—should be permitted to attend as representatives. More deliberations on the part of the commission only resulted in their still being so undecided that they finally referred the petition to the Queen herself, who granted it in a way that showed her Majesty to be as gracious in fact as in name.

Whether by intention or not, no separate instructions were issued to these baronets as to how they should appear at the coronation. Dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons were minutely instructed as to how many rows of ermine and how deep the borderings of miniver were to be worn on their respective robes and mantles, and as to the material and precise patterns of their coronets. And no less definite were the instructions to each duchess, marchioness, countess, viscountess, and baroness. The higher the rank the deeper the fur and the longer the train, of course, beginning with a baroness's train, which was required to be three feet on the ground, and going by quarter-yard gradations to that of a duchess, who was entitled to one lying two yards upon the floor. Only as to baronets was the earl marshal silent: perhaps because there were to be but four of them, perhaps because they were by inference included among those described as «others than Peers and Peeresses.» These «others» received directions which prohibited the women from wearing court trains, feathers, or lappets, and directed the men to appear in either uniform or full dress.

The Abbey doors were opened at five o'clock in the morning; no one was admitted after half-past nine. Now let the roll tell this part of the story in its own fashion:

And be it Remembered that afterwards namely on Thursday the Twenty-eighth day of June about Ten of the Clock in the morning the said Lady the Queen attended by her Royal Household accompanied by the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal attended by their respective households of Their Royal Highnesses proceeded from Buckingham Palace to the Great Western Tower of Saint Peter Westminster Her Majesty having been robed in the Royal Robes and her Regalia having been previously laid on the Table in the Jerusalem Chamber were delivered by the Lord Chamberlain to Arthur Duke of Wellington for this time Lord High Constable of England and by him to Lord Willoughby de Eresby as Lord Great Chamberlain and by His Lordship to the Noblemen by whom the same were to be carried videlicet Saint Edward's Staff to James Henry Robert Duke of Roxburghe The Golden Spurs to George Anson Lord Byron as deputy to the Baroness Grey de Ruthyn The Sceptre with the Cross to William Harry Duke of Cleveland The Third Sword unsheathed to Robert Marquess of Westminster The Second Sword unsheathed to George Granville Duke of Sutherland The Sword called Curtana to William Spencer Duke of Devonshire The Sword of State to be carried unsheathed before the Queen to William Viscount Melbourne The Sceptre with the Dove at the top to Charles Duke of Richmond The Orb with the Cross to Edward Adolphus Duke of Somerset The Great Crown called St. Edward's crown to Alexander Duke of Hamilton for this time High Steward of England The Patina to Christopher Archbishop of Bangor The Chalice to John Bishop of Lincoln The Holy Bible to Charles Richard Bishop of Winchester The Peers Dowager Peeresses and Peeresses in their Robes of Estate and others summoned by Her Majesty's commands to be present at the Solemnity of Her Coronation were conducted to the places assigned to them previously to the arrival of Her Majesty These things being done the Procession began and went up the Nave to the Choir with great magnificence and splendour while an Anthem was playing The Queen having come to the Area or Theatre erected between the four pillars the said Lady the Queen was according to Ancient Custom shown to the People and they unanimously consented to obey the said Lady the Queen as their Liege Lady And Her Majesty having previously videlicet on Monday the Twentieth day of November One Thousand eight hundred and thirty seven in the Presence of the Two Houses of Parliament made and subscribed the Declaration mentioned in the Thirtieth year of the Reign of King Charles the Second intituled «An Act for the more effectively preserving the King's Person and Government by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament» the Oaths by Law required were administered to and taken and subscribed by our said Lady the Queen as appears by the said Oath hereunto annexed And our said Lady the Queen being then Annointed and Crowned by the said Archbishop ascended the Throne where the said Archbishop for himself and the other Lords Spiritual then present and Kneeling around him did



The OATH.

ARCHBISHOP: *Madam, Is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath?*

The QUEEN: *I am willing.*

ARCHBISHOP: *Will You solemnly promise and swear to govern the People of this United Kingdom of* GREAT BRITAIN *and* IRELAND *and the Dominions thereto belonging according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?*

QUEEN: *I solemnly promise so to do.*

ARCHBISHOP: *Will You to Your Power cause Law and Justice in Mercy to be executed in all Your Judgements?*

QUEEN: *I will.*

ARCHBISHOP: *Will You to the utmost of Your Power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law? And will You maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the United Church of* ENGLAND *and* IRELAND, *and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established within* ENGLAND *and* IRELAND *and the Territories thereunto belonging? And will You preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of* ENGLAND *and* IRELAND *and to the Churches there committed to their Charge, all such Rights and Privileges, as by Law do, or shall appertain to Them, or any of Them?*

QUEEN: *All this I promise to do.*

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Victoria R

Homage Afterwards Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex ascended the steps of the Throne and knelt before the Queen and for himself and for Adolphus Frederick Duke of Cambridge who also knelt with him did Homage in these words (the Duke of Cambridge repeating after him)

«I Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex do become your Liege Man of Life and Limb and of Earthly Worship and Faith and Truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of Folks. So help me God.»

Then His Royal Highness in Testimony of his assent and readiness for the defence of the Crown touched the Crown upon Her Majesty's Head and kissed Her Majesty's left Cheek as also did the Duke of Cambridge.

A representative of each order of nobility

then «pronounced the Words of Homage in the same manner and in Testimony of their assent and readiness for the Defence of Her Majesty's Crown severally touched with their hands the said Crown on Her Majesty's Head and kissed Her Majesty's Hand.»

The remainder of the roll is given over to an enumeration of the persons who by thus doing homage through their representatives were officially present. The only approximate idea that one can give of their number is to say that this part of the roll is about ten feet long. Below the list, crowded into one corner, in an almost microscopic handwriting, is a memorandum of how the President of Her Majesty's Council and the Lord Chief Justice of England brought «this Roll of the Proceedings into the open Court of Chancery in the great Hall of Westminster and the said Marquess with his own hands in the presence of the said Lord Chief Justice delivered the same into the hands of the Right Honorable Charles Christopher Baron Cottenham Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, sitting in the Court, which said Lord High Chancellor then and there in like manner delivered the same into the hands of the Right Honorable Henry Baron Langsale Master or Keeper of the Rolls of the said Court of Chancery to remain afterwards among the records of the whole Court aforesaid.»

So much for the roll, interesting not only as a record, but as a description; not only as a bit of history, but as a piece of good literary work. With all its necessarily involved and pompous style, it is not pretentious; it has an arrogant simplicity characteristic, perhaps, of the person who wrote it, certainly of the personages of whom it was written. But interesting as the roll itself is, that interest is enhanced by a document that is attached to it—«the Oath hereunto annexed» spoken of in the text. «Annexed» is evidently the equivalent in court language for «stitched»; for, sewed by one edge to the side of the roll, with double thread and rather uneven, awkward stitches, is the coronation oath itself. It is a gold-bordered parchment on which are the questions put by the Archbishop to the Queen,—whom he addresses as «Madam,»—her Majesty's answers, her oath to keep the promises she has made, and in the lower corner, so far toward the right that it runs into the border, the signature «Victoria R.»—her first signature as queen *de jure* as well as queen *de facto*. Two things strike one on looking at this the crux of the coronation. The first is the equally balanced nervousness and force shown by the signature itself—the nervousness begotten by the tremendousness of the situation, and counteracted by the force inherent in the character of the signatory. The other is the directness and simplicity of the language in which the Queen took upon herself the heaviest duties and responsibilities that can fall to any human being. This obligation is thus set out:

Archbishop: Madam, Is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath?

The Queen: I am willing.

Archbishop: Will You solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions thereto belonging according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?

The Queen: I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop: Will You to Your Power cause Law and Justice in Mercy to be executed in all Your Judgements?

The Queen: I will.

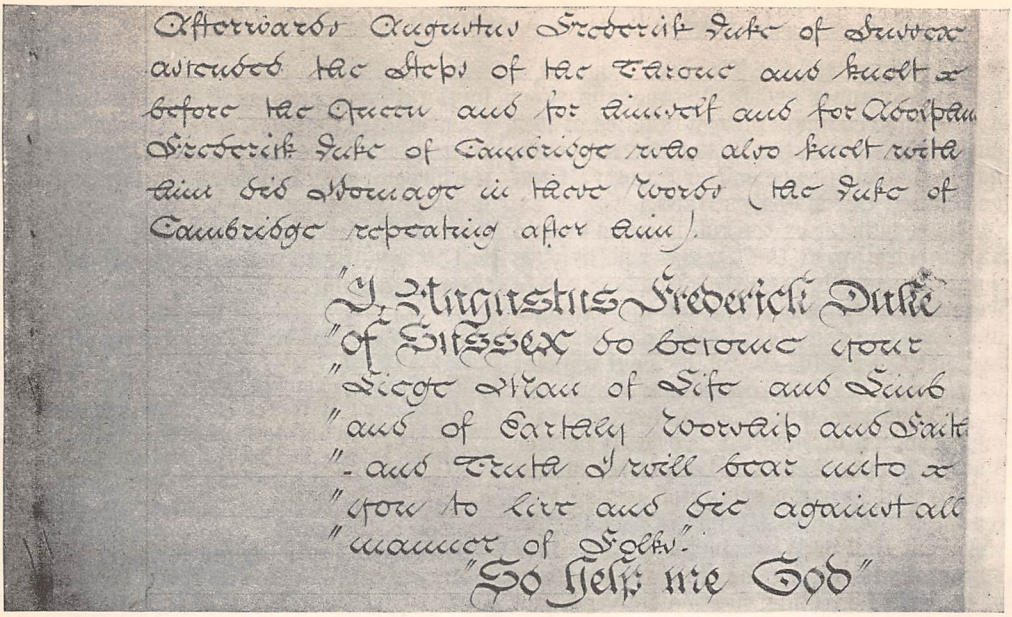
Archbishop: Will You to the utmost of your Power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law? And will You maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established within England and Ireland and the Territories thereunto belonging? And will You preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland and to the Churches there Committed to their charge all such Rights and Privileges as by Law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?

The Queen: All this I promise to do.

The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep.

So help me God. *Victoria R.*

Whether it is a peculiarity of this one official document, or is common to them all, one cannot say, but this much is certain of the roll—that it fails one at the critical moment. It omits a description of the most interesting parts of the ceremony. It tells with minuteness who carried each separate portion of the regalia, and what bishops carried the Bible and the chalice and the patina, all of which any one can very well imagine. But what one not thoroughly versed in royal ceremonies cannot very well imagine is the actual anointing and crowning of a queen, or the manner of her enthronization. They are details beyond anything in which either our recollection or our imagination is likely to be of reliable assistance; and being the climax of the entire ceremony, being indeed its *raison d'être*, it is but natural to feel some-


Afterwards Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex
ascended the steps of the Throne and knelt
before the Queen and for himself and for Adolphus
Frederick Duke of Cambridge, who also knelt with
him did Homage in these words (the Duke of
Cambridge repeating after him).

"I, Augustus Frederick Duke
"of Sussex do become your
"liege Man of Life and Limb
"and of Earthly Worship and Faith
"- and Truth I will bear unto
"you to live and die against all
"manner of Folks".

"So help me God"

PART OF THE «CORONATION ROLL» (REDUCED FACSIMILE).

what cheated when the coronation roll only refers to them instead of describing them. Fortunately for us, however, there is another record which to a great extent supplies the lack in the roll. It is a supplement to the «Official Gazette,» a chronicle of the court, which announces on its title-page that it is «published by Authority»—whose it is of course needless to say. Its account of the coronation gives even such particulars as who of those taking part in the ceremony had two pages to carry their coronets, who only one. These same pages seem a superfluous flourish until one finds by reading further that they, like all apparent superfluities, are a necessity to the luxury of the occasion; for at stated times the coronets of all present had to be put on and taken off, and one can imagine, when the latter was the case, how much they would have been in the way of their owners if they themselves had been obliged to hold them while assisting in some part of the ceremony. This putting on and off of the coronets had a significance—as indeed had every part of the solemnity—that explains itself. Long and elaborate as it was, the symbolism of every part of the ceremony is apparent even to one who only reads of it. Perhaps the best place to begin is at what the chronicle calls the «Recognition,» and is in these words:

The Archbishop of Canterbury facing to the Eastern side of the Theatre asked for the people's acceptance of the Queen:

«Sirs, I here present to you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of the Realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?»

This he repeated to the East, West, North and South, from the raised platform between the four great pillars, during which time the Queen stood up by Her Chair and turned toward the side at which the Recognition was made, the People replying with loud acclamations of «God save Queen Victoria.» At the last Recognition the trumpets sounded and the drums beat.

The Queen then made the first of her offerings: an altar-cloth of gold placed upon the altar, and an ingot of gold weighing a pound placed in the oblation dish. This done, the regalia were placed upon the altar, where they remained during the litany, the communion service, and the sermon—all being preliminary to the taking and signing of the coronation oath. After signing the oath the Queen was anointed; and the mental picture one has of her at this moment is one of the most vivid. But little more than a child either in years or in stature, «she sat in St. Edward's Chair which was covered with a cloth of Gold, with a fald-stool in front of her placed in front of the Altar. Four Knights of the Garter held a Pall of Gold over her head, and the Sub-Dean of Westminster took from the Altar the Ampulla, containing the consecrated oil, and pouring some of it into the Annointing Spoon annointed the Queen on the Head and Hands in the Form of a Cross.» The great spurs, having, like every other part of the regalia, their own symbolism in the ceremonial, were then delivered to the Queen, who returned them to be laid upon the altar. Indeed, if

one may translate the meaning of the whole ceremonial, it was briefly this: that there was an intimate connection between the church as typified by the altar, and the power of government as typified by the regalia. But the symbolism of what next followed is too involved for laymen: «The Sword of State was now delivered to the Lord Chancellor who gave Viscount Melbourne another in exchange for it the which Lord Melbourne delivered to the Archbishop. This the Archbishop after placing it on the Altar delivered to the Queen saying ‹*Receive this kingly Sword*› etc. Whereupon the Queen placed the Sword on the Altar and it was then redeemed by Viscount Melbourne for an hundred shillings and carried by him for the rest of the ceremony.»

The mantle which the Queen had worn was now replaced by the imperial or Dalmatian mantle of cloth of gold, and after the ring had been placed on the fourth finger of her right hand, the subdean brought from the altar the two scepters. Meantime the Duke of Norfolk presented her Majesty with a glove for her right hand, embroidered with the Howard arms,—the glove that figured in the petition,—which the Queen put on; and then «the Archbishop placed the sceptre with the cross in her right hand saying ‹Receive the Royal Sceptre› and the Sceptre with the Dove in Her left hand saying ‹Receive the Rod of Equity,› and the Duke of Norfolk supported Her Majesty's right arm and held the Sceptre as occasion required.»

And now came the actual moment of coronation:

«The Archbishop, standing before the Altar and having St. Edward's Crown, consecrated and blessed it, and attended by the Bishops, and assisted by the Archbishops and Sub Deans of Westminster Put the Crown on Her Majesty's Head. Then the people with loud shouts cried ‹God Save the Queen.› And immediately the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, the Bishops their caps, the Deputy Garter King of Arms his crown, the trumpeters sounding, the drums beating, and the Town and Park Guns firing by signal.» Is not that fine! And must not the benediction and the Te Deum which immediately followed have voiced in a way that could not have been otherwise expressed the emotions of that splendid moment!

But though crowned, the Queen was not yet enthroned; and the manner of this, as well as of the crowning, cannot fail to impress one as symbolical of the inherent difference between the constitutional monarchy that England has come to be, and the autocratic government that Russia still remains. At the coronation of the Czar he placed the crown on his own head; when the Queen was crowned, it was not by her own hands. Where one assumed it, the other received it. So, also, with her enthronement: the ceremony was evidently symbolical of the means by which she came to occupy her exalted position.

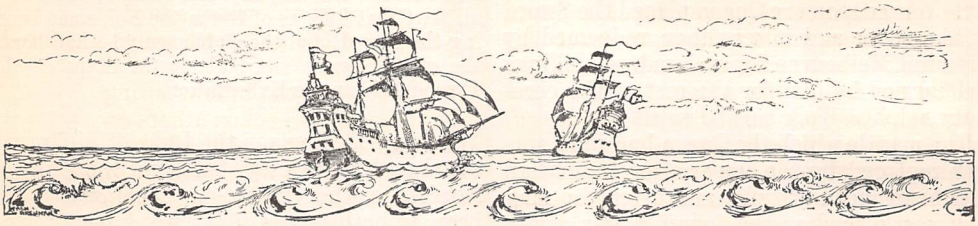
The Queen ascended the Theatre, and was lifted into her Throne by the Archbishops, Bishops and Peers around Her Majesty, and being so enthroned all the Great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing the Swords and the Noblemen who had borne the other Regalia stood about the Steps of the Throne to hear the Exhortation.

During the homage the Duke of Richmond stood on her Majesty's left, and the Duke of Norfolk on her right,—he seems to have been, in both senses of the word, next to the most prominent personage present at the coronation,—and each peer, as he knelt, put off his coronet. And the Queen, as well, put off her crown when, in partaking of the sacrament, she paid her homage to the Power yet higher than her own. But she wore it for the rest of the service, at the end of which, «having been disrobed of the Royal Imperial Mantle and arrayed in a Royal Robe of Purple Velvet and still wearing Her Crown, with the Sceptre in Her Right Hand, the Orb in Her Left Hand, and followed by the Peers and Peeresses all with their Coronets upon their heads she returned in State and order of Procession herebefore mentioned to Buckingham Palace.»

We close the record, and sit fingering the roll, already yellowed by the passage of sixty years, the measure of the reign the formal beginning of which it chronicled. From it is reflected as in a vision the masses of life astir upon the streets of London from the three-o'clock dawn of that June day; the lines of soldiers making a living wall down all the way that the royal cortège is to pass; the arches, the flags, the decorations of the house-fronts; the windows and housetops packed with impatiently patient spectators; the equipages of state, containing perhaps those of the blood royal, perhaps representatives of foreign powers—Esterhazy, «all diamonds—diamonds to his very boot heels»; Soult, grim, weather-beaten, military in every gesture or lack of gesture, and greeted with cheers as ringing as those accorded to Wellington, as each passes along on his way to perform his allotted part in the ceremonial.

All this the imagination sees with a brilliancy that for once is not greater than the reality. But more vivid than any other part of the splendid picture stands out, as it should, the central figure—the figure of one woman amidst all the throng of men about her. Tiny of stature, pathetically young, pathetically isolated, although so surrounded, this child-woman, with her silvery voice, her grave yet sweet demeanor, her evident realization of all that she is promising «to do and to perform,» her graciousness—this figure stands clear in outline, unmistakable in pose—the Queen, Victoria.

Florence Hayward.



THE LAST FIGHT.

THAT night I think that no one slept;
No bells were struck, no whistle blew,
And when the watch was changed I crept
From man to man of all the crew
With whispered orders. Though we swept
Through roaring seas, we hushed the clock,
And muffled every clanking block.

So when one fool, unheeding, cried
Some petty order, straight I ran,
And threw him sprawling o'er the side.
All life is but a narrow span:
It little matters that one bide
A moment longer here, for all
Fare the same road, whate'er befall.

But vain my care; for when the day
Broke gray and wet, we saw the foe
But half a stormy league away.
By noon we saw his black bows throw
Five fathoms high a wall of spray;
A little more, we heard the drum,
And knew that our last hour had come.

All day our crew had lined the side
With grim, set faces, muttering;
And once a boy (the first that died)
One of our wild songs tried to sing:
But when their first shot missed us wide,
A dozen sprang above our rail,
Shook fists, and roared a cursing hail.

Thereon, all hot for war, they bound
Their heads with cool, wet bands, and drew
Their belts close, and their keen blades ground;
Then, at the next gun's puff of blue,
We set the grog-cup on its round,
And pledged for life or pledged for death
Our last sigh of expiring breath.

Laughing, our brown young singer fell
As their next shot crashed through our rail;
Then 'twixt us flashed the fire of hell,
That shattered spar and riddled sail.
What ill we wrought we could not tell;
But blood-red all their scuppers dripped
When their black hull to starboard dipped.

Nine times I saw our helmsman fall,
And nine times sent new men, who took
The whirling wheel as at death's call;
But when I saw the last one look
From sky to deck, then, reeling, crawl
Under the shattered rail to die,
I knew where I should surely lie.

I could not send more men to stand
And turn in idleness the wheel
Until they took death's beckoning hand,
While others, meeting steel with steel,
Flamed out their lives—an eager band,
Cheers on their lips, and in their eyes
The goal-rapt look of high emprise.

So to the wheel I went. Like bees
  I heard the shot go darting by;
There came a trembling in my knees,
  And black spots whirled about the sky.
I thought of things beyond the seas—
  The little town where I was born,
  And swallows twittering in the morn.

A wounded creature drew him where
  I grasped the wheel, and begged to steer.
It mattered not how he might fare
  The little time he had for fear;
So if I left this to his care
  He too might serve us yet, he said.
  He died there while I shook my head.

I would not fall so like a dog,
  My helpless back turned to the foe;
So when his great hulk, like a log,
  Came surging past our quarter, lo!
With helm hard down, straight through the fog
  Of battle smoke, and luffing wide,
  I sent our sharp bow through his side.

The willing waves came rushing in
  The ragged entrance that we gave;
Like snakes I heard their green coils spin
  Up, up, around our floating grave;
But dauntless still, amid a din
  Of clashing steel and battle-shout,
  We rushed to drive their boarders out.

Around me in a closing ring
  My grim-faced foemen darkly drew;
Then, sweeter than the lark in spring,
  Loud rang our blades; the red sparks flew.
Twice, thrice, I felt the sudden sting
  Of some keen stroke; then, swinging fair,
  My own clave more than empty air.

The fight went raging past me when
  My good blade cleared a silent place;
Then in a ring of fallen men
  I paused to breathe a little space.
Elsewhere the deck roared like a glen
  When mountain torrents meet; the fray
  A moment then seemed far away.

The barren sea swept to the sky;
  The empty sky dipped to the sea;
Such utter waste could scarcely lie
  Beyond death's starved periphery.
Only one living thing went by:
  Far overhead an ominous bird
  Rode down the gale with wings unstirred.

Windward I saw the billows swing
  Dark crests to beckon others on
To see our end; then, hurrying
  To reach us ere we should be gone,
They came, like tigers mad to fling
  Their jostling bodies on our ships,
  And snarl at us with foaming lips.

There was no time to spare: a wave
  E'en then broke growling at my feet;
One last look to the sky I gave,
  Then sprang my eager foes to meet.
Loud rang the fray above our grave—
  I felt the vessel downward reel
  As my last thrust met thrusting steel.

I heard a roaring in my ears;
  A green wall pressed against my eyes;
Down, down I passed; the vanished years
  I saw in mimicry arise.
Yet even then I felt no fears,
  And with my last expiring breath
  My past rose up and mocked at death.

L. Frank Tooker.

THE SHAW MEMORIAL AND THE SCULPTOR ST. GAUDENS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT.

IN October or November, 1865, a meeting was held in the council-chamber of Massachusetts, on the call of the governor, Dr. S. G. Howe, Senator Sumner, Henry Lee, and others, at which a committee of twenty-one was appointed to procure an equestrian statue of the late Robert G. Shaw, the commander of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, who fell at Fort Wagner, and to raise the money necessary for this purpose. The purpose was declared in the following words:

«The Monument is intended not only to mark the public gratitude to the fallen hero who at a critical moment assumed a perilous responsibility, but also to commemorate that great event wherein he was a leader by which the title of colored men as citizen soldiers was fixed beyond recall. In such a work all who honor youthful dedication to a noble cause and who rejoice in the triumph of freedom should have an opportunity to contribute.»

The committee consisted of John A. Andrew, chairman; Charles Sumner, Joshua B. Smith, Henry P. Kidder, Charles R. Codman, Henry W. Longfellow, James L. Little, William W. Clapp, Jr., Charles Beck, William G. Weld, Leonard A. Grimes, Royal E. Robbins, Robert E. Apthorp, Francis W. Bird, Edward W. Kingsley, George B. Loring, Alanson W. Beard, Solomon B. Stebbins, Robert K. Darrah; Charles W. Slack, secretary.

I was not present at the meeting, but on the request of Senator Sumner I undertook to serve as treasurer.

Between October, 1865, and March, 1866, the sum of $3161 was placed in my hands, invested, and later reinvested.

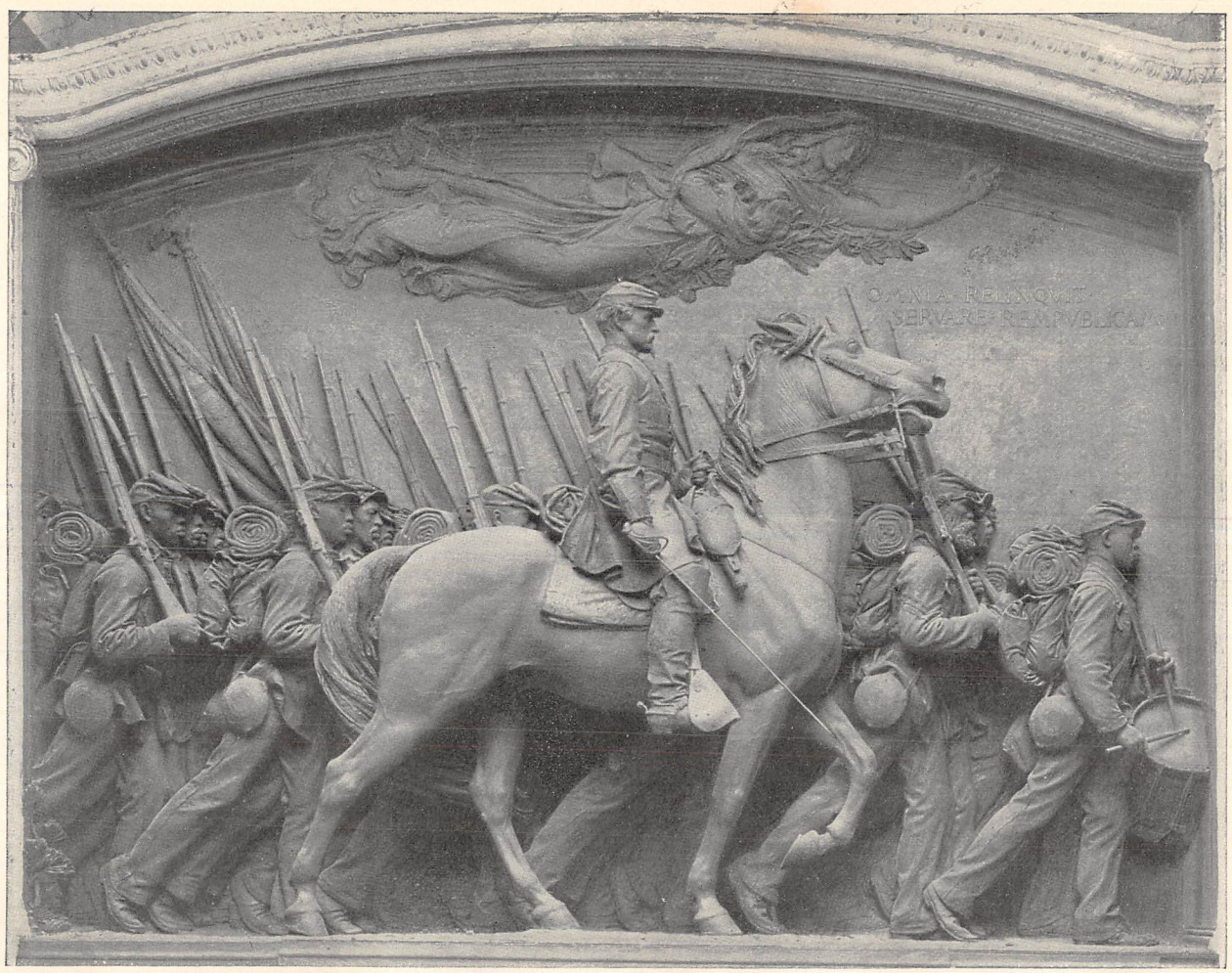
After the death of Governor Andrew and, later, that of Senator Sumner, interest in the subject lapsed, the money remaining in my hands. In 1876 the fund had reached somewhat over $7000. There appeared to be no executive body in existence, and it seemed to me judicious to have an effective committee appointed, with full powers. I therefore sent notice to all the subscribers, suggesting that they put written authority in my hands to call Messrs. John M. Forbes, Henry Lee, and M. P. Kennard to act as such committee, to which the assent of all the subscribers was given.

The whole number of subscribers was thirty-five; the total amount of money received from subscriptions was $7521. In 1883 the fund had increased, by investment and reinvestment, to $16,656.21, and that sum seemed sufficient to procure a suitable work.

The desire had been expressed to me by Senator Sumner that the work should consist of an equestrian statue of Colonel Shaw in very high relief upon a large bronze tablet. A suitable place for such a work appeared to be in the curve on the front of the State House, at the level of the sidewalk.

While I was thinking of this matter, the late H. H. Richardson, who was my neighbor and friend, asked me what had become of the plan for a monument, saying that he had known Colonel Shaw, and greatly desired that the monument should be one of highest merit. He stated that he had some ideas upon the subject, upon which I submitted to him the suggestion for an alto-rilievo in front of the State House. To this suggestion he gave earnest assent, offering his services for the architectural work, and suggesting Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens as the sculptor. The statue of Admiral Farragut had just then been placed, and on viewing a photograph of it I concurred with Mr. Richardson in this choice. Having a great dread of competitions in connection with such a subject, I brought the matter before the committee, who approved making an immediate contract with Mr. St. Gaudens for the work. That contract was executed February 23, 1884, within the sum in the custody of the committee. The money was then placed on deposit in the New England Trust Company, where the accumulation has since been at trust-company rates of interest, reaching a total of $22,620.95.

It was expected that the work would be completed in two years; but as the artist dealt with it, it grew upon him in its importance, in its significance, and also in the size of the panel. Hence, although the consent of the State had been given to the use of the land in front of the State House, it was thought best to choose a site where the



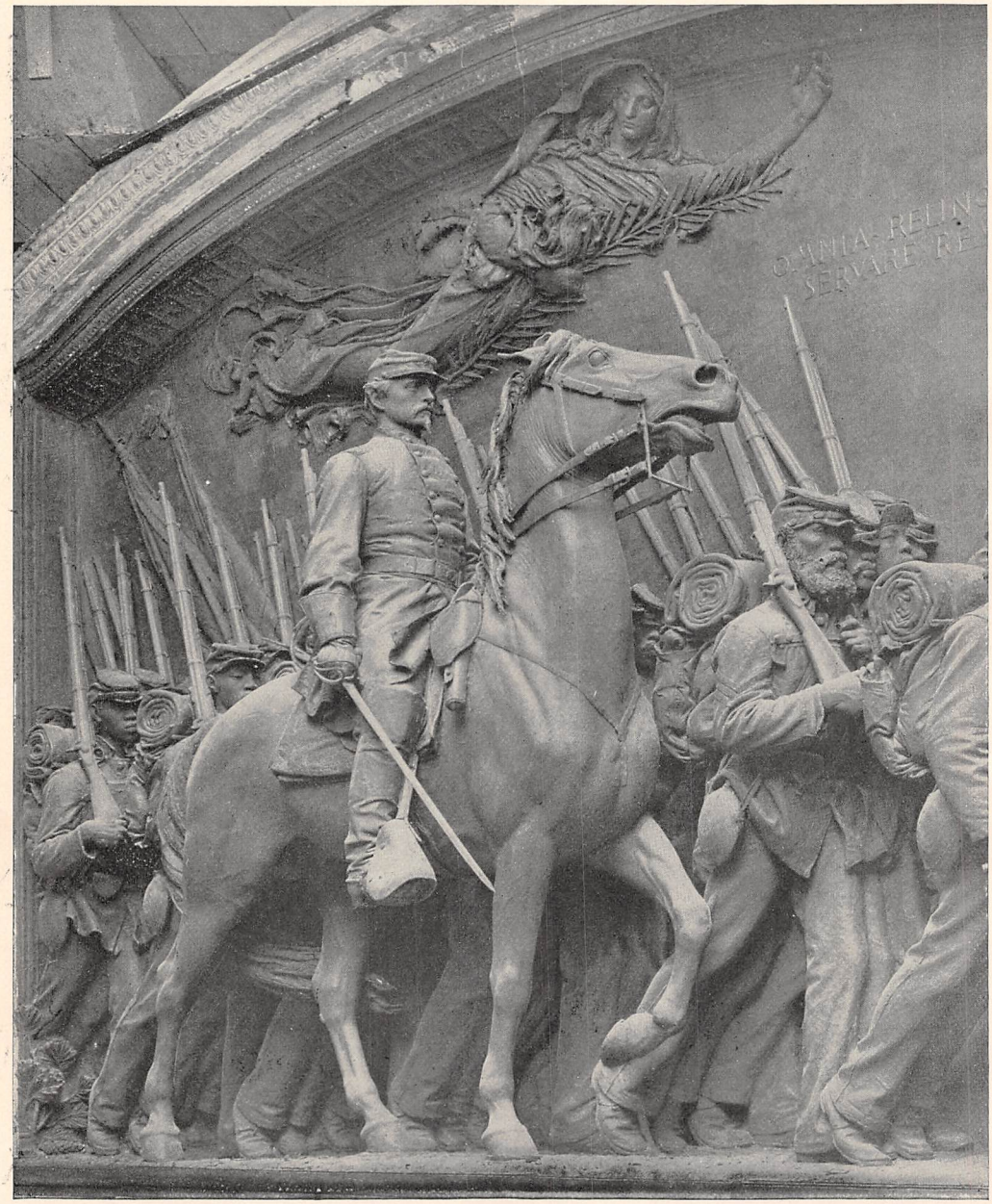
THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

memorial should be placed on a terrace within the lines of Boston Common.

The artist, controlled by his own conception, has devoted a part of each of the twelve best years of his life to this great work. In the interval Mr. Richardson passed away, and Mr. McKim became the artist's adviser on the architectural part.

When the time of completion seemed near at hand, Mr. George von L. Meyer became interested in the matter. Being then an alderman of the city of Boston, he obtained an appropriation for building the terrace. That has been executed by Norcross Brothers at the cost of nearly $20,000. Only five of the committee are now living.

Edward Atkinson.



A DETAIL OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

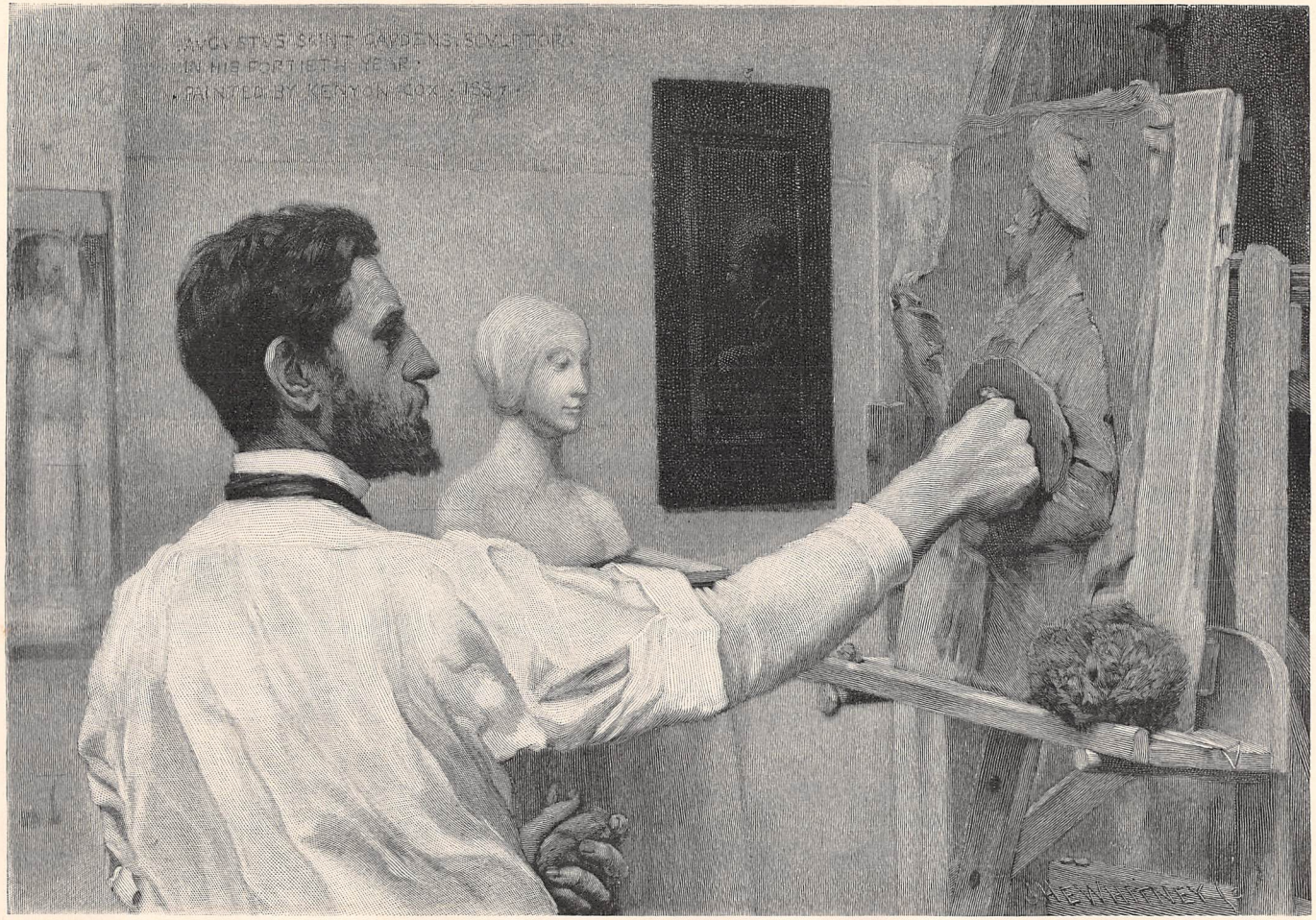
II. THE SCULPTOR ST. GAUDENS.

I.

THE «Shaw» was finished and ready for the bronze-founders. As I sat in the studio of the sculptor, one afternoon in the autumn of 1896, I read aloud the inscription on the base of the monument. «The 10th of October!» I exclaimed. «This is Shaw's birthday.» And the coincidence that the last touch had been put on the memorial on that anniversary morning led me to ask Mr. St. Gaudens about the time he had spent upon it. It has been said in some quarters that Mr. St. Gaudens takes a good deal of time to finish a work, and he has even been charged with being dilatory. He told me, as we sat looking at the «Shaw,» that he had received the commission twelve years before, but had spent only two years and a half in actual work on it. During the period between the time he received the commission and the autumn of 1896, when the memorial was finished, he produced, with the exception of the statues of Farragut and Randall and some other less important works, all the sculpture that has made his reputation. It was not the actual execution of the Shaw memorial that took the time, but the thinking about it. The artist, modifying his original sketch, made many changes. The original idea of the equestrian figure with the troops in the background has always been adhered to; but the horseman and the soldiers have been almost entirely modeled before in lower relief, and the work thus designed, with a different general scheme from that which it presents in its completed state, was almost finished more than once and pulled down again.

A DETAIL OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

In the very beginning, before any definite plan was settled upon, the projectors of the monument thought it should take the form of an equestrian statue on a high pedestal: but the family of Colonel Shaw felt that this would give too much importance to the single figure, the idea of the memorial being

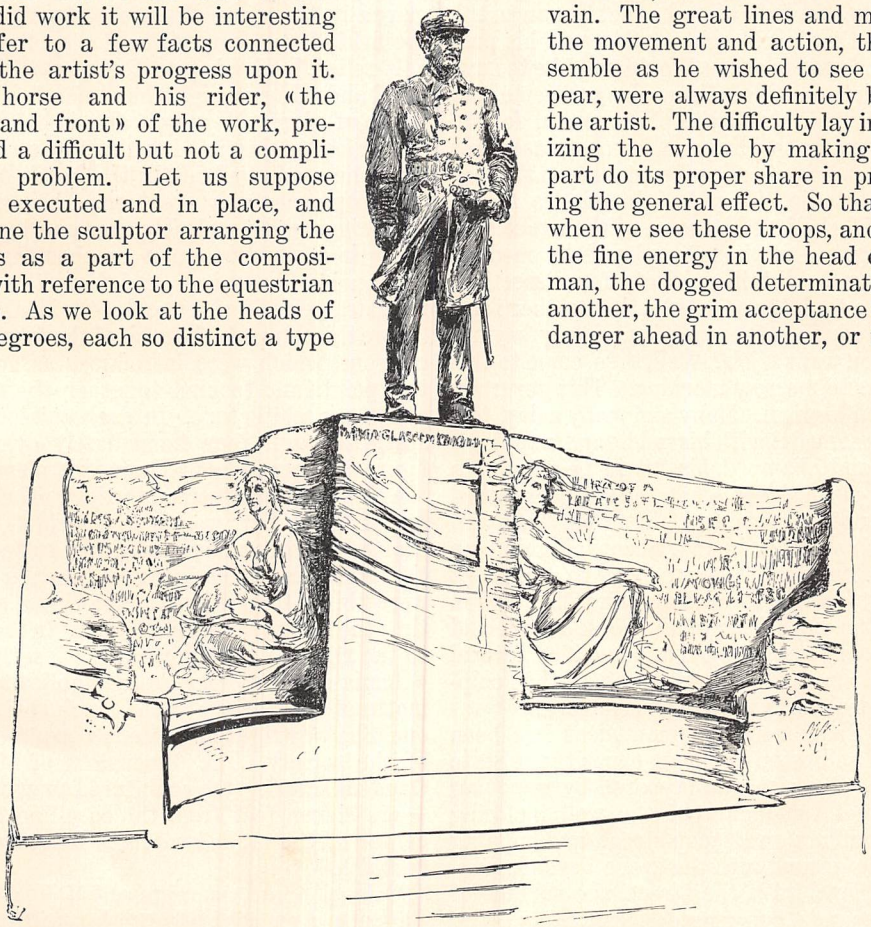


PORTRAIT BY KENYON COX. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

that it should typify patriotic devotion, and embody a modern spirit with heroic attributes. Young Shaw was chosen as the type to illustrate the idea; but he was to be thought of as a commander of troops, a man associated with other young officers, and, at their head, marching to war for his country. Mr. St. Gaudens finally decided upon a composition in which, with the commander in high relief, almost in the round, and the troops behind him in high relief, the elements of the conception might be bound together. When he explained it to the memorial committee, it received their approval, and he made his first sketch.

Artists understand the difficulties that are inherent in the creation of a work of art. It is not shown to the public until it is finished, and then, seen in its completeness, there is nothing to tell—as there should not be—of the trials through which perfection was attained. But in the case of this splendid work it will be interesting to refer to a few facts connected with the artist's progress upon it. The horse and his rider, «the head and front» of the work, presented a difficult but not a complicated problem. Let us suppose them executed and in place, and imagine the sculptor arranging the troops as a part of the composition with reference to the equestrian figure. As we look at the heads of the negroes, each so distinct a type and so natural, it might be supposed that, having found a suitable model and having made a satisfactory study, the sculptor had only to put such a figure in a given place and go on to the next one. But though he had many models, and though he found many heads that pleased him on account of one or another quality or characteristic, though he made heads in which he obtained all that he sought to achieve, he found over and over again that he could not use them. The study while isolated was admirable; placed in the niche intended for it, it «threw out» all the rest, and could not be used. It could not be modified in many cases, and there was nothing to do but to cast it aside and begin anew. Let it be borne in mind that there was no haphazard selection, but that each study was made with a definite conception in view. It was the difficulty of harmonizing, of making the whole work unified and yet characteristic, that made these essays vain. The great lines and masses, the movement and action, the ensemble as he wished to see it appear, were always definitely before the artist. The difficulty lay in realizing the whole by making each part do its proper share in producing the general effect. So that now when we see these troops, and note the fine energy in the head of one man, the dogged determination in another, the grim acceptance of the danger ahead in another, or in yet



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

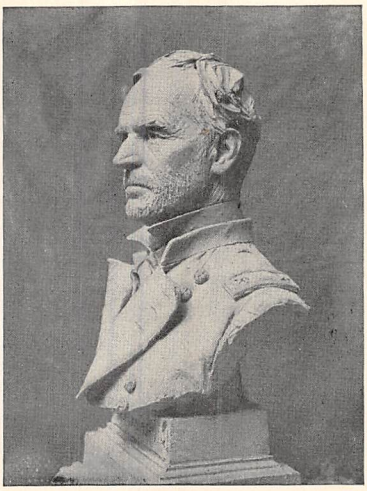
another the careless look born of the martial sound of fife and drum, it is worth while remembering that others quite as fine in themselves were tried, only with the result of abandoning them. Here is the part of the artist's task that is unknown to the uninitiated; here, in the realization of a grand conception, are satisfaction and keen pleasure when we see a result that shows a positive triumph over difficulties—difficulties that we know existed, and yet show no trace in the completed work of having arisen at all.

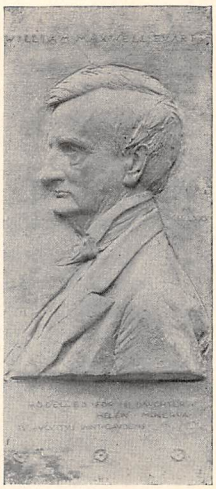
It was not always easy to get the models the sculptor wanted for his types. One snowy night when he was standing on the platform of a crowded Broadway car he saw passing under the bright gas-lights in Madison Square a negro whose head, as he caught a glimpse of it, struck him as being just what he wanted for one of his figures. He jumped off and accosted him, and secured him as a model. But his experiences were not always so lucky. At first when he met a man in the streets that he thought would serve his purpose, he used to ask: «Would you like to have your picture made? Come along with me, and I 'll pay you;» and the negro would follow, with apparent willingness in most cases, but would manage to slip off somehow on the way to the studio. They had in mind a fiction implicitly believed by some of their race concerning the methods employed by medical students to obtain subjects for dissection; and the sculptor soon adopted another form of introducing the question, simply saying: «Do you want a job? Well, then, come to this address to-morrow morning.» This generally secured his man. Many and many a day, too, the horse model, with his saddle and trappings, stood and champed his bit in the studio in Thirty-sixth street, while the sculptor looked and studied, measured his proportions, and noted his action in movement, climbing up and down the platform steps to add a bit of clay here or to take away another there. Even the disposition of the horse's mane and tail have been changed and modified several times to meet the requirements of the sculptor's ideal for a perfect ensemble.

The Shaw memorial monument has been placed on Boston Common, opposite the State House. The site was prepared by removing fifty feet ten inches of the wall inclosing the Common on Beacon street, and building out the ground into the space beyond, making it level with the street, the surface of the Common being here considerably below the level of Beacon street. The plateau forming the site of the monument is held in place by a retaining-wall built up on three sides from the level of the Common. Two large elms which stood in the plot have been preserved by sinking wells around their trunks, so that, looking at the face of the monument from Beacon street, it is seen between the two trees, which are about thirty feet apart. A stone bench surrounds the base of the monument, and there are other stone benches on each side of the plateau. The distance from the curb of the sidewalk on Beacon street to the base of the monument is twenty-five feet six inches. In this arrangement of the site, and in the well-proportioned, dignified, and beautiful architectural frame and base for Mr. St. Gaudens's sculpture, Mr. Charles F. McKim has again given evidence of his excellent taste and his artistic feeling in composition.

The figure of Colonel Shaw on his horse heads to the right of the spectator. He appears riding at the side of the troops, who march in the same direction. Overhead in the field of the composition floats a figure in half relief, beckoning to the men with her left hand. In her right hand she holds the palms of glory. Her right arm is held close to her body, clasping her drapery and poppies, the symbol of death; the heads of one or two poppies only are seen. The drapery of the figure flows closely over one leg, and floats in a whirl where it reaches the feet. The head is fine in type, and shows the nobility characteristic of the sculptor's ideal work. Above this figure, in the arch of the frame, are caissons, which were introduced as decorative points and to bind together the figure and the architecture. In each caisson is a star, although four immediately over the figure are concealed. There are eleven on the right and nineteen on the left. The number of thirty-four was finally decided upon, though a lesser number would have sufficed for the architectural exigencies, because there were thirty-four States in the Union at the time the troops went to the front. In the field to the right of the figure is the inscription, «Omnia relinquit servare rempublicam,» the motto of the Society of the Cincinnati. Colonel Shaw by right of descent was a member of the society. The dimensions of Mr. St. Gaudens's work—the sculptured composition—are eleven feet from the base-line to the center of the arched top, and fourteen feet in width.

Colonel Shaw, as represented in the St. Gaudens memorial, wears the uniform of campaign, with the fatigue-cap, and, with his right arm extended downward, holds in





CHARLES C. BEAMAN.
FRANCIS D. MILLET.
D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL SHERMAN.
MISS PAGE.
WILLIAM A. CHANLER.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.
HOMER ST. GAUDENS.
GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

his hand his naked sword. His head is firmly set on his shoulders, and is quiet of aspect, determined, and straightforward of type. It is purely American, with features which suggest Scandinavian race characteristics. The expression of the face is noble and reposeful. His chest is broad, but not too swelling; his arm is admirably felt under the sleeve of his coat, and suggests muscular tension, but not rigidity; his leg in his boot fits the horse's side with firm but springy action. On his saddle before him are the holsters holding his pistols, and his left hand holds the bridle-rein. The horse, deep-chested and strong in neck and shoulder, carries his head high up; and while big and simple in type, and so modeled as to have an almost classic grandeur, is truly American, and does not suggest the Greek or the Spanish conformations which characterize many good equestrian statues. He is strong and massive; but in his well-turned body, in the strength of his legs, in the majestic lift of his feet, are alertness and nervous force befitting the rider. The sweep of his long tail around and behind his legs is not unrestful, and is sufficiently sculpturesque in form to carry its naturalness of movement. The officer and his steed are one in the grim but light-hearted march to war.

Now look at the drummer-boy and the grizzled old man in the front ranks, at the one who is third from the nearest in the first row of soldiers, at him who comes first behind the horse, and the next one, with the Arab cast of features, and the three together in the last file. See what variety of type and what gradations of expression are shown in these heads, and note the rhythm of the march, the individuality of the bodies, of the arms and legs and hands and feet. Every part of the relief bears testimony to the skill of the sculptor and to his analytical powers. But stand back and look at the work as a whole. How the equestrian figure dominates the composition, and yet how essentially a part of one's impression is the presence of the troops! How unified and complete it is! With what force is the general effect brought to one, making him feel the grandeur of the whole! Technically the work abounds in fine *morceaux*. The head of Shaw is admirably modeled. The arm is a remarkable piece of movement felt through concealing drapery. The horse in every part is simple in rendering and broadly treated as to surface texture, nervous, strong, and shapely in all his lines. The treatment of the troops, the way in which reality is embodied in sculptural form, the moderation of what would be too prominent as details if they were not so well subordinated by giving each object a place where it will tell and not tell too much,—matters purely artistic, matters concerning the sculptor's art in line, mass, and relief,—are masterly. No poet's dream of heroism, glory, or devotion, however fine in conception it might be, could be realized in material form as this is, except through the art that goes to the bottom of the elements and arranges them one by one, but always with their effect altogether in mind, according to the space they may occupy, their length, breadth, and thickness, their strength or fineness of line, their weight or delicacy of mass, their coarseness or refinement of texture, their proportion, their direction, their value in relief under the light and the shadows they cast. Yet I have touched but lightly on the things that go to make up this beautiful work of art.

On the face of the pedestal of the memorial, directly under the horse and figure, are inscriptions, to the right and left of which are sculptured wreaths of bay-leaves. The inscriptions are as follows:

ROBERT GOULD SHAW
COLONEL OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY BORN IN BOSTON OCTOBER X MDCCCXXXVII KILLED WHILE LEADING THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER SOUTH CAROLINA JULY XVIII MDCCCLXIII

RIGHT IN THE VAN ON THE RED RAMPART'S SLIPPERY SWELL,
WITH HEARTS THAT BEAT A CHARGE HE FELL
FOEWARD AS FITS A MAN,
BUT THE HIGH SOUL BURNS ON TO LIGHT MEN'S FEET
WHERE DEATH FOR NOBLE ENDS MAKES DYING SWEET.

These fine lines by Lowell were not, of course, written for the monument, but were inspired by the circumstances of Shaw's death. On the back of the monument are other inscriptions. That written by President Eliot of Harvard is as follows:

TO THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT OF
MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

THE WHITE OFFICERS
TAKING LIFE AND HONOR IN THEIR HANDS CAST IN THEIR LOT WITH MEN OF THE DESPISED RACE UNPROVED IN WAR AND RISKED DEATH AS INCITERS OF SERVILE INSURRECTION IF TAKEN PRISONERS BESIDES ENCOUNTERING ALL THE COMMON PERILS OF CAMP MARCH AND BATTLE

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

THE BLACK RANK AND FILE
VOLUNTEERED WHEN DISASTER CLOUDED THE UNION CAUSE SERVED WITHOUT PAY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS TILL GIVEN THAT OF WHITE TROOPS FACED THREATENED ENSLAVEMENT IF CAPTURED WERE BRAVE IN ACTION PATIENT UNDER HEAVY AND DANGEROUS LABORS AND CHEERFUL AMID HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS
TOGETHER
THEY GAVE TO THE NATION AND THE WORLD UNDYING PROOF THAT AMERICANS OF AFRICAN DESCENT POSSESS THE PRIDE COURAGE AND DEVOTION OF THE PATRIOT SOLDIER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND SUCH AMERICANS ENLISTED UNDER THE UNION FLAG IN MDCCCLXIII–MDCCCLXV

The names of the officers who were killed in the assault are also on the back, each within a wreath: Cabot Jackson Russell, William Harris Simpkins, Edward Lewis Stevens, Frederick Hedge Webster, David Reid. Other inscriptions will be put on the back, on a bronze plate. In spite of the nobility of the lines by Lowell, it would have been, I think, more fitting from the artistic point of view to have had nothing carved on the face of the pedestal but the simple inscription. President Eliot's fine and exalted words are divided into three parts, an arrangement by which the white officers and what is said of them come in one division, the colored troops and their praise in the second, and in the third their achievements together.

II.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS was born in Dublin, March 1, 1848. His father was born in France, near Saint-Gaudens, a town of Haute-Garonne in the Pyrenees; and his mother, whose maiden name was McGuinness, was a native of Dublin. Mr. St. Gaudens came to America with his wife and family when Augustus, the third child, was six months old. After spending three months in Boston, he came to New York and settled here. So St. Gaudens is truly a son of New York. He attended school until he was thirteen, when he went to work with a cameo-cutter named Avet, and served a three years' apprenticeship. Avet was a Savoyard, and the first stone cameo-cutter in the United States. Seals were cut before his time, but he did the first work in relief. Stone cameos are cut with a lathe. When he was seventeen St. Gaudens had a quarrel with Avet, and received his walking-papers. He thought he had lost three good years, and that, indeed, the end of the world had come; but when overtures were made by Avet to his parents looking to his coming back to work with him, he utterly refused to do so. His parents took a calm view of the situation, and St. Gaudens went to work with a shell cameo-cutter named Le Breton. He spent three years with him. During all the time that he was working at cameo-cutting in the daytime he studied drawing at night. The first four years he attended the classes at Cooper Union, the last two those at the National Academy of Design. In 1867 he went to Paris, and entered the sculpture atelier of M. Jouffroy in the École des Beaux-Arts, where he worked until 1870. He then went to Italy, and spent about three years in Rome, where he was closely associated with the prizemen of the French Academy. Mercié the sculptor, and Luc-Olivier Merson and Joseph Blanc the painters, were his most intimate companions. While at Rome St. Gaudens made his statue of «Hiawatha,» which was bought by Governor Morgan of New York, and for another New York patron the figure called «Silence.» He received also at Rome, at the time that the Geneva tribunal was sitting, an order to make a bust of William M. Evarts. He executed this on his return to New York, which followed his sojourn in Italy. Mr. St. Gaudens returned to Europe in 1878. One of the objects of his trip was to perform his duties as a member of the international jury for fine arts at the Paris Universal Exposition held that year. He carried with him commissions for the statue of Farragut, which stands in Madison Square, and for that of Governor Randall at Sailors' Snug Harbor. He modeled both in Paris, and the «Farragut» was exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1880. From this point in his career to the present time, St. Gaudens has been working constantly at his studio in New York; and it is difficult to place his works in chronological order. He has had several statues, monuments, and decorative projects under way at all times, commissions coming to him so fast that they almost blocked his headway. The commissions to execute the «Lincoln» for Chicago; the statue of Deacon Chapin, called «The Puritan,» for Springfield, Massachusetts; the portrait relief of Dr. McCosh for Princeton University; that of Dr. Bellows, the monuments to Peter Cooper and General Sherman for New York; the bust of Garfield for Philadelphia, placed on a tall pedestal designed by Stanford White, with a figure of America in front of it; the Shaw memorial, and the two groups of three figures each to be placed before the Public Library in Boston; and the equestrian statue of General Logan

THE FIGURE IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON.

JAMES McCOSH, PRINCETON, N. J.

HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D., CHURCH OF ALL SOULS (UNITARIAN), NEW YORK CITY.

ANGEL WITH THE TABLET, MORGAN TOMB, HARTFORD, CONN.

THE PURITAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, MODELED IN BAS-RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS IN 1887, DURING STEVENSON'S ILLNESS IN NEW YORK.

for Chicago, are the most important. All of these, except the groups for Boston and the «Sherman,» have been finished. The groups for Boston will represent Law and Labor. The figures will be seated. Law will be flanked by Power and Religion, Labor by Science and Art. The Sherman monument will be an equestrian figure, with a female figure symbolizing Fame leading the war-horse. When these two works are finished the sculptor will begin the monument to Phillips Brooks for Boston.

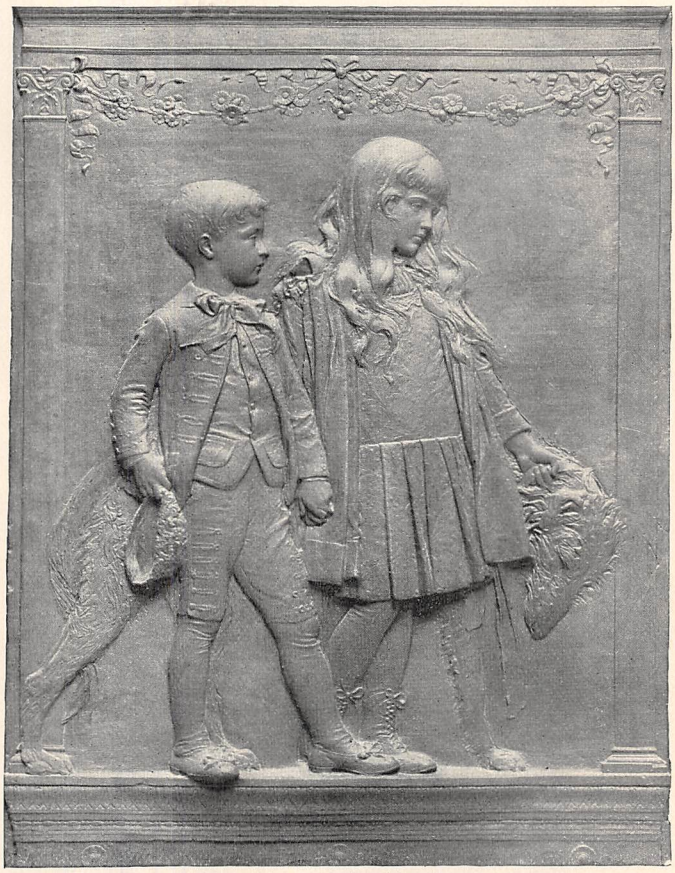
During this period from 1880 onward Mr. St. Gaudens has also produced some of his finest and most individual works, but they have not been public projects. His three angels chanting at the foot of the cross, for the Morgan monument at Hartford, met a most unfortunate fate. The scaffolding surrounding the tomb took fire, and the figures were completely destroyed. The sculptor deeply regrets this loss of his work; for the angels were, in his opinion, among the best of all his creations. The mysterious figure which has been called «The Peace of God,» in the Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, is one of the finest of his works in the round produced in this period, and one of the most original and beautiful of his conceptions. While working on the «Lincoln» he modeled the portrait low-relief of the children of Jacob H. Schiff, and at other times finished

PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF THE CHILDREN OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER.

the equally effective portraits, in the same style, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Miss Violet Sargent, sister of John S. Sargent, of Miss Lee, of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, of his son Homer St. Gaudens, of the children of Prescott Hall Butler, and others; and the Hollingsworth memorial for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, a bust of General Sherman, the decorative figure of Diana for the Madison Square Garden, the relief over the main entrance of the Boston Public Library, from which Kenyon Cox designed the library seal, and the medal for the World's Fair of 1893. The low-relief portrait of Bastien-Lepage, one of the most sensitively modeled of all those he has done, was made in Paris before his re-

turn in 1879; and sketches of work afterward executed here were prepared at that time. The low relief of Dr. Bellows was the first attempt by an artist in this country to adapt this form of sculpture to portraiture, and the method has been adopted since by many other sculptors. The angels for the monument in the cemetery at Garrisons, New York, those for Mrs. Smith's monument at Newport; the caryatides for Cornelius Vanderbilt; and the angels in St. Thomas's Church, New York, designed in collaboration with John La Farge, were produced in the earlier years of the period following 1879; and one of the most important works included in it is the Hamilton Fish monument. The colossal figure of «Art» in the rotunda of the new Congressional Library, commonly referred to as by St. Gaudens, was modeled from his sketches, under his direction, by Tonetti Dozzi, and is signed with the name of the modeler, «after sketches by Augustus St. Gaudens.» The medal commemorative of the celebration at New York in 1889 of the one-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States was modeled in the same way by Philip Martiny. Mr. St. Gaudens has also made a number of small medallion portraits, such as those of Francis D. Millet and George W. Maynard the painters, and of the daughters of Maitland Armstrong the decorative artist. The mere enumeration of these works shows that the sculptor's productive power is great, and that his industry is quite equal to that of most eminent artists. That his creative powers are remarkable is evident when we come to consider the variety and breadth of scope of his achievements in spite of the fact that, except the «Diana,» which the sculptor counts as belonging to his decorative work only, he has produced no nude figures. I should be at a loss to name any other sculptor of a reputation so wide as that which St. Gaudens enjoys in this country who has not at some time in his career numbered among his capital works one or more nude figures in the round.

The virility, breadth, and grasp of salient characteristics in the work of Augustus St. Gaudens are well exemplified in the statues of Farragut and Randall. These earlier works almost as much as the later ones give an impression of artistic power that belongs to sculpture which is the product of mature thought. They are so good in this respect that the sculptor would have maintained a high standard if in the work he did afterward he had simply kept up to their level. But he has done much more than this. His works show that his conceptions have broadened while his workmanship has remained vigorous and stanch. His modeling, more delicate and more sensitive in some instances where his subject required lightness of body or elegance of line, has grown more authoritative in other instances where dignity or nobility was to be expressed. A glance at



THE CHILDREN OF JACOB H. SCHIFF.

ANGEL FOR THE TOMB OF GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN.

the calm, spiritual faces of his angels at Newport, or at the wistful but energetic profile in the subtly felt low-relief portrait of Stevenson, is sufficient to show how well the sculptor understands the portrayal of character and expression. A look at the great *bravura* figure of General Logan shows how far he can go in the direction of spirited action and impressiveness by boldness without exaggeration. But in none of his works, in my judgment, are all his qualities so well gathered as in the statue of Lincoln at Chicago. It was no light task to make an imposing and dignified figure of the great President's somewhat ungainly form clad in the ordinary modern suit of clothes. He represented him erect and vigorous, strong like the pine-tree rather than sturdy like the oak, thoughtful, imaginative, calm, but not stern, contained, but not defiant. He made his «Lincoln» unyielding, but kindly. The head is especially fine. There is no trace of the conventionally noble features of the classic type, but there are grandeur and power in the rugged lines. The clothes are real and natural, but are so treated as to drape the figure severely and simply. The man is modern and a man of the people, yet he has the commanding dignity of a hero. He is imposing and he is lovable, the chief of a great government and the father of a free people.

What St. Gaudens will do in the future can hardly be a matter for conjecture. He seems to be now at the highest point of his creative and productive ability. The most interesting works to look forward to are the groups for the Boston Public Library, as he will in these have to do with purely abstract creations. It is safe to prophesy that his work will show no falling off; and so sincere and earnest is his general artistic purpose that we may see sculpture not only as good as anything he has yet done, but still finer. With a mind so alert and a hand and eye so well trained as his, there is no way exactly to define limitations.

William A. Coffin.

CARYATID, IN THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

III. COLORED TROOPS UNDER FIRE.

THE first colored regiment actually enlisted in the civil war was the 1st South Carolina, raised by Major-General Hunter (May 9, 1862); but this was disavowed by the government, though one company of it was not disbanded, and became the nucleus of a reorganized regiment, under the same name. The first regiment actually authorized by the government was the 1st Kansas Colored (August, 1862); the first regiments mustered into the service were the three composing the Louisiana Native Guard (September–November, 1862). The reorganized 1st South Carolina was authorized by the United States government, August 25, 1862, and mustered in by companies from October, 1862, to January, 1863. This was the first regiment composed of freed slaves, the others being made up of free negroes. These five were the only colored regiments of the year 1862. It remains now to consider the circumstances under which the colored troops came actually under fire.

The first actual fighting by organized colored troops of which there is official record took place on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, October 26, 1862, when the pickets of Company A, 1st South Carolina Volunteers, under Captain Trowbridge, fired upon and drove back two boat-loads of Confederates who had attempted a landing. A day or two later (October 27, 29) the newly formed 1st Kansas Regiment had skirmishes at Island Mound, Missouri, with a loss of one officer and eight enlisted men killed, and nine enlisted men wounded. These were probably the first colored soldiers killed in the war. It was claimed by General B. F. Butler, in a letter in the «Boston Herald» of August 6, 1887, that the 1st and 2d Louisiana Native Guard, being placed under General Weitzel, came in conflict with the enemy in «September or October,» 1862; but this very form of statement showed that he relied upon his memory, and the official records conclusively show him to be wrong in this, as in several other dates given in the letter. He said, for instance, that he «had two regiments [of colored troops] not later than the middle of August, 1862,» whereas his order calling for them was not dated until August 22; and he wrote to the War Department, in a letter undated, but received there September 11, that his first regiment would be ready «within ten days.» So, in regard to these troops coming under fire, General Butler says that it was in «September or October,» whereas General Weitzel's expedition did not set out until October 24, 1862, and that of-

MISS VIOLET SARGENT.

ficer wrote on November 1 that the colored regiments had not yet reported to him, and wrote again on November 5, saying that they had reported, but absolutely refusing to command them. As Weitzel's operations appear to have ceased the next day, it is difficult to see when these two regiments came under fire. If General Butler is, however, correct in his impression that these troops were actually under fire with Weitzel, it must have been in November, 1862, and therefore after both the South Carolina and Kansas troops had come under fire.

Expeditions along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina were also made by the 1st South Carolina on November 3–10, and again November 13–18, 1862, both times under the command of Colonel Oliver T. Beard, 48th New York Infantry. On January 23–February 1, 1863, a longer expedition was made, under my own command, up the St. Mary's River, a stream which, from its rapidity and peculiar formation, had been pronounced by the naval commanders the most dangerous in the department. These expeditions had, however, only a local value, except as testing in some degree the discipline and courage of the new levies, this test being, nevertheless, for the benefit of the whole country, as the regiment was watched by newspaper reporters with minute attention, and its smallest affairs were reported. A more important enterprise was undertaken by a brigade of two regiments under my command, which reoccupied (March, 1863) the town of Jacksonville, Florida, and took with it a large supply of uniforms, equipments, and extra rations, with a view to pushing into the interior and establishing recruiting-stations for colored troops —a movement of the greatest promise, but thwarted on the very eve of success by one of General Hunter's impulsive changes of purpose. It was of this expedition that President Lincoln wrote to General Hunter (April 1, 1863): «I am glad to see the account of your colored force at Jacksonville. I see the enemy are driving at them fiercely, as is to be expected. It is important to the enemy that such a force shall not take shape and grow and thrive in the South, and in precisely the same proportion it is important to us that it shall.» Again a force of colored troops under my command was sent up the South Edisto River (July, 1863), with a view to cutting the railroads in connection with General Gillmore's attack on Charleston—an attempt frustrated by the shallowness of the stream and the artificial obstructions that had been placed in it.

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

The first official reports from the Louisiana colored regiments are dated April 11, 1863, when Colonel Daniels reports to General Sherman a skirmish between part of the 2d Louisiana and some Confederate cavalry and infantry at Pascagoula. He says of them: «Great credit is due to the troops engaged for their unflinching bravery and steadiness under this their first fire, exchanging volley after volley with the coolness of veterans.»

The first conspicuous effort in line of battle of any colored troops was in the attack on Port Hudson, May 27, 1863, when two forts were assaulted by the 1st and 3d Louisiana

BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Native Guard, the whole being under the command of Colonel John A. Nelson. The whole negro force consisted of 1080, and it made three successive charges upon a fort protected in front by a deep and almost impassable bayou. Their loss was 37 killed, 155 wounded, and 16 missing. General Banks stated in his official report that «their conduct was heroic; no troops could be more determined or more daring. . . . Whatever doubt may have existed before as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of to-day proves conclusively, to those who were in a position to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders.»

A smaller engagement took place at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, which is thus described by General Grant in his «Personal Memoirs»: «On the 7th of June [1863], our little force of colored and white troops across the Mississippi at Milliken's Bend were attacked by about 3000 men [under General McCulloch] from Richard Taylor's trans-Mississippi command. With the aid of the gunboats they were easily repelled. . . . This was the first important engagement of the war in which colored troops had been under fire. [This is an error, the attack on Port Hudson having preceded it.] These men were very raw, having been all enlisted since the beginning of the siege [of Vicksburg], but they behaved well.»

The next important engagement in which negro troops took part was the attack of the 54th Massachusetts (Colonel R. G. Shaw) upon Fort Wagner in South Carolina. This colored regiment had acquitted itself well on James Island, South Carolina, July 16, in a skirmish; and its colonel had made this the ground of an application to be brigaded with white troops under General G. C. Strong. The request being granted, it set out on its march on the evening of that very day from James Island to Cole's Island, and thence by steamers successively to Folly and Morris islands, being almost without rations during this time, and bivouacking two nights in a hard rain. It reached the headquarters of General Strong, the commander of the expedition, about 5 P. M., and took its place at once on the right of a brigade containing five white regiments. The assault was finally made about midnight, under cover of a bombardment, and the regiment actually gained the parapet of the fort; but, being left for some reason without proper support, it was ultimately driven out, having suffered fearfully. More than half the officers were killed or wounded, and nearly one half the men were killed, wounded, or missing.[1] After an hour's fighting the regiment was withdrawn, under command of Captain Luis F. Emilio, and was formed anew in line of battle about seven hundred yards from the fort, where it awaited orders for another charge.[2] The attack was, however, discontinued, the commanding officer, General Strong, being mortally wounded. I subsequently conversed with this brave officer, a little before his death, and asked him to tell me frankly how the 54th Massachusetts had behaved. His answer was: «No new regiment which had lost its colonel could have behaved better.»

The attack on Fort Wagner, with the picturesque and gallant death of young Colonel Shaw, made a great impression at the North, and did more than anything else, perhaps, to convince the public that negro troops could fight well, not merely as skirmishers, but in line of battle. To this was added the general sympathy called forth by a manly letter from the father of Colonel Shaw, requesting General Gillmore to refrain from all effort to recover the body of his son, but rather to leave it buried with those of his soldiers.

[1] «Official Army Register,» VIII, 314.

[2] Williams's «Colored Troops,» p. 193; his statement being based on information received from Captain Emilio, who commanded at the close of the engagement. Compare the accounts of survivors in «Howard Memorial Biographies,» II, 257.

The early stages of a great movement always call for more fullness of narration than the later ones. During the remainder of the war the negro troops were so intermingled with other troops that it is less easy to trace their distinctive history. In the Department of the South, three colored regiments acquitted themselves well, under Major-General Seymour, in the disastrous battle of Olustee, Florida (February 20, 1864); two at James Island, South Carolina (July 2, 1864); and five at Honey Hill, South Carolina (November 30, 1864). In the Army of the Cumberland, a black regiment—the 14th United States Colored Troops — made a courageous charge in the defense of Dalton, Georgia (August 15, 1864), and «an enviable reputation in the Western army,» according to Colonel Morgan, its commander, during the defense of Decatur, Alabama. Eight regiments took part in the successful battle of Nashville, Tennessee (December 15, 16, 1864), against Hood's veterans. Twenty-five per cent. of the loss in this battle, according to General Steedman, fell upon the negro division; and he adds that most of this took place during their «brilliant charge upon the enemy on Newton Hill.» [1]

On April 12, 1864, Fort Pillow, with a garrison of about 557 men, half white and half negro, was taken by a Confederate force under General Forrest, and the garrison was massacred under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. General Grant, in his «Memoirs,» quotes General Forrest as saying in his despatches: «The river was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered for two hundred yards. The approximate loss was upward of 500 killed, but few of the officers escaping. My loss was about 20 killed. It is hoped that these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners.» General Grant adds: «Subsequently Forrest made a report in which he left out the part which shocks humanity to read.»

But the most extensive service of negro troops took place during 1864 in Virginia, where they were at first mostly assigned to General Burnside, in the 9th Army Corps. At Powhatan, May 24, a force of colored troops, under General E. A. Wild, defended a fort against General Fitzhugh Lee; and a division of half a dozen regiments, under General Hincks, carried a line of rifle-pits, June 15, with the battle-cry, «Remember Fort Pillow!» and took sixteen guns. This division in particular was repeatedly in skirmishes before Petersburg, Virginia; and its total loss between January 15 and January 30 amounted to 575.

PETER COOPER.

In the final assault on Petersburg, it was the desire of General Burnside to put his colored division in front. This is stated by General Grant in his «Personal Memoirs,»

[1] Williams's «Negro Troops,» pp. 282–90. The «Official Army Register» (VIII, 338) assigns but six regiments to this battle; but Williams gives officially the losses of eight.

1. COLUMBIAN MEDAL: REJECTED DESIGN.

2. COLUMBIAN MEDAL: REJECTED DESIGN.

and he adds: «Meade interfered with this. Burnside then took Ledlie's division—a worse selection than the first would have been.» In Grant's opinion, neither Ledlie nor Ferrero, who commanded the colored troops, was «equal to the occasion.» The assault through the exploded mine was a failure, the white troops having recoiled, partly through the inefficiency of their commander; and the colored troops who were sent in to relieve them accomplished nothing, though they confessedly fought well. Their loss was very great. Thus the 28th United States Colored Troops (Lieutenant-Colonel Russell) lost 7 out of 11 officers, and 91 out of 224 men, both the color-sergeants and all the color-guard being killed.[1] Later (October 7, 1864) the thanks of Major-General Birney, commanding the 10th Army Corps, were expressly given to the colored troops attached to his corps for their courage at Newmarket Heights, Fort Pillow, Fort Harrison, and elsewhere.

In March, 1865, President Lincoln reviewed 25,000 colored troops in the Army of the James. They took an active part in the final campaign against Petersburg and Richmond, and headed the entrance to both cities. It was eminently appropriate that the race which was the innocent cause of the Civil War, and whose freedom it virtually secured, should furnish the first Union soldiers to take possession of the conquered cities. The fears of barbarity and indiscriminate insurrection had ceased, and it was found that the black soldiers, trained and disciplined by military life, were not only courageous and faithful in the field, but orderly and self-respecting in the hour of victory.

In computing the actual value of colored troops, it must be remembered that they were not enlisted on any large scale until the war was nearly half through, and that they were in many places denied the discipline and opportunity that are needed to make soldiers. It must also be borne in mind that the original theory of their enlistment was to set free an equal number of white troops for more active service; and that in the most conspicuous trials made of them, as at Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Petersburg, the regiments employed had absolutely their first experience of hard fighting. There was also from the beginning some reluctance in putting the best guns into their hands; and it was often the case that they had the discouragement of knowing themselves less well armed than the white Union regiments beside them or the Confederate troops opposed to them. That under these circumstances their service was creditable is sufficiently proved by the fact that the ablest officers of the Confederate army wished to imitate the example of the United States government in employing them.

When General Lee was appointed commander-in-chief of the Confederate army, early in 1865, he recommended the policy of employing negroes as soldiers; and a measure for thus employing them twice passed the lower house of the Confederate Congress, only to be rejected by the Senate. It is a curious fact that one of the very last general orders issued by the adjutant and inspector-general was to detail an officer, Lieutenant

[1] Williams's «Negro Troops,» p. 250. An excellent narrative of the part taken by colored troops in this assault appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for September, 1887.

Cowardin, to recruit colored troops in Halifax County, Virginia. The adoption of this policy came too late to be of any service to the Confederate cause, but not too late to give emphatic indorsement to the policy adopted by the United States government.

The expected value of the colored troops for defensive service was undoubtedly justified, and they furnished an indispensable requisite for some important movements. The most conspicuous of these instances was perhaps in connection with the most brilliant separate achievement of the war. When Sherman made his great march to the sea, not a colored regiment marched with him; but the march would itself have been fruitless had not the troops in the Department of the South, his objective point, proved trustworthy, and these were two thirds negroes. «The operations on the South Atlantic coast, which long seemed a merely subordinate and incidental part of the great conflict, proved to be one of the final pivots on which it turned.» White troops made the march, but black regiments kept the door open.

In the way of direct service, it appears by the «Official Army Register» that the colored troops sustained actual casualties in two hundred and fifty-one different engagements, and doubtless took part in many more. To those commanding them the question of their fighting qualities was soon solved; and these were, of course, the persons best qualified to judge them. Two thirds of a good soldier consists in good discipline and organization; and the remaining one third, where the race element enters in, did not in this case involve enough difference to affect the result with any seriousness. It was like asking whether men with black eyes or with blue eyes made the better soldiers. Perhaps the best thing said or written about the freed slaves during the war was the answer given by General Saxton, after receiving a long series of questions about them from some benevolent committee. He bade his secretary draw a pen across all the interrogations, and write at the bottom this summary: «They are intensely human.» The qualities of the negro soldiers were simply human. They were capable of fatigue or ardor, of cowardice or courage, of grumbling or cheerfulness, very much as white soldiers would have been in their place. If it is necessary to scrutinize more minutely, it is possible to say that they were more enthusiastic under excitement, and more easily depressed; more affectionate if judiciously treated, and more sullen and dogged if discouraged; more gregarious, and less prone to individual initiative—and so on with many other minor differences. Yet even these generalizations would be met by so many scattered exceptions as to be of subordinate value. Every regimental or even brigade commander comes to know after a while who are the men in his command who covet danger, who are the men who simply face it when it is inevitable, and who are the men who need watching lest they actually flinch; and all this is equally true, whether they be white or black. «Two o'clock in the morning courage,» in Napoleon's phrase, is a thing that belongs to the minority in every race; and it is probably no more abundant, and yet no rarer, among black soldiers than among white.

3. COLUMBIAN MEDAL: ACCEPTED DESIGN.

Two peculiar traits of the black troops grew out of their former state of servitude. When serving on their own soil, or even on a soil and under conditions resembling their own, they had the great advantage of local knowledge. They were not only ready to serve as guides, but they were virtually their own guides; they were serviceable as Indian scouts are serviceable; they could find their way in the dark, guess at the position of an enemy, follow a trail, extract knowledge from others of their own race; and all this in a way no white man could rival. Enterprises from which the bravest white men might shrink unaided could sometimes be safely transacted by black soldiers, or in their company. Again, they had to sustain them the vast stakes of personal freedom and that of their families. Say what one pleases,

they all desired this freedom,—I never encountered an exception,—and it gave them a peculiar stimulus apart from that of the white soldier. The latter had at stake his flag, his nation, his comrades, his life; the black soldier, if he had been a slave, had all these things risked upon the issue, and one thing more—his personal freedom, with that of his household. The negro regiments themselves recognized this, and had a feeling that they were playing for higher prizes than their white associates. Let the Confederacy succeed, and they would be remanded into slavery, while the white soldiers would simply lay down their arms and go home. No one who did not serve with them and have their confidence could know the great strength of this feeling in their hearts.

Their antecedents as slaves were not in themselves, as many supposed, a good preparation for the life of a soldier; for military discipline is of a higher grade than plantation discipline, and appeals throughout to a man's self-respect. It was necessary to educate this self-respect; and therefore it was generally found that officers who proceeded merely in the slave-driver method were unsuccessful with black soldiers. Again, they had a great taste for certain things which white soldiers were apt to find distasteful—namely, what may be called the manners of the camp, such as the salutation of officers, the gradations of rank, the precise formalities of guard duty. This last aptitude, joined with the natural suspiciousness created by their previous lives, made them admirable sentinels. They generally felt it a step upward to enter military life, with its routine and discipline; whereas to white soldiers these were wholly a sacrifice, accepted only for the sake of their country. Sanitary regulations, for instance, were far more easily enforced among negroes than among whites, simply because the latter could never quite get over the feeling that the whole thing was a bore, and not what they enlisted for. The colored soldiers accepted it as a part of the whole affair, and raised no questions. On the other hand, the general ignorance of the black soldiers was a great inconvenience, and threw an exhausting amount of writing and clerical duty upon the officers of colored regiments. The health of the negroes was also a great source of solicitude: although more proof against malaria, they were more subject to pulmonary disease; and it was often hard to get good surgeons for the colored regiments, as it grew harder, indeed, for all regiments in the latter part of the war. As a whole, service with negro troops had two special satisfactions apart from all strictly military considerations: the peculiarly warm and, as it were, filial relation which readily grew up between them and their officers; and the feeling that their service in war was not merely a chapter in the history of a conflict, but in the emancipation and elevation of a race.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE SECRET.

NIGHTINGALES warble about it
  All night under blossom and star;
The wild swan is dying without it,
  And the eagle cryeth afar;
The sun he doth mount but to find it,
  Searching the green earth o'er;
But more doth a man's heart mind it,
  Oh, more, more, more!

Over the gray leagues of ocean
  The infinite yearneth alone;
The forests with wandering emotion
  The thing they know not intone;
Creation arose but to see it,
  A million lamps in the blue;
But a lover he shall be it
  If one sweet maid is true.

G. E. Woodberry.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

OPERATIONS ABOUT RICHMOND, PETERSBURG, AND ATLANTA, AND IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

STORMING OF NEWMARKET HEIGHTS.

IT was found that Lee had sent a division of infantry and cavalry as far as Culpeper to coöperate with Early's forces, and on August 12, 1864, Grant began a movement at Petersburg intended to force the enemy to return his detached troops to that point. Hancock's corps was marched from Petersburg to City Point, and there placed on steamboats. The movement was to create the impression that these troops were to be sent to Washington. Butler relaid the pontoon-bridge, and his forces crossed to Deep Bottom. The same night, August 13, the boats which carried Hancock's corps were sent up the river, and the troops disembarked on the north side of the James. Hancock was put in command of the movement.

General Grant said, in discussing the affair: «I am making this demonstration on the James, not that I expect it to result in anything decisive in the way of crippling the enemy in battle; my main object is to call troops from Early and from the defenses of Petersburg. If Lee withdraws the bulk of his army from Meade's front, Meade will have a good opportunity of making a movement to his left with one of his corps.» The 14th and 15th were spent in reconnoitering and manœuvering and in making one successful assault. On August 16 I was directed to go to Hancock with important instructions, and remain with his command that day. This gave me an opportunity to participate in the engagements which took place. Early in the morning the movement began by sending out Miles's brigade and Gregg's cavalry, which drove back a body of the enemy to a point only seven miles from Richmond. At ten o'clock a vigorous attack was made by Birney's corps upon the works at Fussell's Mills. The intrenchments were handsomely carried, and three colors and nearly three hundred prisoners taken; but the enemy soon returned in large force, made a determined assault, and compelled Birney to abandon the works he had captured. He succeeded, however, in holding the enemy's intrenched picket-line. In the meantime the enemy brought up a sufficient force to check the advance of Gregg and Miles and compel them to withdraw from their position. Our troops fell back in perfect order, retiring by successive lines. Gregg took up a line on Deep Creek. That evening the enemy made a heavy attack on him, but only succeeded in forcing him back a short distance. The fighting had been desperate, and all the officers present had suffered greatly from their constant exposure to the heavy fire of the enemy in their efforts to hold the men to their work and add as much as possible to the success of the movements. This day's fighting was known as the battle of Newmarket Heights. In these engagements I was fortunate enough to be able to render service which was deemed to be of some importance by the general-in-chief, who wrote to Washington asking that I be breveted a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army for «gallant and meritorious services in action»; and the appointment to that rank was made by the President. As a result of these operations, Hill's command had been withdrawn from Petersburg and sent to Hancock's front, and a division of Longstreet's corps, which had been under marching orders for the valley, was detained.

General Grant was now giving daily watchfulness and direction to four active armies in the field—those of Meade, Butler, Sheridan, and Sherman. They constituted a dashing four-in-hand, with Grant holding the reins. These armies no longer moved «like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together.» While some of them were at long distances from the others, they were acting in harmony, and coöperating with one another for the purpose of keeping the enemy constantly employed in their respective fronts, to prevent him from concentrating his force against any particular army. The enemy had short interior lines upon which to move, and railroads for the prompt transportation of troops; and it was only by these vigorous coöperative movements on the part of the Union armies that the enemy was kept from prac-

tising the fundamental principle of war—namely, concentrating the bulk of his forces against a fraction of those of the enemy.

A DRAFT ORDERED.

THE affairs of the country were now like a prairie in the season of fires: as soon as the conflagration was extinguished in one place it immediately broke out in another. While General Grant was hourly employed in devising military movements to meet the situation in the field, his advice and assistance were demanded for a grave state of affairs which had now arisen in the Northern States. A draft had been ordered by the President for the purpose of filling up our depleted regiments, and the disloyal element at home was making it a pretext to embarrass the government in its prosecution of the war. On August 11 Halleck sent Grant a confidential letter, in which he said, among other things of a disturbing nature: «Pretty strong evidence is accumulating that there is a combination formed, or forming, to make a forcible resistance to the draft. . . . To enforce it may require the withdrawal of a very considerable number of troops from the field. . . . The evidence of this has increased very much within the last few days. . . . Are not the appearances such that we ought to take in sail and prepare the ship for a storm?» General Grant replied, suggesting means for enforcing the draft without depleting the armies in the field, and saying he was not going to break his hold where he was on the James.

On the evening of August 17 General Grant was sitting in front of his quarters, with several staff-officers about him, when the telegraph operator came over from his tent and handed him a despatch. He opened it, and as he proceeded with the reading his face became suffused with smiles. After he had finished it he broke into a hearty laugh. We were curious to know what could produce so much merriment in the general in the midst of the trying circumstances which surrounded him. He cast his eyes over the despatch again, and then remarked: «The President has more nerve than any of his advisers. This is what he says after reading my reply to Halleck's despatch.» He then read aloud to us the following:

«‹I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible. A. LINCOLN.›»

Throughout this period of activity at headquarters General Grant was not unmindful of the rewards which were due to his generals for their achievements. On August 10 he had written to the Secretary of War: «I think it but a just reward for services already rendered that General Sherman be now appointed a major-general, and W. S. Hancock and Sheridan brigadiers, in the regular army. All these generals have proved their worthiness for this advancement.» Sherman and Hancock received their appointments on the 12th, and Sheridan on the 20th. General Grant was very much gratified that their cases had been acted upon so promptly.

BATTLE OF THE WELDON RAILROAD.

WARREN moved out at dawn on August 18, in accordance with orders, to a point three miles west of the left of the Army of the Potomac, and began the work of tearing up the Weldon Railroad. Hard fighting ensued that day, in which the enemy suffered severely. Lee hurried troops from north of the James to Petersburg, and in the afternoon of the 19th a large force turned a portion of Warren's command and forced it to retire. Two divisions of Parke's corps had been ordered to support Warren, our troops were now reformed, the lost ground was soon regained, the enemy fell back in great haste to his intrenchments, and the position on the railroad was firmly held by Warren's men. General Grant remained at City Point this day in order to be in constant communication with Hancock and Butler as well as with Meade. When he heard of Warren's success he telegraphed at once to Meade: «I am pleased to see the promptness with which General Warren attacked the enemy when he came out. I hope he will not hesitate in such cases to abandon his lines and take every man to fight every battle, and trust to regaining them afterward, or to getting better.» He said after writing this despatch: «Meade and I have had to criticize Warren pretty severely on several occasions for being slow, and I wanted to be prompt to compliment him now that he has acted vigorously and handsomely in taking the offensive.» His corps being greatly exposed in its present position, and knowing that the enemy would use all efforts to save the railroad, Warren on August 20 took up a position a mile or two in the rear of his line of battle the day before, and intrenched. All of Hancock's corps was withdrawn from the north side of the James. Lee soon discovered this, and hurried more troops back to Peters-

burg. On the morning of August 21 Hill's whole corps, with a part of Hoke's division and Lee's cavalry, attacked Warren. Thirty pieces of artillery opened on him, and at ten o'clock vigorous assaults were made; but Warren repulsed the enemy at all points, and then advanced and captured several hundred prisoners. The enemy had failed in his desperate efforts to recover the Weldon Railroad, and he was now compelled to haul supplies by wagons around the break in order to make any use of that line of supplies.

BATTLE OF REAMS'S STATION.

On August 22 Gregg's division of cavalry and troops from Hancock's corps were sent to Reams's Station, seven miles south of Warren's position, and tore up three miles of the Weldon Railroad south of that place. Hancock discovered the enemy massing heavily in his front on the 25th, and concentrated his force at the station, and took possession of some earthworks which had been constructed before at that place, but which were badly laid out for the purpose of defense. That afternoon several formidable assaults were directed against Miles, who was in command of Barlow's division, but they were handsomely repulsed. At 5 P. M. Hill's corps made a vigorous attack. Owing to the faulty construction of the earthworks, Hancock's command was exposed to a reverse fire, which had an unfortunate effect upon the morale of the men. A portion of Miles's line finally gave way, and three of our batteries of artillery were captured. Our troops were now exposed to attack both in flank and reverse, and the position of Hancock's command had become exceedingly critical; but the superb conduct displayed by him and Miles in rallying their forces saved the day. By a gallant dash the enemy was soon swept back, and one of our batteries and a portion of the intrenchments were retaken. Gibbon's division was driven from its intrenched position, but it took up a new line, and after hard fighting the further advance of the enemy was checked. As the command was now seriously threatened in its present position, and none of the reinforcements ordered up had arrived, Hancock's troops were withdrawn after dark.

Hancock's want of success was due largely to the condition of his troops. They had suffered great fatigue; there had been heavy losses during the campaign, particularly in officers, and the command was composed largely of recruits and substitutes. The casualties in this engagement, in killed, wounded, and missing, were 2742; the number of guns lost, 9. The enemy's loss was larger than ours in killed and wounded, but less in prisoners. General Miles, who thirty-one years thereafter became general-in-chief of the army, in all his brilliant career as a soldier never displayed more gallantry and ability than in this memorable engagement, which is known in history as the battle of Reams's Station.

The enemy had subjected himself to heavy loss in a well-concerted attempt to regain possession of the Weldon Railroad, which was of such vital importance to him, but in this he had signally failed. Lee had been so constantly threatened, or compelled to attack around Petersburg and Richmond, that he had been entirely prevented from sending any forces to Hood to be used against Sherman.

GRANT'S FAMILY VISIT HIM.

Mrs. Grant had come East with the children, and Colonel Dent, her brother, was sent to meet them at Philadelphia, and bring them to City Point to pay a visit to the general. The children consisted of Frederick D., then fourteen years old; Ulysses S., Jr., twelve; Nellie R., nine; and Jesse R., six. Nellie was born on the 4th of July, and when a child an innocent deception had been practised upon her by her father in letting her believe that all the boisterous demonstrations and display of fireworks on Independence Day were in honor of her birthday. The general was exceedingly fond of his family, and his meeting with them afforded him the happiest day he had seen since they parted. They were comfortably lodged aboard the headquarters steamboat, but spent most of their time in camp. The morning after their arrival, when I stepped into the general's tent, I found him in his shirt-sleeves engaged in a rough-and-tumble wrestling-match with the two older boys. He had become red in the face, and seemed nearly out of breath from the exertion. The lads had just tripped him up, and he was on his knees on the floor grappling with the youngsters, and joining in their merry laughter, as if he were a boy again himself. I had several despatches in my hand, and when he saw that I had come on business, he disentangled himself after some difficulty from the young combatants, rose to his feet, brushed the dust off his knees with his hand, and said in a sort of apologetic manner: «Ah, you know my weaknesses—my children and my horses.» The

children often romped with him, and he joined in their frolics as if they were all playmates together. The younger ones would hang about his neck while he was writing, make a terrible mess of his papers, and turn everything in his tent into a toy: but they were never once reproved for any innocent sport; they were governed solely by an appeal to their affections. They were always respectful, and never failed to render strict obedience to their father when he told them seriously what he wanted them to do.

Mrs. Grant, formerly Miss Julia Dent, was four years younger than the general. She had been educated in Professor Moreau's finishing-school in St. Louis, one of the best institutions of instruction in its day, and was a woman of much general intelligence, and exceedingly well informed upon all public matters. She was noted for her amiability, her cheerful disposition, and her extreme cordiality of manner. She was soon upon terms of intimacy with all the members of the staff, and was quick to win the respect and esteem of every one at headquarters. She visited any officers or soldiers who were sick, went to the cook and suggested delicacies for their comfort, took her meals with the mess, kept up a pleasant run of conversation at the table, and added greatly to the cheerfulness of headquarters. She had visited her husband several times at the front when he was winning his victories in the West, and had learned perfectly how to adapt herself to camp life. She and the general were a perfect Darby and Joan. They would seek a quiet corner of his quarters of an evening, and sit with her hand in his, manifesting the most ardent devotion; and if a staff-officer came accidentally upon them, they would look as bashful as two young lovers spied upon in the scenes of their courtship. In speaking of the general to others, his wife usually referred to him as «Mr. Grant,» from force of habit formed before the war. In addressing him she said «Ulyss,» and when they were alone, or no one was present except an intimate friend of the family, she applied a pet name which she had adopted after the capture of Vicksburg, and called him «Victor.» Sometimes the general would tease the children good-naturedly by examining them about their studies, putting to them all sorts of puzzling mathematical questions, and asking them to spell tongue-splitting words of half a dozen syllables. Mrs. Grant would at times put on an air of mock earnestness, and insist upon the general telling her all of the details of the next movement he intended to make. He would then proceed to give her a fanciful description of an imaginary campaign, in which he would name impossible figures as to the number of the troops, inextricably confuse the geography of the country, and trace out a plan of marvelously complicated movements in a manner that was often exceedingly droll. No family could have been happier in their relations; there was never a selfish act committed or an ill-natured word uttered by any member of the household, and their daily life was altogether beautiful in its charming simplicity and its deep affection.

RELATIONS BETWEEN GRANT AND SHERMAN.

A LITTLE before nine o'clock on the evening of September 4, while the general was having a quiet smoke in front of his tent, and discussing the campaign in Georgia, a despatch came from Sherman announcing the capture of Atlanta, which had occurred on September 2. It was immediately read aloud to the staff, and after discussing the news for a few minutes, and uttering many words in praise of Sherman, the general wrote the following reply: «I have just received your despatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amid great rejoicing.»

In the meantime the glad tidings had been telegraphed to Meade and Butler, with directions to fire the salute, and not long afterward the roar of artillery communicated the joyful news of victory throughout our army, and bore sad tidings to the ranks of the enemy. An answer was received from Sherman, in which he said: «I have received your despatch, and will communicate it to the troops in general orders. . . . I have always felt that you would take personally more pleasure in my success than in your own, and I reciprocate the feeling to the fullest extent.» Grant then wrote to Sherman: «I feel that you have accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general in this war with a skill and ability which will be acknowledged in history as unsurpassed, if not unequaled. It gives me as much pleasure to record this in your favor as it would in favor of any living man, myself included.» This correspondence, and the unmeasured praise which was given to Sherman at this time by the general-in-chief in his despatches and conversations, afford ad-

ditional evidences of his constant readiness to give all due praise to his subordinates for any successful work which they accomplished. He was entirely unselfish in his relations with them, and never tired of taking up the cudgels in their defense if any one criticized them unjustly.

The above correspondence with Sherman recalls the letters which were interchanged between them after General Grant's successes in the West. The general wrote to Sherman at that time: «What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.» Sherman wrote a no less manly letter in reply. After insisting that General Grant assigned to his subordinates too large a share of merit, he went on to say: «I believe you to be as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour. . . . I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out if alive.» The noble sentiments expressed in this and similar correspondence were the bright spots which served to relieve the gloomy picture of desolating war.

Now that Sherman had captured Atlanta, the question at once arose as to what his next move should be; and a discussion took place at General Grant's headquarters as to the advisability of a march to the sea. Such a movement had been referred to in a despatch from Grant to Halleck as early as July 15, saying: «If he [Sherman] can supply himself once with ordnance and quartermaster's stores, and partially with subsistence, he will find no difficulty in staying until a permanent line can be opened with the south coast.» On August 13 Sherman communicated with Grant about the practicability of cutting loose from his base and shifting his army to the Alabama River, or striking out for St. Mark's, Florida, or for Savannah. Further correspondence took place between the two generals after Sherman had entered Atlanta. The subject was one in which the members of the staff became deeply interested. Maps were pored over daily, and most intelligent discussions were carried on as to the feasibility of Sherman's army making a march to the sea-coast, and the point upon which his movement should be directed.

SENT ON A MISSION TO SHERMAN.

On September 12 General Grant called me into his tent, turned his chair around from the table at which he had been sitting, lighted a fresh cigar, and began a conversation by saying: «Sherman and I have exchanged ideas regarding his next movement about as far as we can by correspondence, and I have been thinking that it would be well for you to start for Atlanta to-morrow, and talk over with him the whole subject of his next campaign. We have debated it so much here that you know my views thoroughly, and can answer any of Sherman's questions as to what I think in reference to the contemplated movement, and the action which should be taken in the various contingencies which may arise. Sherman's suggestions are excellent, and no one is better fitted for carrying them out. I can comply with his views in regard to meeting him with ample supplies at any point on the sea-coast which it may be decided to have him strike for. You can tell him that I am going to send an expedition against Wilmington, North Carolina, landing the troops on the coast north of Fort Fisher; and with the efficient coöperation of the navy we shall no doubt get control of Wilmington harbor by the time he reaches and captures other points on the sea-coast. Sherman has made a splendid campaign, and the more I reflect upon it the more merit I see in it. I do not want to hamper him any more in the future than in the past with detailed instructions. I want him to carry out his ideas freely in the coming movement, and to have all the credit of its success. Of this success I have no doubt. I will write Sherman a letter, which you can take to him.» The general then turned to his writing-table, and retaining between his lips the cigar which he had been smoking, wrote the communication. After reading it over aloud, he handed it to me to take to Atlanta. It said, among other things: «Colonel Porter will explain to you the exact condition of affairs here better than I can do in the limits of a letter. . . . My object now in sending a staff-officer is not so much to suggest operations for you as to get your views and have plans matured by the time everything can be

got ready. It will probably be the 5th of October before any of the plans herein indicated will be executed. . . .»

I started the next day on this mission, going by way of Cincinnati and Louisville, and after many tedious interruptions from the crowded state of traffic by rail south of the latter place, and being once thrown from the track, I reached Chattanooga on the afternoon of September 19. From there to Atlanta is one hundred and fifty miles. Guerrillas were active along the line of the road, numerous attempts had recently been made to wreck the trains, and they were run as far as practicable by daylight. Being anxious to reach General Sherman with all despatch, I started forward that night on a freight-train. Rumors of approaching guerrillas were numerous; but, like many other campaign reports, they were unfounded, and I arrived at Atlanta safely the next forenoon. Upon this night trip I passed over the battle-field of Chickamauga on the anniversary of the sanguinary engagement in which I had participated the year before, and all of its exciting features were vividly recalled.

THE CAPTOR OF ATLANTA.

UPON reaching Atlanta, I went at once to General Sherman's headquarters. My mind was naturally wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity to see the famous soldier of the West, whom I had never met. He had taken up his quarters in a comfortable brick house belonging to Judge Lyons, opposite the Court-house Square. As I approached I saw the captor of Atlanta on the porch, sitting tilted back in a large arm-chair, reading a newspaper. His coat was unbuttoned, his black felt hat slouched over his brow, and on his feet were a pair of slippers very much down at the heels. He was in the prime of life and in the perfection of physical health. He was just forty-four years of age, and almost at the summit of his military fame. With his large frame, tall, gaunt form, restless hazel eyes, aquiline nose, bronzed face, and crisp beard, he looked the picture of «grim-visaged war.» My coming had been announced to him by telegraph, and he was expecting my arrival at this time. I approached him, introduced myself, and handed him General Grant's letter. He tilted forward in his chair, crumpled the newspaper in his left hand while with his right he shook hands cordially, then pushed a chair forward and invited me to sit down. His reception was exceedingly cordial, and his manner exhibited all the personal peculiarities which General Grant, in speaking of him, had so often described.

After reading General Grant's letter, he entered at once upon an animated discussion of the military situation East and West, and as he waxed more intense in his manner the nervous energy of his nature soon began to manifest itself. He twice rose from his chair, and sat down again, twisted the newspaper into every conceivable shape, and from time to time drew first one foot and then the other out of its slipper, and followed up the movement by shoving out his leg so that the foot could recapture the slipper and thrust itself into it again. He exhibited a strong individuality in every movement, and there was a peculiar energy of manner in uttering the crisp words and epigrammatic phrases which fell from his lips as rapidly as shots from a magazine-gun. I soon realized that he was one of the most dramatic and picturesque characters of the war. He asked a great deal about the armies of the East, and spoke of the avidity with which he read all accounts of the desperate campaigns they were waging. He said: «I knew Grant would make the fur fly when he started down through Virginia. Wherever he is the enemy will never find any trouble about getting up a fight. He has all the tenacity of a Scotch terrier. That he will accomplish his whole purpose I have never had a doubt. I know well the immense advantage which the enemy has in acting on the defensive in a peculiarly defensive country, falling back on his supplies when we are moving away from ours, taking advantage of every river, hill, forest, and swamp to hold us at bay, and intrenching every night behind fortified lines to make himself safe from attack. Grant ought to have an army more than twice the size of that of the enemy in order to make matters at all equal in Virginia. When Grant cried, ‹Forward!› after the battle of the Wilderness, I said: ‹This is the grandest act of his life; now I feel that the rebellion will be crushed.› I wrote him, saying it was a bold order to give, and full of significance; that it showed the mettle of which he was made, and if Wellington could have heard it he would have jumped out of his boots. The terms of Grant's despatch in reply to the announcement of the capture of Atlanta gave us great gratification here. I took that and the noble letter written by President Lincoln, and published them in general orders; and they did much to encourage the troops and make them feel that their hard

work was appreciated by those highest in command.»

After a while lunch was announced, and the general invited me to his mess, consisting of himself and his personal staff. Among the latter I met some of my old army friends, whom I was much gratified to see again. The general's mess was established in the dining-room of the house he occupied, and was about as democratic as Grant's. The officers came and went as their duties required, and meals were eaten without the slightest ceremony. After we were seated at the table the general said: «I don't suppose we have anything half as good to eat out here as you fellows in the East have. You have big rivers upon which you can bring up shell-fish, and lots of things we don't have here, where everything has to come over a single-track railroad more than three hundred miles long, and you bet we don't spare any cars for luxuries. It is all we can do to get the necessaries down this far. However, here is some pretty fair beef, and there are plenty of potatoes,» pointing to the dishes; «and they are good enough for anybody. We did get a little short of rations at times on the march down here, and one of my staff told me a good story of what one of the men had to say about it. An officer found him eating a persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him, ‹Don't eat that; it 's not good for you.› ‹I 'm not eatin' it because it 's good,› was the reply; ‹I 'm tryin' to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman 's a-givin' us.›»

After lunch we repaired to a room in the house which the general used for his office, and there went into an elaborate discussion of the purpose of my visit. He said: «I am more than ever of the opinion that there ought to be some definite objective point or points decided upon before I move farther into this country; sweeping around generally through Georgia for the purpose of inflicting damage would not be good generalship; I want to strike out for the sea. Now that our people have secured Mobile Bay, they might be able to send a force up to Columbus. That would be of great assistance to me in penetrating farther into this State; but unless Canby is largely reinforced, he will probably have as much as he can do at present in taking care of the rebels west of the Mississippi. If after Grant takes Wilmington he could, with the coöperation of the navy, get hold of Savannah, and open the Savannah River up to the neighborhood of Augusta, I would feel pretty safe in picking up the bulk of this army and moving east, subsisting off the country. I could move to Milledgeville, and threaten both Macon and Augusta, and by making feints I could manœuver the enemy out of Augusta. I can subsist my army upon the country as long as I can keep moving; but if I should have to stop and fight battles the difficulty would be greatly increased. There is no telling what Hood will do, whether he will follow me and contest my march eastward, or whether he will start north with his whole army, thinking there will not be any adequate force to oppose him, and that he can carry the war as far north as Kentucky. I don't care much which he does. I would rather have him start north, though; and I would be willing to give him a free ticket and pay his expenses if he would decide to take that horn of the dilemma. I could send enough of this army to delay his progress until our troops scattered through the West could be concentrated in sufficient force to destroy him; then with the bulk of my army I could cut a swath through to the sea, divide the Confederacy in two, and be able to move up in the rear of Lee, or do almost anything else that Grant might require of me. Both Jeff Davis, according to the tone of his recent speeches, and Hood want me to fall back. That is just the reason why I want to go forward.»

The general then went into a long discussion of the details which would have to be carried out under the several contingencies which might occur. He said: «In any emergency I should probably want to designate a couple of points on the coast where I could reach the sea as compelled by circumstances; and a fleet of provisions ought to be sent to each one of the points, so that I would be sure of having supplies awaiting me.» I told him that this had been discussed by General Grant, and it was his intention to make ample provisions of that nature. The general said further: «You know when I cut loose from my communications you will not hear anything from me direct, and Grant will have to learn of my whereabouts, and the points where I reach the coast, by means of scouts, if we can get any through the country, and possibly depend largely upon the news obtained from rebel newspapers. I suppose you get these papers through the lines just as we do here.» I said: «Yes; and I think more readily. The enemy is always eager to get the New York papers, and as we receive them daily, we exchange them for Richmond and Petersburg papers, and obtain in that way

much news that is valuable. There will be no difficulty in hearing of your movements almost daily.» At the close of the conversation I told the general I was anxious to get back to headquarters as soon as it would suit his convenience. He asked me to stay a couple of days, saying he would talk matters over further, and would write some communications for General Grant, a report, and also a list of the names of officers whom he wished to have promoted, if it could be prepared in time. I was invited to share the quarters of one of the staff-officers, and spent a couple of days very advantageously in looking over the captured city, and learning many points of interest regarding the marvelous campaign which had secured it.

AN EVENING WITH GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

THAT evening I paid a visit to my old commanding officer, General George H. Thomas, who had quartered himself in a house on Peachtree street, now known as the Leyden House, and passed a very pleasant hour with him. The house was surrounded by a broad porch supported by rows of fluted columns, and was very commodious. The meeting revived a great many stories of the Chickamauga campaign. The general said in the course of the conversation: «Do you remember that jackass that looked over the fence one day when we were passing along a road near the Tennessee River? He pricked up his ears and brayed until he threatened to deafen everybody within a mile of him; and when he stopped, and a dead silence followed, a soldier quietly remarked, ‹Boys, did you hear him purr?› I thought that was about the loudest specimen of a purr I had ever heard.» Then the general lay back in his chair and shook with laughter at the recollection. While grave in manner and leonine in appearance, he had a great deal more fun in him than is generally supposed. When quartered at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the year before, a piano had been secured, and it was the custom to have musical entertainments in the evening at general headquarters. There were some capital voices among the officers, and no end of comic songs at hand; and these, with the recitations and improvisations which were contributed, made up a series of variety performances which became quite celebrated. General Thomas was a constant attendant, and would nod approval at the efforts of the performers, and beat time to the music, and when anything particularly comical took place he would roll from side to side and nearly choke with merriment.

That day Sherman wrote to Grant: «I have the honor to acknowledge, at the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Porter of your staff, your letter of September 12, and accept with thanks the honorable and kindly mention of the services of this army in the great cause in which we are all engaged.» Then followed three or four pages, closing with the sentence: «I will have a long talk with Colonel Porter, and tell him everything that may occur to me of interest to you. In the meantime, know that I admire your dogged perseverance and pluck more than ever. If you can whip Lee, and I can march to the Atlantic, I think Uncle Abe will give us a twenty days' leave of absence to see the young folks.» Two days later I started back to City Point, and reached there September 27.

GRANT VISITS SHERIDAN.

GENERAL GRANT listened with manifest interest to the report which I brought of the situation at Atlanta, and of Sherman's feelings and intentions, and asked many questions as to the condition of the great army of the West. I found that during my absence the general-in-chief had paid a visit to Sheridan. He had started from City Point on the 15th of September, had passed through Washington without stopping, and had gone directly to Charlestown, where Sheridan then had his headquarters. He went from there to Burlington, New Jersey, where it was arranged to place his children at school, and returned to City Point on the 19th. He spoke with much pleasure and satisfaction of his visit to Sheridan, and said: «I was so anxious not to have the movement made in the valley unless I felt assured of its success, that I thought I would go and have a talk with Sheridan before giving a decided answer as to what should be done. I had written out a plan of campaign for his guidance, and did not stop in Washington for the reason that I thought there might be a disposition there to modify it and make it less aggressive. I first asked Sheridan if he had a plan of his own, and if so, what it was. He brought out his maps, and laid out a plan so complete, and spoke so confidently about his ability to whip the enemy in his front, that I did not take my plan out of my pocket, but let him go ahead. I also decided not to remain with him during the movement, which was to begin in a day or two, for fear it might be thought that I was trying to share in a success which I wished to belong solely to him.»

GOOD NEWS FROM WINCHESTER.

In speaking of his visit to the Middle Military Division, General Grant said: «I ordered Sheridan to move out and whip Early.» An officer present ventured the remark: «I presume the actual form of the order was to move out and attack him.» «No,» answered the general; «I mean just what I say: I gave the order to whip him.»

Sheridan advanced promptly on September 19, and struck Early's army at Winchester, where he gained a signal victory, capturing five guns and nine battle-flags. He pursued the enemy the next day as far as Fisher's Hill, and on the 22d attacked him again in front and flank, carried his earthworks at every point, captured sixteen guns and eleven hundred prisoners, put him to flight, and completed his destruction. This left Sheridan in possession of the valley of Virginia. He had obeyed to the letter his orders to whip Early.

General Grant sent cordial congratulations to the victorious commander, and ordered a salute of one hundred guns in honor of each of his victories. No events had created more rejoicing in the mind of the general-in-chief than these brilliant triumphs of Sheridan. The general had taken the sole responsibility of bringing Sheridan East and placing him in command of a separate, important army, amid the doubts of some of the principal officials at Washington, and these victories on the part of the young commander were an entire vindication of Grant's judgment. The spirits of the loyal people of the North were beginning to droop, and the disloyal element had become still more aggressive, and such victories just at this time were of inestimable value.

During Grant's visit to Sheridan the enemy's cavalry had made a bold dash round the left of Meade's line, and captured over two thousand head of cattle. One evening after Grant's return, at the close of a conversation upon this subject, a citizen from Washington, who was stopping at City Point, inquired of him, «When do you expect to starve out Lee and capture Richmond?» «Never,» replied the general, significantly, «if our armies continue to supply him with beef cattle.»

GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON.

The general-in-chief was still planning to keep the enemy actively engaged in his own immediate front, so as to prevent him from detaching troops against distant commanders. He telegraphed Sherman September 26: «I will give them another shake here before the end of the week.» On the 27th he sent a despatch to Sheridan, saying: «. . . No troops have passed through Richmond to reinforce Early. I shall make a break here on the 29th.» All these despatches were of course sent in cipher. Definite instructions were issued on the 27th for the «break» which was in contemplation. Birney's and Ord's corps of Butler's army were to cross on the night of September 28 to the north side of the James River at Deep Bottom, and attack the enemy's forces there. If they succeeded in breaking through his lines they were to make a dash for Richmond. While the general did not expect to capture the city by this movement, he tried to provide for every emergency, thinking that if the enemy's line should be found weak, there would be a bare chance, after having once broken through, of creating a panic in Richmond, and getting inside of its inner works.

Ord and Birney moved out promptly before daylight on September 29. General Grant left a portion of his staff at City Point to communicate with him and Meade, and rode out, taking the rest of us with him, to Butler's front. Ord moved directly against Fort Harrison, a strong earthwork occupying a commanding position, carried it by assault, captured fifteen guns and several hundred prisoners, and secured possession of an entire line of intrenchments. Everything promised further success, when Ord was wounded so severely in the leg that he had to leave the field, and proper advantage was not taken of the important success which had been gained. Birney moved with his colored troops against the line of intrenchments on the Newmarket road, promptly carried it, and drove the enemy back in great confusion. General Grant was with Birney's command in the early part of the day. His youngest son, Jesse, had obtained permission that morning to go up the river on the boat which carried his father, and had taken along his black Shetland pony called «Little Reb.» The boy was then only a little over six years old, and was dressed in kilts, probably in honor of his Scotch ancestors. When the party reached the north side of the river, and mounted and rode out to the front, Jesse got on Little Reb and followed along. His father was so busy in supervising the movement that he did not notice the boy until he got under fire, when, on looking around, he saw his enterprising heir moving about as coolly as any of the others of the group,

while the shots were striking the earth and stirring up the dust in every direction. «What 's that youngster doing there?» cried the general, manifesting no little anxiety; and turning to the junior aide, added, «Dunn, I wish you would take him to the rear, and put him where he will be safe.» But Jesse had too much of his sire's blood in his veins to yield a prompt compliance, and at first demurred. Dunn, however, took hold of Little Reb's bridle, and started him on a gallop toward the river; and the boy, much to his mortification, had to beat an ignominious retreat. Dunn was more troubled than any one else over this masterly retrograde movement, for he was afraid that the troops who saw him breaking for the rear under fire might think that he had suddenly set too high a value on his life, and was looking out for a safe place.

After the capture of the works by Birney's troops, the general-in-chief rode over to Fort Harrison to push matters in that direction. He was greatly gratified at the handsome manner in which the fort had been carried, and the pluck which had been shown by the troops. The fort was an inclosed work, and formed a salient upon the enemy's line. There were batteries in its rear, however, which still commanded it. The general rode up to a point near the ditch, and there dismounted, and made his way into the work on foot. The ground gave ample evidence of the effects of the assault, and was so torn with shot and shell and covered with killed and wounded in some places that the general had to pick his way in stepping over the dead bodies that lay in his path. He turned his looks upward to avoid as much as possible the ghastly sight, and the expression of profound grief impressed upon his features told, as usual, of the effect produced upon him by the sad spectacle. Upon entering the fort, he climbed up and looked over the parapet on the north side, and remained there for some time, viewing the surrounding works and taking a look at Richmond, while the enemy's batteries continued to shell us. This was the nearest view of the city he had yet obtained, and the church spires could be indistinctly seen. He made up his mind that both corps should move forward promptly, and sat down on the ground, tucked his legs under him, and wrote the following despatch to Birney, dating it 10:35 A. M.: «General Ord has carried the very strong works and some fifteen pieces of artillery, and his corps is now ready to advance in conjunction with you. General Ord was wounded, and has returned to his headquarters, leaving General Heckman in command of the corps. Push forward on the road I left you on.» The enemy's projectiles were still flying in our direction, and when the general had reached the middle of the despatch a shell burst directly over him. Those standing about instinctively ducked their heads, but he paid no attention to the occurrence, and did not pause in his writing, or even look up. The handwriting of the despatch when finished did not bear the slightest evidence of the uncomfortable circumstances under which it was indited.

General Butler had ridden up to the fort, his face flushed with excitement; and in an interview which followed with General Grant, the commander of the Army of the James grew enthusiastic in lauding the bravery of the colored troops, who had carried so handsomely the work which Birney had assaulted that morning.

General Grant had not heard from Meade since early in the morning, and feeling somewhat anxious, he now made his way out of the fort, mounted his horse, and rode over to Deep Bottom, at which point he could communicate by a field telegraph line with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. About half-past one o'clock the general received a telegram at Deep Bottom from the President, saying: «I hope it will lay no constraint on you, nor do harm any way, for me to say I am a little afraid lest Lee sends reinforcements to Early, and thus enables him to turn upon Sheridan.» It will be seen that the President did not pretend to thrust military advice upon his commander, but only modestly suggested his views. The general replied immediately: «Your despatch just received. I am taking steps to prevent Lee sending reinforcements to Early, by attacking him here»; and closed with an account of the successes of the morning.

CONSTERNATION IN RICHMOND.

BUT little farther progress was made during the day north of the James. General Grant remained on the north side of the river until after 4 P. M., and then returned to City Point so as to be within easy communication with Meade, and to determine what should be done the next day. It was long after midnight before any one at headquarters went to bed, and then only to catch a nap of a couple of hours. General Grant set out again for Deep Bottom at five o'clock the next morning; and after consulting with Butler, and finding every-

thing quiet on the part of the enemy, he decided that no movement should be made on that front at present, and returned to City Point, starting back at 8 A. M.

The activity this day was on Meade's front. His troops moved out two miles west of the Weldon Railroad, and captured two redoubts, a line of rifle-pits, a gun, and over one hundred prisoners. Three times that afternoon the enemy made vigorous efforts to recover the works which had been captured by Butler's army the day before, for they commanded the shortest road to Richmond. So important was the movement deemed for their recapture that Lee was present in person with the troops who made the attack. Every assault, however, was handsomely repulsed. Meade threw up a strong line of intrenchments from the Weldon Railroad to the advanced position which he had captured, and his left was now only about two miles from the South Side Railroad.

In these movements no little advantage had been gained. The ability to carry strong works had encouraged the troops, and the circle had been closed in still further upon Lee, both on our right and left, and the effect upon the enemy was shown by the consternation and excitement which prevailed in Richmond. From refugees, scouts, and other sources of information it was learned that there was a feeling prevailing among the inhabitants that the city would very soon have to be abandoned. Provost-marshal's guards seized all available citizens, young and old, and impressed them into the service, whether sick or well—government clerks, and even the police, being put in line in Butler's front. All business was suspended, as there was no one left to attend to it; publication of the newspapers was interrupted; shops were closed; and alarm-bells were rung from all the churches.

In the meantime the enemy was having no rest in the Shenandoah Valley. On the 9th of October, Sheridan's cavalry, under Torbert, had an engagement with the enemy's cavalry, which it completely routed, capturing eleven guns and a number of wagons, and taking over three hundred prisoners. Our loss did not exceed sixty men. The enemy was pursued about twenty-six miles.

STANTON VISITS GRANT.

In the forenoon of October 16 a steamer arrived from Washington, having aboard the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton; the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fessenden, who had succeeded Chase; and several of their friends. They came at once to headquarters, were warmly received by General Grant, and during their short stay of two days were profuse in their expressions of congratulation to the general upon the progress he had made with his armies. They wanted to see as much as they could of the positions occupied by our forces, and the general proposed that they should visit the Army of the James that afternoon, and offered to accompany them. He telegraphed Butler to this effect, and the party started up the river by boat. I was invited to join the excursion, and was much interested in the conversations which occurred. Stanton did most of the talking. He began by saying: «In getting away from my desk, and being able to enjoy the outdoor air, I feel like a boy out of school. I have found much relief in my office from the use of a high desk, at which I at times stand up and sign papers. It has been said that the best definition of rest is change of occupation, and even a change of attitude is a great rest to those who have to work at desks.»

He then gave a graphic description of the anxieties which had been experienced for some months at Washington on account of the boldness of the disloyal element in the North and the emissaries sent there from the South. Sheridan's name was mentioned in terms of compliment. General Grant said: «Yes; Sheridan is an improvement upon some of his predecessors. They demonstrated the truth of the military principle that a commander can generally retreat successfully from almost any position—if he only starts in time.» Stanton laughed heartily at the general's way of putting it, and remarked: «But in all retreats I am told that there is another principle to be observed: a man must not look back. I think it was Cæsar who said to an officer in his army who had retreated repeatedly, but who afterward appeared before his commander and pointed with pride to a wound on his cheek: ‹Ah! I see you are wounded in the face; you should not have looked back.›» At Aiken's Landing General Butler joined the party, and pointed out the objects of interest along his lines. Mr. Stanton then spoke with much earnestness of the patient labors and patriotic course of the President. There had been rumors of disagreements and unpleasant scenes at times between the distinguished Secretary of War and his chief; but there evidently was little, if any, foundation for such reports, and certainly upon this occasion the Secretary mani-

fested a genuine personal affection for Mr. Lincoln, and an admiration for his character which amounted to positive reverence.

Mr. Stanton wore spectacles, and had a habit of removing them from time to time when he was talking earnestly, and wiping the glasses with his handkerchief. His style of speech was deliberate, but his manner at times grew animated, and he presented a personality which could not fail to interest and impress all who came in contact with the great Carnot of our war.

The next morning, after breakfast, the Secretary's party went by the military railroad to our lines about Petersburg, where they had pleasant interviews with Meade, Hancock, Warren, and Parke, and returned in the afternoon to City Point. After some further consultation with General Grant about the military situation, particularly in the valley of Virginia, the Secretary, with his friends, started back to Washington.

HOW GRANT RECEIVED THE NEWS FROM CEDAR CREEK.

SHERIDAN had been ordered to Washington to consult with the authorities there; and as no immediate attack on the part of the enemy was expected, he started for that city on October 16. Early, however, had concentrated all the troops that could be brought to his assistance, and was determined to make a desperate effort to retrieve the defeats which he had suffered in the valley. Sheridan arrived in Washington on the 17th, and started back to his command at noon of that day. The next day he reached Winchester, which was twenty miles from his command, and remained there that night.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of October 20 General Grant was sitting at his table in his tent, writing letters. Several members of the staff who were at headquarters at the time were seated in front of the tent discussing some anticipated movements. The telegraph operator came across the camp-ground hurriedly, stepped into the general's quarters, and handed him a despatch. He read it over, and then came to the front of the tent, put on a very grave look, and said to the members of the staff: «I 'll read you a despatch I have just received from Sheridan.» We were all eager to hear the news, for we felt that the telegram was of importance. The general began to read the despatch in a very solemn tone. It was dated 10 P. M. the night before: «‹I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion; in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles.›» Here the general looked up, shook his head solemnly, and said, «That 's pretty bad, is n't it?» A melancholy chorus replied, «It 's too bad, too bad!» «Now just wait till I read you the rest of it,» added the general, with a perceptible twinkle in his eye. He then went on, reading more rapidly: «‹I here took the affair in hand, and quickly united the corps, formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy's, which was handsomely done at about 1 P. M. At 3 P. M., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to last reports, forty-three pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. I do not yet know the number of my casualties or the losses of the enemy. Wagon-trains, ambulances, and caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also burned some of their trains. General Ramseur is a prisoner in our hands, severely, and perhaps mortally, wounded. I have to regret the loss of General Bidwell, killed, and Generals Wright, Grover, and Ricketts, wounded —Wright slightly wounded. Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened to shut off greater results. . . .›» By this time the listeners had rallied from their dejection, and were beside themselves with delight. The general seemed to enjoy the bombshell he had thrown among the staff almost as much as the news of Sheridan's signal victory. In these after years, when this victory is recorded among the most brilliant battles of the war, and «Sheridan's Ride» has been made famous in song and story, one cannot help recalling the modesty with which he spoke of his headlong gallop to join his command, and snatch victory from defeat. He dismissed it with the sentence: «I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army. . . .» Further news brought the details of the crushing blow he had struck the enemy. General Grant, in referring to the matter at headquarters, commented at great length upon the triumph which Sheridan had achieved,

and the genius he had displayed. He telegraphed to Washington: «Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan what I have always thought him—one of the ablest of generals»; and said in conversation: «Sheridan's courageous words and brilliant deeds encourage his commanders as much as they inspire his subordinates. While he has a magnetic influence possessed by few other men in an engagement, and is seen to best advantage in battle, he does as much beforehand to contribute to victory as any living commander. His plans are always well matured, and in every movement he strikes with a definite purpose in view. No man would be better fitted to command all the armies in the field.» He ordered one hundred guns to be fired in honor of Sheridan's decisive victory.

GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE AT HATCHER'S RUN.

EVEN before the completion of Sheridan's victory in the valley, Grant was planning another movement for the purpose of threatening Lee's position, keeping him occupied, and attacking his communications. On October 24 he directed both Meade and Butler to prepare for a movement which was to be made on the 27th. Meade was to move against the South Side Road, while Butler was to go to the north side of the James again, and make a demonstration there against the enemy.

Early on the morning of October 27 General Grant, with his staff, started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, and rode out to the front, accompanied by Meade. The morning was dark and gloomy, a heavy rain was falling, the roads were muddy and obstructed, and tangled thickets, dense woods, and swampy streams confronted the troops at all points. The difficulties of the ground made the movements necessarily slow. After a conference with Warren, Grant and Meade rode over to Hancock's front, and found that the enemy was there disputing the passage of Hatcher's Run at Burgess's Mill. His troops were strongly posted, with a battery in position directly in front of the head of Hancock's corps, and another about eight hundred yards to our left. Unless this force on the opposite side of the stream could be driven back, our lines could not be thrown forward for the purpose of making the contemplated movement. Prompt action had to be taken, and General Grant rode out farther to the front, accompanied by General Meade and the members of their staffs, to give orders on the spot. As this group of mounted officers formed a conspicuous target, the enemy was not slow to open upon it with his guns; and soon the whistling of projectiles and the explosion of shells made the position rather uncomfortable. One of our orderlies was killed, and two were wounded. It looked at one time as if the explosion of a shell had killed General Meade, but fortunately he escaped untouched. A little speck of blood appeared on Hancock's cheek after the bursting of a shell. It was probably caused by a bit of gravel being thrown in his face. Staff-officers were sent forward to the principal points to reconnoiter. General Grant, as was his constant practice, wished to see the exact position of the enemy with his own eyes. He stopped the officers who were riding with him, called on one aide-de-camp, Colonel Babcock, to accompany him, and rode forward rapidly to within a few yards of the bridge. Before he had gone far a shell exploded just under his horse's neck. The animal threw up his head and reared, and it was thought that he and his rider had both been struck, but neither had been touched. The enemy's batteries and sharp-shooters were both firing, and the situation was such that all the lookers-on experienced intense anxiety, expecting every moment to see the general fall. The telegraph lines had been cut, and the twisted wires were lying about in confusion upon the ground. To make matters more critical, the general's horse got his foot caught in a loop of the wire, and as the animal endeavored to free himself the coil became twisted still tighter. Every one's face now began to wear a still more anxious look. Babcock, whose coolness under fire was always conspicuous, dismounted, and carefully uncoiled the wire and released the horse. The general sat still in his saddle, evidently thinking more about the horse than of himself, and in the most quiet and unruffled manner cautioned Babcock to be sure not to hurt the animal's leg. The general soon succeeded in obtaining a clear view of the enemy's line and the exact nature of the ground, and then, much to our relief, retired to a less exposed position. The advance of the troops was impeded by the dense underbrush, the crookedness of the Run, the damming of its waters, the slashed trees, and other obstacles of every conceivable description which had been placed in the line of march. It was seen by afternoon that an assault under the circumstances would not promise favorable results, and it was abandoned. The success of the operation depended upon reaching the objective point by

a rapid movement; and as unexpected obstacles were presented by the character of the country and by the weather, instructions were now given to suspend operations, and Grant and Meade rode to Armstrong's Mill. General Grant then took a narrow cross-road leading down to the Run to the right of Hancock's corps; but it was soon found that there were no troops between our party and the enemy, and that if we continued along this road it would probably not be many minutes before we should find ourselves prisoners in his lines. There was nothing to do but to turn around and strike a road farther in the rear. This, as usual, was a great annoyance to the general, who expressed his objections, as he had done many a time before, to turning back. We paused for a few minutes, and tried to find some cross-cut; but there was not even a pathway leading in the proper direction, and the party had to retrace its steps for some distance.

General Grant was now becoming anxious to get in telegraphic communication with Butler, and he rode on to a point on the military railroad called Warren Station, reaching there about half-past five P. M.

After giving some further instructions to General Meade, he started back to City Point. On the way to general headquarters he discussed the events which had just taken place, and said: «To-day's movement has resulted, up to the time I left, only in a reconnaissance in force. I had hoped to accomplish more by means of it, but it has at least given us a much more thorough knowledge of the country, which, with its natural and artificial obstacles, is stronger than any one could have supposed. This movement has convinced me of the next course which will have to be pursued. It will be necessary for the Army of the Potomac to cut loose from its base, leaving only a small force at City Point and in front of Petersburg to hold those positions. The whole army can then swing completely round to the left and make Lee's present position untenable.» There was some doubt in his mind as to what action the enemy would take in front of Hancock and Warren. News came that evening, showing that Lee had assumed the offensive, and that severe fighting had occurred. Between four and five o'clock a heavy force of the enemy passed between Hancock and Warren, and made a vigorous assault on the right and rear of Hancock's corps; but Hancock struck the enemy in flank, threw him into confusion, and captured nine hundred prisoners and a number of colors. The enemy was unable to reform his troops, and did not attempt any further offensive operations. This day's engagement is known as the battle of Hatcher's Run.

Butler had sent a force to the north side of the James; but the enemy retired to his intrenched works whenever our troops advanced against him, and only one attack was made.

These operations closed for the winter the series of battles in front of Petersburg and Richmond, cold weather and the condition of the roads rendering further important movements impracticable. While there was much skirmishing and some spirited fighting, no more general engagements occurred until spring.

DISCUSSING THE «MARCH TO THE SEA.»

SINCE my return from Atlanta a number of communications had been exchanged between Grant and Sherman regarding the contemplated «march to the sea.» Jefferson Davis had visited Hood's headquarters, and at different points on his trip had made speeches, assuring the people that Atlanta was to be retaken, that Sherman's communications were to be cut, and that his retreat would be as disastrous as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. When General Grant received the reports of these speeches, which were widely published in the Southern newspapers, he remarked: «Mr. Davis has not made it quite plain who is to furnish the snow for this Moscow retreat through Georgia and Tennessee. However, he has rendered us one good service at least in notifying us of Hood's intended plan of campaign.» In a short time it was seen that Hood was marching his army against the railroad which constituted Sherman's only line of communication with his base of supplies. Sherman now called for reinforcements, and Grant directed all recruits in the West to be sent to him.

On September 29 Hood crossed the Chattahoochee River. This was the day on which Grant made the movements hereinbefore described against Richmond and Petersburg, with a view to preventing Lee from detaching any troops. There were some who thought Grant manifested unnecessary anxiety on this subject: but it must be remembered that just one year before, Lee had sent Longstreet's whole corps to northern Georgia; that it was not discovered until it was well on its way to join Bragg's forces against Rosecrans's army at Chickamauga; and that it accomplished the reverse which occurred to our arms on that field. Besides, Grant's mind seemed

always more concerned about preventing disasters to the armies of his distant commanders than to the troops under his own personal direction. He was invariably generous to others, and his self-reliance was so great that he always felt that he could take ample care of himself.

General Rawlins had now returned, and it was very gratifying to see that while his health was not restored, it was greatly improved. He still, however, was troubled with a cough. The day he arrived General Grant saw that he was still far from well, and said with much distress, when Rawlins was out of earshot, «I do not like that cough.» When Rawlins learned the plan proposed in regard to Sherman's future movements, he was seriously opposed to it, and presented every possible argument against it. Rawlins always talked with great force. He had a natural taste for public speaking, and when he became particularly earnest in the discussion of a question, his speech often took the form of an oration; and as he grew more excited, and his enthusiasm increased, he would hold forth in stentorian tones, and emphasize his remarks with vehement gesticulation and no end of expletives. As I had been sent to confer with Sherman, and had studied the subject in all its bearings, and felt absolute faith in the success of the movement, I became the chief spokesman in its favor; and many evenings were occupied in discussing the pros and cons of the contemplated movement. The staff had in fact resolved itself into an animated debating society. The general-in-chief would sit quietly by, listening to the arguments, and sometimes showed himself greatly amused by the vehemence of the debaters. One night the discussion waxed particularly warm, and was kept up for some time after the general had gone to bed. About one o'clock he poked his head out of his tent, and interrupted Rawlins in the midst of an eloquent passage by crying out: «Oh, do go to bed, all of you! You 're keeping the whole camp awake.»

Rawlins had convinced himself that if Hood kept his army in front of Sherman to bar his progress, Sherman, having cut loose from his base, would not be able to supply himself, and his army would be destroyed; and that, on the other hand, if Hood turned north, Sherman's army would be unavailable, and it would be difficult to assemble sufficient force to prevent Hood from reaching the Ohio River. Against this view it was argued that if Hood decided to confront Sherman to prevent his passage across the country, Sherman would always have a force large enough to whip him in a pitched battle, or so threaten him as to compel him to keep his forces concentrated, while Sherman could throw detachments out from his flanks and rear and obtain plenty of provisions in a country which had never been ravaged by contending armies; or, if Hood started north, that Sherman could detach a large force to send against him, which, when reinforced by the troops that could be hurried from Missouri and other points, would be amply able to take care of Hood, while Sherman, with the bulk of his army, could cut the Confederacy in two, sever all its lines of communication, and destroy its principal arsenals and factories. In fact, Sherman was so far away from his base, with only a single-track railroad, liable constantly to be broken by raiders, that it became a necessity for him either to fall back or to go ahead. Rawlins was possessed of an earnest nature, and devoted to General Grant's interests, and his urgency against this movement was not a factious opposition, for he had really convinced himself that nothing but an absolute calamity would be the result. In this case General Grant, as usual, paid but little attention to the opinions of others upon a purely military question about the advisability of which he really had no doubt in his own mind.

WHY GRANT NEVER HELD COUNCILS OF WAR.

It was suggested, one evening, that he instruct Sherman to hold a council of war on the subject of the next movement of his army. To this General Grant replied: «No; I will not direct any one to do what I would not do myself under similar circumstances. I never held what might be called formal councils of war, and I do not believe in them. They create a divided responsibility, and at times prevent that unity of action so necessary in the field. Some officers will in all likelihood oppose any plan that may be adopted; and when it is put into execution, such officers may, by their arguments in opposition, have so far convinced themselves that the movement will fail that they cannot enter upon it with enthusiasm, and might possibly be influenced in their actions by the feeling that a victory would be a reflection upon their judgment. I believe it is better for a commander charged with the responsibility of all the operations of his army to consult his generals freely but informally, get their views and opinions, and then make up his mind what action to take, and act accordingly.

There is too much truth in the old adage, 'Councils of war do not fight.'»

HOW THE MARCH TO THE SEA WAS CONCEIVED AND EXECUTED.

On October 6 General Grant went to Washington to consult with the authorities in regard to the raising of additional troops, and to learn upon what number of reinforcements he could rely before deciding definitely upon the course to be pursued in the West. Hood had now turned north, and was operating against Sherman's railroad in his rear. Sherman had left the Twentieth Corps in Atlanta to hold that place, and had marched with the rest of his army as far north as Marietta. On October 10 Sherman telegraphed Grant: «Hood is now crossing the Coosa, twelve miles below Rome, bound west. If he passes over to the Mobile and Ohio road, had I not better execute the plan of my letter sent by Colonel Porter, and leave General Thomas with the troops now in Tennessee to defend the State?» The situation was such, however, that General Grant disliked to see a veteran army like Sherman's marching away from Hood without first crippling him; and he replied to Sherman the next day (the 11th), saying, among other things: « . . . If you were to cut loose, I do not believe you would meet Hood's army, but would be bushwhacked by all the old men, little boys, and such railroad guards as are still left at home. Hood would probably strike for Nashville, thinking by going north he could inflict greater damage upon us than we could upon the rebels by going south. If there is any way of getting at Hood's army, I would prefer that, but I must trust to your own judgment. . . .»

It will be seen from the above despatch that Grant's military foresight had enabled him to predict at this time precisely what afterward took place as to Sherman's army not meeting Hood's. At the same hour at which Grant wrote this despatch at City Point, Sherman had sent a telegram to him, saying that he would prefer to start on his march to the sea, and that he believed Hood would be forced to follow him. A little before midnight on the 11th, Grant sent Sherman the following reply: «Your despatch of to-day received. If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the line of the Tennessee firmly, you may make it, destroying all the railroad south of Dalton or Chattanooga, as you think best.»

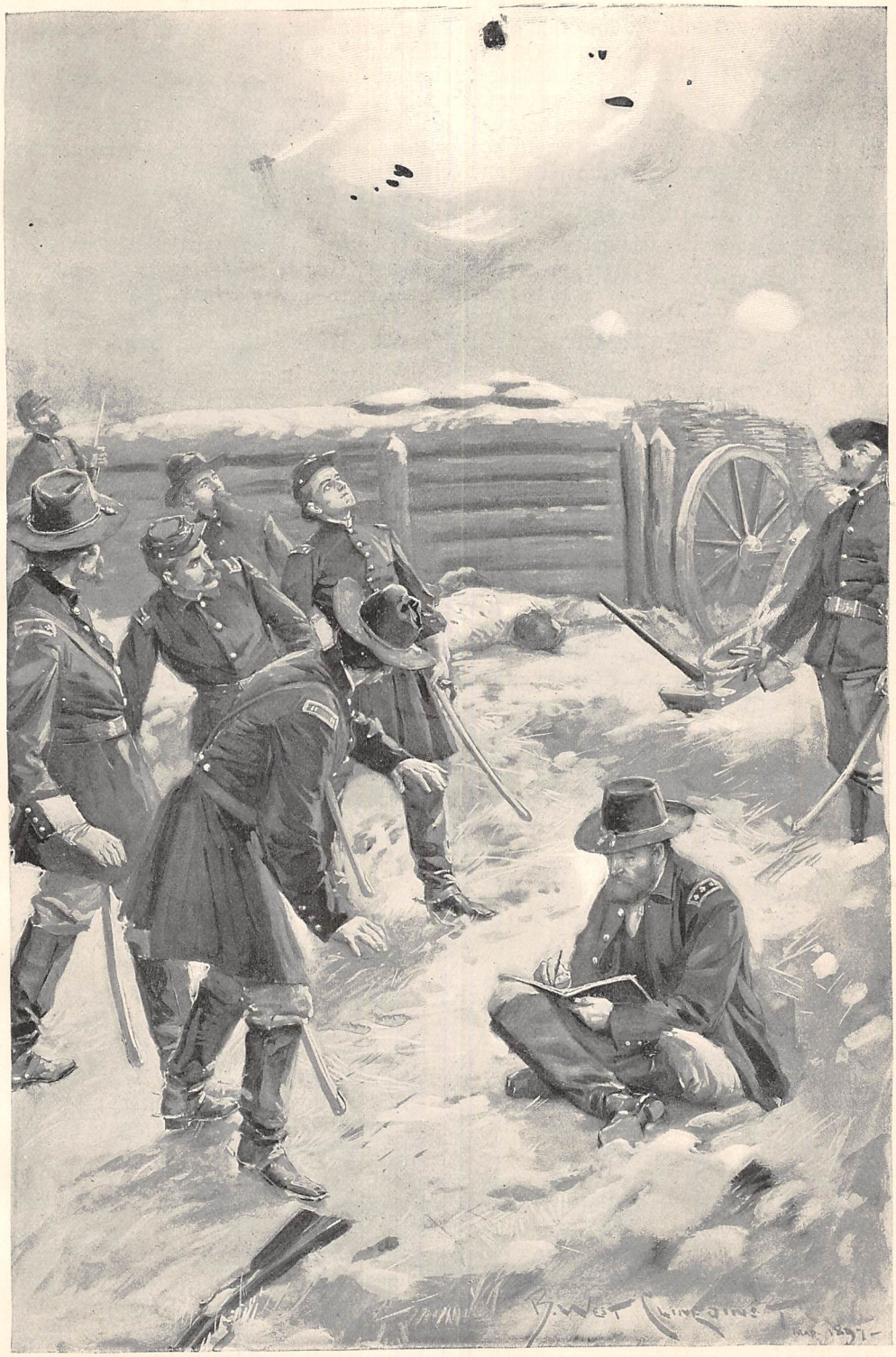
General Sherman informed me long after the war that he did not receive this reply, which was accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that his telegraph wires were cut at that time. He was ignorant of the existence of this despatch when he wrote in his «Memoirs,» in 1875, that November 2 was «the first time that General Grant ordered the march to the sea.»

General Grant was now actively engaged in making additional preparations for Sherman's reception on the sea-coast. He directed that vessels should be loaded with abundant supplies, and sail as soon as it became known that Sherman had started across Georgia, and rendezvous at Ossabaw Sound, a short distance below the mouth of the Savannah River.

On October 29, finding that the movement of the troops ordered from Missouri to Tennessee was exceedingly slow, the general directed Rawlins to go in person to St. Louis, and confer with Rosecrans, the department commander, and see that all haste was made. The Secretary of War now sent a telegram to General Grant, wishing him to reconsider his order authorizing the march to the sea. In fact, the President and the Secretary had never been favorably impressed with Sherman's contemplated movement, and as early as October 2 Halleck had written to General Grant advocating a different plan. Grant felt that as there was so much hesitation in Washington, he ought once more to impress upon Sherman the importance of dealing a crushing blow to Hood's army, if practicable, before starting on his march eastward, and telegraphed him accordingly. To this Sherman replied that if he pursued Hood he would have to give up Atlanta, and that he preferred to strike out for the sea.

At 11:30 A. M. November 2, before Grant had received the above reply from Sherman, he sent another message to that officer, closing with the words: «I really do not see that you can withdraw from where you are to follow Hood without giving up all we have gained in territory. I say, then, go as you propose.»

Several additional despatches were interchanged, and at 10:30 P. M., November 7, Grant telegraphed Sherman: «I see no present reason for changing your plan; should any arise, you will see it; or if I do, will inform you. I think everything here favorable now. Great good fortune attend you. I believe you will be eminently successful, and at worst can only make a march less fruitful of results than is hoped for.» The telegraph wires were soon after cut, and no more despatches could



GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON.

be sent. It was not until the 15th that Sherman was entirely ready to move. On the morning of that day Atlanta was abandoned, and the famous march to the sea was begun.

Extracts from the correspondence between the general-in-chief and the distinguished commander of the armies of the West, and the views expressed by them regarding the conception and execution of this memorable movement, are given in some detail in order to correct many erroneous impressions upon the subject. Over-zealous partizans of General Grant have claimed that he originated and controlled the entire movement; while enthusiastic admirers of Sherman have insisted that Grant was surprised at the novelty of the suggestion, and was at first opposed to the march, and that Sherman had to exert all his force of character to induce Grant to consent to the campaign. The truth is that the two generals were in perfect accord in this, as in all other movements undertaken while Grant was in supreme command of the armies. These two distinguished officers acted in entire harmony, and the movement reflects lasting credit upon both. Long before Sherman's army started upon his Atlanta campaign it was clear to Grant and others with whom he discussed the matter, that after that army reached a point in the interior of the South too far from its base to maintain a line of supplies, communication would have to be opened up with the sea-coast, and a new base established there. Sherman, however, is entitled to the exclusive credit of the plan of cutting loose entirely from his source of supplies, moving a long distance through the enemy's country without a base, and having in view several objective points upon which to direct his army, his selection to depend upon the contingencies of the campaign. It was the same sort of campaigning as that which Grant had undertaken when operating in the rear of Vicksburg. General Grant said more than once: «I want it to be recorded in history that Sherman is entitled to the entire credit of the detailed plan of cutting loose from his base at Atlanta and marching to Savannah. As to the brilliancy of the execution of the plan on Sherman's part there can never be any dispute. The plan was entirely in accord with my views as to the general coöperation of our widely separated armies.» He approved the suggestions at the start, in spite of the doubts expressed by army officers about him and by some of the authorities at Washington; he encouraged and aided Sherman in all the work of preparation; and when the time for final action came he promptly gave his consent to the undertaking. About the only point upon which their military judgments differed was as to the action of Hood, Grant being firmly convinced that he would turn north, while Sherman thought their armies might encounter each other.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

«WHEN THE CLOVER BLOOMS AGAIN.»

«WHEN the clover blooms again,
And the rain-birds in the rain
Make the sad-heart noon seem sweeter
And the joy of June completer,
I shall see his face again!»

Of her lover oversea
So she whispered happily;
And she prayed while men were sleeping:
«Mary, have him in thy keeping
As he sails the stormy sea!»

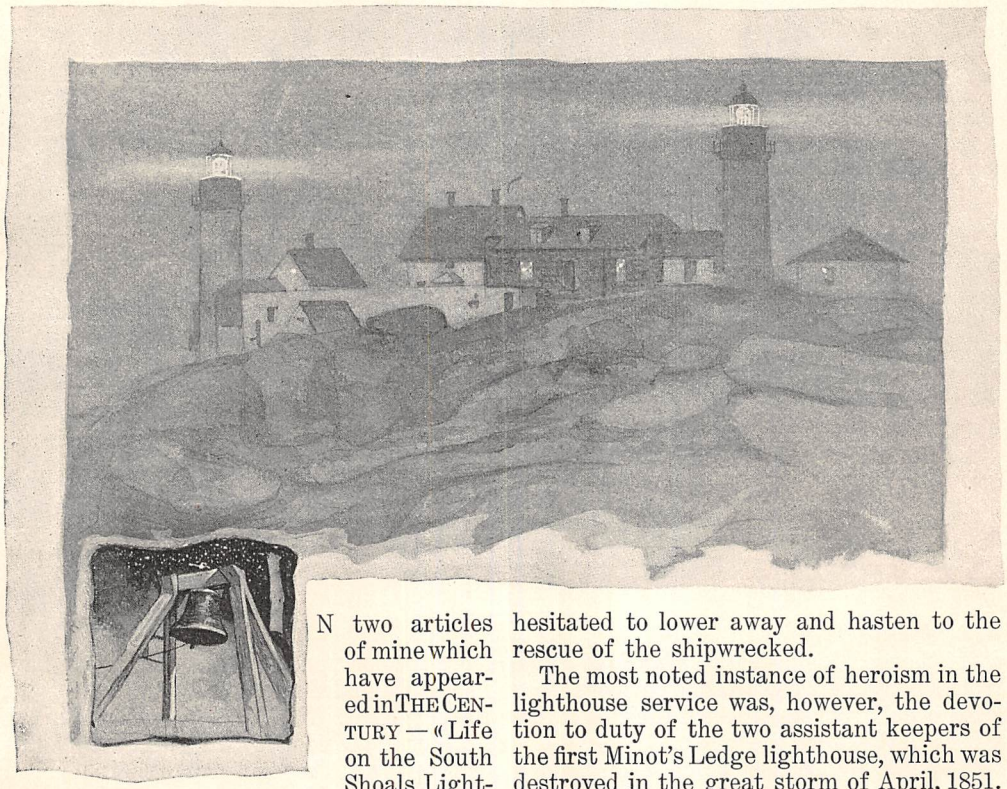
White and silent lay his face
In a still, green-watered place
Where the long gray weed scarce lifted,
And the sand was lightly sifted
O'er his unremembering face.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

HEROISM IN THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ON MATINICUS ROCK.

WITH PICTURES BY W. TABER.



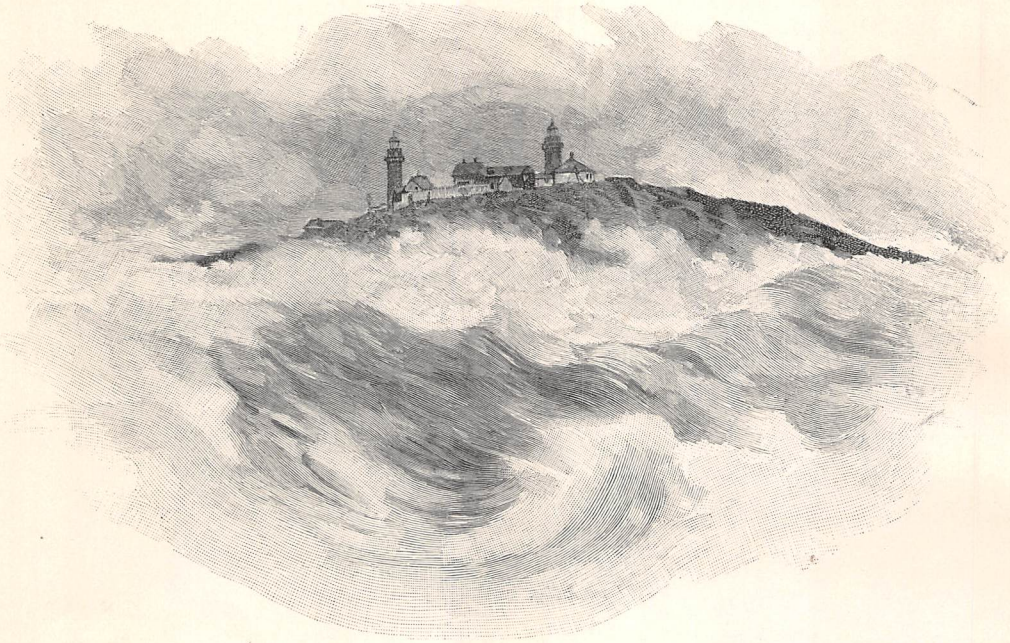
IN two articles of mine which have appeared in THE CENTURY — «Life on the South Shoals Light-ship» and «Life on a Lighthouse (Minot's Ledge)» — I have given instances of heroism displayed in the United States lighthouse service. The Nantucket light-ship, as the South Shoals is now called, has been moored even farther out than when I was aboard her. Her crew displays that quality of heroism which appeals most forcibly to the heart and the imagination, the unconscious, every-day heroism of those who serve on the deep; for mere service on this light-station, the most exposed in the world, imposes a strain upon the mental, moral, and physical stamina of the men which even a long and dangerous voyage does not involve. But their heroism is not passive. Though not obliged, — in fact, though cautioned against running any risk to save life, for fear their own ship might be left short-handed in case of disaster to themselves, — they have never hesitated to lower away and hasten to the rescue of the shipwrecked.

The most noted instance of heroism in the lighthouse service was, however, the devotion to duty of the two assistant keepers of the first Minot's Ledge lighthouse, which was destroyed in the great storm of April, 1851. These men — one a German, the other a «Portugee» — «kept a good light» until it was extinguished by the rising sea, in which they themselves soon after lost their lives.

When the Sharp's Island light in Chesapeake Bay was carried away by ice, the keepers, though they could have abandoned it and made sure of their own safety, tended the light to the last, and clung to the structure, so that when they were rescued, after many hours of peril, they were able to report that they had saved a large portion of the valuable apparatus.

Some of the most picturesque light-stations in the United States lighthouse establishment are on the rocks and islands off the coast of Maine. The ever-surging ocean; the fissured granite, seaweed-stained and tide-marked; the overhanging pines, gnarled and wind-whipped into fantastic shapes, impart a

wild beauty to these sites. The towers which stand thereon are among our oldest coast lights, are built of granite the hard gray of which has been softly darkened by age, and are of the old-fashioned type which the lover of the sea always associates with the idea of a lighthouse. Rising with an antique grace from among their picturesque environs, they seem peculiarly fitted to shed their light like a benediction upon the waves.



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

A SOUTHEAST GALE.

About a lighthouse which even among these is conspicuous for its beauty—that on Matinicus Rock—cluster a number of incidents which give it peculiar interest. Life there is, as it has been for many years, a constant struggle of human nature against the elements which seek to wear it out. When the lighthouse tender was off Matinicus Island, six miles north of the rock, we spied, about half-way across the reach, a dory laboring in the waves. Our mate, a typical old sea-dog who had braved danger in pretty nearly every part of the Western ocean, remarked, «That fellow has cheek, to be out here in a dory in such a sea!»

As we approached the dory we discovered that one of the assistant keepers of Matinicus Rock was at the oars, while in the bottom sat a girl, warmly wrapped, and utilizing one of the seats as a back-rest. Having taken the dory in tow, we learned that the keeper was bringing his daughter home to the rock from the school which she had been attending at Ragged Island. It was characteristic of the life these people lead—this girl's returning to the rock from school in midwinter, in an open boat across a long reach of ugly sea.

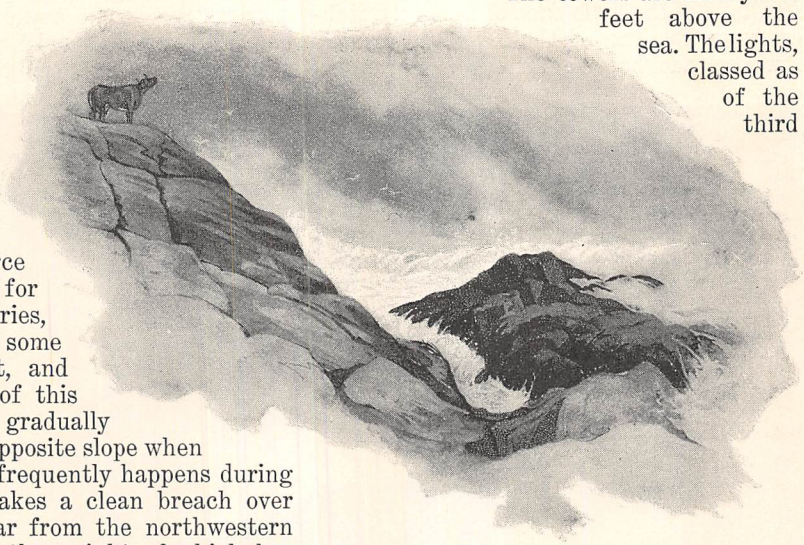
When the *Iris* lay to off the rock we cast loose the dory, and the assistant keeper, having safely landed his daughter, returned with Keeper Grant. There were now stowed in the little craft, besides myself, two of the keeper's nephews. They had passed their boyhood on the rock, and had made use of this chance to revisit their old home. There were thus five people in the dory, besides some baggage.

The landing was sheltered by a rocky ledge which jutted out in such a manner that in order to get behind it the dory was obliged to turn broadside on to the sea. This morning the breakers were executing what was nothing less than a grand flank movement around the southwestern end of the rock, and rushing in upon a ledge a little to the left of the landing. We made the passage safely to the point where it was necessary to turn. For a while we lay stern to the breakers, riding them safely. Then, at what seemed a favorable moment, we turned the little craft. We had, however, pulled only a few strokes when we saw a series of huge breakers flanking the rock and rushing toward us. In vain we tried to slue the dory around to meet them head on. It was too heavily loaded

to respond quickly enough. We saw the crest of a breaker towering above us, there was the rush and roar of a deluge, and a moment later the dory was careening over on top of the ledge abreast of which we had been, and we were spilled into the icy water between it and the rock. Had the dory been hurled against the ledge instead of lifted on top of it, the consequences might have been most serious. In fact, it was one of those narrow escapes which are very pleasant to look back upon, but which one would rather not have repeated. As an actual experience of one of the dangers to which the dwellers upon Matinicus Rock are exposed, it was, however, a brilliant success. Keeper Grant's nephews said it made them feel at home again, it was so much like old times. The father of the boys had been an assistant keeper of these lights, while their grandfather on their father's side, and their great-grandfather on their mother's, had been keepers.

The Matinicus Rock light-station stands upon a huge granite rock off the southeastern entrance to Penobscot Bay, Maine, about twenty-two miles out at sea. The rock is some thirty-two acres in size, oblong-shaped, and presents its high southeastern front to the ocean, sloping away toward the northwest. Boulders, strewn in fantastic confusion over its surface, are believed to have been loosened from its front by the destructive force of the sea applied for countless centuries, then lifted during some frenzied outburst, and deposited on top of this cliff-wall, to be gradually moved down the opposite slope when the sea, as not infrequently happens during wintry storms, makes a clean breach over the rock. Not far from the northwestern end is a boulder, the weight of which has been calculated by a stone-cutter to be about a hundred tons, which has been moved twelve feet within the memory of the present keeper, and has been moved nearly a hundred feet if appearances can be trusted. Its pointed top rises high above the surrounding boulders, and after a snow-storm resembles a miniature snow-capped mountain-peak. Where the sea sweeps around the northeastern point it has formed along the low edge a sea-wall of small, smooth-worn rocks.

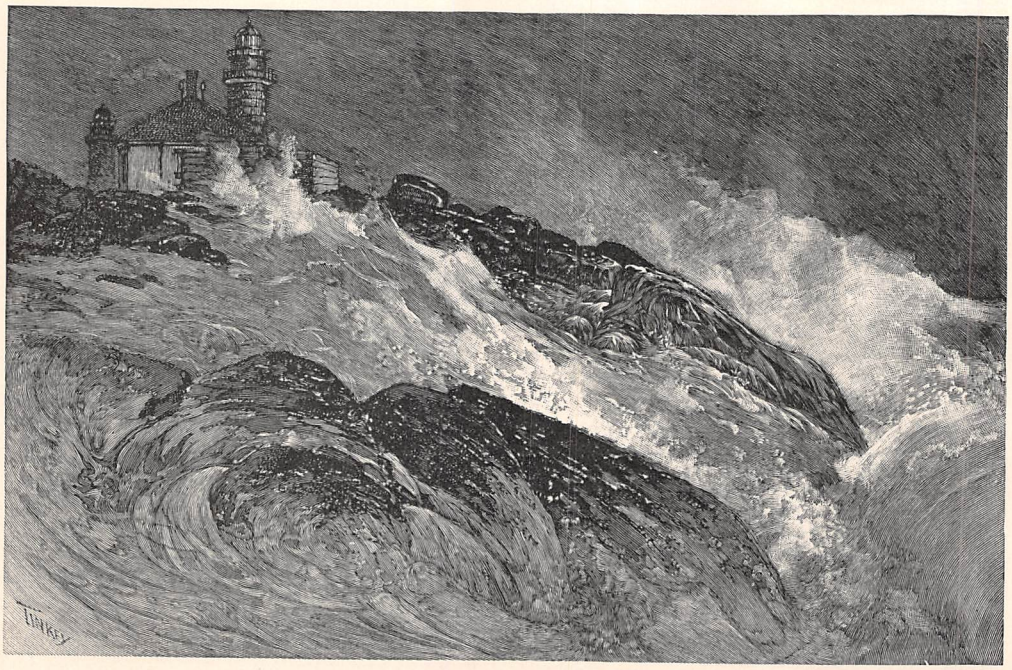
The original Matinicus Rock light-station, erected in 1827, was a cobblestone dwelling with a wooden tower at each end. In 1847 these towers were removed, and a granite dwelling with semicircular towers was built. Since then it has developed into an establishment of considerable dimensions, requiring the services of a keeper and three assistants. The granite dwelling still stands, but the present station has two gray granite towers one hundred and eighty feet apart, and connected by a low covered passage; for in high winter storms it would be a hard scramble for the keepers to make their way from tower to tower in the open, not only on account of the wind, which often blows a hurricane, but also because of the heavy seas which break over the rock. Then there are the keepers' dwellings, a brick house with engines for operating two fog-whistles (one held in reserve, in case of accident to that in use), and, as a further precaution, a fog-bell swung from a wooden pyramidal skeleton stand, a brick storehouse for oil, and the boat-house with a timber-way slanting into the water, up which the boats are hoisted by a winch. The towers are ninety-five feet above the sea. The lights, classed as of the third order, are seen fifteen miles away. The rock where the towers stand is fifty feet above the sea, and presents what seems a precipitous front to the ocean. Yet the waves have beaten a sluiceway out of the granite, up which the seas rush, bursting among the boulders, and hurling tons of spray in all directions, or making a clean breach over



A BIT OF THE SHORE.

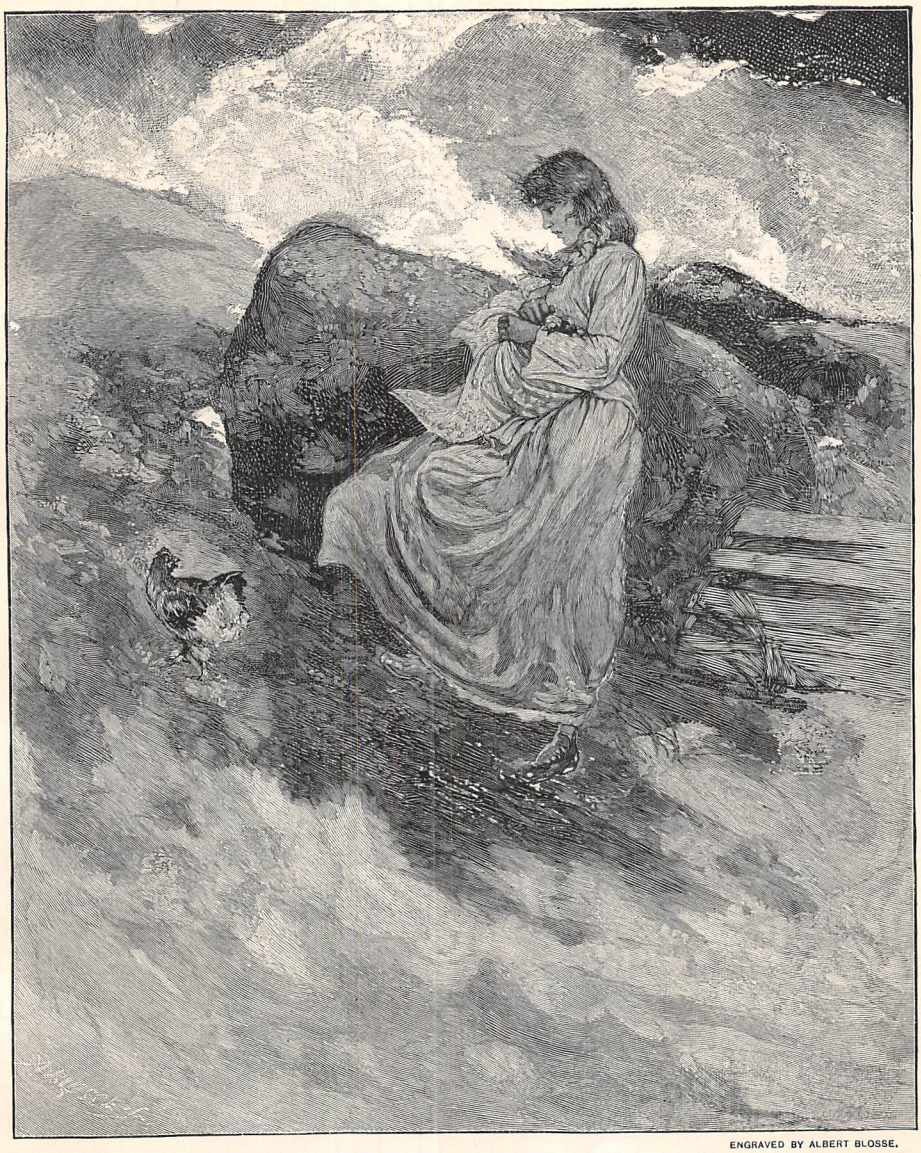
the rock, the water pouring like a cataract down the northwestern slope, now losing itself among the rocks that are strewn in all directions, now striking one of them, and spouting high into the air, now streaming through some granite trough toward the reach of breakers. The sea has indulged in some curious pranks during these larks. The occupants of a room in the second story of one of the dwellings were awakened one night by a crash of window-glass and a flood of icy water pouring in upon them, and were obliged to flee for safety. The windows had been broken by spray from a wave that had burst among the boulders. A favorite amusement of the ocean was to bowl down the whistle-house, as if intent upon diminishing in some way the efficiency of the station. The old whistle-house stood a little farther forward from the eastern tower than the present structure. That little was just too much. Two buildings on that spot were lifted off their foundations and strewn among the rocks, the boiler being rolled more than a hundred feet. The old foundations, considerably strengthened by a breakwater, now form a guard for the new whistle-house.

Several of the violent storms that have whirled over Matinicus Rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our lighthouse annals, not only for long service, but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was seventeen years old, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matinicus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise, and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to «breeze up»; the wind increased to a gale, and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minot's Ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the boulders was a chicken-coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matinicus Rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby, solicitous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little rushed knee-deep through the swirling water, and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over the rock, brought down the old cobblestone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety; and here they remained, with no sound to greet them from without but the roaring of the



ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE BREAKWATER.



ENGRAVED BY ALBERT BLOSSE.

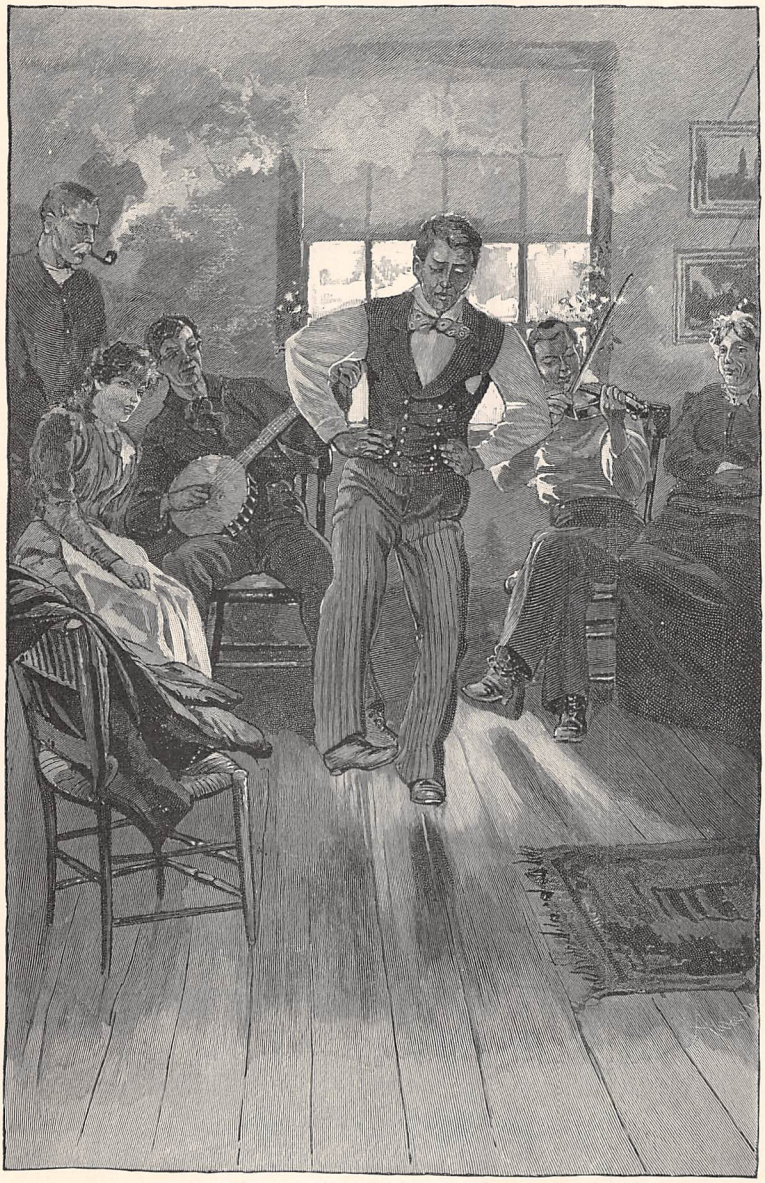
ABBY SAVES THE CHICKENS.

wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated, the reach between the rock and Matinicus Island was so rough that Captain Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

During a subsequent winter there was so long a spell of rough weather that provisions ran low, and Captain Burgess was obliged to utilize the first chance of putting off for Matinicus Island, although there was no telling how soon the sea might roughen up again. In point of fact, a heavy storm broke over the coast before he could return, and before long there was danger of famine on the rock. In this strait Captain Burgess's son, who happened to be at home, decided to brave the storm in a skiff rigged with a spritsail. A small group of anxious watchers followed the little sail with straining eyes until the storm-scud hid it from sight. Twenty-one days passed before he and his father returned—days of hope alternating with fear, and the hardship of meager fare through all, the daily allowance dwindling to an egg and a cup of corn-meal each, with danger of that short ration giving out if the storm did not abate. During all this time Abby was obliged not only to care for the

lights, but also to tend an invalid mother and cheer up the little family in its desolate state.

In 1861 Captain Burgess retired from Matinicus, Captain Grant and his family succeeding him. And now the grim old waverent rock became the scene of as pretty a romance as could be devised. A son of Captain Grant had been appointed assistant to his father, and Captain Burgess had left Abby on the rock to instruct the newcomers in the care of the lights. Young Grant proved a very apt pupil—so apt that he was soon able not only to take care of the lights, but also to persuade his instructress to let him take care of her. She became his wife and his helpmate in a double sense, for not long after their marriage she was appointed an assistant keeper. When she was married she had lived on the rock eight years, and she remained there until 1875, when her husband was appointed keeper, and she assistant keeper, of the light on White Head, an island separated from Spruce Head only by a narrow channel. Matinicus Rock, twenty-two miles out at sea, with the grand sweep of the ocean, the rough shores of Ragged Island and Matinicus Island on the west, the dim outlines of Vinal Haven to the north, and in the background the dark, towering forms of the Camden Mountains—this rock, with its wilderness of boulders, its wind, snow, and fog, its shrieking whistle and clanging bell, its loneliness and perils, had been her home for twenty-two years. There she had performed the triple duties of wife, mother, and lighthouse-keeper. The transfer to White Head brought some change from the old accustomed surroundings; but the duties, requiring such faithful performance, were the same. The Grants remained fifteen years in charge of White Head. In May, 1890, they removed to Middleborough in Plymouth



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

A JIG IN THE KEEPER'S PARLOR.

County, Massachusetts, expecting to pass the remainder of their lives out of hearing of the turmoil of the sea. Yet life away from it seemed strange and unattractive, and two years later found them again on the coast of Maine, this time at Portland, where the husband had reëntered the lighthouse establishment, working in the Engineers' Department of the First Lighthouse District. With them lives Captain Grant, who in the fall of 1890, at the age of eighty-five, retired from the position of keeper of Matinicus Rock, which he had held for twenty-nine years.

Shortly before leaving White Head Mrs. Grant wrote to a friend:

> Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself. When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus Rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.
>
> In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning and I lit them at sunset. Those old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matinicus Rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them. There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half-way between Matinicus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset. Sometimes I walk on the water, sometimes I am in a boat, and sometimes I seem going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.
>
> I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body! If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse or beacon.

Before Captain Grant retired from the rock three of his sons had served under him as assistants, and one of them succeeded him as keeper. But the old rock still has such attractions for the old keeper that he visits it at intervals. The summer he was eighty-seven years old he went mackerel-fishing from the rock, and returned with the largest individual catch to his credit.

His grandchildren, the nephews of the present keeper, who went out with me on the *Iris*, loved every inch of the rock. «Few children who are brought up on the mainland,» said one of them, «have such good times as we had.»

Along the edge of their rocky home, and among the boulders, these boys had roamed so often that what to a casual observer would seem nothing more than reaches of fissured granite and a confused heap of jagged rock had assumed for them that variety of form and feature which we would look for in a highly diversified landscape. Every little indentation became a cove, every little pool among the rocks a pond, and for these miniature topographical features they had names like Spear Point, Western Guzzle, Devil's Gulch, Fort George, Canoe Pond; while a mass of boulders became the Rocky Mountains of this thirty-two acres of granite.

On Canoe Pond they built a miniature fishing-village, with all its accessories. Besides the dwelling they erected four little wharves, «flakes» (the long tables on which fish are cleaned and split), and fish-houses—all, of course, on a Lilliputian scale. On the pond they had various typical little craft—the dories so characteristic of the New England coast, smacks, lobster-sloops with club-sails, and even a steamer that had clockwork for an engine, and transported fish from the village to a port at the opposite end of Canoe Pond. On a point at the entrance to the village harbor they erected a miniature lighthouse; the shallows in the harbor were buoyed, and on one ledge they set a cage-spindle as a day-mark. The lobster-boats had the regulation lobster-pots, and there were reels for drying the nets, for which latter mosquito-netting was utilized. The boys split and salted minnows at the flakes, packed them in little barrels, and shipped them by steamer to the trading-port across Canoe Pond. Trade was facilitated by money from the Matinicus Rock mint, which issued copper for gold and tin for silver, while cigar-box stamps served as greenbacks. The fame of this fishing-village spread all over Penobscot Bay, fishermen often putting in at Matinicus Rock for a look at it.

Gulls and ducks by the thousands circle about the rock. The gulls make their nests among the broken rocks at the northern end, and the boys found no end of amusement hunting for eggs. They constructed two gunning-stands on the sea-wall, building two sides of loose stones, and roofing them with driftwood, and thus had many a shot at the

A FUNERAL.

ducks as they swam in to feed on the mussels that had been washed up on the ledges. Often the ducks were so numerous that the sportsmen desisted, because gunning would simply have been slaughter.

The little family was not without its sorrow. A sister who had been born on the rock died there, and was buried in a fissure of the granite, the open end of which was walled up with brick. This little soul had never been off the rock. The thirty-two acres of granite about which the sea was ever beating formed her world, and there she now lies at rest.

Some of the crevices near the southern end of the rock are filled with a soil so rich that it has been sent for from Matinicus Island, and even from the mainland, for flower-potting. The elder Grant had an old sailor's love of flowers, and he scraped together enough soil from the crevices to make a little patch of ground, and there he planted a flower-garden the beauty of which was noted far and near. The steamers which ply between Boston and St. John, New Brunswick, pass the rock several times a week, but in the night, on their regular trips. Extra trips, however, may bring a steamer of this line to the rock during the day. Of course there is a bond of sympathy between the seafarer and the lighthouse-keeper; and in summer, when it was possible on these extra trips to do so, the captain of the steamer would lay her to abreast of the rock long enough for Captain Grant to put off in a dory with a large bouquet from his garden, and the captain of the steamer would reciprocate with a bundle of newspapers.

When I was on Matinicus Rock it had eight inhabitants: the keeper, who is a bachelor; his housekeeper; and the three assistant keepers, one of whom had a family of three girls living on the rock. It was the eldest of these that we met in the dory half-way across from Ragged Island, on her return from school. The second girl had charge of the chickens, but she had not yet been obliged

to imperil her life in rescuing them, as Abby Burgess once did. The coop stands picturesquely among the rocks on the southwestern end, a stony path winding in and out among the boulders descending to it. The wind howls about the coop, and the chickens, as they wander over the rocks, can see the spray dashing over the ledges. These chickens are a thoughtful-looking lot. Though well fed, they seem moved to melancholy by the constant surging of the sea about their little world. Even the rooster, who need fear no rival from a neighboring barn-yard, does not strut about with the pride of a bespurred cavalier, and his crowing is saddened by a pathetic overtone.

The ducks—there is a flock of tame ones on the rock—are more in their element. But in winter they, like the chickens, are often storm-bound in their coop several days at a time; and as conversation under such circumstances is apt to flag, they, no doubt, fall to meditating, which probably accounts for their serious air and their disinclination to quack except at infrequent intervals. Perhaps while out of the coop in fair weather they are making mental notes for debate during the next blizzard. The surroundings of their coop are such as to cause even a very dull duck to reflect. It stands with its back to an old boat-house, and is fenced in with lobster-pots and half of an old wherry.

It is said that in desolate stations like that on the rock keepers will sometimes pass days without exchanging a word, not because of any ill will between them, but because they are talked out. I am sure, however, that this never happens on Matinicus Rock. The keeper is one of those kindly souls who always have a pleasant word, and his assistants have caught his spirit. He is a well-read man. Like many of the more intelligent keepers in the service, he manages to make time that would otherwise hang heavy on his hands pass pleasantly by utilizing the little library which the Lighthouse Board supplies, the library being changed from time to time. He has been for some years a subscriber to THE CENTURY, having been first attracted to it by the Lincoln biography and the Siberian articles; and about the time it is due he endeavors, no matter what the weather, to pull across to Matinicus Island for the mail. He performs his duties in a cheerful spirit, and he loves Matinicus Rock. Before coming there he sailed with his father. During the war the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee* approached the rock. The Grants thought she would shell the towers, but they remained at their posts. They saw her destroy a number of small fishing-vessels, and this so incensed the younger Grant that he forthwith transferred his services to the United States navy. After the war he sailed on the lakes, but he

FLOWERS FOR THE STEAMBOAT.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

WATCHING THE «TALLAHASSEE» DESTROYING FISHING-BOATS.

missed the smell of salt, and returned to the rock. Like every intelligent seafarer, he appreciates the grandeur of the ocean. «Sometimes after a storm,» he told me, «when I watch the waves bursting over the ledges, I just have to shout to express my feelings.» Another time he said: «I should think the sea would get worn out beating against this old rock.» We were then standing at the northeastern end of the rock, and looking along its high face, with its deep rents and jagged points, and its rough black ledges thrown out like a vanguard to meet the first onslaught of the sea. As the great waves rushed in they burst over these ledges, and sent their spray, now in one huge white mass that, falling back into the fissures, was shattered into myriads of glistening particles, to be blown in nebulous showers before the wind, now whipped into fantastic shapes, now taking the ledges at a leap and landing high upon the rock. Over all blew a fine spray that half veiled the gray towers at the extreme end of the vista. Not far behind us was the huge boulder which the sea had moved from its original point of rest. We could not see it as we looked at the ocean; but we felt its nearness, so that coupled with the grand scene before us was the sense of the vast power vested in the ocean when it vents its wrath.

The keeper owns the only quadruped on the rock—a cow. This valuable beast is named Daisy. Like the chickens and ducks, Daisy is sensibly affected by her environment. The very method of her landing upon the rocks was enough to cause her to lose faith in human nature during the rest of her existence. She was brought over from Matinicus Island in a small boat, and when within a short distance of the rock the boat was tipped over so far to one side that Daisy lost her balance and fell into the water, where she was left to swim ashore. Although she is an object of affectionate regard to the little community on Matinicus Rock, she does not seem to have forgotten her involuntary plunge. Often I have seen her standing upon that mass of

barren granite, the only living thing in view, the wind furrowing up her hide. She would gaze out upon the wild waste of waters with a driven, lonely look, the pathos of which was almost human. The patches of soil on the rock yield about grass enough to last her during the summer. In winter the sear aspect of these patches adds to the desolate appearance of this treeless, shrubless ocean home. Often the cow looks across the reach in the direction of Matinicus Island, and moos pathetically, as if longing to wander over the distant pastures. She formerly found some companionship in a rabbit, with which she was accustomed to play at dusk; but the rabbit died. The cow's existence was again brightened by the birth of a calf. It became necessary, however, to kill the little cow baby, and the mother's grief over the taking off of her offspring was so intense that she refused food for three days.

There are usually several dogs on the rock that are trained to retrieve ducks. At present, however, the cow is the only pet. The keeper once captured a young seal which had been washed up among the ledges, and succeeded in taming it to such a degree that it would drag itself along after him, and whinny when it could not follow him. Attached to the boat-house is a bird-cote, where for several seasons a family of martins has made its home.

One Sunday we had what the keeper called «a regular old grayback of a snow-storm.» During the morning the keeper told me that Captain Grant had usually conducted a short service while keeper of the lights, and had done so again during his visits to the rock. I offered to read aloud from the Bible and lead in singing a few hymns for as many as would care to join. He was delighted with the suggestion, and in the evening every member of the little community was in the keeper's dwelling, and we had some Bible-reading, chiefly from the Psalms, with the Sermon on the Mount as a substitute for a discourse, interspersed with hymns like «Pull for the Shore,» which, because of the nautical surroundings, I judged would most appeal to the congregation on Matinicus Rock. I do not know that anything has touched me more than the simple earnestness of these worshipers as they lifted their voices above the roaring of the wind and the detonation of the breakers. Life on Matinicus Rock may have its hours of loneliness, but it does not deaden the finer emotions. The ever-surging, ever-sounding sea allows no dweller upon its shores to become a dullard.

The spirit which pervades the personnel of our lighthouse service is well illustrated by an experience of Keeper Grant. The wherry which now forms part of the duck-coop was not always put to such base use. It has known the touch of the sea. Keeper Grant, while an assistant to his father, started in it from the rock one stormy winter day to row over to Matinicus Island. Out in the reach the storm increased, and finally a sea filled the wherry. Its occupant's only safety lay in

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.

FROM A TINTYPE.

FREDERICK T. HATCH, THE ONLY RECIPIENT OF THE GOLD BAR FOR HEROISM.

overturning it and climbing upon the bottom. He had saved an oar, and might easily have made a signal of distress; but he reflected that if his father came off after him, as he would undoubtedly do, and any accident happened to him, only one man, and he elderly, would be left in charge of the lights. Therefore, he simply clung to the bottom of the boat, though he was in peril of being blown out to sea or perishing through exposure in the wintry storm. By a lucky chance the wherry was blown upon Wooden Ball Island, which lies between the rock and Vinal Haven, and he found shelter in the solitary house there.

Keepers in the lighthouse service have, however, done more than display heroism within the duties required of them. A number of them hold life-saving medals from the United States government for feats of heroism performed under the impulse of a higher duty. Keeper Grant's brother, Isaac H. Grant, who married Abby Burgess, holds a silver medal for rescuing two men from drowning while he was keeper at White Head; and Keeper Marcus A. Hanna, of the Cape Elizabeth light-station, Maine, received the gold medal for the daring rescue of two sailors from a wreck during a severe winter storm.

When the recipient of the gold medal again distinguishes himself by an act of heroism, he is awarded a gold bar, the highest honor the government can bestow. It has been awarded only once, and to a lighthouse-keeper, Frederick T. Hatch, keeper of the Cleveland Breakwater light-station, Cleveland, Ohio. The medal Mr. Hatch received for services performed while a member of the life-saving crew at Cleveland, which rescued twenty-nine persons from two vessels on two successive days during a terrific gale. The gold bar was awarded in February, 1891. A wreck occurred just outside the breakwater at night during a heavy gale and sea. The eight people aboard the wreck, among them the captain's wife, succeeded in reaching the breakwater pier; but the heavy seas swept several of them back, one of them losing his life.

Pulling to the pier in a small boat, Keeper Hatch succeeded in taking off the captain's wife; but she was hardly in the boat before it was swamped and capsized. At the risk of his life, Hatch now seized her. She was utterly exhausted and almost a dead weight; but though nearly overcome himself, he maintained his hold upon her until he could reach a line thrown from the light-station, with which he and his helpless burden were drawn to the lighthouse steps.

Ida Lewis Wilson, whose name is almost as familiar as Grace Darling's, is keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse in Newport harbor. She received the gold medal for the rescue of two soldiers who had broken through the ice near Lime Rock. In making the award, the government also considered the fact that she had previously rescued at least thirteen persons from drowning.

Gustav Kobbé.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

A GRAVE.

JEANNE BEFORE CHARLES VII.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

V.

STARS came out over Chinon, and the air was warm, unlike the crisp March night air of Domremy. Jeanne had eaten her supper, but she remained by the upper window of the tower thinking of her coming audience with the dauphin. She could not sleep, as did the two elderly ladies of the court in the chamber under her; but, sitting on the broad sill, she watched the lights of the middle château, and harkened to sounds across the moat.

There were delicious strains of music, sometimes a roar of laughter, or a hint of women's voices rising and falling in chorus.

Jeanne heard the clock strike in its high, distant place; but time was nothing to these courtiers in the middle château, who, according to the words of the young demoiselle, cared so little what became of France. To a Lorraine peasant the sovereign was more sacred than the nearest relation. She was angry with his friends; and when a flare of torch-light came around the front of the palace, the maid leaned out amazed.

Jeanne before the learned men at Poitiers.

Muffled ladies lifting their long mantles from the damp of the ground, and men in rich colors and plumed hats picking their way with pointed shoes, flocked toward her tower across the moat bridge. Jeanne's heart pounded in her side. It could not be that the dauphin was sending this gay train to bring her into his presence. But she saw Charles himself in the midst of it. Where was there a child in the Meuse valley who did not know the traits of the house of Valois? Burgundy, the younger branch of this house, brought forth strong, dark men; Orléans, the kingly branch, men of sanguine complexion and soft hair. Yet all had the same aquiline features, marked chins, and outward turning of the edges of the lips. Jeanne needed no one to show her the dauphin, stepping between torch-bearers, in a long robe which covered him, the smoke filming above his fair head, his laughing, unconcerned eyes roving the little world about him.

With a patter like a flock of sheep the light footsteps of the company wheeled to the left, and they went on with their torches to the battlemented tower of Boissy, followed by a long, gay fellow in black, carrying in his arms an instrument on which he made tripping melody as he went. Jeanne could see from her height the flat top of the tower of Boissy, with its parapet of stone. The curtain of masonry along the moat ran like a path from one tower to the other. Torchmen stepped outside the parapet, and stood on an open stone platform supporting the battlements, and in the ring of smoky light which they formed the lute struck up, and Charles's little court, hilarious with its freak in the mild March night, flung mufflers aside, and made the pavement resound with their dancing.

Orléans was nearly surrounded by the English, and whole villages in France stood as empty as kennels. In the Solange country there had been no plowing or sowing for years, and women as gaunt as wolves tried to nourish little living skeletons at their breasts. Robbers were in every province. The infant king of England was crowned in Paris, while the dauphin of France had neither army nor crown; his last hope was slipping from him with Orléans: and he and his people went merrily out in the night to dance on the top of a tower!

It was not until the next evening that the ladies who attended Jeanne came to tell her that the king was ready to give her audience. All day she had been tormented by courtiers, who ran up the stairs to look at her, or followed her into the chapel of St. Martin, where she went to pray. One was a lean boy in a page's dress, who craned his neck around a pillar of the chapel; the corners of his mouth turned upward with the habit of laughter. She felt moved to put on a calm front while she was watched, and to let none of them catch her weeping; so, with a quick pass of her hands through her short hair, she said to those prudent ladies whom Agnes Sorel called the old cats:

«En nom Dé, if the dauphin be ready to see me, take me before him at once.»

They first took her, with the gentle hands of women accustomed to robe royalty, to a long garment lying ready upon a bench, and one of them began to unfasten her cuirass.

«What are you doing?» asked Jeanne.

«Preparing you for audience with the king. One must put on a court dress when one goes to court.»

«I never in my life trailed cloth after me on the ground. I cannot wear it,» said Jeanne, eying the folds doubtfully; «let me be as I am.»

«But thou art a maid,» urged one of the dames. «It is not fitting that a maid should go before the king in man's tunic and hose.»

«Then I will put on my short peasant dress, that I brought behind my saddle from Vaucouleurs.»

«But the king,» suggested one of the ladies, for neither of the two found her easy to command, «is a nice observer of women's clothes. I remember hearing him praise to the queen a hennin that had the front bent down to make scallops along the brow.»

«What have I to do with hennins?» exclaimed Jeanne. «What are hennins?»

«Hennins are high, pointed head-coverings.»

«The kind of hennin for me is a casque of steel. You cannot make a court lady of me.» Curious and impatient, she examined the long dark robe edged with white, unwilling to be rude to the two shadow-like attendants. Her young delight in colors and her sense of what was fitting for Jeanne d'Arc rejected it. «Give me my cloak.»

«But will you not put on the court dress?»

«The high steward is waiting to conduct you,» said the other lady, «and time presses.»

«En nom Dé, I will go to the dauphin as I am.»

An ascent of broad steps gave entrance to the great hall of the middle château. Sixty feet distant, at the end of the vaulted room, was a chimney of white stone with square pillars upholding its penthouse. A pair of andirons with posset-cups stood nearly as high as the chimney-breast. A noble fire blazed here, reflected by the polished oak boards of the floor; candles were lighted, and fifty torches were fastened along the walls, burning clearly, and showing the whiteness of Chinon stone, which gave all masonry such a ghostly look by night; for the only pieces of tapestry were hung at the sides of the chimney, showing miracles performed by St. Martin. Each window, recessed in the thick wall, had its two opposite splayed seats of stone, worn by much lounging.

The court had gathered with full curiosity to see the sorceress. Though Chinon was a secure place, well removed from the seat of war, it was dull in the month of March before Easter festivities came on. Three hundred knights and nobles were in the hall, each wearing the color of the lady he affected; and beautiful, spirited women, priests and court officers, walked to and fro, carrying the light on their raiment. Their talk came to Jeanne, as she ascended, like the humming of bees.

Yolande, the dowager Queen of Sicily, stood kindly near the entrance to greet and put at ease a poor maid whom she had begged to have at Chinon. The young man-at-arms brought in by the high steward, with bare forehead and short hair flying about her delicate ears, confused the queen, who had herself sent a fitting court dress to the maid. While she looked for a timid peasant to follow this straight-limbed youth, Jeanne walked up the hall toward the dauphin.

He stood in the midst of courtiers, least distinguished of all by his dress; but she who had carried his image in mind from childhood could easily choose him. Charles was not more than ten years older than Jeanne. He had the beauty of young manhood, and was of an imposing figure out of armor, which betrayed the weak outline of his legs. The sweetest king who ever drew breath was languorous and gentle in his manner, kindly toward the pleasant side of the world, and most attractive to women.

The courtiers let Jeanne pass through the midst of them, regarding her with the eyes of people accustomed to laugh for pastime, until she reached the middle of the hall, when one of them stepped backward with continuous bowing, and directed her to a person gorgeous with decorations.

«The king.»

«But why do you tell me that?» inquired Jeanne, surprised that they should want to make game of her serious business. Without pausing, she continued on her way to Charles, and knelt, bending her body almost to the ground.

«God give you good life, fair dauphin.»

«I am not the king,» said Charles, his smiling lips continuing the game.

«You are not yet the king, but you shall be. My name is Jeanne the maid. The King of heaven sends you word by me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and it is his pleasure that our enemies the English depart to their own country.»

«How am I to know this?» Feeling the beauty of her voice, he looked into familiar eyes around for the answering smile which often helped him to take serious matters lightly. His queen and his mother-in-law had urged him to seize any help, and the city of Orléans was wildly demanding this strange creature, who affected him, not as woman should affect man, but as some blameless and sexless knight dropped out of God knew where for his reproach. It would be said in every kingdom of Christendom that Charles of France was come to a pretty pass when he was obliged to take up with a peasant maid from the hills of Lorraine to lead his troops and fight his battles.

«My sign shall be the raising of the siege of Orléans.»

The dauphin's eyes met the eyes of the deputies, and all three men agreed silently that she might well be used against the English if the people believed she could raise the siege.

The Queen of Sicily whispered with awe to ladies in waiting: «Not only did she know the king without ever having seen him, but she kneels as if brought up in a court.»

«And I have a sign also for you alone, gentle dauphin,» said Jeanne, «that I may not tell to any other ear.»

«Come aside and tell it to mine alone, then,» said Charles.

They stepped into a window recess, and stood between the two splayed seats, Charles with his back to the court. The cross of stone which parted the window into four oblongs of starlight was behind Jeanne. And much farther behind her, in the distant valley of the Meuse, was that past life from which she had come to these strange uses.

The courtiers talked among themselves, women's pointed hennins towering above men's heads; but every face, even that of the court poet leaning against a chimney pillar and noiselessly fingering his lute, was turned toward the dauphin and the maid.

Charles entered the alcove as a man submits himself to remedies unproved which he has half a mind to reject. In the middle ages sorcery was the unpardonable sin. The folly of having to do with a peasant would be nothing compared with the charge of helping himself by witchcraft. Yet this humble presence beside him, in the dress of a soldier, scarcely conscious of herself, was not like any creature who had in his lifetime been sent to the stake accused of meddling with devils.

Their talk in the window was so brief that the change in the dauphin startled his court. He turned about with a radiant face, and led the maid toward them by the hand. Never in the seven years of his uneasy reign—and those who knew him longest said never in his life before—had he been so jubilant.

«What hath she told him?» whispered a lady to the chancellor.

«Some remedy for the rot of sheep's feet,» laughed the favorite at her ear. «Charles is a gentle king to please. But I will inquire, and bring you word of the wonderful token.»

«Who is that man with his mouth awry?» asked Jeanne of the deputies from Orléans in the crowd that the dauphin brought about her.

«That is the chancellor of France, La Trémouille.»

«I would there were more of the royal blood gathered here, for that would be the better for France.»

Undismayed, she reviewed the knights and nobles, and in her mind estimated the value of each one. In an age of hand-to-hand combat the large, well-boned man promised best for fighting. Jeanne was a child in expression. She could not talk so that people would stand and listen to her from morning till night, as it was said a friar at Paris was then doing, but she had the sense of events. Insincerity was the life-breath of this court, which the Queen of Sicily frequented only for her daughter's sake. Its intrigues and jealousies and secret histories could not lie plainly open to the maid from Domremy; but she felt those tangles of human interests and petty spites, which make the entire fabric of many lives, disturbing her large scheme.

Because Charles showed that he believed in her, his ladies came near and talked to her, looking less at her man-at-arms shoes. The chancellor asked her how she fared across country, and if she had heard on her

journey the secret she told the king. Alan Chartier, the court poet, carrying his lute, and with his sugar-loaf hat hanging at his back by ribbons, lounged at her elbow, half insolent with the license of the court, half fascinated by a face rapt with purpose as he had never seen face before. Ashamed, Jeanne looked at them all, and wished they would quit making witty plays with words, and turn to the matter of Orléans; for, besides Charles and the deputies, there was no man in hall who willingly spoke of that besieged city.

Jeanne knew her brother Jacquemine could make the family miserable by his fretfulness. In a prince's household the tyranny of small over great natures was still the strange human law. Her first half-hour at court showed her how an insignificant man, rising by the power of his arrogance, could turn at will the fate of a kingdom. The courtier who had presented La Trémouille as her king jested less at her than at France.

The audience ended, and Jeanne went back to the tower of Coudray. Morning and noon and night grew and brightened and darkened over the white stones of Chinon, and morning came again. She knelt in the chapel of St. Martin for hours at a time, while spring mists approached from infinite depths of sky to dampen the earth. The dampness became bold lines of rain, and threshed trees, streaming down walls and hissing against the buttressed heights. Almost before a downpour could thin, the sun broke through and printed a rainbow across the valley. The season continued to advance, though affairs in the kingdom stood still.

Bertrand took shelter at the foot of the outer stairway, leaning against the open window where he could watch these gathering and passing rains, with dull interest in their frequency. The tall youth in page's dress whom he had seen hanging about the chapel, and disapproved of as a spy upon Jeanne, entered boldly and made for the stairway. Bertrand took him by the collar, but allowed him to wrench himself loose and stand back.

«What business have you here, young messire?»

«I am sent to the pucelle.»

«What 's your message?»

«I will even deliver that myself.»

«I am her squire,» said Bertrand.

«And I am sent to be her page,» said the other.

«Who sent you?»

«The king.»

«What is your name?»

«Louis de Coutes.» [1]

Bertrand de Poulengy and Louis de Coutes eyed each other without favor.

«I am bid to wait on her,» further declared Louis. «Also, if she hath aught to set down in writing, I can do that, for I have learned the clerk's trade.»

«You have learned the clerk's trade, have you? I thank God, my trade is that of arms. I carry neither quill nor train of lady's petticoat.»

«No need to tell, messire squire, that you were not bred to courts. Panniers on your back, and wooden shoes on your feet—these are what you have carried.»

«Children are better taught in my country,» retorted Bertrand, flushing red.

«I am about four years younger than you are,» calculated Louis, noting the squire's height and the down on his lip; «but if you will go beyond the pit with me, where no one is likely to see us, we will settle this matter now.»

«There is more to you than I thought,» Bertrand admitted. «I will not strike a man younger than myself. Go in graciously, and do your errand with the pucelle. If the dauphin sends her a page, it is none of her squire's business. But I would we were at Orléans, having some honest fighting, instead of lounging here against walls.»

«You are not like to go to Orléans soon. The pucelle is to be sent farther south, direct to Poitiers.»

Bertrand's solicitude, as keen as anguish, appeared in his face.

«Why to Poitiers?»

«Has not Poitiers been the capital of the kingdom since the loss of Paris?»

«What has the pucelle to do with that?»

«The king hath been advised to send her there to be examined by bishops and learned doctors of the law. He would have their opinion on so rash a business as attempting to raise a siege by means of a maid. She is to come herself to the council-chamber, and take the word from his Majesty.»

The dowager Queen of Sicily, who had been the first person to accept Jeanne publicly in hall, was not the last in council to see that the dauphin would lower himself before Christendon if he hastened to make use of this peasant without throwing the responsibility on the church. Queen Yolande was an energetic woman whose nervous hands did

[1] Her page, Louis de Coutes, not Louis de Conte. (See «Grand List,» or «Livre d'Or de Jeanne d'Arc.» Bibliothèque Nationale.»)

not often lie quietly in her lap, but fluttered in front of her like butterfly wings, bearing up and carrying abroad what she volubly said. She wished her daughter, poor Marie of Anjou, firmly seated in the kingdom of France. And, benevolent though her nature was, she wished disgrace might overtake La Trémouille, who stood leaning against the chimney in Charles's council-chamber, meditating on his own private intrigues, and on nothing else. The deputies from Orléans were urgent to have the maid at once.

«There are not at this time four pieces in the treasury, Messire de Beaucaire,» said Charles to one of them.

«However, there is always Jacques Cœur of Bourges to advance money,» put in Queen Yolande, her fingers fluttering down to withdraw the robe from her ankle, which she warmed at the hearth-corner. Three fleurs-de-lis on the huge tablet of iron which lined the chimney-back glowed red-hot above the burning wood.

«Jacques Cœur hath advanced much money already. The honest goldsmith may well laugh at securities offered by this out-at-elbows court. We are not shot at by the English here, Messire de Tilloy, but we are jeered at by all Christendom. We would we had ten thousand men now on the march to Orléans; but we have not the means to equip a single man-at-arms. And we would the doctors in Poitiers had already approved of this maid as we do. But nothing is settled, and the affairs of this world cannot be hurried.»

«The peasant's sign made good speed with your Majesty,» La Trémouille said. «I would be glad to know that powerful sign myself.»

Charles smiled at his favorite without replying, and one of the deputies declared: «By St. Martin! I would we had that other sign she promised to show before Orléans. Being sent in such haste, we are loath to go twenty leagues farther to Poitiers, and wait the slow deliberations of churchmen.»

«If we were shod like you, Messire de Beaucaire,» said Charles, «we would ride to Poitiers with pleasure. But when a king's shoes grow shabby and thin, he has some shame about showing himself at his capital in them.»

«Has your Majesty pressingly commanded new footwear on account of going to Poitiers?» inquired the dowager. «I saw a man waiting in the antechamber as I came in, having shoes in his hand.»

«Let him present himself here at once, in Heaven's name,» said Charles, lounging over an arm of his chair, and sticking his foot out lazily. «Is this fit gear for a king to wear in council? France is indeed down at the heel. But we have yet resources when a man who hath not been three times paid since the treaty of Troyes brings his wares, and patiently waits to have them tried on.»

Being permitted to enter, the Chinon shoemaker came to his knees before his sovereign with such slovenly disregard of ceremony as would have got him a beating in the court of Burgundy. It was the impertinence of an humble creditor toward a debtor of high station. Royalty had sat so long over the villagers of Chinon that they regarded its luster a mere characteristic of that region, like the whiteness of their stone.

The Orléans deputies were impatient at Charles's dalliance over the fit of a shoe. He examined it well, and set his foot down with satisfaction.

«Now put on the other, my man.»

«Not without my money, your Majesty,» said the shoemaker.

La Trémouille laughed out loud at the crestfallen look of the sovereign of France.

«Come, good fellow,» argued Charles, «it is like to make your fortune to be shoemaker to the king. Put on my shoe.»

«It hath come nearer to making me a beggar. And I hold, your Majesty, that this shoe is mine until it be paid for.»

«But the king cannot be seen in one new shoe and one old one.»

«No, your Majesty; that would be unseemly. But since you have no new one of your own, it may well be avoided.»

«You shall be paid, my friend. Go about your business.»

«Without doubt I shall be paid, your Majesty; for I intend to go about my business hereafter only to the buyer who hath money to his pouch.»

Charles gave man and shoe a kick which sent them both half across the room. He thrust his foot into his old foot-gear, and his easy laugh followed the departing craftsman.

«That settles the question of our going to Poitiers. We must even continue to wear our old shoes. But we crave to have them greased. In a realm so impoverished as this it is asking much; but we do crave to have our old shoes greased.»

«The king is a fop,» laughed his chancellor. «He would even have his shoes greased when there is scarce fat enough in the château to grease the chops of his household.»

«Not four pieces left in the treasury, and credit gone. A king that hath no

credit with his shoemaker, what way can he turn?»

Charles lolled his head against the back of his chair, finding compensation in parading his poverty before the Orléans deputies.

«Bring in that maid who declares we shall be crowned at Rheims, and it is the will of God the English be driven out of France. It hath been our will seven long years, though that availed nothing. How we are to be crowned at Rheims, across leagues of hostile country, or even transported there with suitable retinue, God he alone knoweth.»

«Did your Majesty hear,» inquired Queen Yolande, «that the pucelle foretold the death of a soldier who met her at the gates, and that very hour he fell into the river and was drowned?»

«We had not heard it; but let her at once foretell the death of Bedford and a few of our other English friends.»

«The story is quite true. She was heard by the beggars in St. George's Abbey. ‹Dost thou jarnedieu,› saith the maid, ‹when thou art so near death?› And that same hour he fell in the river and was drowned.»

«What a waste of the material needed at Orléans!» observed La Trémouille. «I call your maid a harbinger of ill. It is only since she entered Chinon that the shoemaker refused credit and soldiers began to take to the river.»

«If she be a harbinger of ill, she will take from the chancellor of France his occupation,» gently responded the queen; «for things have gone from bad to worse ever since Messire la Trémouille came to dwell at court.»

«She is the only person in this realm that hath ever brought a word of good news to Chinon. Let us have her in, to speak comfortably to us and console us for the shoemaker.»

Jeanne was already waiting in the antechamber. The guard let her pass, and her page threw open the door. As at her first audience, she went directly to the dauphin, and fell on her knees. He changed his lounging attitude, sitting erect, and bringing his shabby shoes together, unmindful of their shabbiness. At his left hand La Trémouille leaned against the chimney; at his right knelt the maid who had told him the secret thought of his own heart. Her young face was worn and exalted by much suspense and prayer. Her innocent mouth and clear hazel eyes moved Charles's sluggish religious nature as his confessor could not.

«Gentle dauphin, do not hesitate to take the help sent from God by me. My counsel has bid me tell you that no other can do what I am sent to do, not even the daughter of the King of Scotland. Go on hardily. Charlemagne and St. Louis are continually on their knees for France. God hath taken pity on us. Be not dismayed.»

Charles raised her to stand beside him, and the envoys from Orléans drew nearer, feeling that attraction which even her enemies owned. The room was filled with one presence. She was as guiltless of desiring to please men as a statue on an altar, but she already transformed them by some indefinable power.

«Jeanne,» said the dauphin, «we have just told these friends thou hast brought us the only good news we have had in years. We have faith in thee; but in order that others may have the same faith it is necessary to prove thee.»

«Prove me before Orléans.»

«But you ask for men-at-arms and equipments to raise the siege of Orléans. There are people who would say, ‹If she be sent by God, what need hath she of men-at-arms?›»

«The men-at-arms will fight,» answered Jeanne, «and God will give the victory.» She laughed. «En nom Dé, we must help ourselves if we would be helped.»

«Thou hast spoken truth there, pucelle,» remarked Queen Yolande. «Money and provisions and succors are needed for Orléans. His Majesty should not expect to have miracles wrought for him, though I myself believe that, by the favor of the saints, miracles are about to be done.»

«Jeanne,» said Charles, «the most learned men of the kingdom will be called to Poitiers. We think it wise to send thee there to be questioned by them.»

«What use is there, gentle dauphin, in setting learned men on to ask me questions? I know neither *a* nor *b*. I am sent, and my counsel have bid me go on.»

«Who are your counsel, Jeanne?»

«My voices.»

«Do you hear them continually?»

«One voice stays with me; another comes and goes, and visits me often; and with the third both deliberate.»

She stood reserved, and after her words the room was full of silence. Turning her eyes from the royal face, she could see through a window the sweep of Chinon valley, and she saw it blurred by rain and tears. The delay and languor and inquisitiveness and timid wisdom which must call a conclave of bookish men to examine a plain message from Heaven astonished her.

«En nom Dé,» said Jeanne, shaving tears from her cheek with her finger, and flinging them aside, «I shall have tough work there, but my Lord will help me.»

VI.

FIVE weeks after Jeanne had been sent from Chinon to Poitiers her brother Pierre and a churchman were moving southwestward through a wooded tract, with the intention of resting that night at Loches. Their horses were jaded by a long day's march, and picked a way slowly through the light woods. Here the growth was not dense, but tall-stemmed and open. Long before the travelers rode down to the meadow through which the Indre flowed, they had glimpses of it, a low-lying stream, full to its pretty green edges.

Pierre felt his blood stirred like sap by the April air blowing in his face. All things are young in April. He scarcely owned to being worn by the journey, though it had been a haphazard one without guide. Sometimes they wandered leagues out of their course. There was not much food to be found through France, and more than once they had slept in the open air. The Augustine monk, whose hermit life had inured him to hardships, bore these privations as well as Pierre did. It was not by Pierre's own desire that he was in such pious company. Jacques and Isabel had put him in charge of a pilgrim to Tours. Where Tours was they did not know, except that they had heard it lay in the Touraine country, and the holy St. Martin had once been its bishop. If it proved a far cry from Tours to Chinon or Poitiers, they felt they could better trust their youngest son to Heaven alone at the end of the journey than to courtiers through all the dangers. For messengers from Poitiers came weeks before to Domremy, making inquiries about Jeanne. The curé testified. Mengette was questioned, and women came running from Greux to speak a good word for her. Even the daughter of Widow Davide stood out and praised her early playmate. Jeanne was being examined at Poitiers by strict and keen men; but if they thought to find her in ill repute in Domremy, where she was born, it was an impossible thing to do. A clerk took everything down in writing. Isabel and Jacques beheld this procedure without disapproval; but when Pierre would have set out with the returning company, they were positive against it. The season was yet too early. The envoys from Poitiers might be very grave men; but there was a graver, a hermit of the Vosges, whom the curé knew to be about returning to Tours. Pilgrimages were very common even at the most unsettled times. Isabel herself owed her surname of Romée to a godfather who had made a pilgrimage to Rome. In the Lorraine country gray friars, or Franciscans, were more in favor, being bound to the royal cause; but a black friar, especially one who had a name for sanctity, was better company for a lad starting to war than the best of courtiers.

Pierre had carefully gathered all he could concerning the route to be followed; and it had entered his mind, if the friar gave consent, they might part at Loches. For at Loches one had only to follow the course of the river Indre north until it turned westward to be led a long way toward Tours. But Poitiers was to be found in the south.

Moving as directly as they could through pathless woods, the friar jogging behind Pierre, having the hood of his black capote drawn over his head, and his eyes dropped to the ancient bed of the forest, they came where they could see freely, without passing sight through a network of trees, the open land and river, and cliffs beyond. A sweetness of leaf-mold came up with a penetrating quality like incense.

Pierre knew nothing about Loches or the approach to it, but he turned and spoke over his shoulder: «If we have been directed right, Brother Pasquerel, that must be the donjon of Loches, far off yonder against the sky.»

«It is Loches,» agreed Brother Pasquerel; «but it is half a day's journey distant yet.»

«We have some hours before nightfall. Let us go down into the open fields, and find it by the nearest way the horses can take.»

«There may be some danger in leaving the cover of the woods before we are near Loches,» suggested the friar; but he followed his companion in the descent.

«We are in the dauphin's country,» said Pierre; «we are not on land overrun by the English.»

Loches's square mass of donjon, and the round points of its château towers, mounted higher in the afternoon sky. A moist greensward lay under the horses' hoofs in the valley, and the Indre lapped its edges as if they were lips. Pierre was riding idly, wondering how far they must ascend this right bank to find a bridge into Loches, when the friar, who was measuring distance behind, grasped his bridle. Pierre turned, and saw more than rising forest and winding stream-course. He saw a troop of men with glittering lances, still so distant that they seemed

cast in one lump, with the particles moving, and the lances mere points of silver. But Pierre had seen men-at-arms ride in his own country. He could not tell if they wore armor. There was no sheen playing over the surface. During all his adventures with Brother Pasquerel they had not once encountered any of those freebooting companies which tormented France. It was not an unusual thing for little companies of French or English to ride far, on the chance of making swift, perilous attacks and bringing away prisoners. But Pierre could not believe that any English knights would venture beyond Orléans through the dauphin's country to Loches. He was for stopping his horse, but Brother Pasquerel dragged the bridle forward. Brother Pasquerel was a black friar, the robe most in favor with Burgundy; but those coming might be neither Burgundians nor Armagnacs, though wearing the badge of both.

«Ride for your life, my son! They are following us.»

«But who would hurt a friar, Brother Pasquerel?»

«I have not the desire to know; and neither have you come into France to meet single-handed such a company as rides yonder. We should not have left the cover of trees until nearer Loches; a monk and an unarmed lad—what can we do but flee?»

Pierre had no dread of the danger, and he spurred ahead, laughing.

«When I tell Jehannette I ran from the first lances I saw, she may flout my coming to the wars as Jacquemine does.»

Pierre's horse was the one his father had ridden to Vaucouleurs, large and sturdy for cart-drawing, but of little speed. The friar's was an aged beast lent him by the curé of Domremy. Pilgrims traveled afoot. Brother Pasquerel had taken to horseback on Pierre's account. As they pounded along turf, both refugees knew the pursuit was gaining, and that it would be impossible to reach the gates of Loches. Warmed to the race, Pierre gaged the brimming Indre. It was a narrow stream; of its depth he knew nothing.

«Draw up your robe, Brother Pasquerel,» he cried, and dashed into the water. His horse sank to its neck. Pierre knelt on his saddle, with his wooden shoes clasping the raised back, and helped the floundering creature swim by keeping its nose afloat. It shot across, and set fore hoofs on the opposite grassy brim. With a struggle and a shake they were out, and he pulled up Brother Pasquerel's horse by the bit. The Indre was no barrier, but they were now on the same side as Loches. Pierre did not ask himself what a marauding band expected to strip from a friar, whose vow of poverty and manual labor was proclaimed by a habit which could be seen as far as the man, or from a peasant, whose ancestry guaranteed him little. He looked again, and this time could see the arms of the pursuers. They were after any game, and what yielded little would be the worse used.

The calcareous ridge on which Loches was built extended miles northward, being the ancient barrier of the Indre. In places the rock became as sheer as a wall, with turf upon its roof, which rose terrace above terrace to table-lands; or it receded in tall coves where caverns had been left by fallen masses. As Pierre and Brother Pasquerel rushed by in flight, they saw slab doors in the rock. Chimneys of stone protruded, and steps were carved up the face of the cliff, ascending to other doors and windows. The front end of a village packed securely in a mountain looked down on the passing world. The road here was printed with sheep-tracks. These cliff-dwellers had flocks and hidden folds. Pierre knew nothing about the rock-burrowing peoples of this Southern province. He had not a long sight, like Jeanne, to distinguish doors and windows from the break in the forest where he had first seen the cliff; but the strangeness of such habitations did not touch him, for splash and yell in the direction of the Indre testified that the pursuit was nearly up. On his right hand a hole as large as a church widened its gloom. Pierre took to the cavern as he had taken to the river. Pieces of fallen rock lay before it. Under its roof he leaped from his horse, and Brother Pasquerel slipped from the saddle also. The opening had doors. Pierre saw them folded back against the rock—strong slabs, riveted together with bolts of iron. He clapped them shut, and lifting a bar of oak which made him stagger, set it in sockets across both leaves. Daylight came over the top of this gate, but it was high enough to form a good defense. Lance-butts soon pounded it, and horses trampled outside. A jargon of words proved what mongrel herd demanded toll there. With oaths which made Brother Pasquerel stop his ears and Pierre harken with astonishment, they threatened fire and siege, and chopped the doors with axes. The oak was like rock. Pierre felt secure enough to glance behind him. A blacker gallery penetrated under the hill, and the odor, so well known to him, was that

of a sheepfold. Above were jagged rifts, and in one place the earth had parted, showing a thread of sky. Brother Pasquerel sat down on a stone, pushing the cowl off his head. Heat glowed from his mild, dark face. Light above the barrier and through the upper chink sunk by grades of shadow to gloom along the rock floor and in hollows scooped by the winter's action. The horses stood panting with their heads down, steaming from their plunge in the Indre. Pierre stroked the cart-horse's face.

«Poor old fellow! If my father ever hears of this ride, he will forgive thee for falling lame when Jehannette went away. But if they break down the doors and leave me here, do thou fall lame under them every time they bestride thee.»

The hard-breathing creature snorted, shaking froth from its lips, and out of the hill gallery came an answering whinny; the cavern was a stable as well as a fold. Though ordinarily quick and resourceful on his own hills, Pierre wondered what he should do hand to hand with these troopers if the barriers gave way. A closed door is a fearful thing when we do not know the dread that lurks behind it, but much more fearful when it is strained and shaken by recognized foes. Neither he nor Brother Pasquerel understood half that was said outside; for it was the speech of mercenaries gathered from all parts of Europe. As in Paris a butcher had led mobs and ruled the city, so among these roving bands the strongest and bloodiest man became leader, whatever his nationality.

Breathlessly watching the gates with eyes still blinded by daylight, neither of the two inside saw steps that were hewed in the cavern at the left of the entrance. Hearing a woman's voice, Pierre turned, and saw a door at the top of steps; and there was a maid about Jeanne's age leaning out to look at the intruders. If the sky had opened, or the cleft overhead parted wide, it would not have astonished him more. He noticed with instant receptiveness her high-pointed head-gear, the like of which was unknown in his country, the tight-fitting robe, and her bright hair shining where no sun glistened on it. Only the fair-haired were considered beautiful in the middle ages. This woman was as white as any saint, and Pierre took off his cap to her.

«Who are you, and why have you come in here?» she demanded; and he thought of Jehannette's voice, though the tone was different.

«We be only Brother Pasquerel and Pierre d'Arc, and robbers outside drove us in.»

«Do you know they are threatening our lives and trying to break the house door down?»

«No, demoiselle; we knew nothing of that.»

«Can't you hear their threats?»

«The speech of such people is strange to me, demoiselle. I come from the march of Lorraine. Let me into the house, and I will keep the door.»

«Why don't you come up, then?» she impatiently cried. «You brought this danger at your heels, and there is n't a man to stand before us.»

Pierre mounted in haste, his wooden shoes bumping, and the friar followed. They were close to knocking their heads on the top of the room they entered, where the natural curves of rock stooped low like a scrollwork of clouds, but rose high in gray sweeps over the center of the large place. The door behind them was instantly barred by a peasant woman with a child on one arm. It clung to her neck in terror of the sounds at the front of the house, and she herself was wild-eyed. Straggling locks of hair escaped from her cap.

«Oh, messires,» she lamented, «if the good friar can pardon me for saying it, why did you take hiding in our sheepfold, when a little farther on is the cave of Rochecarbon, and his door hath stronger timbers than ours! This comes of my husband not shutting the gates when he leads the sheep out. The demoiselle will be misused or carried off for ransom. Besides, my children are in the field overhead with their father.»

«Hush, Marguerite,» said the demoiselle; «people cannot choose caves in times like these. Joseph will hide the children.»

«He may come to the chimney to speak to me, and the freebooters will drag him down.»

She knelt on the hearth and looked up the wide flue, her usual tube of communication with her husband at his labors. The child on her arm strangled with smoke, and she set it down, stretching her own lean neck over the coals to see if there was a face at the top of the stack. She called the man's name, and, failing to get any reply, sat down on the rock floor and leaned her head against the wall.

Benches were piled against the front door. It looked as thick as the gate of a town, and was fastened by double bars. Above it two square holes were cut in the stone for air, and Pierre mounted the benches to see what

his assailants were doing. The active defense fell on him, for Brother Pasquerel knelt in a corner, not permitted to do violence on man. Pierre had come into France weaponless, excepting a sheath-knife at his belt. There was not even an ax on the walls. In Northern provinces when peasants were attacked they took to flight, but here they merely shut themselves in. Notwithstanding the noise, he felt the woman's terror was groundless. The boldest riders in the kingdom could not break through stone, and for passing over oak they must use something more powerful than lance-points and hatchets. Free-riders could not cumber themselves with implements for a siege.

Brother Pasquerel quieted the woman and child, for both shrieked when an arrow, shot at random, passed through the opening near their single defender's head, struck the opposite rock, and fell to the floor. Hidden by inner darkness, he could see swarming about, or sitting on horseback and holding bridles below the long slope of rock waste, red-headed Scots, thick-limbed English, Burgundian spearmen, their rich trappings tarnished by a free-booting life, and unknown black-faced foreigners wearing smocks or blouses stripped from peasants,—such a company as war and famine and the license of the times drew readily together.

A horizontal storm of arrows swept into the sheepfold or against its oaken barriers. Near the house door was an opening which Pierre took to be a well, full curbed, and with a windlass and chain. While archers wasted a few bolts on the place where their quarry had disappeared, men-at-arms swarmed to the well.

«They no longer throw themselves against the door. Are they in retreat?» the demoiselle inquired.

«No,» answered Pierre; «they are taking to the pit of water. One turns the windlass. These are mad fellows to drown themselves.»

The demoiselle cried out, and turned toward the inner room.

«It is not a pit of water; it is the mouth of Joseph's granary. They can come through the granary into the fuel-chamber behind this room.»

Pierre took no thought what he should do, but found himself in the fuel-chamber at the head of a dismal staircase, and his fist shooting like a battering-ram into the hairy face of an ascending man. As the body bumped down the stones he gathered up a log of wood and clubbed it for a weapon. A knife showed its livid blade in the dark, and he sent down another man. At that moment a pointed battle-ax struck him, and he heaved the log-butt forward at his next assailant. The hatchet dropped, and he took it. How many robbers were descending by chain and windlass to flank the house could not be known. Pierre leaned over the steps with the wide-edged ax ready, but no more came up.

It was not because houses farther along the village had sent succor, for every door was barred by terrified women, and laborers hid themselves in the fields overhead. The demoiselle mounted the benches, and put her foot on a bar to look out. For some reason known to their own wild minds, the freebooters were drawing off and galloping on toward Loches. They might catch some unwary citizen outside the walls and pluck him before turning to other fields. It was not worth their while to dig or smoke out or take by assault through a cavern a friar and a few peasants. By squads, riding wildly, they trooped along the grass-lined road, and stragglers ran to mount. She saw the venturesome ones whom Pierre had knocked down drawn out of the pit by the men at the windlass, consoling themselves with little sacks of grain which they dragged after them. Bloody and limping, they also took last to horse. The sound of hoofs diminished and died away along the hill toward Loches.

She dropped down, declaring their flight. Pierre changed the ax to his left hand, and grasped that stinging place in his shoulder, which turned him sick. He braced himself by the side of the door, and the demoiselle saw red prints on the rock.

The cave shimmered and went to darkness before his eyes. His first conscious sensation was maiden shame, because his shoulder was stripped naked before the demoiselle, and two thin scarlet lips from arm-pit to nipple poured a thin stream of blood. Somebody supported him on a bench, and it was the friar who leaned over him oiling and bandaging. Soldiers wounded in battle had money distributed to them, and in one house or another they might seek surgery and tendance, paying each for his own hospital, for there were no military hospitals. Pierre knew none of the customs of war. He thought he smelt the flowers of the lime-tree in his mother's garden, and Jehannette was telling him she saw a vision through the pale yellow bunches. His ears hummed. He was glad to lie down with his head on a cushion and some covering over him.

A long time afterward something touched

his lips, and he roused to find it was bread soaked in water and wine. That was the food Jehannette liked best. The demoiselle sat on a stool in front of him, and picked pieces from a cup to feed him. Such kindness brought the blood into his face as if the fever had rushed from his wound, and he took the bites with great humility, keeping his eyes cast down. Joseph, the peasant, and all the children had come in from the fields on the roof, and they gathered behind the demoiselle, admiring everything she did. The oven-hole at the side of the chimney was open. Marguerite held on one hip the loaf she had taken from the oven, and on the other the baby, while she watched also.

The elegant, slight shape of the demoiselle and her small hands were brought so close to Pierre's notice that he lay thinking how much clumsier was the make of a man. Women of his own country had not taught him this. Without speaking a word, but like a mother, she fed him, and he accepted it as his sweet nature accepted every good. He had been born without anxieties. When he lay at night facing the open sky and thinking about his sister, it was the expectancy of youth which stirred in him, not the anticipation of calamity.

Pierre dared scarcely look at the demoiselle, but he contrasted her in his mind with the Widow Davide's Haumette, who was very broad-featured and black-eyed, a maid fierce at dancing, flaming in her red petticoats, and more reluctant to go to mass than Pierre himself. Haumette used to kiss him when they were growing, for she was in love with young manhood. But before Pierre left home she had gone to Goussaincourt to stay with her aunt; for there were stories in Domremy about a Burgundian soldier whom the Widow Davide had led out with practised thumb and finger, and not because of any noise he made. In Greux the villagers held to Burgundy. Pierre had often headed the boys of Domremy against the boys of Greux. They fought on a strip of land between the two villages, and Jehannette cried over him when he went home bloody.

«Now I think you had better go to sleep,» said the demoiselle, after his last sop was eaten. Pierre willingly shut his eyes, not to let her or the present moment slip from him, but to hide his weakness, of which he felt ashamed.

Yet when a cow lowed down the chimney and waked him it was late in the night. The fire had sunk to pink ashes. Those blocks of open night over the door were lost in the cave's obliteration. He could hear the unseen family snoring. The bench felt hard, and all the springs of the hills trickled tantalizingly in his memory while he thirsted. How sweet was the forest-shaded water at Bermont! Did these cave-dwelling people, who turned a pit into a granary, have a drop to cool their tongues with, except what flowed in the Indre? He sat up, wincing at the angry beating of his wound, and groped with one foot for his wooden shoes, which the friar had drawn off, intending to unbar the door and go down to the river. But Brother Pasquerel rose from the darkness and put a jug of water to his mouth. The jerking stream descended his throat until it was forcibly taken away. Then he began to shiver. His nurse raked open the ashes, and brought wood from the fuel-room, and drew the bench to the hearth.

They both sat upon it, the old man holding the young one half reclining against his shoulder for support and heat.

«Where is the demoiselle?» inquired Pierre, in a whisper, loath to have her in that room with so many sleeping peasants, yet alarmed at losing sight of her.

«The man and his wife took her on her horse to Loches before nightfall.»

«Why did you let them put her to such risks?»

«She herself commanded it, and the thing was very safely done.»

«Who is she, Brother Pasquerel?»

«I know nothing of her, except that she is lately come from Scotland, and this woman asleep in bed was once her mother's servant.»

«She is the whitest-favored maid I ever saw,» said Pierre.

«White or black, no woman hath favor of God who doth carry that cursed horn called the hennin perched on her head.»

«Was that a hennin, Brother Pasquerel?»

«A hennin it was; and when I behold one with my own eyes I cannot marvel that a friar has risen up to preach against the evil thing in Paris.»

Pierre had lost too much blood to be enlisted in the crusade against hennins. In the flickering room behind the friar and him the peasant's entire family were stretched in one bed, which extended a dozen feet beside the wall. There were green mineral stains up the throat of the chimney, which tongues of flame showed forth. Wind rumbled overhead. This was a strange shelter, yet Pierre felt better housed than he had been since leaving Domremy. He knew, whatever lay before him, he would be home-

sick for the cave in time to come. He did not want to leave it, and said to himself it must have been the fight that so bound him; for he did love that strip of land between Greux and Domremy on account of the honest giving and taking of blows there. «I have got my first wound in this house,» reflected Pierre.

«Have you seen the horses?» he inquired reluctantly.

«Yes, and they are well fed and stabled. These people have a little grain to sell. The valley of the Indre is not a desert like the Solonge.»

«It will be best for you to leave me here and push up the valley of the Indre toward Tours,» suggested Pierre. «As for me, I must keep my face set direct toward Jehannette. I cannot carry this wound out of my way.»

«Neither will I leave you, nor will you leave me,» overruled Brother Pasquerel. «Since it seems best to push on your way, we will go together. Can you ride to-morrow?»

«As well to-morrow as next day.»

«But you are weak from the blood-letting, and the wound will be sore.»

«A wound that hath cut through no bones will soon heal; and my mother says miracles are wrought on Jehannette's flesh and mine: no sore stays.»

«We will, then, make what speed we can toward Chinon,» said the friar; «and shorten the way by putting these hills behind our backs without going into Loches.»

It was easy to find a path through the ridge where the land dipped low, but nothing could shorten the day's journey for Pierre. They started at daybreak, with a sack of bread and a bottle of wine behind the saddle of each. Pierre's face was leaden in color. At noon the friar dressed his wound in fresh oil and bands of serge. The rough cloth hurt him. He was glad the air blew cool, for the hot blood bit his shoulder all day, and oftener than they found springs he found a mighty thirst to quench.

Man is such a little creature creeping so near the ground in the largeness of hills and woods and valleys, and his vision diminishes so soon to the vanishing-point, no wonder he loses his way. But the friar steered their course as nearly westward as he could by such landmarks as he had gathered from the untraveled cave-dwellers. Clouds came up behind the ground. The sky seemed to be driving and hurrying overhead, marshaling its vapors out of space, and sifting them from shape to shape to hurl along a low level; yet if one did not look up, it was nothing but the ordinary shadow of cloudy weather. Late in the afternoon a yellow storm appeared in the west, sulphurous and windy. It threatened much, but at first the rain which met the travelers was a fine mist in the face, so imperceptible that neither said, «It rains.» Then long curtains hanging far down the sky and pendulous at the horizon swept upon them, beating fiercely. Water ran down their bodies and dripped from their stirrups. Pierre felt his wound washed through jacket and body-garment and bandages. When the two were wettest the sun broke out, drenching the open land with prismatic radiance, and triple rainbows arched behind them. Their direct route had taken them past few inhabited spots, and these were remote to right or left. Brother Pasquerel began to turn his cowled face anxiously toward Pierre, for whom he desired night shelter. Wet grass and swarming vapors, and the head on the saddle under some bush, would be bad lodging for a wounded man.

The sun went down, shining through a single tree, and seeming to cut it in two with fire. They rode on, making haste over unbroken land. Though spontaneous growths were rank all about their horses' feet, the soil was so white that it showed pallid in far-stretching distances, and kept daylight lingering upon it as marble might have done.

In front of the riders appeared a figure with hands and face like an old peasant, almost covered by the pannier heaped high with lucerne which he carried on his back. He stood still. The fodder revealed a tender greenness through the dusk.

«We will ask that old man for lodging,» suggested the friar.

«But he carries a miraculous load,» said Pierre; «there is no such green food for cattle at this time of the year.»

He changed before them, as they rode closer, into a dwarfed tree, strangely marked on the stem, its bunched top of switches thick set with tender leaves. But behind this poor apparition and beyond a fringe of trees, they saw for the first time something like a needle-point against the sky, and guessed it to be the spire of a church. Wherever there were churches there were men; or if this proved to be a broken-down sanctuary,—and there were many such in the kingdom,—the travelers might find some gable or crypt still in condition to give shelter.

Pierre felt indifferent to the landscape. He sickened with a growing faintness, and

one spot of the dark world was the same as another. He wanted to lie down in the wet sward, and the friar had prevented it an indefinite time when they stopped close by a buttressed wall. Pierre braced himself with one hand on the moss of a down-sloping window-sill. It was a shame to leave a friar to tie the horses; but when he had slid to the ground Brother Pasquerel helped him past buttresses and around a corner. A large portal let them directly into a white church, of which night seemed unable to take complete possession.

Pierre lay down by himself on one of the rough, movable benches near the door. The massive stone font supported on a low pillar was near his head, and he stretched out his right hand for holy water, crossing himself with an exhausted effort. A little light shone out of one transept, but the body of the church was dim. He could see, however, the arms of some noble family painted on the wall opposite him, and also blots of green damp high up near the arches. Through tall, leaded windows the outside world seemed to affect this isolated church. Pierre could imagine the brightness of a sunny afternoon here. Wind rolled in the vault above with a swell like the incoming ocean tide; but to him, who had never heard that sound, it was the voice of the woods over Domremy. If Jehannette had sat on the bench beside him, or kneeled on the lower bench to which it was attached at the foot, he could scarcely have felt her nearer. Perhaps she had rested in this church; some part of her remained there. And Pierre noticed by shadows made in the whiteness of the stones what hollows were worn along the center of the floor. Generations of lads' feet, in wooden shoes like his, had stumped by that path to confession or prayer. They and their sisters came here every Sunday. As his eyes grew used to the inclosure, and he rested from the pain of motion, the cold, high altar at the end of the church and the light in the transept were both forgotten. He saw a small altar diagonally opposite him, near the angle of the transept, standing dragged out from the wall as if its displacement were temporary. On a pedestal over the altar, so high that it caught the last glimmers of light through stone-framed glass above the portal, was a painted image as antique and simple as the Virgin at Bermont, a gilded, round-eyed St. Catherine holding a book, and having the broken wheel of her martyrdom leaning against her. The royal maid of Egypt wore a crown, and smiled insipidly. But under the figure was a dark gap left by the removal of two stones from the wall. The place was about breast-high to Pierre.

The unstopped hole, left perhaps by workmen because daylight failed, proclaimed that man was a near neighbor of this church. And presently he heard strange voices talking with the friar outside the door.

«The houses from which you come, are they not the village of Fierbois?» inquired the friar.

«That is the village of Fierbois,» was answered.

«We have, then, reached Ste. Katherine de Fierbois.»

«This is the church of St. Catherine. Is my brother a pilgrim to the venerable shrine?»

«Only a passer-by, for I return from a winter's retreat in the mountains of the Vosges. A young man with me is lying wounded in the church; we met free-riders near Loches. Can we have shelter with you?»

«Assuredly,» answered the other; then a louder voice spoke up:

«This monk is of the convent in Tours. I know him by his habit, though the brethren have little to do with men of my craft.»

«Are you from Tours?» inquired the priest, holding the door open for Brother Pasquerel to enter. «We have strange news from Tours.»

«The armorer has spoken the truth; I am a brother of the convent of our order there. What news have you from Tours?»

The priest forgot the wounded man as he shut the last yellowness of daylight out, and a sudden accession of night entered the church with the three. A rustic acolyte came from the transept where the light burned, and set flame to the tips of two candles on the altar of St. Catherine. These white points in a hollow of gloom surrounded by white walls made visible a small space where peasants would kneel for evening prayers, and showed the eagerness of two of the three figures now occupying that space. Their lower parts were in a stratum of dimness, churchmen's cassocks and armorer's legs being lost beneath the starlike height of the candles. The priest pointed to the hollow behind the altar. His low voice made echoes in remote corners.

«There, this day, a miraculous sword was found. We are leaving the altar removed from its place and the stones yet on the floor, that people may see where the sword was embedded. There it has lain, tradition saith, since Charles Martel drove the heathen back from Tours.»

«Where is it now?» inquired Brother Pasquerel; and the waiting acolyte, obeying a sign from the priest, went into the transept, and returned with a slim, large-handled blade. It lay upon cloth of gold, which covered his hands, and the three heads bent over it.

«There be no such swords as this in the world to-day,» said the armorer. «That blade is no longer forged. I wish I knew the man who made it; I would give him plenty of employment. Mark you, here are five crosses below the handle, just as the maid said there would be.»

«He speaks of the maid who sent him here to take this sword from the wall,» explained the priest. «It has been guarded on the altar of our Lady while a suitable scabbard was made. When we took it from the hollow it was crusted with rust; but that fell away as a scale, and left it shining as you see.»

«What maid sent for it?» inquired Brother Pasquerel; and Pierre listened, feeling his breath come and go like the swell and ebb up in the arches.

«She is called Jeanne the pucelle,» answered the armorer. «All Tours is astir about her, and an army is gathering to march with her to Orléans.»

«It is the maid who passed Ste. Katherine de Fierbois on her way to the king, and heard three masses in this church,» answered the priest. «That is the news we have from Tours—a maid is to lead the armies of France. And she had miraculous knowledge where to find the sword of Fierbois; for we might have leveled the walls in the search, but for her exact message. No living person knew where that sword was buried.»

«I had my orders from the king to make her a complete suit of mail and furnish her in all needful arms,» declared the armorer; «but no sword would do except this. ‹You will find it in the wall,› saith she, ‹under the feet of the statue above the altar at the angle of the transept.› And I thought to have my journey for my pains, for she hath a soft, innocent face. But, mark you, her unlettered tongue could answer better than the great doctors at Poitiers could propound. They say it was a fine sight to see her sitting alone before so many, and bearing their strait examination with such sense and patience. The doctors have sent abroad a letter to all parts of France, commending her employment by the king; and during my whole life my trade hath never been so brisk as she hath made it within a week.»

«Have you not heard of this maid among the hills of the Vosges?» inquired the priest.

«Yes; I have heard of her. We were on her track to Chinon or Poitiers, not knowing she was already in Tours. It is her brother who sits there wounded beside the holy-water font.»

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

LOVE'S EPIPHANY.

THUS much the implacable face of life defies,
Thus much defies death's absolute decree:
One hour that claims of fate immunity
By right divine of birth; not suppliant-wise,
But calm, triumphal, in compellent guise,
This one redress, this salvage, falls to me,
This one hour spared of all eternity,
Saved of the sacrificial flames that rise.
We two, within the cinctured silence there,
Looking on God's fair world with quickened sight
In that awed hush when souls meet face to face,
Through the heart's deep discernment were aware
Of rushing wings and sudden blinding light,
As of Love's visible presence in the place.

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

HOW FOOD IS USED IN THE BODY.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MEN IN A RESPIRATION APPARATUS.

Judd Hall, Wesleyan University.

HOW does the body make use of its food? What ingredients make muscle and fat and blood and bone and brain? Which yield heat and force? What proportions of different food-materials are needed by people of different classes for the building and repair of tissue, and for the yielding of energy for warmth and work? Such are some of the questions which modern science is asking, and for which physiological chemists are seeking answers by actual experiments with animals and with man. The larger part of the inquiry is carried on in Europe, but of late it has been undertaken actively in the United States. For some time past research has been going on in the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan University, in co-operation with the Storrs (Connecticut) Experiment Station, and under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture. A preliminary report of several experiments upon the transformation of material in the body has just been published. The purpose of the present article is to give a brief summary of the results. This I am very glad of the opportunity to do, the more so for the sake of correcting numerous unauthorized and incorrect statements which have appeared in public prints.

One fundamental question proposed in these experiments is this: How much of each of the different nutritive ingredients of food does a man actually consume in his body under different conditions of rest and work? Or, to put it in another way, Will a given diet, containing certain amounts of nutrients, supply more or less of each than he needs? This means that the experiments are intended to show just how much of each of the nutritive ingredients the body requires, and how much of its own substance it will gain or lose when supplied with a given diet.

At first thought it might seem very easy for a man to find whether he gains or loses body material on a given diet, and with any particular kind of work, by simply weighing himself on accurate scales. But the gain or loss of weight does not show what kinds of material the body has gained or lost. For instance, a man may grow heavy with a certain diet, but the scales do not show whether this increase in weight is muscle or fat or water. He may reduce his weight by reducing his food, or by increasing his muscular exercise, or by the use of drugs; but the scales do not show how much of this loss is fat, which perhaps he would be glad to be rid of, or how much is muscular or other tissue, which he cannot afford to lose. The only way to get at the facts is by accurate measurement of the income and outgo of the body.

When we speak of food and drink we think of such things as meat, bread, potatoes, milk, and the like. But for the present purpose we must consider the ingredients of the food. These are, first, the chemical elements, nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc.; and, second, the compounds of these elements, such as water, protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matters.[1]

[1] The principal classes of nutritive ingredients, or nutrients, of food are: (1) Protein compounds—*e.g.*, albumin, or white of egg; myosin, the principal ingredient of muscle and of lean meat; casein (curd) of milk; and gluten of wheat. These compounds are also called albuminoids, because they are all more or less similar to albumin. The collagen of tendon and the ossein of bone, which make gelatin, are also protein compounds. The term «proteids» is also applied to these protein compounds. (2) Fats—*e.g.*, the fat of meat, butter fat of milk, oil of olives and of wheat, etc. (3) Carbohydrates—*e.g.*, starches and sugars. The fats and carbohydrates consist of the chemical elements carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. The protein compounds contain these and nitrogen also. The protein compounds of the food are the tissue-formers: they form muscle and blood and bone; they build up the bodily machine, and keep it in repair. The fats and carbohydrates serve as fuel. The protein compounds serve as fuel also, though to a limited degree.

The energy is measured by heat-units, or calories, one calory being the heat that would raise a kilogram of water one degree centigrade, or, what is the same thing, a pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit. This heat, transformed into mechanical power, would be equivalent to about 1½ foot-tons—that is to say, it would suffice to raise a weight of 1½ tons one foot. It is possible to measure energy, whether in the form of heat or mechan-

The income of the body consists of food, drink, and the oxygen of inhaled air. The outgo includes the carbonic acid and water given off by the lungs and skin, and the water and other ingredients of the products eliminated by the kidneys and intestine. In the experiments here described we find the weights of these substances and the proportions of their chemical compounds and elements; and from these we find the weights of elements and compounds of the income and of the outgo. Comparing one with the other, we have the figures for striking the balance of income and outgo of matter. In the experiments for this purpose, not only the food and the solid and liquid excreta, but also the inhaled and exhaled air, have to be measured, weighed, and analyzed. In other words, the products of respiration have to be taken into account. Accordingly, the apparatus for collecting and measuring the air is called a respiration apparatus, and the experiments are called respiration experiments. The respiration apparatus here described is the same in principle as that devised by the German experimenter Pettenkofer, and described in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June, 1887, though the details and the methods of experimenting are different.

But there is another balance to be considered—that of energy. In the food we receive potential energy, or, to use a more familiar expression, latent force. When the nutrients of the meat and the bread are transformed in the body, their potential energy is likewise transformed into the muscular energy which the body uses for its work, and into the heat that keeps it warm; and, according to the belief of many investigators, a considerable part is used for intellectual work, for the labor of the brain.

When the energy of the food is transformed in the body, part is given off in the form of heat, and part is used for the muscular work which the body performs. Attempts are being made by several European investigators to develop forms of apparatus for measuring the heat thus given off from the body of a man or an animal, and likewise for measuring the heat-equivalent of the muscular work performed. The term «calorimeter» is also applied to such an apparatus for heat measurement. These measurements are being attempted in connection with the experiments here described, and hence the name «respiration calorimeter» has been given to the apparatus.

HOW THE EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE—THE APPARATUS.

THE experiments are made with a man inside a cabinet, or a respiration chamber, as it is called. It is in fact a box of copper incased in walls of zinc and wood. In this chamber he lives—eats, drinks, works, rests, and sleeps. There is a constant supply of fresh air for ventilation. The temperature is kept at the point most agreeable to the occupant. Within the chamber are a small folding cot-bed, a chair, and a table. In the daytime the bed is folded and laid aside, so as to leave room for the man to sit at the table or to walk to and fro. His promenade, however, is limited, the chamber being 7 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 6⅓ feet high. Food and drink are passed into the chamber through an aperture which serves also for the removal of the solid and liquid excretory products, and the passing in and out of toilet materials, books, and other things required for comfort and convenience.

Outside are machinery for maintaining the current of air through the chamber, and apparatus for measuring and analyzing this air. There are also appliances for measuring

ical power or electrical energy. The potential energy of the food is measured in the chemical laboratory by burning it with oxygen in an apparatus called the calorimeter. A pound of protein, sugar, or starch would yield about 1860 calories, while a pound of fat, like the fat of meat, would yield 4220 calories.

In the explanations of the experiments, the terms «consumed» and «consumption» are applied to the materials, both of food and body tissue, which are either burned for fuel or are otherwise broken down and used to meet the demands of bodily and mental activity.

Of the more purely scientific aspects of such research this is hardly the place to speak. These experiments, in the main, confirm the results of previous inquiry in showing that muscular labor is performed at the expense of the fats, sugars, and starches. It is also clear that the body may draw upon protein for this purpose; but we have yet to learn just what are the conditions under which protein is used for muscular work. One of the most interesting questions for study is that of the sources of intellectual activity. Whether this will ever be solved no one can tell to-day; but apparently, if the solution is possible, the way to accomplish it is by accurate study of the income and outgo of the body.

Still another problem, and one of no less intense interest, is that which has to do with the transformation and the conservation of energy in the living organisms. Is the animal organism subject to the same physical laws as those which govern the inorganic world? How does the body use the energy which is at its disposal? A number of investigators are addressing themselves most earnestly to these problems to-day. The results of our own experiments are not yet ready for publication, but I may say that they are such as to give good hope for ultimate success.

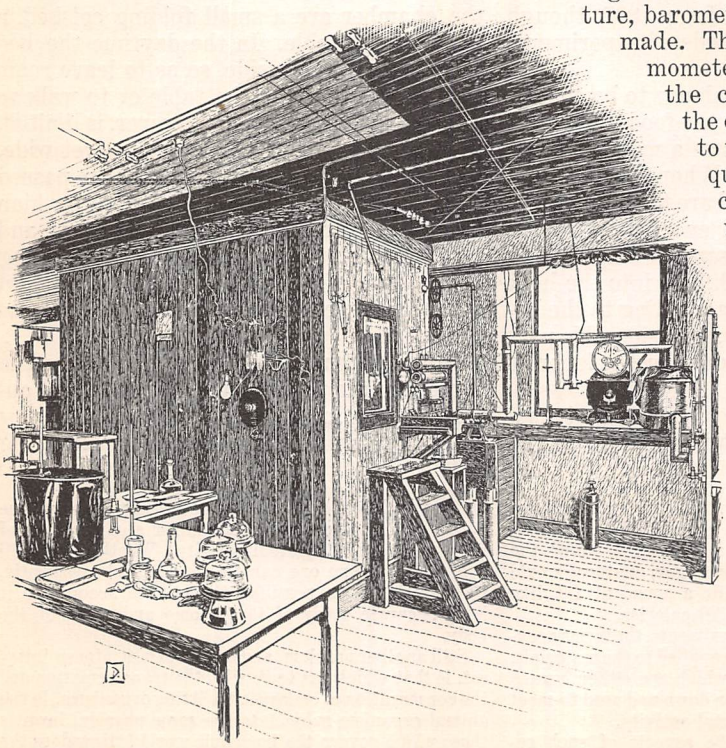
the heat given off from the body. These, however, are not described, as they are not used for the experiments here reported.

DAILY ROUTINE OF EXPERIMENTS.

THE actual carrying out of an experiment is a much more complex matter than the brief descriptions above would imply. The amount of labor involved is very considerable. During the day a force of five or six observers and assistants are employed. During the night, when the occupant is asleep, the force is reduced to three. In the experiments thus far reported the person remained inside the respiration chamber for 2¼ days, 5 days, and 12 days. It was necessary, however, as a part of these experiments, to learn just how much of the food eaten was actually digested. For this purpose a digestion experiment was made. This was begun in each case before the respiration experiment, and continued until the end of the latter. In the digestion experiment account was taken of the weights and composition of the food and the undigested residue, the difference between the two showing the amounts of the different ingredients actually digested from the food. On the second or third day of the digestion experiment the subject entered the respiration chamber. The occupants of the chamber passed the time in such ways as were most agreeable under the circumstances. They observed regular hours of eating and sleeping. They had almost no opportunity for exercise, though, of course, they could walk to and fro from one end of the chamber to the other. In one experiment, however, a special arrangement was made for vigorous muscular labor. The men had abundant opportunity for reading, they conversed with the experimenters outside as they chose, and the monotony was agreeably broken in upon from time to time by visitors.

The routine of each day was somewhat as follows: The night force of operators was relieved at 7 o'clock A. M. The chemist of the night force changed the absorption-tubes for the analysis of the air. The day chemist began his daily round of work. The readings of the air-meter, and of temperature, barometric pressure, etc., were made. The observations of thermometer and hygrometer inside the chamber were noted by the occupant, and telephoned to the observer outside. Inquiries were made as to the condition of the man within the chamber, and any things needed for his comfort received early attention in the morning. Breakfast was ordinarily served at about 7: 30 A. M., dinner at 12: 30, and supper at 6. The analyses were conducted, and the other details of the experiments, which were very numerous, were regularly attended to.

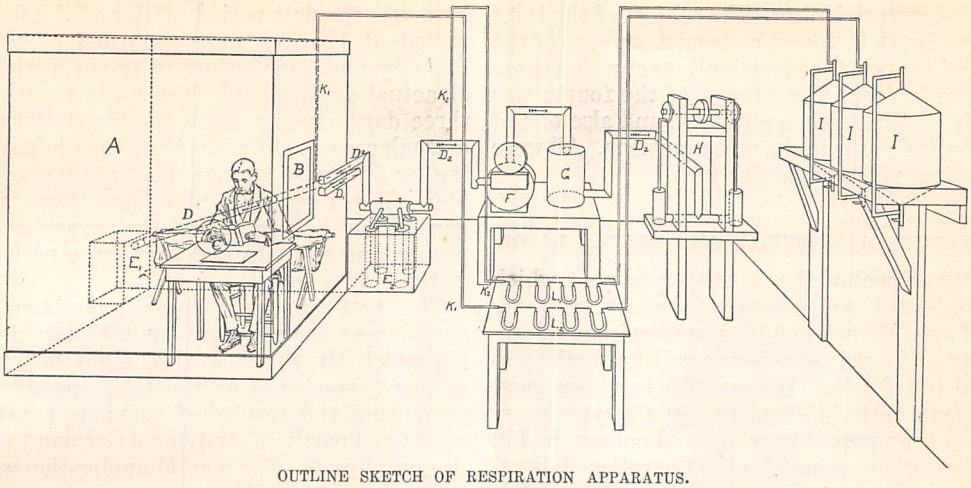
In former researches of this class, all of which have been made in Europe, the experimental periods have been much shorter, generally twenty-four hours or less. There has always been the feeling, however, that



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

THE RESPIRATION CHAMBER.

This shows the chamber as it appeared when the experiments were made. The exterior is of wood; inside is a box of sheet copper in which the subject stays. The steps lead to the small glass door. At the right are the pipes for the ventilating current of air, and the meter by which the air is measured. Other apparatus not shown here stood still further to the right.



OUTLINE SKETCH OF RESPIRATION APPARATUS.

A is the respiration chamber, which on the outside suggests a large refrigerator. The glass opening (B) in the front end consists of three doors corresponding to the metal and wooden walls of the chamber. These doors are about two feet square, to admit light and to allow the entrance of a man. The light within is sufficient for reading and working. The food aperture (D) is a brass tube, six inches in diameter, through which food, toilet articles, etc., are passed in and out; caps at the outer and inner ends being screwed on, removed, and replaced, so as to prevent entrance or escape of air. A telephone wire runs through the walls of the chamber. The current of air in these experiments is kept in motion by an air-pump (H). It enters by the pipes D_1, D_1 and passes out by D_2, D_2. Before the air enters the chamber it is cooled by the refrigerating apparatus E_1, in which nearly all of its moisture is collected. Coming out, it passes through another refrigerating apparatus (E_2), and thence through a meter (F), by which the volume is measured. As the air-current is irregular, owing to the motion of the pump, a tension-equalizer (G) is placed between the pump and the meter.

Samples of air for analysis are drawn by the aspirators (I, I, I). These samples pass through the tubes K_1 and K_2, and through the absorption-tubes (L_1 and L_2). These latter remove the water and carbonic acid from the air, and their increase in weight during a given period shows the amounts of the latter in the samples. For later experiments a special air-pump has been provided which both measures the total volume of air and delivers aliquot samples for analysis.

The food is prepared and cooked, and the analyses of samples of the food, drink, and excretory products are made, in adjoining rooms of the chemical laboratory.

such short experiments were less reliable than was to be desired. The details of these experiments show that this suspicion is well grounded, and that to get such results as are really needed, long experimental periods are necessary.

People often express surprise that any one can be found who is willing to stay in the chamber for so long a time. They say, «How can you persuade men to go in there? It must be extremely disagreeable.» But really it is not at all uncomfortable. Dr. Tower, who was the subject of an experiment of five days, insists that he rather enjoyed his stay in the chamber. He felt, when he entered, as if he were starting on a sea voyage. «It had this distinguishing feature, however, that the journey was to be made entirely alone. I was the only passenger, and I could talk with the crew only by telephone.» It was, of course, more or less monotonous; but between reading, writing, and looking out of the window, talking with the experimenters outside, and seeing occasional visitors, the time passed quite comfortably. The last entry in his journal is as follows: «As I watched them preparing to open the doors at the end of my five days' stay, I could hardly believe that I would soon be where I could take more than four steps without turning, and where I could see more of the world than the laboratory window disclosed. The confinement has not hurt me in the least, and I feel as well as ever.»

THE EXPERIMENTS THEMSELVES.

THE results of four experiments on the transformations of material in the body have been published.[1] The first two, of $2\frac{1}{4}$ days each, were made with Mr. E. Osterberg,

[1] See a bulletin entitled «Preliminary Report of Investigations on Metabolism by Man,» published by the Office of Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture. A less detailed report is published in the report of the Storrs Experiment Station for 1896, copies of which may be obtained from the Hon. T. S. Gold, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, West Cornwall, Conn.

It would be ungracious to omit mention of the share borne by my associates in the work here described. Professor E. B. Rosa has had the general charge of the physical side of the inquiry from the outset, and has been ably assisted by Mr. A. W. Smith and others. Professor C. D. Woods, and especially Dr. F. G. Benedict, have borne a large part of the burden of the chemical work, while Dr. O. F. Tower and Mr. A. P. Bryant have been efficient aids; and Mr. H. M. Burr and others have also rendered valuable assistance.

a laboratory janitor. The subject of the third was Dr. O. F. Tower, a chemist, and one of the assistants in the investigations of which these form a part. The subject of the fourth was Mr. A. W. Smith, a physicist, and also one of the assistants in the investigations. All were young, vigorous, active men.

EFFECTS OF MUSCULAR AND MENTAL LABOR.

THE subject of the fourth experiment, which continued twelve days, was twenty-two years of age. He weighed 156 pounds without clothing, and was in excellent condition, both mental and physical. His early life had been spent upon a farm in Vermont, but the later years had been passed in school and college, and in the work of an assistant in the college laboratory. These occupations involved but little muscular activity. He was accustomed, however, to take a fair amount of exercise with his bicycle and otherwise. He was a small rather than a large eater. A study of the diet of his family, made by him on the occasions of visits at home in both summer and winter, showed that the food consumption to which he had been accustomed was rather small, especially in the amount of protein.

His diet was of his own selection, as in the other cases. He assumed that with the small amount of physical exercise which he would have during most of the time, somewhat less food would be needed than he was accustomed to consume. The results showed that in attempting to reduce the supply to what he presumed would be the need, he made the diet too small, so that it did not quite suffice to meet the needs of his body. The daily food and the amounts of nutrients were as follows:

Experiment No. 4. *A. W. S., Physicist.* 12 *days.*[1]

DAILY MENU.

Breakfast.	Grams.	Dinner.	Grams.	Supper.	Grams.
White bread	75	Beefsteak	96	Milk	500
Oatmeal	40	White bread	75	Brown bread	250
Beans, baked	120	Potatoes	100		
Milk	150	Butter	30		
Butter	15	Apples	125		
Sugar	20				

NUTRIENTS AND ENERGY IN DAILY FOOD.

	Protein.	Fat.	Carbohydrates.	Fuel value.
	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.	Calories.
In total food	101	65	329	2740
In food digested	93	62	321	2500

The whole twelve days of the experiment were divided into five periods. Of these, however, the first period of $1\frac{5}{8}$ and the final period of $1\frac{3}{8}$ days were regarded as preliminary and supplementary to the periods of actual experiment. They made together three days, during which Mr. Smith did no muscular work, but passed the time in reading, or otherwise, as was most agreeable to him. The remaining nine days were regarded as belonging to the experiment proper, and were divided into three periods of three days each.

The first of these three experimental periods was one of severe mental labor, during which Mr. Smith worked eight hours a day or thereabouts at the table, partly in computing the results of previous experiments and partly in studying a German treatise on physics. The mental application was as severe as he could well make it, or, as he expressed it in college parlance, «It was good, hard grinding.»

The second period was one of as nearly absolute rest as possible. He sat at the table or reclined upon the cot during the day, sleeping, of course, at night as usual. He says very aptly, «I tried to vegetate, and think I succeeded pretty well.»

During the third experimental period, likewise of three days, Mr. Smith engaged for eight hours a day in raising and lowering a heavy weight which was suspended by a cord passing over a pulley at the top of the chamber. The cord was grasped by a handle at one end, and the raising and lowering were done by movement, not of the arms only, but of the whole body. The exercise was decidedly severe, and the day's work exhausting.

The results summarized below are those of the three experimental periods proper. Those for the short preliminary and closing periods, in which no work was done, are very similar to those of the experimental period of absolute rest.

	Protein. Grams.	Energy. Calories.
In the daily income—*i.e.*, in the digested nutrients of the food in each period	93	2500
In the daily outgo—*i. e.*, material consumed:		
Period of severe mental work	79	2595
Period of rest	78	2715
Period of severe muscular work	98	4325

The daily gains and losses of the body were:

Period.	Protein. Grams.	Fat. Grams.	Energy. Calories.
Severe mental work	gain 14	loss 17	loss 95
Rest	gain 15	loss 41	loss 215
Severe muscular work	loss 5	loss 192	loss 1825

[1] It will be remembered that 28.4 grams = 1 ounce, and 453.6 grams = 1 pound, avoirdupois.

Two things are brought out very clearly by this experiment. One is the very large amount of material that is used with muscular work. During the periods of rest and of mental work, 78–79 grams, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, of protein sufficed to meet the daily needs of Mr. Smith's body; but with the severe muscular work the protein consumption rose to 98 grams. The fuel-value of the materials consumed during the days of rest and mental work ranged from 2600 to 2700 calories, but with the severe muscular work it was increased to 4325 calories. In this case the food did not supply enough, and the body drew upon its stock of reserve material. The draft was partly upon the protein, but mainly on the fat of the body. This is in accordance with very extensive European investigations upon the subject. The chief fuel ingredients are the carbohydrates and fats. When the food does not supply fuel enough the body draws upon its supply of these substances, especially its fat. In Mr. Smith's case, during the periods of rest and severe mental work the body stored about half an ounce of protein and lost about an ounce of fat daily; but with the hard muscular labor it was estimated to lose $\frac{1}{6}$ ounce of protein and $6\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of fat. If the daily food had been increased during the days of muscular work by doubling the amount of sugar and adding half a pound of bacon, the fuel would have about sufficed to meet the emergency. Whether it would have saved the protein from consumption, experiment alone can tell.

The other point of special interest is the consumption of material by the body during the period of severe mental work as compared with the period of rest. In this particular experiment the amounts actually used up were virtually the same in the two periods. In order to learn the effect of mental work upon the demands of the body, it will be necessary to make a large number of very accurate experiments, to extend them over considerable time, and to study very carefully the income and outgo of phosphorus, sulphur, and other elements, as well as of nitrogen and carbon. All this will doubtless come in good time.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

THE chief interest of experiments of this kind, from the purely practical standpoint, is in the light they throw upon the ways in which the food is used in the body, and the kinds and amounts which are appropriate for people of different classes and under different circumstances. Of course these few preliminary trials are by no means sufficient to warrant any broad conclusions. Their main value is in the promise they give of what may be done by patient, long-continued, careful experimenting. Much has already been done in this direction in Europe, and there is reason to believe that research will increase both there and in the United States.

One of the many lessons which such inquiry will teach is reasonably clear. Physicians tell us that a large amount of the disease with which they have to deal, especially among well-to-do people without much manual labor, comes from overeating. During the last few years a considerable number of studies have been made of the kinds and amounts of food bought and used by people of different classes and occupations in a number of places in the United States. These have included several groups of professional men and college students, whose eating-habits are doubtless fairly representative. The digestible protein of the daily food of the different groups is computed to range from 93 to 117, averaging 99 grams, and the energy from 2830 to 3965 calories, averaging 3390 calories. In the four experiments above referred to, the three young, vigorous men were actually found to use on the average 108 grams of digestible protein, with 2660 calories of energy when not engaged in manual labor. A series of respiration experiments, made a number of years ago in Munich, by Professor Voit, Dr. Ranke, and others, gave similar results. A little more food would doubtless be needed for ordinary indoor mental labor. A number of studies of dietaries of well-to-do and well-fed men in professional life—lawyers, physicians, and university professors—in Germany and Denmark have shown an average consumption of a very little more protein, and hardly any more energy, than were used by the men in the respiration apparatus.

The inference is that the people in professional and business life in the United States, whose labor is mostly mental and indoors, are inclined to eat more than they need, and that the special excess is in the fuel ingredients, that is to say, the fats and carbohydrates. Taking the results of these and various other experiments together, the details of which cannot be quoted here, we are, I think, justified in believing that the diet of a very large number of people is out of balance. It contains an excess of food-material, and this excess is largely due to the eating of fat meats, sugar, and the starchy foods. These results of accurate observa-

tion and experiment thus accord with and explain the current opinion of hygienists as to our ordinary habit of overeating.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF SUCH INQUIRY.

ONE favorable indication for the future is that these problems are being studied in Europe and, of late, in the United States. There is reason to hope that, with the rapid progress of science in other lines, it may advance in this direction likewise until the laws of the nutrition of man and of animals shall be far better understood. We may also hope that the knowledge will be disseminated and so applied in practical life that great good will come, not only to health and strength and purse, but to the higher intellectual and moral interests of mankind as well.

W. O. Atwater.

HOME LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

RECORDS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

THERE are no locks and keys in an Indian tribe. In the tent there is no closet; in the home there can be no secret, for the family skeleton, if there is one, is also public property. This lack of privacy in personal and social affairs becomes a definite factor in the education of the people; its exigencies are potent in the fixing of external habits and in the formation of personal character. The constant exposure to observation, the impossibility of wrestling alone with his petty faults during the formative period of life, develops in the Indian two extremes of feeling—obtuseness as to the interests of others, and over-sensitiveness to blame or approbation of himself. There is no covering up of the follies of youth; every lapse from the tribal standard of rectitude is known to all; and when once fixed in the indelible Indian memory, it is not easy to outgrow one's shortcomings. Reformation of a lost character becomes a discouraging task where there is no forgetting, and where criticism is a common privilege and ridicule a weapon. Reserve is the Indian's only defense, and self-restraint his only safeguard; and these virtues are the earliest lessons which the child receives. Indian reserve, often mistaken for sullenness, is susceptible of philosophical explanation.

Living among the people, I could not fail to be soon impressed by their peculiarities. Occasionally an Indian would unaccountably become silent, would refuse to answer when spoken to, and would turn away from the other inmates of the lodge. His conduct did not seem to surprise or disturb anybody; the voluntary exile to Coventry was allowed to take his own way unmolested, and to return to society when and how he chose. After I had been for several weeks living in the lodge, never away from the sight and sound of the people, one day I suddenly found myself with my back to all the world, not wishing to speak to, or even to look at, any one. This discovery of my own behavior set me to thinking why I had been guilty of precisely the same conduct which in the Indian I had attributed to savagery. I found that the constant enforced presence of others produced such mental fatigue that exhausted nature's demand for relief must be met in some way, and was met in the only way open to me. This expression of my own mood enlightened me as to many phases of Indian character, and helped me to appreciate all the more the many invariably sunny natures of my acquaintance, among men and women, whose charity raised them above their fellows; who were able to shut their eyes to that which could not be concealed in the lives of those less strong than themselves to resist temptation.

The necessity which we feel of individualizing our living-place, of having some one spot sacred from intrusion, has been partly recognized and provided for in the Indian dwelling. It is true that all live upon the ground, sitting, sleeping, eating there; yet the space within the lodge is divided—not by visible partitions, but by assigning certain places by long-established custom to the several members of the family.

Entering the lodge from the east, one finds the fire burning in the center. All tents, except in rare instances, are pitched facing

the east. To the left, near the door, is the particular domain of the mother. Here are kept the stores in immediate use and the dishes and utensils for cooking. The location is convenient. The woman can slip in and out of the tent, disturbing no one, can bring in the wood and water, prepare the food and cook it at the fire unmolested, except by the toddling children or the voracious puppy. Beyond the mother's place, in the middle of the south side of the lodge, is the space set apart for the father. In the angular space behind him, made by the slant of the tent and the ground, he keeps his personal belongings and his tools. The father's place in the tent is never intruded upon by a stranger; but when a lodge is prepared for a ceremony, it is this place which is occupied by the host of the evening. The rear of the lodge, opposite the entrance, is where all guests are made welcome. It would be as discourteous for a visitor to pass between his host and the fire, and sit down anywhere he chose, as it would be to enter the private apartments of our homes, ignoring the reception-room. When a guest enters an Indian home he turns to the right, passes around the fire to the back of the tent, and seats himself silently where the place is always ready for him, furnished with mats, robes, or blankets. On the other side of the fire, opposite the father's seat, is the place reserved for the older members of the family: it may be the grandfather or the grandmother. By the door on the right the grown sons are to be found. They are supposed to be on the alert to serve their parents, to attend to the horses, or, if occasion require, to protect the family from harm. The children are tucked in among the elder folk, the girls being placed beyond their parents toward the back of the lodge, where they sit and play or sew, unmolested and unnoticed by the visitors who come and go. This order within the tent is so universal that were one to pass into a strange lodge in the dark, he could be reasonably sure of knowing the person he aroused by noting his location.

In the large communal houses, such as the Omaha earth-lodges of the last generation, where more than one family lived, and in the long houses of the Iroquois and of the Pacific tribes, where many groups of kindred were gathered together under one roof, and each family had its separate fire, a like etiquette regarding place was observed within each separate allotted space.

In the Indian family all property is individual; even the small children have their own belongings. Nothing is owned in common, nor does any one ever attempt to interfere in the control of another's possessions. The man owns his weapons and his tools, his own clothing and his horses; to the wife belongs the tent with the robes, and she owns the domestic utensils and her own particular horses, and all property used in common by the family is hers, over which she holds unquestioned right of disposition.

One day at a festival an Indian acquaintance of mine gave away a valuable horse. I was surprised at her act, knowing something of the circumstances of the family; and I privately asked her, as we sat together, if her husband was willing to part with the animal. She looked at me blankly for a moment, and then said: «The horse was mine; what had he to say about it?» I ventured to explain that a white woman would first have asked her husband's consent. «I would n't be a white woman,» she said, after a little reflection, as she sprang up to join the dance, her snapping necklaces and ear-pendants emphasizing her opinion as she kept time to the rhythm of the song.

One would hardly suppose that there could be particular rules as to the manner of sitting upon the ground; but here, as in every other part of Indian life, there is a rigid observance of custom. Men may properly sit upon their heels or cross-legged, but no woman may assume these attitudes. She must sit sidewise, gathering her feet well under her, and make a broad, smooth lap. When working she may kneel or squat, and when resting she, as well as the men, may sit with legs extended; but at all other times men and women must observe the etiquette of posture distinctive of sex. To rise without touching the ground with the hand, springing up lightly and easily to the feet, is a bit of good breeding very difficult for one not to the manner born. Careful parents are particular to train their children in these niceties of behavior. Among the Winnebagos the little girls are drilled in the proper way of standing when under observation on dress occasions. Their position of feet and hands is also the proper one for the women in certain religious dances. While among the Sioux, a mother with a good-sized family of boys and girls propounded to me the question whether white women did not find their daughters more trouble than their sons; she was sure she did. «Look at those girls,» said she; «I have their clothes to make, their hair to braid, and to see that they learn how to behave. Now, my boys are no trouble.» As I glanced at the group of children, the glossy

braids of the girls falling over their single smock, and the boys, naked but for the breech-clout, their miniature scalp-lock ornamented with a brass sleigh-bell surmounting a snarl of frowzy hair, I recognized the kinship of maternal perplexities the world over.

Indian good breeding forbids that a newly arrived guest should be spoken to until he has rested, collected his thoughts, and at his own pleasure opened the conversation. The talk at first is always upon light, common topics; if there is any matter of weight to be presented or discussed, though it may be the special object of the visit, it is reserved until the last, often one or two days passing before it is even mentioned.

The guests of an Indian home who are not relatives are generally elderly persons; young people seldom make visits outside their family circle, which, however, is never narrow, owing to the far-reaching recognition of Indian relationships. Sometimes a young man of prominence is the bearer of a message from one chief to another, and then he is ceremoniously received, and after transacting his business he departs as he came, unknown even by name to the younger members of the family.

In the Indian household, as in our own, children bear an important part. The baby is the constant companion of its mother; not that other members of the family do not share in the care of it, but the little one is kept closely under the maternal eye. Soon after birth it is laid in its own bed, which is often profusely ornamented, and is always portable. A board about a foot wide and three feet long is covered with a feather pillow or with layers of soft skins. Upon these the baby is fastened by broad bands of skin, flannel, or calico. When asleep the child's arms are bound under cover, but they are released when it awakes. A great portion of the infant's time is spent lying upon a soft robe or blanket, where it can kick and crow to its heart's content. If, however, the mother should be so engaged as to be frequently called out of the tent, the baby is laced upon its board, and hung up under a tree, or placed where there is no danger of falling. Should the mother have to go any distance from home, she will slip the strap of the board over her head, and the baby goes along, winking at the great world from its mother's back. Long journeys on horses are made by babies snugly packed and hung from the horn of the mother's saddle.

There is something to be said in favor of the *tekas*, as the Nez Percés call the babies' cradle-board, as a safe means of handling and carrying infants. The child is not lifted by its arms or weighted by long garments, nor is its feeble back strained in balancing on the arm of its nurse. By this simple, comfortable device Indian babies are secured from tumbles and the many other mishaps which come to the child in civilization.

Each tribe has its peculiar fashion in the construction and ornamentation of the cradle-board. The head of the infant is generally so arranged as to rest upon the back, so that nearly all Indian heads show a slight flattening of the occiput. In a large family where I was a familiar guest, I noticed that the youngest child had not this peculiarity, and calling the mother's attention to it, she laughingly said: «I never could keep that boy on the board. The older ones would always take him off to play with him. His head was always rolling, and I think that is what makes him so mischievous now.»

Swinging cradles are made by setting two crotched sticks in the ground, between which are stretched ropes made of withes, over which a skin or blanket is folded. The father is often seen, as he fashions or mends his implements, swinging the little one to keep it asleep.

Children when five or six months old, and until they are able to walk firmly, are often carried on the back. The mother's blanket is drawn up over the child, which during the adjustment clings closely about its mother's neck. She crosses the upper corners of the blanket over her breast, tucking them in her girdle, which also holds the blanket close at the back; then the mother gives a gentle but decided shrug, and the child loosens its arms and settles into its bag-like bed, peering comfortably over its mother's shoulder.

The crying of infants is always prevented, if possible; but I have never heard a little one put to sleep with a song. Both men and women make a weird sound for a lullaby. It is like the wind in the pine-trees. Who knows what far-away echoes of ancient migrations by forest and ocean may linger in this bit of nursery lore?

When the Omaha infant is four or five days old, the father calls together to a feast the principal men of his gens. On this occasion those who belong to the father's sub-gens act as hosts, and, according to Indian custom, cannot partake of the food. After the repast, an old man, selected by the father from his near of kin, bestows upon the child a *ne-ke-ae* name—one belonging to

the father's sub-gens, but not borne by any living person.

In some gentes there is the additional ceremony of placing the peculiar objects of taboo beside the infant, or of painting their symbols upon it, as in the Tapa, a deer gens, when the child is decorated with spots like those of the fawn. The penalties attached to any disobedience of the rules of its gens respecting the use of proscribed articles are then recited over the new-born Omaha child.

There is a belief in the tribe that certain persons understand the language of infants. When a baby cries persistently, as if in distress, some one of these knowing folk is sent for to listen to the child and find out its trouble. So, also, there is a notion that an infant can be impressed by the instruction imparted to it when its tribal name is bestowed.

In olden times no Omaha child put on moccasins or had its hair cut until these acts were first performed ceremonially by an old man of the *In-shtá-sunda* gens, to whom had descended this tribal duty.[1] In the spring, when the grass was well up and the corn planted, the parents took their three-year-old boy, who could now «walk steadily,» to the tent of the In-shtá-sunda. The mother carried with her a little pair of embroidered moccasins, wherein she had stitched many hopes and plans for her son, while gifts for the old man were borne in the arms of the child's little playmates. On entering the tent the mother said, «Venerable man, I desire my child to wear moccasins.» The boy was then led up to the old man, who gathered in his hand the hair on the top of the child's head, tied it in a bunch, then cut it off and laid it away. This done, he clothed the little feet in the new moccasins, and grasping the boy by the arms near the shoulders, lifted him from the ground, turned him slowly to the left, lowering him at each point of the compass until his feet touched the earth, and in this way completed the circle. This was repeated four times, and when the feet of the boy rested on the ground at the completion of the final circuit, he was gently urged forward with this invocation:

> May Wakanda have compassion upon you.
> May your feet rest long upon the earth.
> Walk forth now into the path of life.

When the boy reached home his hair was trimmed by his father in the symbolic manner of his gens,[2] and every spring until he was seven or eight years old his hair was cut in this symbolic style. After that it was suffered to grow, and was dressed in the general tribal fashion. Now and ever after through life a small lock was parted off in a circle upon the crown of the head, and kept carefully braided. Upon this scalp-lock the decorations of youth and the talisman of maturity were tied, and to braid these locks in fine strands was the duty and pride of the sister or wife.

There was a belief among the Omahas that there exists a subtle relation between a person and the things which he has worn or used. A father who was ambitious for his son to achieve a valorous career would take with him on some warlike expedition the moccasins of his boy. When the farthest part of his journey had been reached he would lay the little shoes upon the prairie, saying: «So shall my child walk far and bravely over the land»; and he would leave the moccasins there «to draw their owner after them.»

If grief for the loss of a child drove a man forth to kill or be killed, he carried in his belt the little moccasins of the dead. If he slew an enemy, he placed the moccasins beside the slain, in the belief that thenceforth his child would have a brave companion in the spirit-world to guide his faltering feet.

The summer days are none too long for Indian children at their play. They mimic the occupations of their elders. Miniature tents are set up, and the mother's shawl is sometimes purloined from her pack to serve as tent-covering. If the boys are inclined to gallantry, they will cut tall sunflower-stalks for poles, and there will be fine sport with a tent large enough to creep into; no matter if feet and legs protrude, heads are under cover, and children are children all the world over in the delight of «make-believe.» Boys and girls sometimes join in playing «going on the hunt»; the play tents are taken down, and poles and bundles tied upon the boy ponies, who are obedient or fractious, as the case may be, obstinate when fording streams, and stampeding when attacked by enemies. Some boys carry their pony reputations through life. Women have laughingly pointed out to me certain elderly men who were in childhood their «very bad» or their «very good ponies.»

Playthings are improvised by the Indian youngster with no small power of invention. Fine war-bonnets are made from corn-husks,

[1] This ceremony was elaborate, comprising a dramatic ritual, invocations to the unseen powers, with the use of certain symbols.

[2] In Vol. LI, p. 460, of THE CENTURY, the manner of cutting the hair of children in the different gentes of the Omaha tribe is illustrated.

at the expense of much time and labor, and everything that children see is modeled in clay: dishes, pipes, ponies, whole villages, show their imitative faculty, while coffins with a bit of glass set in the lid covering a pinched-up baby indicate their keen observation of new customs. Dolls vary as much as the children and their surroundings. Stone babies are not uncommon among the Alaskans, dull enough in appearance, but evidently responsive in the fancy of the small Northwesterner. Dollies made of fawn-skin, with painted eyes and cheeks and real hair, having hands with wonderfully tapering fingers, and clad in gala garments and moccasins fitting well their diminutive feet, are the delight of the children of the plains. One woman who was skilful in the manufacture of dolls made a pair for me, but refused to duplicate them, because she had already used nearly all her own hair in the construction of dolls. Hobby-horses for boys are as universal as dolls for girls. The sunflower-stalk with one nodding blossom left on the end is a favorite pony. In their races the boys ride one stalk and trail two or three others after them as «fresh horses,» thus increasing the dust and excitement of the play.

When the Omaha tribe is in camp, a boy of either side of the *Hoó-thu-ga*, or tribal circle, dares not venture to cross the invisible line which divides the In-shtá-sunda from the *Hun-ga-chey-nú*. If he were sent across on an errand, he would secure the company of several other boys of his own side, for a fight is as apt to take place as at the meeting of «gangs» in our own towns and villages. In general their sports are not characterized by quarrelsomeness, for Indian children are remarkably peaceable, and seldom require punishment.

Among Indians, as elsewhere, there are games with songs, which are traditional among the children; and «follow my leader» carries many a boy into plights full of rough-and-tumble fun, while ball, throwing sticks, hoop-catching, hunting the moccasin, and guessing-games delight the young and the old. Indeed, at an early age the love of chance games leads to the gambling away of all sorts of articles, from the varied treasures of a small boy's pockets to the entire property of the man. During winter there is coasting, with cakes of ice for sleds; or, placing one foot before the other upon a smooth stick curved like a barrel-stave, holding on to a string tied to the forward end with one hand, and with a long balancing-pole in the other, a lad will shoot down a bluff at fearful speed, avoiding disaster with wonderful skill.

The Nez Percé Indians during the winter formerly lived in communal lodges, which were from 100 to 150 feet in length and about 20 feet wide. The depressions in the earth where these dwellings stood are still visible at abandoned village sites on the borders of the Clearwater River. Twenty or more families occupied one of these long lodges; their fires were about ten feet apart, and between every two fires an elongated entrance projected from the side of the structure, with closely woven mats hung at the outer and inner openings.

The discipline of the children of a village was delegated to certain men called *Pe-wet-tá-te-pats* (the whippers). They were appointed by the chiefs, and inspired a wholesome awe in quarrelsome and disobedient boys and girls, and, indeed, in the whole juvenile population; for when any children in a lodge were reported as needing punishment, all the little folk were forced to share in it. The hour for this exercise was just at dark; and when the well-known step of the whipper was heard approaching, and the mat was lifted and fell behind him, every youngster began to howl in anticipation of approaching woe. The last one to lie down on his face and receive his thrashing was the really guilty one, that he might have the benefit of prolonged anticipation. The hubbub in the lodge at the hour of discipline is easier to fancy than to describe. Parents of an innocent child frequently contrived his absence at this time; he would be sent upon some errand, perhaps to catch a pony, and the little fellow would gladly plunge through snow and travel far to be beyond the reach of the rod. If, however, a really guilty child absented himself, the whipping was administered on his return. That many a boy, in his wrath, resolved to thrash the grandchildren of the Pe-wet-tá-te-pats when he grew up to be a man and was himself the whipper, is not to be wondered at. There may have been little philosophizing in the Nez Percé's mode of discipline, but he copied the methods of Nature, and his rules were as indiscriminating as her laws.

There is a general belief among Indians that children should be made hardy so as to be capable of great endurance later in life. In some tribes the training is severe, but the old men and women subjected to it when young are examples of vigor and activity when threescore and ten and even at fourscore years of age.

It was the rule among the Nez Percés that all boys and girls about thirteen years old, in good health, should plunge into the river every morning, and remain a given time up to their necks in water. The rapid stream was frequently filled with broken ice, and to prevent the body from being cut, a mat was tied about the neck and adjusted over the part most exposed to the running ice. The arms and legs were to be kept in violent motion, and the child must shout at the top of his lungs. Should he shirk or try to get out of the water too soon, the switch of the whipper would be sure to add to his torment; and should any one succeed in escaping the morning plunge, he took his whipping at night. On returning to the lodge, the children were wrapped in blankets and kept away from the fire during the period of reaction. A certain white pole in the lodge was the tally-post upon which every child marked in black each of his baths.

The Omahas are very careful to protect their children from cold when asleep. In the winter the mercury remains for a long time below zero, and the nights are often bitterly cold; then the little ones are put into robes, and laced up so that they cannot uncover themselves; two or three are sometimes thus tied up together by the watchful mother of the family.

In the Indian home no one is addressed by his personal name. It is very bad manners even to mention the name of a man or woman in his or her presence. Persons are spoken of by terms of relationship only, and I shall never forget my first practical introduction to the intricacies of the Indian system of consanguinity; the result of all my study upon the subject was as nothing before the incongruous complications that faced me. One day, determined to master my perplexities, I went to an Indian friend. «Do you think,» I said, «you can make me understand why you call the young man who was here yesterday ‹grandfather,› and the little girl who ran in this morning ‹mother›?»

«I never thought about it,» she answered; «but it must sound queer to you. The young man was father's uncle, so he is my ‹grandfather.›»

«I don't see why. I wish you would begin at the beginning.»

«Where is the beginning?»

Taking out my note-book, and writing as I spoke: «You call your father and mother

DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

INDIAN BOYS PLAYING «FOLLOW MY LEADER.»

as we do, and their brother and sister ‹uncle› and ‹aunt.›»

«No, I don't,» she interrupted. «Mother's brother I call ‹uncle,› and father's sister I call ‹aunt›; but mother's sister I call ‹mother,› and father's brother I call ‹father.›»

«Wait! I must write it down and look at it. You have no ‹uncles› on your father's side, nor ‹aunts› on your mother's. What do you call your cousin?»

«I have n't any. Those you call cousins I call ‹brothers› or ‹sisters,› except the children of my uncle; these, if girls, are ‹mothers,› and if boys are ‹uncles.›»

«Why?»

«I don't know that I can explain it.» Then, after a pause, she added: «A man has a right to marry his wife's niece,—that is, his wife's brother's daughter,—and we always speak of relations which might come about just as if they existed; so the daughter of my uncle might become my father's wife; therefore I call her ‹mother.›»

«I see. You call the girl ‹mother› because your father has the right to marry her, and the boy ‹uncle› because he is the brother of a possible ‹mother.›»

«You have it now.»

«I wonder if I can make out why you call your father's uncle ‹grandfather.› The uncle's daughter might be your father's ‹mother,› and you would address the father of the one your father called ‹mother› as ‹grandfather›?»

«That 's it,» she exclaimed; «I never thought it all out before. It is very simple.»

«I am glad it seems so to you, but I am

DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

OMAHA GIRLS FALLING INTO LINE FOR A GAME OF BALL.

sure I should have to work out my might, could, or should be ‹mothers,› ‹uncles,› and ‹grandfathers› like algebraic problems.»

«It does make trouble; not that way, but about getting married. Every girl has ever so many men who have a right to marry her; all whom she calls brothers-in-law have that right.»

«Talk slowly, and tell me whom you call ‹brothers-in-law.›»

«All the husbands of my sisters, and these husbands' brothers, and all the husbands of my aunts.»

«Why should you call all these men ‹brothers-in-law›?»

«According to Indian custom, a man has a right to marry all the ‹sisters› and ‹nieces› of his wife; you know, polygamy used to be common.»

«I understand. These ‹brothers-in-law› are potential husbands of your ‹sister›; but why does this make trouble in getting married?»

«Because,» she answered, «a young man has to give valuable presents to satisfy the claims of all these men who have a right to the girl.»

DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

OMAHA MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

«Is that why men give presents for girls?»

«It is partly the reason. Indians always cancel a claim by a gift; and besides, the young man must part with something he prizes to show that he cares for the girl he wants to marry. I have read hard things written about Indians buying and selling their women, and they seem unjust to me. Presents are a necessity, you see, according to our custom.»

The uncle is a privileged character in the home circle. He can play tricks upon nephews and nieces, which they may return in kind, and no offense will be taken by either. No such familiarity exists between the children and any other relative or friend. The uncle has in some instances a control over his sister's children rivaling that of the parents. In tribes where descent is traced only through the mother the uncle is the masculine head of the family; but where, as with the Omahas, the child follows the gens of his father, the uncle occupies the place of first friend and playmate to the children.

One evening the skin hanging over the lodge entrance was lifted, and the uncle stepped in, a handsome, merry fellow, wrapped in a red blanket. Something queer in the outline of it caught the eye of the eldest son of the family, a boy about twelve years old, who ran to see what was hidden under the folds of his uncle's robe, when suddenly a gun was leveled at the lad, who jumped away in pretended terror. The uncle, throwing himself down with a laugh, began taking the gun to pieces, the boy intently watching the operation.

«You shall have this gun,» said the uncle, «when you have earned it. You must dance for it.»

«All right,» said the boy, jerking his shoulders to make ready; then, lifting his feet, and bringing them down with a thud, with his small brown hands clutching tight the sides of his shirt, he vigorously kept time to his uncle's song and improvised drum.

«The hammer is won; now you must dance for the ramrod.»

«All right,» responded the lad, rising from

the robe upon which he had dropped to regain his breath; and again his feet and body rose and fell, the ribbons on his scalp-lock fluttering, and the perspiration dropping from his brows.

«The ramrod is yours. Here is the barrel; I can't let you have this unless your sister dances too.»

«Come,» said the boy, seizing the little girl's hand; and she, nothing loath, planted her wee moccasined feet close together, and hopped lightly about, with arms dropped by her side and body erect, her bead necklace glistening, and her glossy black braids shining in the firelight.

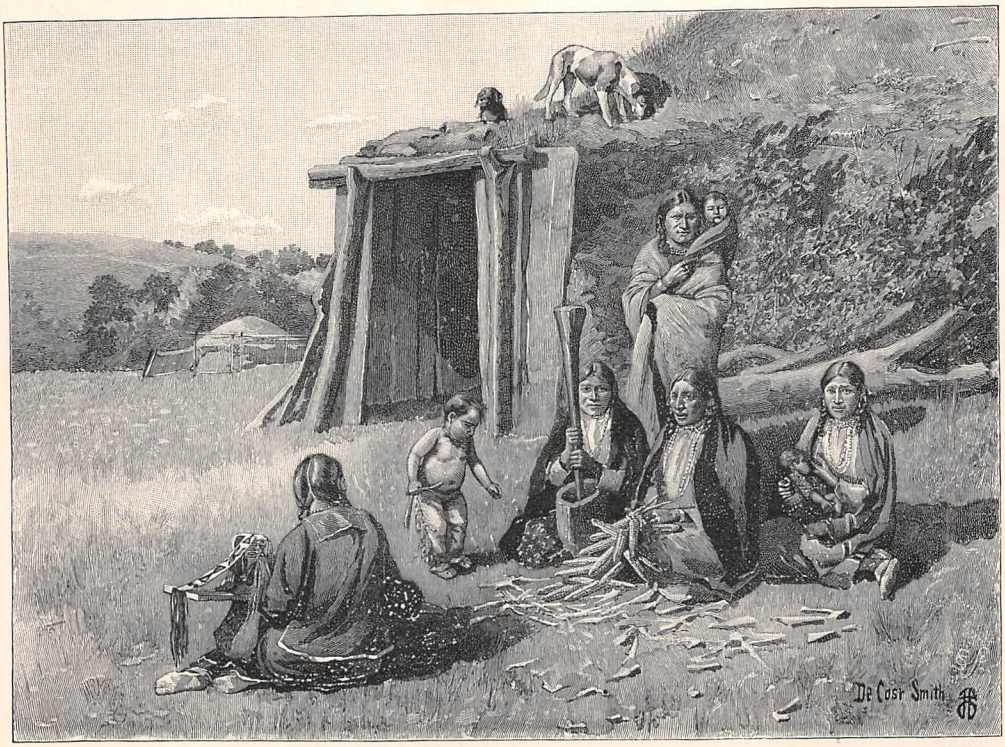
«This is all I have left,» said the saucy uncle, holding high over his head the gun-stock. «You can't have this unless—» here he paused and looked about with mischievous glee—«unless grandmother dances.»

Unchecked by this audacity, the boy grasped the old woman, crying breathlessly, «Oh, come, or I shall lose my gun!»

Shouts of laughter rang through the lodge as the grandmother, dropping her blanket, rose nimbly to her feet, and gallantly reinforced the excited boy. The elders recalled their youth as they watched her spirited movements, and the grandfather whispered, «The young women nowadays can't dance as the girls did when I was young.»

Close to every home lodge a play-house tent was set up by the mother, and here there was uproarious fun in the bright days. Thither the children carried their spare food, and sometimes their entire meal, that the little girls might give a feast to their playmates. Many a time, in passing among the lodges, I have heard the laughter of the children; and perhaps a merry face would peer out at the top of the baby tent, an old handkerchief bound about the head to keep in place a wig of yellow grass representing the locks of an old woman.

In the long winter evenings story-telling delighted both young and old. No one told tales in the summer, for the snakes would hear and make trouble. These folk-tales of the Indians resemble those found among all peoples the world over: men and animals involved in a common fate, befriending or opposing one another. Some of the myths were interspersed with songs, which the children teased their mothers to sing; and these constituted the only nursery music in the tribe. The adventures in the myths, with their songs, were sometimes turned into games by the little folk, who greatly enjoyed



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

EARTH-LODGE—WOMEN POUNDING AND BRAIDING CORN.

DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

INTERIOR OF AN EARTH-LODGE—DANCING FOR THE GUN.

representing the birds or animals of the stories.

There are home duties as well as pleasures for the children. Boys are required to look after the ponies, to lend a hand in planting, to help in the harvest; and they are often made to do active duty as scarecrows in the newly planted field, where, like little Bo-peep, they fall fast asleep. The girls help to gather wood, bring water, and look after the younger ones. As they grow older they are taught to cut, sew, and make garments. In former days, the old Omahas say, no girl was considered marriageable until she had learned to tan skins, make tents and clothing, prepare meat for drying, and could cultivate corn and beans; while a young man who had not learned to make his own weapons and to be a skilful hunter was not considered fitted to take upon himself the responsibilities of the provider of a family.

In the olden times the Omahas pounded their corn into a coarse meal, a few grains at a time, between two round stones, or reduced it to powder in a mortar made from a section of the trunk of a tree, which was hollowed out by burning. The bottom was sharpened to a point so it could easily be driven into the ground and the mortar made firm and steady. The pestle was a long stick shaped not unlike our ordinary pestle; but the blow was struck by the small end entering the mortar, the weight of the larger end adding effectiveness to the stroke.

On the Pacific coast and among the mountain tribes the *kaus* and other roots are still pounded fine on a flat stone, over which is placed a flaring basket, open at the bottom, and held in place by forked sticks catching the edge and driven into the ground. Into this basket mortar the roots are poured, after having been dried in a sort of oven made in the earth and lined with stones. The rapidity of stroke of the woman, lifting the stone pestle weighing several pounds, and bringing it down with precision on the foundation-stone, while with her left hand she sorts the roots within the basket, must be seen to be realized. These pestles, made from basaltic rock, are sometimes well shaped, and finished with an ornamentation at the top, and are not infrequently preserved through several generations.

Among the Omahas I collected a score of receipts for preparing and cooking corn; but for all that, there was little variety in Indian food. In the absence of any native animals producing milk and eggs, the cuisine was

necessarily limited, and opportunities for an elaborate menu were wholly wanting. The mother served the food to the family, but before partaking of it the ceremony of acknowledging that all is from Wakanda was usually observed. A bit of meat was raised, turned to the four points of the compass, and dropped into the fire. (In some feasts given by societies this remembrance became elaborate in form.) If any guests were invited, it was usual for them to bring their own dishes. As all families had to be ready to move camp upon short notice, it was useless to accumulate goods and chattels that could neither be transported nor left behind in safety; consequently there was no great number of extra dishes in any family. Indian custom obliged one to eat or to carry away all that was served him. The idea underlying this form of hospitality was that no one should travel hungry, the extra food serving for refreshment on the journey.

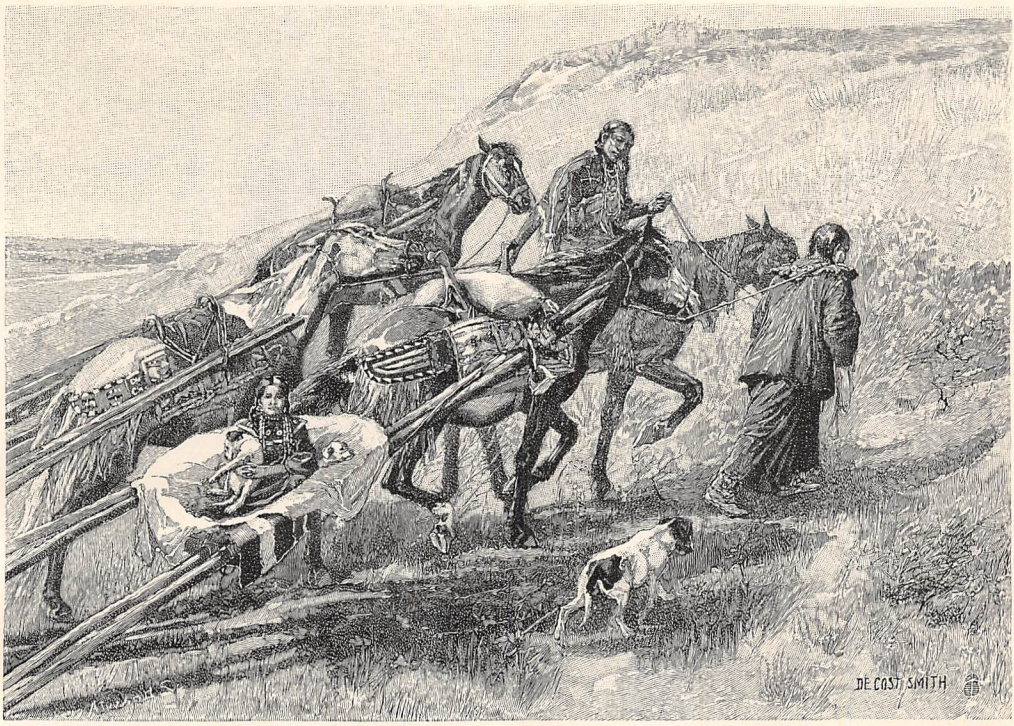
This custom, so unlike our own, has led to queer misunderstandings and criticisms, as when an Indian has been offered a platter containing the family supply of food, and he has gravely appropriated the whole. On the other hand, Indians have told me of their discomfort, when visiting white folk, at being forced to eat so much, not knowing that we permit a person to decline food without giving offense.

There is another custom, in violation of which a good missionary once became the subject of Indian criticism. Among the Sioux, if a kettle is borrowed, it must be returned with a portion of what was cooked in it remaining in the bottom. The missionary, desirous of setting an example of neatness, returned the borrowed vessel nicely cleaned, and was charged with being stingy and covetous, «like her race.»

The tribe, as has been shown, is made up of groups of kindred, and the life within these groups reveals a bond of affection strong and vital. Although words of endearment are seldom, if ever, spoken openly, there are other signs that betray the warm heart beneath the cold exterior. The Indian hazards his life for his friend. The cords of love between parent and child are the warp upon which are woven every feeling and every act. The love of country amounts to a passion, men and women longing with a fervor we cannot understand for the familiar scenes of their youth, clinging even to bits of detail in the never-to-be-forgotten landscape. Said an exiled Indian to me: «Oh, how I miss the color in the grass of my home!»

DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

NEZ PERCÉS POUNDING KAUS AND VISITING.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

MOVING CAMP.

Banished from his native soil, or bereft of his dear ones, the Indian easily falls into listlessness, or plunges into deeds that may end a life he no longer cares to cherish.

The entrance of death into the family circle rends the veil of silence that infolds the Indian. In the presence of his dead the Omaha breaks forth into terms of endearment that custom forbade should ever be poured into the ear of the living—words which bear the burden of a love stronger than death, but which must be heard only by the released spirit.

Long ago, in his mountain fastnesses, the heartbroken, aged Nez Percé gathered his dead son in his arms, and found comfort only in the opened grave, which closed over the dead and the living together.

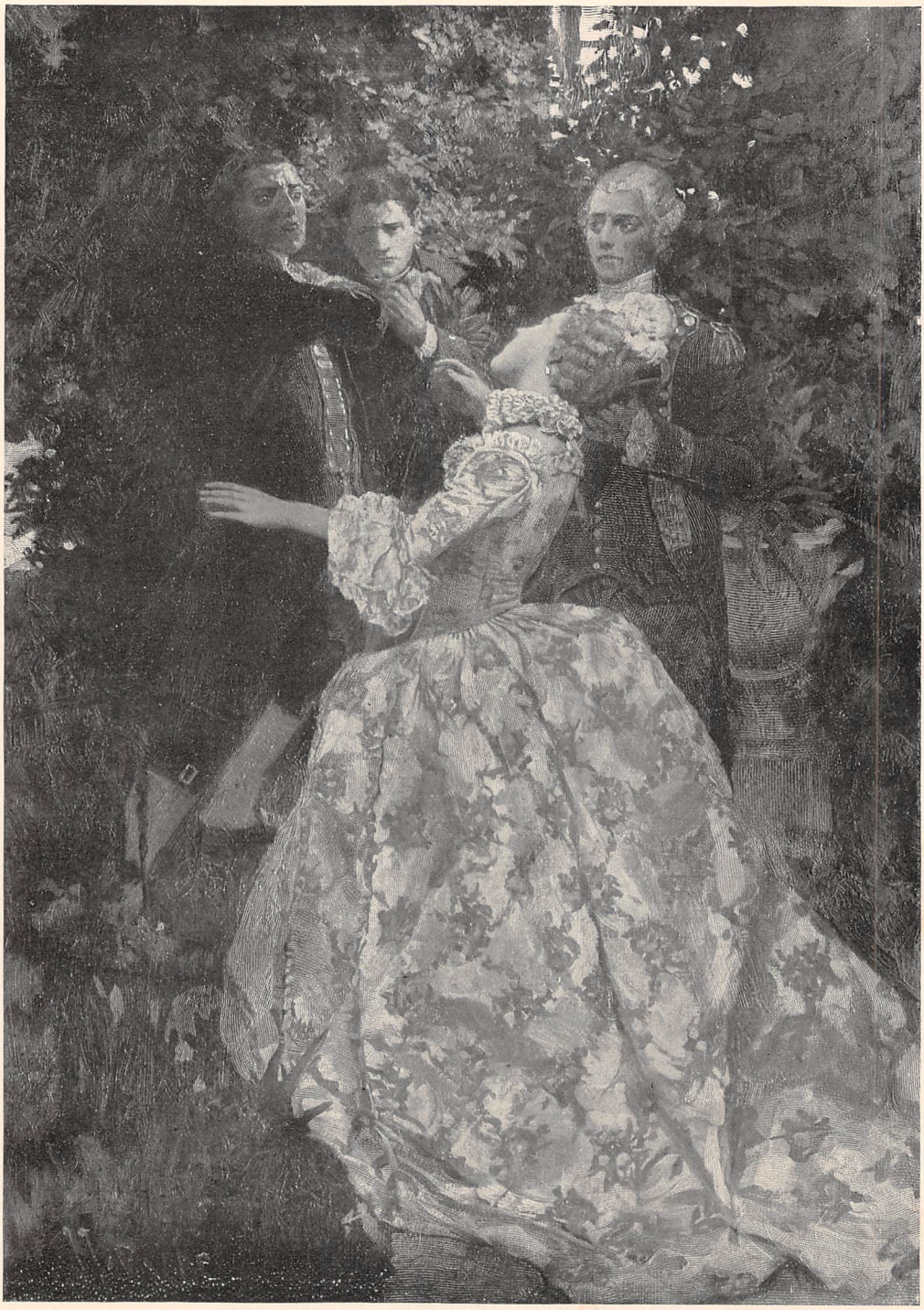
Looking upon my experience of Indian life, against a background of poverty and rude circumstance stands forth the picture of unfailing family affection and faithfulness, of unhesitating hospitality and courtesy toward strangers, a modesty of demeanor at all times, and a spirit of happiness and content that left little room for ambition or envy.

Alice C. Fletcher.

TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY.

TO-MORROW hath a rare, alluring sound;
To-day is very prose; and yet the twain
Are but one vision seen through altered eyes.
Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain
Surge through the other. Heaven is but to-day
Made lovely with to-morrow's face, for aye.

Richard Burton.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

«HERE, ANDRÉ! A SPY!»

(*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XX.

I SHALL pass lightly over the next two months. I saw Jack rarely, and McLane kept us busy with foraging parties and incessant skirmishes. Twice we rode disguised as British troopers into the very heart of the city, and at night as far down as Second street bridge, captured a Captain Sandford and carried him off in a mad ride through the pickets. The life suited maid Lucy and myself admirably. I grew well and strong, and, I may say, paid one of my debts when we stole in and caught a rascal named Varnum, one of our most cruel turnkeys. This hulking coward went out at a run through the lines, strapped behind a trooper, near to whom I rode, pistol in hand. We got well peppered and lost a man. I heard Varnum cry out as we passed the outer picket, and supposed he was alarmed, as he had fair need to be.

We pulled up a mile away, McLane, as usual, laughing like a boy just out of a plundered apple-orchard. To my horror, Varnum was dead, with a ball through his brain. His arms, which were around the trooper's waist, were stiffened, so that it was hard to unclasp them. This rigidness of some men killed in battle I have often seen.

On Saturday, the 16th of May, Marquis Lafayette came to our huts and asked me to walk apart with him. We spoke French at his request, as he did not wish to be overheard, and talked English but ill. He said his Excellency desired to have fuller knowledge of the forts on the Neck and at the lower ferry, as well as some intelligence as to the upper lines north of the town. Mr. Hamilton thought me very fit for the affair, but the general-in-chief had said, in his kind way, that I had suffered too much to put my neck in a noose, and that I was too well known in the town, although it seemed to him a good choice.

When the marquis had said his say I remained silent, until at last he added that I was free to refuse, and none would think the worse of me; it was not an order.

I replied that I was only thinking how I should do it.

He laughed, and declared he had won a guinea of Mr. Hamilton. «I did bet on your face. I make you my compliments, and shall I say it is ‹Yes›?»

«Yes; and I shall go to-morrow, Sunday.» And with this he went away.

When I told McLane he said it was a pity, because the redcoats were to have a grand fandango on the 18th, and he meant to amuse himself that evening, which he did to some purpose, as you shall hear.

I spent the day in buying from a farmer a full Quaker dress, and stained my face that night a fine brownish tint with pokeberry juice. It was all the ink we had.

Very early on the 17th I rode at dawn with a trooper to my aunt's house, and in the woods back of it changed my clothes for the Quaker rig and broad-brimmed hat. To my delight, my aunt did not know me when I said I wanted to buy her remaining cow. She was angry enough until I began to laugh and told her to look at me. Of course she entreated me not to go, but seeing me resolved, bade me take the beast and be off. She would do without milk; as for me, I should be the cause of her death.

I set out about six with poor Sukey, and was so bothered by the horrible road and by her desire to get back to her stall that it was near eleven in the morning before we got to town. As usual, food was welcome, and a trooper was sent with me to the commissary at the Bettering-house, where I was paid three pounds six after much sharp bargaining in good Quaker talk. A pass to return was given me, and with this in my pocket I walked away.

I went through the woods and the Sunday quiet of the camps without trouble, saying I had lost my way, and innocently showing my pass to everybody. Back and to south of the works on Callowhill were the Hessians and the Fourth foot. The Seventh and Fourteenth British Grenadiers lay from Seventh to Fourteenth street; the Yagers at Twenty-second

street, or where that was on Mr. Penn's plan; and so to Cohocsink Creek dragoons and foot. North of them were Colonel Montresor's nine blockhouses, connected by a heavy stockade and abatis, and in front of this chevaux-de-frise and the tangled mass of dead trees which had so beaten me when I escaped. The stockade and the brush and the tumbled fruit-trees were dry from long exposure, and were, I thought, well fitted to defy attack.

I turned west again, and went out to the Schuylkill River, where at the upper ferry was now a bridge with another fort. Then I walked southward along the stream. The guards on the river-bank twice turned me back; but at last, taking to the woods, I got into the open farm country beyond South street, and before dark climbed a dead pine and was able to see the fort near to Mr. James Hamilton's seat of the Woodlands, set high above the lower ferry, which was now well bridged.

Pretty tired, I lay down awhile, and then strolled off into town to get a lodging. When past Walnut street I found the streets unusually full. I had of purpose chosen First day for my errand, expecting to find our usual Sunday quiet; but the licence of an army had changed the ways of this decorous town. Every one had a lantern, which gave an odd look of festivity, and, to comply with the military rule, I bought me a lantern. Men were crying tickets for the play of the «Mock Doctor» on Tuesday, and for Saturday, «The Deuce is in Him!» Others sold places for the race on Wednesday, and also hawked almanacs and Tory broadsides. The stores on Second street were open and well lighted, and the coffee-house was full of redcoats carousing, while loose women tapped on the windows and gathered at the doors. All seemed merry and prosperous. Here and there a staid Quaker in drab walked up the busy street on his homeward way, undistracted by the merriment and noise of the thronged thoroughfare. A dozen redcoats went by to change the guards set at the doors of general officers. A negro paused on the sidewalk, crying, «Pepper-pot, smoking hot!» Another offered me the pleasant calamus-root, which in those days people liked to chew. A man in a red coat walked in the roadway ringing a bell and crying, «Lost child!» Sedan-chairs or chaises set down officers. The quiet, sedate city of Penn had lost its air of demure respectability, and I felt like one in a strange place. This sense of alien surroundings may have helped to put me off my guard; for, because of being a moment careless, I ran a needless risk. Over the way I saw two blacks holding lanterns so as to show a great bill pasted on a wall. I crossed to look at it. Above was a Latin motto, which I cannot now recall, but the body of it I remember well:

«All Intrepid, able-bodied Heroes who are willing to serve against the Arbitrary Usurpations of a Tyranickal Congress can now, by enlisting, acquire the polite Accomplishments of a Soldier.

«Such spirited Fellows will, besides their Pay, be rewarded at the End of the War with

Fifty Acres
of Land,

To which every Heroe may retire and Enjoy His Lass and His Bottle.»

This so much amused me that I stood still to gaze; for below it was seen the name of an old schoolmate, William Allen, now a lieutenant-colonel, in want of Tory recruits.

I felt suddenly a rousing whack on the back, and turning in a rage, saw two drunken grenadiers.

«Join the harmy, friend; make a cussed fine Quaker bombardier.»

I instantly cooled, for people began to stop, pleased at the fun of baiting a Quaker. The others cried, «Give us a drink, old Thee-and-Thou!» Some soldiers paused, hoping for a ring and a fight. I was pushed about and hustled. I saw that at any moment it might end ill. I had a mighty mind toward anything but non-resistance, but still, fearing to hit the fellows, I cried out meekly, «Thou art wrong, friends, to oppress a poor man.» Just then I heard William Allen's voice back of me, crying, «Let that Quaker alone!» As he quickly exercised the authority of an officer, the gathering crowd dispersed, and the grenadiers staggered away. I was prompt enough to slip down High street, glad to be so well out of it.

At the inn of the «Bag of Nails,» on Front street, I found a number of Friends, quiet over their Hollands. I sat down in a dark corner, and would have had a well-earned bowl; but I was no sooner seated than in came a man with a small bell, and, walking among the guests, rang it, saying, «It is half after ten, and there will be no more liquor served. No more! no more!»

I knew that it would be impossible to break this decree, and therefore contented myself with cold beef and cole-slaw. I went to bed, and thought over the oddity of my being helped by William Allen, and of how easily I might have been caught.

In washing next morning I was off my

guard, and got rid of the most of my pokeberry juice. I saw my folly too late, but there was no help for it. I resolved to keep my wide brim well down over my face, seeing in a mirror how too much like my own self I had become.

I settled my score and went out, passing down the river-front. Here I counted and took careful note of the war-ships anchored all the way along the Delaware. At noon I bought an «Observer,» and learned that Mr. Howe had lost a spaniel dog, and that there was to be a great festival that night in honor of Sir William Howe's departure for England. Would Darthea be there? I put aside the temptation to see that face again, and set about learning what forts were on the neck of land to south, where the two rivers, coming together at an angle, make what we call the Neck. It was a wide lowland then, but partly diked and crossed by many ditches—a marshy country much like a bit of Holland, with here and there windmills to complete the resemblance.

It was so open that, what with the caution required in approaching the block forts and the wind-about ways the ditches made needful, it was late before I got the information I needed. About nine on this 18th of May, and long after dusk, I came upon the lower fort, as to which the general was desirous of more complete knowledge. I walked around it, and was at last ordered off by the guards.

My errand was now nearly done. My way north took me close to Walnut Grove, the old country-seat of my father's friend Joseph Wharton, whom, on account of his haughty ways, the world's people wickedly called the Quaker duke. The noise of people come to see, and the faint strains of distant music, had for an hour reminded me, as I came nearer the gardens of Walnut Grove, that what McLane had called the great fandango in honour of Sir William Howe was in full activity. Here in the tall box alleys as a child I had many times played, and every foot of the ground was pleasingly familiar.

The noise increased as I approached through the growing darkness; for near where the lane reached the Delaware was a small earthwork, the last of those I needed to visit. I tried after viewing it to cross the double rows of grenadiers which guarded this road, but was rudely repulsed, and thus had need to go back of their line and around the rear of the mansion. When opposite to the outhouses used for servants I paused in the great crowd of townsfolk who were applauding or sullenly listening to the music heard through the open windows. I had no great desire to linger, but as it was dark I feared no recognition, and stayed to listen to the fine band of the Hessians and the wild clash of their cymbals, which, before these Germans came, no one had heard in the colonies. My work was over. I had but to go far back of the house and make my way to camp by any one of the ferries. Unluckily the music so attracted me that I stayed on, and, step by step, quite at my ease, drew nearer to the mansion.

The silly extravagance of the festival, with its afternoon display of draped galleys and saluting ships gay with flags, and its absurd mock show of a tournament in ridiculous costumes, I have no temptation to describe, nor did I see this part of it. It was meant to honour Sir William Howe, a man more liked than respected, and as a soldier beneath contempt. I had no right to have lingered, and my idle curiosity came near to have cost me dear. The house was precisely like Mount Pleasant, later General Arnold's home on the Schuylkill. In the centre of a large lawn stood a double mansion of stone, and a little to each side were seen outhouses for servants and kitchen use. The open space toward the water was extensive enough to admit of the farcical tilting of the afternoon. A great variety of evergreen trees and shrubs gave the house a more shaded look than the season would otherwise have afforded. Among these were countless lanterns illuminating the grounds, and from the windows on all sides a blaze of light was visible. Back of the house two roads ran off, one to west and one to north, and along these were waggons coming and going, servants, orderlies, and people with supplies.

At this locality there was much confusion, and, picking up a pair of lanterns, I went unquestioned past the guard on the south side of Walnut Lane. Indeed, the sentries here and most of the orderlies were by this time well in liquor. Once within the grounds, which I knew well, I was perfectly at home. No one of the guests was without at the side or front. Now and then a servant passed through the alleys of clipped box to see to the lanterns. I was quite alone. In the shelter of a row of low hemlocks and box I stood on a garden-seat at the south side of the house, fifteen feet from a large bow-window, and, parting the branches, I commanded a full view of the dancing-room. I had no business here, and I knew it; I meant but to look and be gone. The May night was warm and even sultry, so that the sashes were all raised and the curtains drawn aside. I saw with ease a charming scene.

The walls were covered with mirrors lent for the occasion, and the room I commanded was beautifully draped with flags and hangings. Young blacks stood at the doors, or came and went with refreshments. These servants were clad in blue and white, with red turbans and metal collars and bracelets. The six Knights of the Blended Roses, or some like silliness, had cast their queer raiments and were in uniform. Their six chosen ladies were still in party-coloured costumes, which were not to my taste. Most of the women—there were but some threescore, almost all Tories or Moderates—were in the gorgeous brocades and the wide hooped skirts of the day. The extravagance of the costumes struck me. The head-dresses, a foot above the head with aigrets and feathers and an excess of powder, seemed to me quite astonishing.

I stood motionless, caught by the beauty of the moving picture before me. I have ever loved colour, and here was a feast of it hard to equal. There were red coats and gold epaulets, sashes and ribboned orders, the green and red of the chasseurs of Brunswick, blue navy uniforms, the gold lace and glitter of staff-officers, and in and out among them the clouds of floating muslin, gorgeous brocades, flashing silk petticoats, jewels, and streaming ribbons. The air was full of powder shaken from wig, queue, and head-dress; spurs clinked, stiff gown skirts rustled. The moving mass of colour, lovely faces, and manly forms bent and swayed in ordered movement as the music of the grenadier band seemed to move at will these puppets of its harmony.

They were walking a minuet, and its tempered grace, which I have never ceased to admire, seemed to suit well the splendour of the broidered gowns and the brilliant glow of the scarlet coats. I began to note the faces and to see them plainly, being, as I have said, not fifteen feet away from the window. Sir William Howe was dancing with Miss Redman. I was struck, as others have been, with his likeness to Washington, but his face wanted the undisturbed serenity of our great chief's. I dare say he knew better than to accept as his honest right the fulsome homage of this parting festival. I thought indeed that he looked discontented. I caught glimpses of Colonel Tarleton bowing to Miss Bond. Then I saw Miss Franks sweeping a deep curtsey to Lord Cathcart as he bowed. There were the fair Shippen women, the Chews, the provost's blonde daughter with Sir John Wrottesley, Mrs. Ferguson, my aunt's «Tory cat,» in gay chat with Sir Charles Calder, Galloways, Allens—a pretty show of loyal dames, with—save the officers—few young men I knew.

I started as Darthea moved across the window-space on the arm of André, while following them were Montresor and my cousin. I felt the blood go to my face as I saw them, and drew back, letting the parted branches come together. With this storm of love and hate came again the sudden reflection that I had no right to be here, and that I was off the track of duty. I stood a moment; the night was dark; lights gleamed far out on the river from the battle-ships. The strains of their bands fell and rose, faintly heard in the distance.

I saw as it were before me with distinctness the camp on the windy hill, the half-starved, ragged men, the face of the great chief they loved. Once again I looked back on this contrasting scene of foolish luxury, and turned to go from where I felt I never should have been. Poor old Joseph Wharton! I smiled to think that, could he have known to what worldly use his quiet Quaker home had come, he would have rolled uneasy in his unnamed grave in the ground of the Arch Street Meeting.

Turning, I gave a few moments of thought to my plans. Suddenly the music ceased, and, with laughter and pretty cries of expectation, gay gown and fan and hoop and the many-coloured uniforms trooped out from the doors, as I learned later, to see the fireworks, over which were to be set off for final flattery in fiery letters, «*Tes Lauriers sont Immortels.*» I hope he liked them, those unfading laurels! The shrubbery was at once alive with joyous women and laughing men.

I had not counted on this, and despite my disguise I felt that any moment might put me in deadly peril. The speedy fate of a spy I knew too well.

They were all around me in a minute, moving to and fro, merry and chatting. I heard André say to Darthea: «It must please the general; a great success. I shall write it all to London. Ah, Miss Peniston, how to describe the ladies!»

«And their gowns!» cried Darthea, «their gowns!»

«I am reduced to desperation,» said André. «I must ask the women to describe one another; hey, Wynne?» They were now standing apart from the rest, and I, hid by the bushes, was not five feet away.

«A dangerous resource,» returned Wynne. «The list of wounded vanities would be large. How like a brown fairy is Miss Franks! Who shall describe her? No woman will dare.»

«You might ask Mr. Oliver de Lancey,» said Miss Darthea. «She would be secure of a pretty picture.»

«And you,» said Wynne—«who is to be your painter?»

«I shall beg for the place,» cried André.

«I think I shall take some rebel officer,» said Darthea, saucily. «Think how fresh we should look to those love-starved gentlemen whom Sir William has brought to such abject submission.»

André laughed, but not very heartily. As to Wynne, he was silent. The captain went on to say how sad it was that just as the general was ready to sweep those colonials out of existence—

«Why not say rebels, André?» Wynne broke in.

«Better not! better not! I never do. It only makes more bitter what is bad enough. But where are the fireworks?»

Meanwhile I was in dire perplexity, afraid to stir, hoping that they would move away.

«There is a seat hereabouts,» said my cousin. «You must be tired, Miss Peniston.»

«A little.»

«I will look,» said Wynne. «This way.»

As I was in possession of the seat, I got down at once, but in two steps Arthur was beside me, and for an instant the full blaze from the window caught me square in the face. He was nearest, but Darthea was just behind him, and none other but André close at hand.

«By heavens!» I heard, and my cousin had me by the collar. «Here, André! A spy! a spy! Quick!»

I heard a cry from Darthea, and saw her reel against my cousin's shoulder.

«Help! help! I am—ill.»

Arthur turned, exclaiming, «Darthea! My God!» and thus distracted between her and me, let slack his hold. I tore away and ran around the house, upsetting an old officer, and so through the shrubbery and the servants, whom I hustled one way and another. I heard shouts of «Spy!» «Stop thief!» and the rattle of arms all around me. Several waggons blocked the roadway. I felt that I must be caught, and darted under a waggon body. I was close to the lines as I rose from beneath the waggon.

At this instant cannonry thundered out to north, and a rocket rose in air. The grenadiers looked up in surprise. Seeing the momentary disorder of these men, who were standing at intervals of some six feet apart, I darted through them and into the crowd of spectators. I still heard shouts and orders, but pushed in among the people outside of the guard, hither and thither, using my legs and elbows to good purpose. Increasing rattle of musketry was heard in the distance, the ships beating to quarters, the cries and noises back of me louder and louder. I was now moving slowly in the crowd, and at last got clean away from it.

What had happened I knew not, but it was most fortunate for me. When a few yards from the people I began to run, stumbling over the fields, into and through ditches, and because of this alarm was at last, I concluded, reasonably safe.

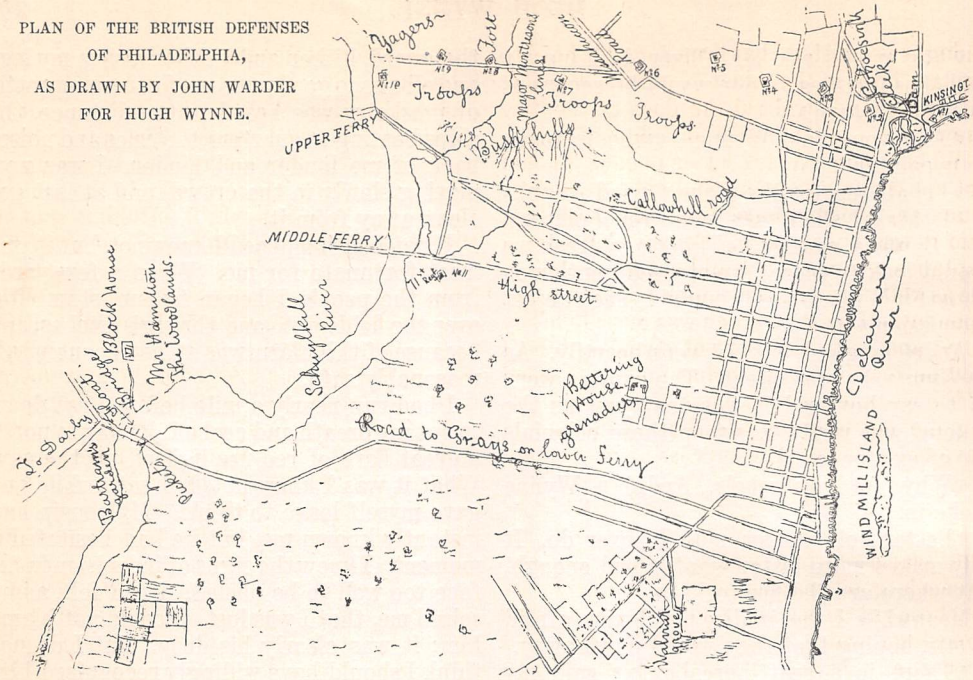
I had run nearly a mile before I sat down to get my breath and cool off. Away to north a great flare of red fire lighted up the sky. What it was I knew not, but sat awhile and gave myself leave to think. My cousin had instantly known me, but he had hesitated a moment. I knew the signs of indecision in his face too well to be misled. I had felt, as he seized me, that I was lost. I could not blame him: it was clearly his duty. But I do not think I should have willingly recognised him under like circumstances. My very hatred would have made me more than hesitate. Still, who can say what he would do in the haste of such a brief moral conflict? I could recall, as I sat still and reflected, the really savage joy in his face as he collared me. How deeply he must love her! He seemed, as it were, to go to pieces at her cry. Was she ill? Did her quick-coming sense of my danger make her faint? I had seen her unaccountably thus affected once before, as he who reads these pages may remember. Or was it a ready-witted ruse? Ah, my sweet Darthea, I wanted to think it that!

The blaze to northward was still growing brighter, and being now far out on the marshes south of the town, I made up my mind to use my pass at the nearer ferry, which we call Gray's, and this, too, as soon as possible, for fear that orders to stop a Quaker spy might cause me to regret delay.

When I came to Montresor's bridge my thought went back to my former escape, and, avoiding all appearance of haste, I stayed to ask the sergeant in charge of the guard what the blaze meant. He said it was an alert.

A few days after, McLane related to me with glee how with Clowe's dragoons and a hundred foot he had stolen up to the lines, every man having a pot of tar; how they had smeared the dry abatis and brush, and at a signal fired the whole mass of dried wood. He was followed into the fastnesses of the Wissahickon, and lost his ensign and a man or two near Barren Hill. The infantry scat-

PLAN OF THE BRITISH DEFENSES
OF PHILADELPHIA,
AS DRAWN BY JOHN WARDER
FOR HUGH WYNNE.



tered and hid in the woods, but McLane swam his horse across the Schuylkill, got the help of Morgan's rifles, and, returning, drove his pursuers up to their own intrenchments. He said it was the best fun he had ever had, and he hoped the Tory ladies liked his fireworks. At all events, it saved my neck.

As I walked through Gray's Lane I fell to reflecting upon André's behaviour, of which I have said nothing. I came to the conclusion that he could hardly have recognised me. This seemed likely enough, because we had not met often, and I too, apart from my disguise, had changed very greatly. And yet why had he not responded to an obvious call to duty? He certainly was not very quick to act on Arthur's cry for help. But Darthea was on his arm, and let it go only when she fell heavily against my cousin.

I had a fine story for Jack, and so, thinking with wonder of the whirl of adventure into which I had fallen ever since I left home, I hurried along. It is a singular fact, but true, that certain men never have unusual adventures. I am not one of these. Even in the most quiet times of peace I meet with odd incidents, and this has always been my lot. With this and other matters in my mind, resolving that never again would I permit any motive to lead me off the track of the hour's duty, I walked along. I had had a lesson.

I sought my old master's house, and reached it in an hour. Here I found food and ready help, and before evening next day, May 19, was at the camp. I spent an hour in carefully writing out my report, and Jack, under my directions, being clever with the pencil, made a plan of the forts and the enemy's defences, which I took to headquarters, and a copy of which I have inserted in these memoirs. I had every reason to believe that my report was satisfactory. I then went back to discourse with Jack over my adventures. You may see hanging framed in my library, and below General von Knyphausen's sword, a letter which an orderly brought to me the next day:

«SIR: It would be an impropriety to mention in general orders a service such as you have rendered. To do so might subject you to greater peril or to ill treatment were you to fall into the hands of the enemy. I needed no fresh proof of your merit to bear it in remembrance. No one can feel more sensibly the value of your gallant conduct, or more rejoice for your escape.

«I have the honour to be

«Your obed^t Hum^e Servt,

«G^E WASHINGTON.

«To Lieut. Hugh Wynne, etc.»

This was all writ in his own hand, as were many of his letters, even such as were of great length. The handwriting betrays no mark of haste, and seems penned with such exactness as all his correspondence shows. It may be that he composed slowly, and thus of need wrote with no greater speed than his

thought permitted. I at least found it hard to explain how, in the midst of affairs, worried, interrupted, distracted, he does at no time show in his penmanship any sign of haste.

When I handed this letter to Jack I could not speak for a moment, and yet I was never much the victim of emotion. My dear Jack said it was not enough. For my own part, a captain's commission would not have pleased me as well. I ran no risk which I did not bring upon myself by that which was outside of my duty; and as to this part of my adventure, I told no one but Jack, being much ashamed of the weakness which came so near to costing me not only my life, but—what would have been worse—the success of my errand.

XXI.

THE warm spring weather, and General Greene's good management as quartermaster, brought us warmth and better diet. The Conestoga wains rolled in with grain and good rum. Droves of cattle appeared, and as the men were fed the drills prospered. Soldiers and officers began to amuse themselves. A theatre was arranged in one of the bigger barns, and we—not I, but others—played «The Fair Penitent.» Colonel Grange had a part, and made a fine die of it; but the next day, being taken with a pleurisy, came near to making a more real exit from life. I think it was he who invited Jack Warder to play *Calista*. Lady Kitty Stirling had said he would look the part well, with his fair locks and big innocent blue eyes, and she would lend him her best silk flowered gown and a fine lot of lace. Jack was in a rage, but the colonel, much amused, apologised, and so it blew over. His Excellency and Lady Washington were to see the play, and the Ladies Stirling and Madam Greene were all much delighted.

«The Recruiting Officer» we should have had later, but about the latter part of May we got news of the British as about to move out of my dear home city. After this was bruited about, no one cared to do anything but get ready to leave the winter huts and be after Sir Henry. In fact, long before this got out there was an air of hopeful expectation in the army, and the men began, like the officers, to amuse themselves. The camp-fires were gay, jokes seemed to revive in the warm air, and once more men laughed. It was pleasant, too, to see the soldiers at fives, or the wickets up and the cricket-balls of tightly rolled rag ribbons flying, or fellows at leap-frog, all much encouraged by reason of having better diet, and no need now to shrink their stomachs with green persimmons or to live without rum. As to McLane and our restless Wayne, they were about as quiet as disturbed wasps. The latter liked nothing better this spring than to get up an alert by running cannon down to the hills on the west of the Schuylkill, pitching shot at the bridges, and then to be off and away before the slow grenadiers could cross in force. Thus it was that never a week went by without adventures. Captain McLane let neither man nor horse live long at ease; but whatever he did was planned with the extreme of care and carried out with equal audacity.

The army was most eager for the summer campaign. We had begun, as I have said, to suspect that Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Howe, was about to move; but whither he meant to march, or his true object, our camp-fire councils could not guess as yet.

Very early in the evening of June 17 I met Captain Hamilton riding in haste. «Come,» he said; «I am to see Wayne and the marquis. Clinton is on the wing, as we have long expected. He will very likely have already crossed into the Jerseys. Will you have a place in the foot if his Excellency can get you a captaincy?»

I said «Yes» instantly.

«You seem to know your own mind, Mr. Wynne. There will be more hard knocks and more glory.»

I thought so too, but I was now again in the full vigour of health, and an appointment in the foot would, as I hoped, bring me nearer to Jack.

And now joy and excitement reigned throughout the camps. The news was true. On the 18th of June Sir Henry Clinton, having gotten ready by sending on in advance his guns and baggage, cleverly slipped across the Delaware, followed by every Tory who feared to remain—some three thousand, it was said.

Long before dawn we of McLane's light horse were in the saddle. As we passed Chestnut Hill I fell out to tell my aunt the good news. I was scarce gone by before she began to make ready to follow us. As we pushed at speed through Germantown, it became sure that the evacuation had been fully accomplished. We raced down Front street at a rate which seemed reckless to me. McLane gave no orders, but galloped on ahead in his usual mad way. The townsfolk were wild with joy. Women stood in tears as we went by, men cheered us, and the boys hurrahed. At Arch and Front streets, as we pulled up, I saw a poor little cornet come out of a house half bewildered and buttoning his

red jacket. I pushed Lucy on to the sidewalk and caught him by the collar. He made a great fuss and had clearly overslept himself. I was hurriedly explaining, amid much laughter, when McLane called out, «A nice doll-baby! Up with him!» And away he went, behind a trooper. At Third street bridge were two other officers, who must have been tipsy overnight and have slept too late. At last, with our horses half dead, we walked them back to Front and High streets, and got off for a rest and a mug of beer at the coffee-house. Soon came a brigade of Virginians, and we marched away to camp on the common called Centre Square.

The streets were full of huzzaing crowds. Our flags, long hid, were flying. Scared tradesmen were pulling down the king's arms they had set over their signs. The better Tory houses were closed, and few of this class were to be seen in the streets.

Major-General Arnold entered after us. Unable, because of his wound, to accept a command in the field, he took up his abode as commandant of the city in Mr. Morris's great house at the northeast corner of Front and High streets. I saw this gallant soldier in May, at the time he joined the camp at the Forge, when he was handsomely cheered by the men. He was a man dark and yet ruddy, soldierly-looking, with a large nose, and not unlike his Excellency as to the upper part of his face. He was still on crutches, being thin and worn from the effects of the hurt he received at Saratoga.

As soon as possible I left the troop and rode away on Lucy down High street to Second and over the bridges to my home.

I was no longer the mere lad I had left it. Command of others, the leisure for thought in the camp, the sense that I had done my duty well, had made of me a resolute and decisive man. As I went around to the stables in the rear of the house it seemed to me as if I must in a minute see those blue eyes, and hear the pretty French phrases of tender love which in times of excitement used to rise to my mother's lips. It is thus as to some we love. We never come to feel concerning them that certainty of death which sets apart from us forever others who are gone. To this day a thought of her brings back that smiling face, and she lives for me the life of eternal remembrance.

No one was in the stable when I unsaddled the tired mare. At the kitchen door the servants ran out with cries of joy. With a word I passed them, smelling my father's pipe in the hall, for it was evening, and supper was over.

He rose, letting his pipe drop, as I ran to fall on his great chest, and pray him to pardon, once for all, what I had felt that it was my duty to do. I was stayed a moment as I saw him. He had lost flesh continually, and his massive build and unusual height showed now a gaunt and sombre man, with clothes too loose about him. I thought that his eyes were filling, but the habits of a life controlled him.

He held to a chair with his left hand, and coldly put out the right to meet my eager grasp. I stood still, my instinct of tenderness checked. I could only repeat, «Father, father, I have come home.»

«Yes,» he said, «thou hast come home. Sit down.»

I obeyed. Then he stooped to pick up his pipe, and raising his strong gray head, looked me over in perfect silence.

«Am I not welcome,» I cried, «in my mother's home? Are we always to be kept apart? I have done what, under God, seemed to me his will. Cannot you, who go your way so steadily, see that it is the right of your son to do the same? You have made it hard for me to do my duty. Think as seems best to you of what I do or shall do, but have for me the charity Christ teaches. I shall go again, father, and you may never see me more on earth. Let there be peace between us now. For my mother's sake, let us have peace. If I have cost you dear, believe me, I owe to you such sad hours as need never have been. My mother—she—»

During this outburst he heard me with motionless attention, but at my last word he raised his hand. «I like not thy naming of thy mother. It has been to me ever a reproach that I saw not how far her indulgence was leading thee out of the ways of Friends. There are who by birthright are with us, but not of us—not of us.»

This strange speech startled me into fuller self-command. I remembered his strange dislike to hear her mentioned. As he spoke his fingers opened and shut on the arms of the chair in which he sat, and here and there on his large-featured face the muscles twitched.

«I will not hear her named again,» he added. «As for thee, my son, this is thy home. I will not drive thee out of it.»

«Drive me out!» I exclaimed. I was horror-struck.

«And why not? Since thou wert a boy I have borne all things: drunkenness, debauchery, blood-guiltiness, rebellion against those whom God has set over us, and at last war, the murder of thy fellows.»

I was silent. What could I say? The words

which came from my heart had failed to touch him. He had buried even the memory of my mother. I remembered Aunt Gainor's warnings as to his health, and set myself at once to hear and reply with gentleness.

He went on as if he knew my thought: «I am no longer the man I was. I am deserted by my son when I am in greatest need of him. Had it not pleased God to send me for my stay, in this my loneliness, thy Cousin Arthur, I should have been glad to rest from the labours of earth.»

«Arthur! My cousin!»

«I said so. He has become to me as a son. It is not easy for one brought up among dissolute men to turn away and seek righteousness, but he hath heard as thou didst never hear, nor wouldst. He hath given up dice and cards, and hath asked of me books such as Besse's ‹Sufferings› and George Fox's ‹Testimony.›»

This was said so simply and in such honest faith that I could not resist to smile.

«I did not ask thee to believe me,» said my father, sharply; «and if because a man is spiritually reminded and hath stayed to consider his sin, it is for thee but cause of vain mirth, I will say no more. I have lost a son, and found one. I would it had been he whom I lost that is now found.»

I answered gravely: «Father, the man is a hypocrite. He saw me dying a prisoner in jail, starved and in rags. He left me to die.»

«I have heard of this. He saw some one about to die. He thought he was like thee.»

«But he heard my name.»

«That cannot be. He said it was not thee. He said it.»

«He lied; and why should he have ever mentioned the matter to thee—as indeed he did to others—except for precaution's sake, that if, as seemed unlike enough, I got well, he might have some excuse? It seems to me a weak and foolish action, but none the less wicked.»

My father listened, but at times with a look of being puzzled. «I do not think I follow thy argument, Hugh,» he said; «neither does thy judgment of the business seem favoured by that which I know of thy cousin.»

«Father, that man is my enemy. He hates me because—because Darthea is my friend, and but for her I should have rotted in the jail, with none to help me.»

«Thy grandfather lay in Shrewsbury Gate House a year for a better cause; and as for thy deliverance, I heard of it later. It did seem to Arthur that the young woman had done more modestly to have asked his help than to have been so forward.»

My father spoke with increase of the deliberateness at all times one of his peculiarities, which seemed to go well with the bigness of his build. This slowness in talk seemed now to be due in part to a slight trouble in finding the word he required. It gave me time to observe how involved was the action of his mind. The impression of his being indirect and less simple than of old was more marked as our talk went on than I can here convey by any possible record of what he said. I only succeeded in making him more obstinate in his belief, as was always the case when any opposed him. Yet I could not resist adding: «If, as you seem to think, Arthur is my friend, I would you could have seen his face when at that silly Mischianza he caught me in disguise.»

«Did he not do his duty after thy creed and his?»

«It was not that, father. Some men might have hesitated even as to the duty. Mr. André did not help him, and his debt to us was small. Had I been taken, I should have swung as a spy on the gallows in Centre Square.»

«And yet,» said my father, with emphatic slowness, «he would have done his duty as he saw it.»

«And profited by it also,» said I, savagely.

«There is neither charity nor yet common sense in thy words, Hugh. If thou art to abide here, see that thy ways conform to the sobriety and decency of Friends. I will have no cards nor hard drinking.»

«But good heavens! father, when have I ever done these things here, or indeed anywhere, for years?»

His fingers were again playing on the arms of Mr. Penn's great chair, and I made haste to put an end to this bewildering talk.

«I will try,» I said, «to live in such a way as shall not offend. Lucy is in the stable, and I will take my old room. My Aunt Gainor is to be in town to-morrow.»

«I shall be pleased to see her.»

«And how is the business, father?» I said. «There are no ships at sea, I hope. The privateers are busy, and if any goods be found that may have been for use of the king's people, we might have to regret a loss.»

«*I* might,» he returned sharply. «I am still able to conduct my own ventures.»

«Of course, sir,» I said hastily, wondering where I could find any subject which was free from power to annoy him. Then I rose, saying, «There is an early drill. I shall have to be on hand to receive General Arnold. I shall not be back to breakfast. Good-night.»

«Farewell,» he said. And I went up-stairs with more food for thought than was to my liking. I had hoped for a brief season of rest and peace, and here was whatever small place I held in my father's heart filled by my cousin.

When, not long after, for mere comfort I had occasion to speak to the great Dr. Rush of my father, he said that when the brain became enfeebled men were apt to assign to one man acts done by another, and that this did explain the latter part of my father's talk about cards and drinking. Also he said that with defect of memory came more or less incapacity to reason, since for that a man must be able to assemble past events and review them in his memory. Indeed, he added, certain failures of remembrance might even permit a good man to do apparent wrong, which seemed to me less clear. The good doctor helped me much, for I was confused and hurt, seeing no remedy in anything I could do or say.

I lighted the candles in my old room and looked about me. My cousin had, it appeared, taken up his abode in my own chamber, and this put me out singularly, I could hardly have said why. The room was in the utmost confusion. Only that morning Arthur Wynne had left it. Many of the lazier officers had overslept themselves, as I have said, and came near to being quite left behind. Lord Cosmo Gordon, in fact, made his escape in a skiff just before we entered.

The bed was still not made up, which showed me how careless our slaves must have become. The floor was littered with torn paper, and in a drawer, forgot in Arthur's hurry, were many bills, paid and unpaid, some of which were odd enough; also many notes, tickets for the Mischianza, theatre bills, portions of plays,—my cousin was an admirable actor in light parts,—and a note or two in Darthea's neat writing. I had no hesitation in putting them all on the hearth.

There was nothing in me to make me take advantage of what I found. I kept the Mischianza tickets, and that was all. I have them yet. On the table were Fox's «Apology,» «A Sweet Discourse to Friends,» by William Penn, and the famous «Book of Sufferings.» In the latter was thrust a small, thin betting-tablet, such as many gentlemen then carried. Here were some queer records of bets more curious than reputable. I recall but two: «Mr. Harcourt bets Mr. Wynne five pounds that Miss A. will wear red stockings at the play on May 9. Won, A. Wynne. They were blue, and so was the lady.» «A. W. bets Mr. von Speiser ten pounds that he will drink four quarts of Madeira before Mr. von S. can drink two; Major de Lancey to measure the wine. Lost, A. W. The Dutch pig was too much for me.»

Wondering what Darthea or my father would think of these follies, I tossed the books and the betting-tablet on the pile of bills on the hearth. I have since then been shown in London by General Burgoyne the betting-book at Brooks's Club. There are to be seen the records of still more singular bets, some quite abominable; but such were the manners of the day. My cousin, as to this, was like the rest.

In a closet were cast-off garments and riding-boots. I sent for Tom, and bade him do with these as he liked; then I set fire to the papers on the hearth, ordered the room put in order, and after a pipe in the orchard went to bed.

XXII.

My father was out when, the next day at noon, I found in the counting-house our old clerk Thomas Mason. He, like myself, had seen with distress my father's condition; but he told me, to my surprise, that he was still acute and competent in most matters of business.

«Look at this, Mr. Hugh,» he said, showing me careful entries in the day-book, in my father's hand, of nearly one thousand pounds lent to my Cousin Arthur. My father had spoken to Mason of an intention to alter his will. He never did alter it, but, believing me dead, tore it up and made no new one. None of our ships were at sea. Most of them had been sold as transports to the British quartermaster. My sole comfort at home was in the absence of Arthur Wynne, and in the fact that Darthea was in the city, as I learned from Mason.

After this I went at once to see my aunt, but could give her only a few minutes, as I knew McLane would need my knowledge of the neighbourhood. In fact, I was busy for two days looking after the Tory bands who were plundering farms to west of the city.

As soon as possible I went again to see my Aunt Gainor. The good old lady was lamenting her scanty toilet, and the dirt in which the Hessians had left her house. «I have drunk no tea since Lexington,» she said, «and I have bought no gowns. My gowns, sir, are on the backs of our poor soldiers. I am not fit to be seen beside that minx Darthea. And how is Jack? The Ferguson woman has been here. I hate her, but she has all the news. If one has no gowns, it is at least a comfort to hear gossip. I told her so, but Lord! the woman does not care a rap if you do but let

her talk. She says Joseph Warder is smit with Darthea's aunt, and what a fine courtship that will be! Old Duché, our preacher, is gone away with Sir William; and now we have my beautiful young man, Mr. White, at Christ Church.»

So the dear lady rattled on, her great form moving among her battered furniture, and her clear voice, not without fine tones, rising and falling, until at last she dropped into a chair, and would hear all my adventures. It was dangerous to wait long when my aunt invited replies; and before I had time to think she began anew to tell me that Darthea had come at once to see her, and of how respectful she was. At this I encouraged my aunt, which was rarely needed, and then heard further that Mrs. Peniston would remain in town, perhaps because of Friend Joseph Warder.

Darthea had also spoken eagerly of Arthur. His people in Wales had written to her—Arthur's father and his brother, who was so ill. «I could not but thank her,» said my aunt, «for that brave visit to the jail, as to which she might have written to me. I told her as much, but she said I was a Whig, and outside the lines, and she did not wish to get her aunt into trouble. ‹Stuff!› said I; ‹how came it Mr. Arthur never knew Hugh?› ‹How could he? You should have seen him,› says my little lady, ‹and even after he was well. I did not know him, and how should Mr. Wynne?›

«But,» said my aunt, «I made such little additions to his tale as I dared, but not all I wanted to. I promise you they set my miss to thinking, for she got very red, and said it was sheer nonsense. She would ask you herself. She had a pretty picture to show me of Wyncote, and the present man was to be made a baronet. Can a good girl be captured by such things? But the man has some charm, Hugh. These black men»—so we called those of dark complexion—«are always dangerous, and this special devil has a tongue, and can use it well.»

I listened to my aunt, but said little. What chance had I to make Darthea credit me? She had a girl's desire for the court and kings' houses and rank; or was this only one Darthea? Could that other be made to listen to a plain lieutenant in a rebel army? Perhaps I had better go back and get knocked on the head. Would she love me the better for proving Arthur a rascal?

I said as much to Aunt Gainor. At this she got up, crying: «Good heavens! there is a Hessian cockroach! They are twice as big as they were. What a fool you are! The girl is beginning to be in doubt. I am sorry you have driven the man away. A pretty tale your mother had in French of her dear Midi, of the man who would have Love see, and pulled the kerchief off his eyes, whereon the boy's wings tumbled off, and he sat down and cried because he could no longer fly. When a scamp loves a good girl, let him thank the devil that love is blind.»

Here was Aunt Gainor sentimental, and clever too. I shook my head sadly, being, as a man should be, humble-minded as to women. She said next she would see my father at once, and I must come at eight and bring Mr. McLane. Darthea would be with her, and a friend or two.

I went, but this time I did not bring my commanding officer. Miss Peniston was late. In all her life she was never punctual, nor could she be. While we waited my aunt went on to tell me that Darthea wished me to know how glad Mr. Wynne was I had escaped at the Mischianza. An impulse of a soldier's duty had made him seize upon me, and he had been happy in the accident which aided my escape. I had done a brave thing to venture into the city, and she and Mr. Wynne felt strongly what a calamity my capture would have been. Darthea's friends were his friends. «And he is jealous too,» says my lady, «of De Lancey, and Montresor—and—of Mr. Hugh Wynne.»

You must have known Mistress Wynne to comprehend what scorn she put into poor Darthea's sad excuses, and her explanations of what could not be explained. I felt sorry for the little lady who was absent and was getting such small mercy. It was vain to try to stop my aunt. That no man and few women could do. I did at last contrive to learn that she had said no more of the visit of Arthur to the jail than that I did not seem satisfied.

I had rather my aunt should have let my luckless love-affair alone. I had been in a way to tell her of it, but now I wanted no interference. I feared to talk even to Jack Warder of my dear Darthea. That he saw through me and her I have, after many years, come to know, as these pages must have shown. If to speak of her to this delicate-minded friend was not at this time to my taste, you may rest assured I liked not my aunt's queer way of treating the matter as she would have done a hand at piquet. She ended this wandering talk with her usual shrewd bits of advice, asking me, as she stopped short in her walk, «Have you a little sense left?»

«I hope so.»

«Then get your head to help that idiot

your heart. Leave Darthea to herself. Ride with Miss Chew or Miss Redman. Women are like children. Let them alone, and by and by they will sidle up to you for notice.»

When the town was in Sir William Howe's hands, my aunt had rejected all her Tory, and even her neutral, friends. But now that Sir Henry Clinton was flying across the Jerseys, harassed by militia, and our general was on the way to cross the Delaware after them, things were different. Her Tory friends might come to see her if they pleased. Most of these dames came gladly, liking my aunt, and having always had of her much generous kindness. Bessy Ferguson was cross, and Mistress Wynne had been forced to visit her first. What manner of peace was made I did not hear; but no one else was a match at piquet for my Aunt Gainor, and doubtless this helped to reconcile the lady. I grieve that no historian has recorded their interview.

When I wrote of it to Jack, he was much delighted, and just before the fight at Monmouth wrote me a laughing letter, all about what my aunt and Mrs. Ferguson must have said on this occasion. As he knew no word of it, I could never see how he was able to imagine it. Once, later, when their war broke out anew, my aunt told me all about her former encounter; and so much like was it to what Jack had writ that I laughed outright. My aunt said there was nothing to grin at. But a one-sided laugh is ever the merrier. I could not always tell what Mistress Wynne would do, and never what she would say; but Jack could. He should have writ books, but he never did.

I had heard my aunt's wail over her wardrobe, and was struck dumb at her appearance when, in the evening, I returned as she desired. The gods and the china dragons were out, and, the Hessian devils having been driven forth, the mansion had been swept and garnished, the rugs were down, and the floor was dangerously polished.

My Aunt Gainor was in a brocade which she told me was flowered beautiful with colours very lively. I thought they were. As to the rest of her toilet, I am at a loss for words. The overskirt was lutestring silk, I was told. The hoops were vast; the dress cut square, with a «modesty-fence» of stiff lace. «A high cap with wings is the last thing,» cried the lady, turning round to be seen, and well pleased at my admiration. She was an immense and an amazing figure. I did wonder, so big she was, where she meant to put the other women—and I said as much.

«Here is one,» she whispered, «who will like your uniform more than will the rest. Mr. Wynne of the army, my nephew, Miss Morris. And how is Mr. Gouverneur Morris?»

We fell to talking, but when others came and were presented or named by me to the Whig lady, my young woman said, «Are there none but Tories?» And she was short, I thought, with Mrs. Ferguson, who came in high good humour and a gown of Venice silk. I saw Aunt Gainor glance at her gold-laced handkerchief.

I was glad to see them all. Very soon the rooms were well filled, and here were Dr. Rush and Charles Thomson, the secretary of Congress, who stayed but a little while, leaving the great doctor to growl over the war with Miss Morris, and to tell her how ill read was our great chief, and how he could not spell, and had to have his letters writ for him to copy like a boy. Mr. Adams had said as much. I ventured to remark, having by this time come to understand our doctor, that we knew better in camp, and that at least our chief understood the art of war. The doctor was not of this opinion, and considered General Gates the greater man.

Then I left them to welcome Mrs. Chew and the lovely Margaret, and Miss Shippen, and last my Darthea with her aunt, who was as thin as a book-marker.

«Aunt,» I said slyly, «what is this? Tories again?»

«Be quiet, child! You have pulled their teeth. You will see they are meek enough. The dog on top can always forgive, and I must have my cards. Behave yourself! How handsome you are! Here they come.» And now there was a cross-fire of welcomes and «We have missed you much,» and «How well you look!» and fine sweep of curtseys, very pretty and refreshing to a war-worn veteran.

I bowed to kiss Mrs. Shippen's hand. Mrs. Ferguson tapped me on the arm with her fan, whispering I was grown past the kissing-age, at which I cried that would never be. I took Darthea's little hand with a formal word or two, and, biding my time, sat down to talk with the two Margarets, whom folks called Peggy, although both were like stately lilies, and the pet name had no kind of fitness.

The ombre-tables were set out and ready, and it was all gay and merry, and as if there might never have been war, either civil or social. «It is all as meek as doves' milk,» whispered Mistress Wynne over my shoulder. «Gossip and cards against the world for peacemakers, eh, Hugh?» Assuredly here was a beautiful truce, and all the world amiable.

The powdered heads wagged; brocade and

silk rustled; the counters rattled. Fans as huge as sails set little breezes going; there was wise neutrality of speech, King Ombre being on the throne and everybody happy.

Meanwhile I set my young women laughing with an account of how a Quaker looked in on them through the window at the redcoat ball; but of the incident in the garden I said nothing, nor was it known beyond those immediately concerned. The two Margarets were curious to hear what Mr. Washington looked like, and one miss would know if Mr. Arnold was a dark man, hearing with the delight of girls how his Excellency gave dinners in camp and sat on one side, with Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Tilghman at the top, and for diet potatoes and salt herring, with beef when it was to be had, and neither plates nor spoons nor knives and forks for all, so that we had to borrow, and eat by turns.

Miss Morris, just come to town with good Whig opinions, was uneasy in this society, and said, «We shall have enough of everything when we catch Sir Henry Clinton.» In a minute there would have been more war had not my aunt risen, and the party turned to drink chocolate and eat cakes.

After a world of little gossip they settled their debts and went away, all but Mrs. Peniston and her niece, my aunt declaring that she wanted the elder lady's advice about the proper way to cool blackberry jam. For this sage purpose the shadow-like form of Darthea's aunt in gray silk went out under cover of my aunt's large figure, and Darthea and I were left alone.

How pretty she was in fair white muslin with long gloves, a red rosebud in each sleeve, and only a trace of powder on her hair, smiling, and above all women graceful! She had seemed older when we met in the Provostry, and now to-day was slim and girl-like. I do not know where she got that trick of change, for in after-days, when in the fuller bloom of middle age, she still had a way of looking at times a gay and heedless young woman. She had now so innocent an air of being merely a sweet child that a kind of wonder possessed me, and I could not but look at her with a gaze perhaps too fixed to be mannerly.

«Darthea,» I said, as we sat down, «I owe my life to you twice—twice.»

«No, no!» she cried. «What could I do but go to the jail? Miss Wynne was away.»

«You might have told my father,» I said. Why had she not?

«Mr. Wynne is grown older, and—I—There was no time to be lost, and Arthur was gone on duty for I know not what.» She was seeing and answering what further might have seemed strange to me. «Aunt Peniston was in a rage, I assure you. My aunt in a rage, Mr. Wynne, is a tempest in a thimble. All in a minute it boils over and puts out the little fire, and there is an end of it, and she asks what ought to be done. But now I am penitent, and have been scolded by Arthur. I will never, never do it any more. My aunt was right, sir.»

«I think you gave me more than life, Darthea, that day. And did you think I would take the parole?»

«Never for a moment!» she cried, with flashing eyes. «I would have taken it, but I want my friends to be wiser and stronger than I. I—I was proud of you in your misery and ragged blanket.» And with this the wonderful face went tender in a moment, and for my part I could only say, «Darthea! Darthea!»

She was quick to see and to fear, and to avoid that which was ever on my lips when with her, and which she seemed to bid to live, and then to fly from as if she had never tempted me.

«Ah, you were a droll figure, and Arthur could not but laugh when I described this hero in a blanket. It was then he told me more fully what before he had wrote, how in the hurry of an inspection he saw many men dying, and one so like you that he asked who it was, and was given another name; but now he thought it must have been you, and that you had perhaps chosen, why he knew not, a name not your own, or you had been misnamed by the turnkey. It was little wonder where men were dying in scores and changed past recognition; it was no wonder, I say, he did not know you, Mr. Wynne. He was so sorry, for he says frankly that just because you and he are not very good friends—and why are you not?—he feels the worse about it. After he had scolded me well, and I made believe to cry, he said it was a noble and brave thing I had done, and he felt he should have been the one to do it had he known in season. He did really mean to get the parole, but then you ran away. And you do see, Mr. Wynne, that it was all a frightful mistake of Arthur's, and he is—he must be sorry.»

I would then and there have said to her that the man was a liar, and had meanly left me to die; but it was my word against his, and Delaney had long ago gotten out and been exchanged and gone South, whither I knew not. As of course she must trust the man she loved, if I were to say I did not believe him we should quarrel, and I should see her no more.

«My dear lady,» I said, keeping myself well in hand, «the moral is that women should be sent to inspect the hungry, the ragged, the frozen, and the dying.».

I saw she did not relish my answer. Was she herself quite satisfied? Did she want to be fortified in her love and trust by me, who had suffered? A shadow of a frown was on her brow for a moment, and then she said: «He will write to you. He promised me he would write to you. And that dear old Sister of Charity!—you must go and thank her at the little convent beside St. Mary's, in Willing's Alley. You upset her as you went out in that rude fashion. Any but a Quaker would have stayed to apologise. Mr. Wynne was pleased I went to the jail with the dear sister. I believe the man really thought I would have gone alone. And I would, I would! When he told me it was clever and modest to get the sweet old papist for company, I swept him a mighty curtsey, and thanked him, and puzzled him, which is what men are for.»

Sitting in the open bow-window above the garden, my Darthea had most of the talk, while, when I dared no longer stare at her changeful face, I looked past her at the June roses swaying in the open window-space.

«Yes,» I laughed, «that is what men are for; but I have not done with you. I have also to thank you for my escape in the garden—you and Mr. André. He has a good memory, I fancy.»

«Oh, the fainting—yes,» said Miss Peniston, lightly. «It was fortunate it came just then. And Mr. Wynne was glad enough of it later. He said it had saved him from the most horrible regret life could bring. If he had but had time to think—or had known—»

«Known what?»

«No matter; I was in time to stop myself from saying a foolish thing. Let me give thanks for my escape. I have a restless tongue, and am apt to say what I do not mean; and I do faint at nothing.»

«It was very opportune, my dear Miss Peniston.»

«La! la! as aunt says, one would think I went faint on purpose, in place of its being the heat, and a providential accident, and very annoying too; not a woman anywhere near me.»

«It saved a worthless life,» I said; «but for it I should have had short shrift and the gallows on the Common.»

«Hush!» she returned. «That is not pretty talk. Your cousin is unlucky, he says, to have had you fall in his way when it was impossible to escape from arresting you. He told me Mr. André assured him he could have done no other thing, and that it was vain to regret what was the inevitable duty of a soldier. I think Arthur was the most pleased of all when you got away. I must say you went very fast for so grave a Quaker.»

«And could you see?» said I, slyly.

«No, of course not. How should I, and I in a dead faint? Mr. André told me next day he thought that dreadful rebel Mr. McLane saved your life when he was mean enough, just in the middle of that beautiful ball, to set fire to something. At first we took it for the fireworks. But tell me about Miss Gainor's girl-boy—our own dear Jack.»

«He can still blush to beat Miss Franks, and he still believes me to be a great man, and—but you do not want to hear about battles.»

«Do I not, indeed! I should like to see Mr. Jack in a battle; I cannot imagine him hurting a fly.»

«The last I saw, at Germantown, of Jack, he was raging in a furious mob of redcoats, with no hat, and that sword my aunt presented cutting and parrying. I gave him up for lost, but he never got a scratch. I like him best in camp with starving, half-naked men. I have seen him give his last loaf away. You should hear Mr. Hamilton—that is his Excellency's aide—talk of Jack; how like a tender woman he was among men who were sick and starving. Hamilton told me how once, when Jack said prayers beside a dying soldier and some fellow laughed,—men get hard in war,—our old Quaker friend Colonel Forest would have had the beast out and shot him, if the fool had not gone to Jack and said he was sorry. Every one loves the man, and no wonder.»

«He is fortunate in his friend, Mr. Wynne. Men do not often talk thus of one another. I have heard him say as much or more of you. Mistress Wynne says it is a love-affair. Are men's friendships or women's the best, I wonder?» I said that was a question beyond me, and went on to tell her that I should be in town but a few days, and must join my regiment as soon as General Arnold could do without us, which I believed would be within a week.

She was as serious as need be now, asking intelligent questions as to the movements of the armies and the chances of peace. I had to show her why we lost the fight at Germantown, and then explain that but for the fog we should have won it, which now I doubt.

Mr. André had told her that it was because of our long rifles that the enemy lost so many

officers, picked off out of range of musket, and did I think this was true? It seemed to her unfair and like murder.

I thought she might be thinking of my cousin's chances, for here, after a pause, she rose suddenly and said it was late and that the blackberry jam must be cool, or the discussion over it hot, to keep Mrs. Peniston so long. My aunt would have had me stay for further talk, but I said I was tired, and went away home feeling that the day had been full enough for me.

A little later, one afternoon in this June, I found my aunt seated so deep in thought that I asked her the cause.

«Presently,» she said. «I have meant to tell you, but I have delayed; I have delayed. Now you must know.» Here she rose and began to stride restlessly among the furniture, walking to and fro with apparent disregard of the china gods and Delft cows. She reminded me once more of my father in his better days. Her hands were clasped behind her, which is, I think, a rare attitude with women. Her large head, crowned with a great coil of gray hair which seemed to suit its massive build, was bent forward as if in thought.

«What is it, Aunt Gainor?»

She did not pause in her walk or look up, and only motioned me to a seat, saying: «Sit down. I must think; I must think.»

It was unlike her. Generally, no matter how serious the thing on her mind, she was apt to come at it through some trivial chat; but now her long absence of speech troubled me.

I sat at least ten minutes, and then, uneasy, said, «Aunt Gainor, is it Darthea?»

«No, you fool!» And she went on her wandering way among the crackled gods. «Now I will talk, Hugh, and do not interrupt me. You always do;» but, as Jack Warder says, no one ever did successfully interrupt Miss Wynne except Miss Wynne.

She sat down, crossed one leg over the other, as men do when alone with men, and went on, as I recall it, to this effect, and quite in her ordinary manner: «When the British were still here, late in May I had a note through the lines from Mr. Warder as to the confusion in my house, and some other matters. He got for me a pass to come in and attend to these things. I stayed three days with Mrs. Peniston and Darthea. While here the second day I was bid to sup at Parson Duché's, and though I hated the lot of them, I had had no news nor so much as a game of cards for an age, and so I went. Now don't grin at me.

«When I was to leave no coach came, as I had ordered, and no chair, either. There was Mrs. Ferguson had set up a chaise. She must offer me to be set down at home. I said my two legs were as good as her horses', and one of them—I mean of hers—has a fine spavin; as to Mrs. Mischief's own legs, they are so thin her garters will not stay above her ankles.

«I walked from Third street over Society Hill, thinking to see your father, and to find a big stick for company across the bridges.»

She was given to going at night where she had need to go, with a great stick for privateersmen, the vagabond, drunken Hessians, and other street pirates. I can see her now, shod with goloe-shoes against mud or snow, with her manlike walk and independent air, quite too formidable to suggest attack.

«I went in at the back way,» she continued; «not a servant about but Tom, sound asleep at the kitchen fire. I went by him, and from the hall saw your father, also in deep slumber in his arm-chair. I got me a candle and went up-stairs to look how things were. The house was in vile disorder, and dirty past belief. As to your own chamber, where that scamp Arthur slept, it was—well, no matter.

«As I went down-stairs and into the back dining-room I heard the latch of the hall door rattle. ‹Is it Arthur?› thought I; and of no mind to see him, I sat down and put out my candle, meaning to wait till he was come in, and then to slip out the back way. The next moment I heard Arthur's voice and your father's. Both doors into the front room were wide open, and down I sat quietly, with a good mind to hear. It is well I did. I suppose you would have marched in and said, ‹Take care how you talk; I am listening.› Very fine, sir. But this was an enemy. You lie, cheat, spy, steal, and murder in war. How was I worse than you?»

«But, dear Aunt Gainor—»

«Don't interrupt me, sir. I sat still as a mouse.» My aunt as a mouse tickled my fancy. There may be such in my friend Mr. Swift's Brobdingnag.

«I listened. Master Wynne is pleasant, and has had a trifle too much of Mr. Somebody's Madeira. He is affectionate, and your father sits up, and, as Dr. Rush tells me, is clear of head after his sleep, or at least for a time.

«My gentleman says, ‹I may have to leave you soon, my dear cousin. I want to talk to you a little. Is there any one in the back room?› As there is no one, he goes on, and asks his cousin to tell him about the title to Wyncote as he had promised. His brother was ill and uneasy, and it was all they had,

and it was a poor thing, after all. Your father roused up, and seemed to me fully to understand all that followed. He said how fond he was of Arthur, and how much he wished it was he who was to have the old place. Arthur replied that it was only in his father's interest he spoke.

«Then they talked on, and the amount of it was pretty much this. How many lies Arthur got into the talk the Lord—or the devil—knows! This was what I gathered: Your grandfather Hugh, under stress of circumstances, as you know, was let out of Shrewsbury jail with some understanding that he was to sell his estate to his brother, who had no scruples as to tithes, and to go away to Pennsylvania. This I knew, but it seems that this brother William was a Wynne of the best, and, as is supposed, sold back the estate privately to Hugh for a trifle, so that at any time the elder brother could reclaim his home. What became of the second deed thus made was what Arthur wanted to know.

«Your father must have it somewhere, Hugh. Now says Arthur, ‹We are poor, cousin; the place is heavily encumbered; some coal has been found. It is desirable to sell parts of the estate; how honestly can my father make a title?› Your great-uncle William died, as we know, Hugh, and the next brother's son, who is Owen and is Arthur's father, had a long minority. When he got the place, being come of age, some memoranda of the transaction turned up. It was not a rare one in older Roundhead days. Nothing was done, and time ran on. Now the occupant is getting on in years, and as his second son Arthur is ordered hither on service, it was thought as well that he should make inquiry. The older squires had some vague tradition about it. It was become worth while, as I inferred, to clear the business, or at need to effect a compromise. Half of this I heard, and the rest I got by thinking it over. Am I plain, Hugh?» She was, as usual. «Your father surprised me. He spoke out in his old deliberate way. He said the deed—some such deed—was among his father's papers; he had seen it long ago. He did not want the place. He was old and had enough, and it should be settled to Master Arthur's liking.

«Your cousin then said some few words about you. I did not hear what, but your father at once broke out in a fierce voice, and cried, ‹It is too true!› Well, Hugh,» she went on, «it is of no use to make things worse between you.»

«No,» I said; «do not tell me. Was that all?»

«Not quite. Master Arthur is to have the deed if ever it be found, and with your father's and your grandfather's methodical ways, that is pretty sure to happen.»

«I do not care much, Aunt Gainor, except that—»

«I know,» she cried; «anybody else might have it, but not Arthur.»

«Yes; unless Darthea—»

«I understand, sir; and now I see it all. The elder brother will die. The father is old, the estate valuable, and this lying scamp with his winning ways will be master of Wyncote, and with a clear title if your father is able to bring it about. He can, Hugh, unless—»

«What, aunt?»

«Unless you intervene on account of my brother's mental state.»

«That I will never do! Never!»

«Then you will lose it.»

«Yes; it must go. I care but little, aunt.»

«But I do, sir. You are Wynne of Wyncote.»

I smiled, and made no reply.

«The man stayed awhile longer, but your father after that soon talked at random, and addressed Arthur as Mr. Montresor. I doubt if he remembered a word of it the day after. When Arthur left and went up-stairs your father fell into sleep again. I went away home alone, and the day after to the Hill Farm.»

«It is a strange story,» I said. «And did he get the deed before the army left?»

My aunt thought not. «Mason says all the papers are at the counting-house, and that up to this time your father has made no special search. It was but two weeks or less before they left town.»

It was a simple way to trap an over-cunning man, and it much amused me, who did not take the deed and estate matter to heart as did my aunt. When she said, «We must find it,» I could but say that it was my father's business, and could wait; so far, at least, as I was concerned, I would do nothing. Of course I told it all to Jack when next we met.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

HOW SARAH PAID FOR PEACE.

WITH PICTURES BY C. M. RELYEA.

Turn, good wheel, with humming sound.
The Flying Dutchman.

«IT 'S A SHAME, IT IS!»

IN a corner near my fireplace stands an old spinning-wheel on the body of which two large letters are carved—«D. W.,» the mark of the maker. The wheel is silent and decrepit, its useful days long past. Spin it never will again; yet whenever I look at it standing there in its corner, the foot-worn treadle rises, the wheel hums, and for me spins this:

«OH, Reuben,» said Mrs. Grey, «ef that sight don't make my very blood boil! No, don't you look. Keep yer eyes on the mare, and I will, too; then maybe Sarah will think we did n't see her. Drive fast, Reuben, and *don't* look.»

Reuben Grey fixed his eyes on his mare's ears, and gingerly beat her lazy back with his worn-out whip.

«Say somethin' to me as we pass, Reuben,» whispered Mrs. Grey; «it 'll look more nacheral.»

Reuben's mouth worked foolishly, but no words came.

«Now we have passed her,» said his wife, with a breath of relief, as the buggy jogged on; «but yer did n't say a word, Reuben.»

«To save my life, I could n't think o' anything ter say. I never can when folks come on me sudden.»

«Then you might ha' said that. What I did n't want yer to look at was pore Sarah. Dan'l Whip has got her settin' up beside him on the roof of Mr. Buzzard's house while he 's mendin' the chimbleys. It 's a shame, it is!»

Reuben turned around in his seat to look back.

«Now, Reuben,» cried Mrs. Grey, ‹yer 've done it after all, and o' course she saw yer!»

Reuben was shaking the buggy with his laughter.

«Ef that don't beat all!» he cried. «I heard Dan'l Whip was doin' that to Sarah, but I did n't half b'lieve it. Got her h'isted up there on the roof, sittin' in a chair at her knittin'! Oh, my!»

He beat his knee gently with his huge doubled-up fist, which was no larger than his big heart. «Pore Sarah,» he said—«pore Sarah! An' 't ain't as ef he did it for fondness.»

«Fondness! He jes does it to be hateful, Reuben. I al'ays feel 'bout him jes like I do of a bat, that ain't bird nor beast, but a kinder crawlin' vermin. Dan'l Whip certainly ain't a man.»

«That ain't any fault o' his. He was born like that, Mary, honey—all humped together. I 've been thinkin' these years here lately that he 's been gettin' shorter, an' it ain't onreasonable that his temper should shorten, too. I don' hold Dan'l Whip full respons'ble.»

Mrs. Grey shook her head. «I ain't so sure, Reuben. He 's cute enough 'bout thinkin' up new ways to be hateful. This haulin' pore Sarah up on ter roofs when he 's chimbleys to mend, now, who 'd 'a' thought o' that but Dan'l Whip? The only holiday she had was when he was up on roofs; while he 's makin' spinnin'-wheels at home he has her under hack all the time. What in the world made her marry him I don' know.»

Reuben stretched out his hand to catch a wisp of sweet hay that hung on a low branch. The road was narrow, and ran between intruding bushes. The finger-like twigs had snatched part of its load from a passing hay-wagon, which could be heard rumbling on ahead. Selecting a juicy-looking straw, Reuben took it between his teeth, chewing its sweetness as meditatively as a cow might. He leaned back in the buggy, bracing his feet against the worn dash-board, which showed marks of having thus braced them for years. The reins fell in loops from the horse's neck.

«When Dan'l Whip married,» said Reuben, «folks talked the other way. His body war n't much, to be shore, an' his head was 'bout as big as the biggest watermillon you ever saw, like it is now, an' his eyes was just as squeeched up. But talk! He could talk like a book. We all thought he 'd be a somebody, and Sarah war n't nothin' but a field-hand. She was reapin' in my father's field when Dan'l first saw her. ‹Dan'l Whip,› says my father, ‹what on airth are you goin' to marry a girl out the field fer?› You see how folks felt about it. ‹I 'm sick o' boardin',› says Dan'l. ‹I want a home table. She re'p' like a man, an' I 'm goin' to marry her.›»

Mrs. Grey's soft brows knit. «She 's as strong as a man now, Reuben; that 's what gets to me. Dan'l don't more 'n come up to her waist; she could pick him up under her arm an' walk right off with him.»

«Well, she don't do it, nor nothin' like it,» said Reuben. He lowered his voice: «Mary, did you ever hear that story 'bout Dan'l Whip an' Sarah an' a table? I jes pooh-poohed it at the store when I heard it, but it do seem kinder cur'ous, the way Sarah jumps an' runs an' tumbles over herself whenever Dan'l Whip says, ‹Come.›»

Mrs. Grey pursed up her lips. «Reuben, you know I ain't one to gossip. That I knew this thing for weeks, an' said nothin' 'bout it to yer, shows that. My cousin Lyddy ain't one to gossip either. She ought n't to ha' told her husband, an' then it would n't 'a' leaked out at the store.»

Reuben looked up, his blue eyes full of interest. «That come from Lyddy, did it? Then it 's got to be true.»

«It 's as true as sin, an' more disgraceful. Lyddy says she saw Sarah walkin' roun' and roun' that table, cryin' kinder sof' and wringin' her hands, while Dan'l Whip stood in the middle beatin' her with a leather strap.»

Reuben's jaw dropped. «My goodness, Mary! that 's a' awful thing. Somebody ought to stop it. But what I don' see is why Sarah don' stop it herse'f. What made her walk?»

«That 's what I ast Lyddy. She says at first she believed he must 'a' had her held by a halter; but there war n't nothin' at all holdin' Sarah but Dan'l Whip's will. Ain't that awful, Reuben?»

«Ha-a,» said Reuben, moving his feet uneasily; «it makes me crawl. But Mary, honey, I 'm 'fraid yer 'll think I 'm sorter heartless, for I do think I 'm goin' to laugh in a minute. Sarah she 's so everlastin' big, and Dan'l he 's little enough to have ter crawl on a table ter reach her. Don't you see yerse'f it 's sorter funny, Mary?»

His clean-shaven lip twitched as his laughter came and possessed him. Mrs. Grey looked at her husband unsmilingly.

«I don' see nothin' to laugh at, Reuben Grey. Lyddy was n't laughin' any; she said it was a sight to cry over.»

«What I 'm studyin' over is how Lyddy saw it,» ruminated Reuben.

«Lyddy,» said Mrs. Grey, with a slight embarrassment, «was on her way to see Sarah; but when she got to Dan'l Whip's, an' heard this kinder cryin' sound, she did n't like to knock. There 's a slat out o' one o' Dan'l Whip's shutters on the left side the house, an' when Lyddy once looked through that crack she did n't want to do any knockin'. Don't you reckon it 's water that mare 's wantin', Reuben?»

The mare was turning her head longingly toward the roadside, where a weak little stream, trickling down the hill and under the matted underwood, was led by a split log into a half-sunk barrel. There was no check-rein to the rope-pieced harness. Reuben had only to sit still in the buggy and give the mare her way. As it was a warm day, she drew in the water gratefully with deep, whistling sounds.

«Mary,» said Reuben, turning to his wife, his face working with laughter, «I 've been kinder keepin' somethin' 'bout Dan'l Whip to myself, but I can't keep it no longer. You remember the mornin', a week back, when he came out from town in sech a hurry to see me? Well, what yer s'pose he wanted? ‹Mr. Grey,› says he, whisperin', ‹will you kindly lend me twenty dollars?›»

«La, Reuben!» Mrs. Grey interrupted, «what did he want it fer?»

«That was what I ast him, an' you could ha' knocked me down with a feather when he tol' me he wanted to buy a divorce from Sarah.»

«Sarah!» repeated Mrs. Grey. «Why, she 's the only thing keeps folks anyways decent to him. Dan'l Whip must be losin' his mind.»

«Egzactly what I says to him. ‹Dan'l,› I says, ‹Sarah 's shorely been a good wife to you.› ‹I know,› says he, still whisperin'; ‹but there 's a lawyer parsin' through town, an' he tells me he can make a divorce fer twenty dollars. Ain't that the cheapest thing, Mr. Grey? I 'll never get a bargain like that again,› says he; ‹an' I want you to lend me the money fer it. I 'll pay you back.›

«‹No, Dan'l Whip,› says I; ‹you certainly won't, fer I ain't goin' to lend it to you first. You ought to be 'shamed o' yerse'f,› I says; but I laughed so he went off ragin'. There must be somethin' kinder ridic'lous to me in ev'rything Dan'l Whip does, Mary. I laughed to myself all the week at that, an' it makes me laugh now to think o' it. Buyin' a divorce jes 'cause it 's cheap! Like that stovepipe hat you got fer me some ten years back 'cause it was sech a bargain. It 's been in the garret ever sence, ain't it?» Reuben pulled the flapping felt hat he always wore deeper over his brows, beneath which his eyes twinkled.

«I don' see nothin' alike between 'em,» said Mrs. Grey, stiffly.

Her husband tightened the reins, and «clucked» to his mare. «Maybe there ain't, honey,» he said, as they wound down the riverside road again.

Between the little town of Riverton, which the pair were leaving, and their farm ran the South Branch of the Potomac, brawling, noisy, and rapid, ever quarreling with its banks, too often rising in wrath to sweep over them, carrying destruction for lines of high corn and low-lying wheat-fields. If the South Branch, with its rich alluvial banks and wealth of fishes, was more his friend or his enemy, Reuben Grey had yet to decide. He was thinking of this as he looked down at the waters rushing by on the right side of the road. On the left bank the great gray «hanging rocks» arched high above them, holding in every crevice where earth could gather the hanging plant of the region, its gay pink head drooping and swinging against the gray wall with every wind. A hundred feet beyond the hanging rocks lay the ford, good or bad as the South Branch willed. On this day the ford happened to be kind, but Mrs. Grey breathed more freely as the mare emerged dripping on the other side.

«It seems like I never can get used to that gratin' sound of the wheels on the pebbles when the current gets to pullin' so hard midstream, Reuben,» she said. «The mare 's real frisky to-day, ain't she? Why, whatever ails her now?»

«She 's scared of that thing comin' down the road,» answered Reuben. «W'oa, Molly! It ain't nothin', you foolish woman. I 'm blessed ef I know what it is myself though, Mary.»

Straight down the road a feather-bed, topped by some pillows and colored comforters, seemed to be speeding directly toward them, and with no perceptible means of locomotion; but as it drew nearer a pair of unsteady bandy legs could be distinguished sticking out from the bottom of the pile.

«Oh, my,» said Mrs. Grey, woefully; «I know what it is. It 's Uncle Sam moving into his cabin again.»

As she spoke the object turned, and, wavering like one of those tormented beetles over the backs of which children delight to clasp pea-pods, moved from the road to a tiny log cabin set in the bushes. Through the open door of the cabin, after much backing and pushing, the feather-bed van-

ished. When the buggy passed the door was closed.

«There,» sighed Mrs. Grey; «he 's shut in again for days, I s'pose, an' all his work lyin'. I wisht to mercy your mother was alive, Reuben; or else I wisht she 'd taken off all the old negroes with her. To this day I ain't anythin' but the ‹young mistis› to them, an' they don't heed a word I say. I 'm gettin' perfictly sick of it. You ought never to have let Sam build that cabin, Reuben.»

«Oh, it don't matter any. You take the ol' niggers too hard, Mary, honey. Sam he likes to have a kinder hole o' his own to crawl inter when he gets mad.»

«I don' see how that cabin 's his any more 'n his room at the house is, Reuben. He 's made it outer your timber, an' set it on your land.»

«What 's started him now?»

«There has n't anythin' happened but just what he deserved. He 's taken to lyin' in bed here lately deep inter the mornin', an' when he chooses to get up, Ozalla she *will* cook a red-hot breakfast for him. To-day I just stopped her, an' put by some cold victuals for Sam. He was as impident when he saw the plate! He went r'arin' roun' the kitchen, tellin' me he war n't goin' to make a gobbige-box of his stommick for nobody.»

«I jes hope you ran him out with nothin',» said Reuben, indignantly.

«I had ter; but I always feel as if your mother was lookin' down at me when I scold Sam. I can't bear to interfere with the old negroes, they was here so long before me.»

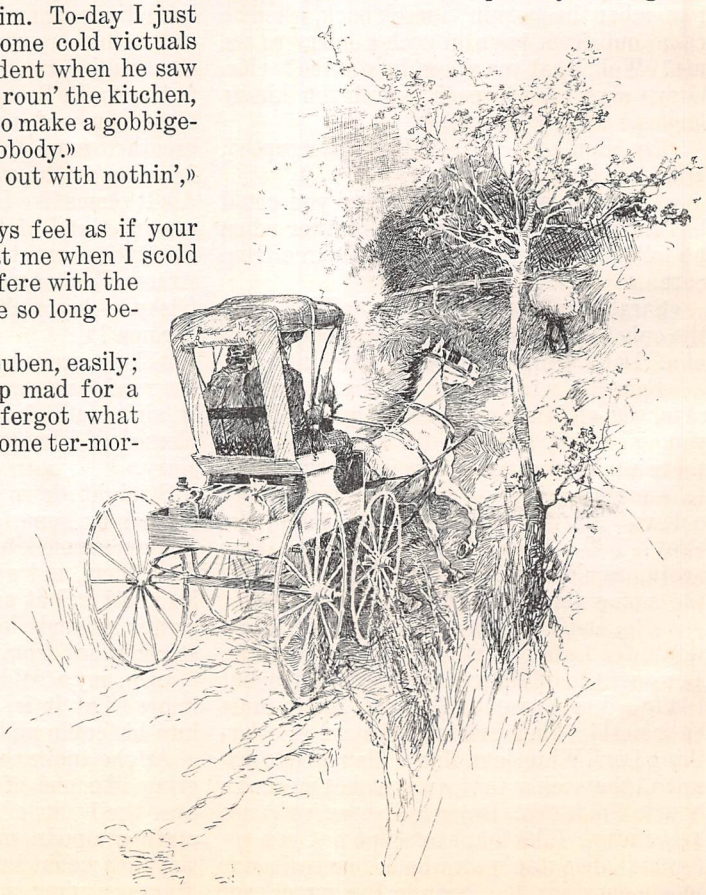
«Makes n' odds,» said Reuben, easily; «I've known Sam to keep mad for a week after he 'd clean fergot what started him. He 'll come home ter-morrow, maybe. The reapin'-machine 's lef' more or less grass over there in that field, Mary, ain't it? I reckon I 'll take that scythe there in the fence corner and trim off the stray locks. I never did think much o' machines, anyhow. You can drive the buggy on to the house. Holler for one of the little niggers to take it when yer get there.»

The horse taken to the stable by a «little nigger,» the locks of grass shorn, and supper in the farm-house eaten, Reuben Gray and his wife sat together happily on the vine-covered porch in the twilight. Down on the river-bank the frogs sang loudly, following their shrill leader. The farm-yard creatures were almost silenced for the night, and Reuben Grey himself was wrapped in content. His feet, clad only in their stockings, were resting on the rungs of his chair, which was tilted back against the side of the house, his pipe was in his mouth, his wife was by his side. What more could man desire?

«Reuben,» said Mrs. Grey, looking up from the knitting which she did not need to see, «I do think I hear somebody hollering at the ford.»

«Reckon not,» Reuben answered drowsily; but as he raised his head to listen, his chair dropped forward with a jerk; he reached quickly for his boots.

«It sounds to me kinder like a lady,» he said, drawing his boots half-way on, then rising to stamp his feet deeper in before he hurried to the ford. To keep a lady waiting was



«‹IT 'S UNCLE SAM MOVING.›»

not in Reuben's code. Mrs. Grey could hear the sound of the pole scraping on the boat, and knew later by the voices on the road that Reuben must be bringing some one back with him. As the two figures advanced through the dusk she could not at once recognize the face of the newcomer, who seemed to hesitate at the steps, as if doubtful of her welcome.

«Here 's Sarah Whip, wife,» said Reuben; and Mrs. Grey rose at once.

«Well, Sarah Whip, I did n't know yer for a minute, I was so surprised. I 'm real glad. You have n't been on this porch sence—I do' know when. Have yer had your supper?»

«No,» answered Reuben; «she ain't had any. Jest get her some, Mary. Set down and wait out here in the cool, Sarah—Mary won't be a minute. Do you take tea or coffee?»

«Coffee in general,» answered Sarah, dully; «but I ain't partic'lar, Mrs. Grey.»

«Mary 's got both,» said Reuben.

He followed his wife, whose hospitality had already sent her to the kitchen. «Mary, honey,» he whispered, «don't you hurry with that supper. Somethin' 's happened, and Sarah Whip 's got it on her min' to tell. Jes let her get through oncet, and make her some strong coffee, pore thing.»

He rambled out to the porch again with a step always purposeless, however direct his aim.

«Well, Sarah, chile?» he said as he seated himself.

Sarah looked up. She was a tall, fair woman with high cheek-bones, gentle blue eyes, and a deprecating expression. Her face began to work suddenly, and she flung her blue apron over her head.

«I knowed there was trouble as soon as I saw you,» said Reuben. «Jes set there and let it bile over, honey. What 's he been doin' to yer 'sides settin' yer up on roofs?»

Sarah rocked her body to and fro, talking through her apron. «I tol' him you saw me on that roof—I tol' him so. I can't stan' it no longer. When I runned out here to the river jes now I did n't know ef it was to th'ow myself in or to holler to you. Then I seemed to hear him runnin' after me, an' I hollered.»

«You oughter 'a' hollered long days before this, Sarah. Now you take that thing off er yer head an' listen to me. I ain't goin' to do any talkin' round to yer, but straight at yer. You tell me ef this thing I hear 'bout you and Dan'l Whip and a table an' a strop 's true.»

Sarah dropped the apron as one trained in obedience, but she wrung her hands and rocked as she poured out her story.

«Yes; it 's true whenever he gets mad at me. I 'm 'mos' crazy with it all. Ef I did n't know jes when he was goin' to do it, it would n't come so hard. But no matter how early in the day he gets mad at me, ef it 's right after breakfast, he don't say not one word till night. He jes waits till after supper, when I 've took the cloth off the table an' folded it an' put it in the dresser drawer. Ef I hear a scramblin' behind me, then I know it 's him gettin' up on the table; nor he don' say a word then, but jes waits for me to turn round from the dresser. Sometimes it 's as much as five minutes, it seems to me, before I kin turn. I jes keep prayin' there, ‹Lord, help me! help me to bear it, Lord!› But nothin' don' help me.» Her voice rose to a wail. «Ef I don't walk right around that table like I know he wants me to, he 'mos' kills me when I do come. Oh, I don' see how I can stan' it any more! I had ter run away ter-night, an' I reckon he will kill me ter-morrow night for doin' it.»

Reuben Grey was moving restlessly in his chair. «Sarah,» he cried out, «you ain't called on to stan' it. Now you look here. I ain' one to run ag'in' Scripture; I 'm believin' the wife should be subjec' to her husband; but, honey, I 've been livin' in this world some time, an' one thing I 've come to see. I 've come to see it so true that I 've done what I reckon yer 'll call awful audacious. I 've made a kinder proverb of it, and in my Bible I 've added it to the proverbs of Solomon—in pencil. It 's jes this: ‹An' the price o' peace may be wa-ar—may be wa-ar,›» he accented with his earnest forefinger. «I ain' tellin' you to do anythin' that 's wrong when I tell you this: the nex' time you know Dan'l Whip 's mad, an' you hear him scramblin' on to the table behin' you, Sarah, don't you pray like yer 've been a-prayin'—‹Lord, help me to bear it!› You pray like this: ‹Lord, help me not to bear this ondecent thing; for the price of peace may be wa-ar, O Lord, wa-ar!› You pray that way, Sarah, an' then you turn roun' an' carry out the will o' the Lord as he puts it inter yer heart ter act. Now the best thing you kin do is to eat yer supper. I hear Mary carryin' it in.»

Mrs. Grey was a good woman. She set the supper on the table, and busied herself about Sarah, watching without a question the poor soul eat and choke, and wipe her eyes. With the good food, the warm coffee, and the warmer kindness, Sarah gradually took heart to relish what she ate. A contagious peacefulness pervaded all of Reuben Grey's surroundings.

«Eat, honey, eat,» he urged. «Mary an' me love to see people eat. Eat till you bu'st—I wisht yer would.»

He laughed himself so heartily that Sarah had begun to join timidly in his mirth when, with a nice morsel half lifted to her mouth, she dropped her fork on her plate.

«What was that?» she asked, trembling.

As the others listened the sound which she had heard was repeated—a cry too shrill for a man's voice, too deep for a woman's.

«It 's Dan'l at the ford,» said Sarah, desperately, rising with a moan, as beaten children turn at call to run screaming toward the fate they dare not escape.

«Sit still there, Sarah,» said Reuben, sternly; «it 's me Dan'l Whip 's callin', an' it 's me he 'll get.»

He stretched out his hand for the flapping hat, and strode from the room. The two women followed him to the porch. Standing there, they could hear through the darkness the beat of Reuben Grey's heavy footsteps on the road, then his powerful voice, «Who 's callin'?»

Every word he spoke came to them clearly. From his replies they could guess at the meaning of the rabbit-like cries from the other side of the river. Sarah grasped Mrs. Grey's arm, a liberty she would not have dared to take at a less crucial moment.

«Yes, she 's here,» shouted Reuben.

The inarticulate cries answered. Then Reuben's voice rose again:

«No, Dan'l Whip; I can't pole over fer you to-night; the boat 's up.»

«I tell yer she is pulled up.»

«Well, I ain't goin' to, then.»

«I 'll drive Sarah in fust thing ter-morrow mornin'.»

«I don' care ef yer do swim; yer won't drown anybody but Dan'l Whip. There ain't no use bleatin' at me like that, Dan'l. I said I won't, an' I ain't.»

«Ef yer do, yer 'll grow to the stone yer settin' on, that 's all. Good night to yer.»

When Reuben returned, Sarah was waiting for him, tremulously standing in the wedge of light which the open house door let out into the dark porch. Reuben came into the light also, his eyes smiling, his head turning from side to side as if in some keen enjoyment. He was holding his closed hand close to his nose.

«Hol' out yer han', Sarah,» he said. As Sarah stretched out her shaking arm, he laid a brown, velvety blossom on her palm.

«There war n't but five shrubs lef' on the bush. I 'm goin' to give you two, Sarah, an' keep three fer myself. Shrubs jes suit my smell. I don' know nothin' that substitutes a shrub after it gets all hot and smelly in yer han'. Come along, Sarah; you finish yer supper, then you 're goin' right to bed fer a good night's rest.»

Sweet, homespun, chivalric soul! Reuben Grey on his mountain-side, hoeing his fields, knew a fine code that only nature had taught him.

The following morning, after the early farm breakfast, the buggy which was to take Sarah into Riverton was brought to the gate before the porch. Reuben Grey's eyes dwelt with full satisfaction on the dilapidated vehicle, the half-groomed horse, and the makeshift harness, but not upon Ozalla's boy, who stood at the horse's head in the place which Sam should have occupied.

«You, Henery? Where 's yer grandad?» asked Reuben.

Henry's already large upper lip swelled with the smile it dared not express. He ducked his head into his breast.

«Grandfa 's down in hes cabin,» he answered.

That Sam was in his cabin, and why, was known to the smallest darky on the farm. Mrs. Grey, who was just within the door packing a basket of fresh eggs for Sarah, stepped out to the porch. Her soft brow was puckered and her kind face troubled.

«Reuben,» she said, «Sam did n't come to the house fer his dinner nor supper yestiddy, nor his breakfast to-day. I declare, it do worry me so. I can't bear to think of anything on this place bein' hungry.»

Reuben laughed at her. «Mary, honey, you *air* so sof' 'bout them ol' negroes. Don't you bother 'bout Sam. Ain't there potatoes in the field, an' ain't he only got to dig 'em? Ain't the chickens walkin' round as tame, an' ain't he only got to knock 'em in the haid? Sam 's a-takin' keer o' himse'f, don't you fret. Air you ready, Sarah?»

Sarah was waiting to bid Mrs. Grey a farewell piteous in its tearful resignation. Mrs. Grey patted her reassuringly on the shoulder with her motherly hand.

«Pick up heart, Sarah,» she said; «an' come again some time when there ain't no reason at all fer it, jes to talk a bit.»

This was her only reference to Sarah's trouble. The mountain folk can show a reserve as fine and delicate as their cliff flowers.

Sarah climbed into the buggy, and, Reuben following her, they jogged down the road toward the unbroken line of green trees that wound through the farms, marking the river-course.

«When Sam and I was boys,» said Reuben Grey, thoughtfully, talking half to himself and half to Sarah, «I kin jes remember worryin' fer a whippin', an' my mother war n't one to spare the rod neither. Many 's the hot switch Sam and me stood up to together. She generally licked us in pa'rs; fer ef one was bad, she could be pretty nigh shore the other put him up to it, ef he did n't do more. But there war times when I 'd get kinder tired, an' did n't want ter go on bein' bad; but havin' got started, I war n't goin' to stop short o' a lickin', an' then I jes wearied fer it before it come to halt me up. I use' t' think, Why on airth don't they hurry up an' lick me an' make me stop? I kin remember thinkin' that as well! It 's helped me a lot in dealin' with folks sence, Sarah. It 's kinder made me tol'rant when they 're too outrageous. I jes think 'bout them ol' days, an' my blessed ol' mother, an' that dear ol' peach-orchard back the house, full o' switches, an' then I says to myself, ‹Don't you be too ha'sh, Reuben; all that pore soul wants is a good lickin'›; an' then, ef I kin, I up an' give it to him, sometimes one way, sometimes another. Now, Sarah, you come along here with me; I got somethin' to show yer before yer go home.»

They had entered the green belt edging the river. The trees, arching over the road, framed in the ford and the farther bank, where the broken road rose again out of the water. Near the ford, set in the dingle, stood Sam's cabin with its sulkily closed door. Reuben Grey flung the reins over the back of his mare, and drew from its socket the stubby whip.

«W'oa, Molly,» he said.

Molly stood quiet while her master descended, followed by Sarah wonderingly. Reuben walked straight to Sam's cabin. He lifted the butt of his whip as if to beat upon the door, then changed his mind.

«Sam!» he called in a quick monosyllable; «Sam!»

As if drawn by an invisible string, an unwilling, shuffling step approached the door, which opened a crack. A white, rolling eyeball peered out. Reuben made an impatient side motion with his head, and the door swung wide, exposing a figure that might have come off the end of a haymaker's fork. Sam's clothing, never neat, was that of a scarecrow; his gray locks were a tousle. He stood with his dark lips swelled out, his head thrust forward, his shifty eyes opening and shutting sulkily. The little white goatee that stuck out from the side of his chin was as crooked as his temper. Reuben scanned him over.

«Well, Sam,» he said, «you do look—»

Sam swallowed resentfully, drawing his features closer together after the manner of a terrapin retiring into its shell.

«You see this, Sam,» said Reuben, raising the whip he held. Sam drew back a step, blinking. Reuben went on sternly: «What I 'm standin' here considerin' is ef I ain't called on right now to haul yer out o' there an' give yer the worst lickin' yer ever had sence yer was a boy. 'T ain't as ef I was hankerin' to do it; it 's kinder hot to be whippin' to-day. But I don' seem able to decide ef I ain't neglectin' a dooty in parsin' it by. There 's jes one thing yer kin be shore of, though: ef, when I come out from town, I stop here an' *do* fin' yer in this cabin, hot nor nothin' else won't help yer. Min', I ain't sayin' I ain't goin' to lick yer anyhow; but ef yer are here when I come out, why, it 'll be right then an' there, an' with this very whip, yer 'll get your lickin'.» He cut the stock through the air in emphasis. «I 'm goin' to hev peace, an' nothin' else, on this yere farm.»

Reuben's whip punctuated forcibly for him once more as he stalked away. He did not deign to turn his head as he moved to his buggy; but Sarah, following with less dignity, saw Sam's exit from the cabin. At a right angle to his master's footsteps, with the swift, loping run of his race, which even in his age he retained, Sam was making for the shelter of the house.

«Look, Mr. Grey,» said Sarah. Reuben looked, and a smile in which there was no surprise and no unkind triumph spread over his features.

«Sarah,» he said, stopping short to speak, «what did I tell yer? Don't you see how the price o' peace may be wa-ar, honey—may be wa-ar?»

Peace had indeed returned to the farm when Reuben came back from his journey to Riverton. The river was sparkling in the sun, his own fields lay smiling before him, Sam was crooning over his work, and Mrs. Grey wore her most placid face. But Reuben himself was disturbed. All through the day this disturbance grew upon him, and late in the afternoon it found utterance.

«Mary,» he said, «I 'm just thinkin' I 'm goin' to ask yer to make supper a' hour earlier this afternoon. I'm considerin' goin' back to Riverton. I feel kinder worried 'bout Sarah an' Dan'l Whip.»

Mrs. Grey laid down her knitting to look

up. «Why, Reuben, it ain't like you to be interferin' with man an' wife. What kin you do ef Dan'l chooses to beat Sarah, and Sarah lets him?»

«It don't seem like I could do nothin',» answered Reuben; «but I reckon I 'd like supper early, Mary.»

«Did n't you say Dan'l Whip war n't onpleasant this mornin'?»

«He was pleasant enough, all but his eyes. He was settin' there, workin' away on his spinnin'-wheels. He did n't say nothin' at all 'bout Sarah runnin' off last night. I 'd 'a' liked it better ef he had. I reckon I 'll have supper early, Mary.»

There was a mild obstinacy about Reuben which his wife rarely opposed. Before dusk he was on his way to Riverton, and he reached the village by the time the lamps began to shine through the windows into the streets. Checking his mare before the town store, Reuben tied her at the horse-rack in company with half a dozen other nags and buggies of similar dilapidation. As he entered the store, ever more or less crowded, answering to the club of a higher civilization, his advent was loudly welcomed; but on this occasion Reuben confessed himself hurried. He ordered a list of groceries, to be packed in his buggy against his return, thus giving explanation for his visit to the populace waiting to receive this statement as their due. His account rendered, he was more free for his mission, which led him at once to Dan'l Whip's home. The Whip cottage stood a little apart from the village, on a side road.

«Here 't is,» said Reuben to himself, as he reached the house and paused before it thoughtfully. All the shutters were closed, but a bright light from within came streaming through the cracks.

«Was it the lef' side Mary said?» murmured Reuben, hesitating on the road. «Yes, 't was the lef'.»

He walked softly to the left side of Daniel Whip's house. There, toward the bottom of one of the windows, a broader band of light burst through the shutter from which a slat was missing.

«Lyddy must ha' seen real well. There war n't no reason she should n't,» thought Reuben, as he bent his head and looked into the house. The one lamp, which was in the center of the supper-table, lighted the small room brilliantly. The china on the shelves, Daniel Whip's half-finished wheels in the corner, his tools near by,—everything, in fact, except Whip himself,—Reuben could see plainly. Directly opposite the window, at the head of the supper-table, sat Sarah.

«White and scared as a rabbit,» sighed Reuben to himself. He looked at the supper, and thought that the poor soul must have made an effort to have it specially good. A high-backed arm-chair was placed opposite Sarah, with its back to the window where Reuben stood. There, he judged, the master of the house must be; for dish after dish was deprecatingly pushed by Sarah toward this chair, and they seemed to disappear in its recesses. Sarah's own plate lay face down before her; she had not so much as turned it over.

No word was being spoken. To the genial soul at the window this was the darkest feature. Finally, the dishes which had been disappearing full into the chair began to come back empty, and Sarah rose to clear the table. She went to her work slowly, with faltering footsteps. When all the dishes had been taken away, she seemed to hesitate, and stood with the center crease of the cloth held in her fingers for a full minute before she jerked it off.

There was still no sign of life from Daniel that Reuben could see. Close by the window stood the dresser. As Sarah approached it to open the drawer and lay the cloth away, Reuben was looking through the broken slat full into her despairing face. She was standing quite still, listening, and he held his breath lest she should hear him. At that moment came a sound that blanched the woman's cheeks and made the watcher's back crawl. It was Daniel Whip scrambling upon the table. Reuben could not see him, for Sarah blocked his view; but he could imagine him standing there, with his «watermelon head,» his «squeeched-up eyes,» his «humped-together body,» the cruel strap ready in his hand. He knew Sarah was mentally seeing the same sight; for her figure was bent despairingly, and it seemed to Reuben that she was looking out through the broken shutter straight into his eyes, while her eyes were growing fixed and strange. Her lips were moving.

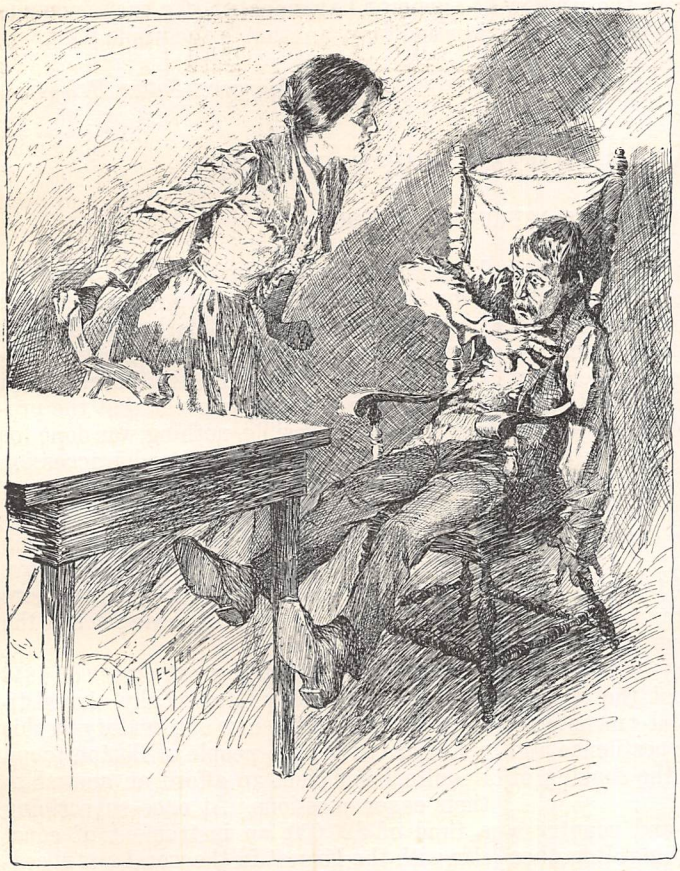
«Lord help her!» thought Reuben; «she 's prayin'!»

Suddenly Sarah's eyes lighted up; a dash of bright red came over her high cheek-bones. She wheeled so abruptly that Reuben Grey started back. He heard a scuffle, one rabbit-like cry, and when he regained his post of observation Daniel Whip was not on the table.

Sarah was standing by the arm-chair, looking down into its recesses. She held a heavy

leather strap in her hand, and spoke in a high, excited voice, as mechanically as a parrot.

«Well, Dan'l Whip, you do look!» She went on rapidly, yet as one feeling for words. The thong was raised waveringly. «You see this, Dan'l? What I 'm standin' here considerin' is ef I ain't called on right now to haul yer outer there an' give yer the worst lickin' yer 've had sence—sence—I mean a worse lickin' than you ever give me with this strop. 'T ain't as ef I was hankerin' to do it; it 's kinder hot to be whippin' ter-day; but I don' seem able to decide ef I ain't neglectin' my dooty in parsin' it by. Min', I don' say I ain' goin' to lick yer anyhow; but there 's jes one thing you kin be shore of: ef I ketch yer again on this table, hot nor nothin' else won't help yer. It 'll be right then and there, an' with this very thong, yer 'll get your lickin'.»



«WELL, DAN'L WHIP, YOU DO LOOK!»

She made the strap whistle through the air as she spoke, and jumped herself at the sound, but went on doggedly:

«I 'm goin' to have peace, an' nothin' else, on this here farm—house, I mean.»

The thong whistled again in her hand; but this time Sarah seemed to find a certain pleasure in the sound, for she repeated it, looking from the stinging lash to the chair.

«Dan'l Whip,» she cried suddenly, «don't you dare to speak or move! Yes, yer may squeeze back in your chair, and stare yer eyes outer your head. This thong 's better to hear than to feel, as I can tell yer. I said I war n't hankerin' to use it on yer, but 'deed I don' know. Now I 'm at the right end o' it fer once, I do seem to feel as ef five or six good licks—now 't ain't no use your sayin' a word, Dan'l Whip; sure 's yer do, I 'll light right in, an' ef I get started I ain't sayin' I *could* stop.»

Reuben Grey, at the window, was clinging to the sill in dismay. Sarah had been like some dumb brute unaware of its strength. Now that she had learned her power, it was sweet. The weight of an awful responsibility settled on Reuben's shoulders. Sarah was slapping the strap across her palm thoughtfully.

«When I grabbed you off the table jes now, and chucked you back in that chair, an' yanked this thong outer yer han', Dan'l Whip, what I meant to say by it was this: I ain't never goin' to walk roun' that table to be licked no more, not one time; but I can't be shore 'bout lickin' yer now with this thong—I 'm kinder 'fraid of breakin' yer. You ain' big, like I am. I 'm just wonderin' how yer ma ever done it 'thout killin' yer.»

A sudden thought seemed to strike Sarah. Her face cleared; she turned away, and laid the strap on the high mantel-shelf. «Dan'l,» she said, returning to stand and look down from her height into the chair, «I 've made up my min' clean. I ain' ever goin' ter lick yer with that thong. It 's too crool, an' you so little.» Her tone grew almost affectionate. «I know jes how crool it is. Ef leather did n't

smell so etarnal bad burnin', I'd th'ow the thing in the fire once fer all. What I 'm studyin' over now is, ef I ought n't to do yer jes as your ma mus' ha' done yer many a time when you got yer ugly tempers on—jes like I 'd do my own chile ef I had one. I 'm considerin' turnin' you right over my knee an' spankin' yer good; that could n't do yer no harm, an' it might—ach! Don't you speak a word, Dan'l Whip!»

Reuben Grey withdrew from the window as softly as he had come. He stepped from the house to the road, and with the same unnecessarily cautious step he crossed the town, seeking his mare and buggy at the horse-rack. Then he carefully counted over the packages of groceries, to find the number correct. As he drove down the road from Riverton, Reuben Grey was whistling softly and happily to himself.

Whether Sarah decided to spank or to spare Daniel Whip, he had no curiosity to learn. «Anyhow,» he ruminated, «he knows now she kin and may, an' that 's the whole p'int.»

Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

A GREAT MODERN OBSERVATORY.

HARVARD'S ASTRONOMICAL WORK.

COMETS are responsible for many things. During seventeen centuries they gave rise to every sort of superstition and fanaticism, absolutely defying the advance of intelligent thought. In the tenth century comets were supposed to be rapidly foretelling the end of the world; and, while presaging the downfall of emperors and great men, they frequently shone upon illustrious death-beds, perhaps to light an otherwise dark pathway to the other world.

Although a dawning belief in the natural cause of comets seems to have made its way slowly into the still credulous seventeenth century, it was stoutly fought by the ecclesiastics, and popular terror at the appearance of these strange celestial «monsters» had hardly abated, nor were «pestilence and war» less to be feared from the shaking of their «horrid hair.»

But in our own century and country a comet is responsible for something altogether admirable, fanning into constant conflagration a quiet interest in astronomy, which, smoldering for years, might have so continued many more but for its inspiring advent.

The history of astronomy in the United States is coeval with the origin and development of the Harvard Observatory. In 1761, long before an American observatory was thought of, John Winthrop, professor in the college, was sent to Newfoundland to observe the transit of Venus, on June 6 of that year; and in 1780 another expedition, under Professor Samuel Williams, was sent to Penobscot to observe a total eclipse of the sun. While in 1805 John Lowell, an uncle of the founder of the Lowell Institute, made a futile attempt to have an observatory built at Cambridge, no committee was appointed to investigate the proposition until 1815, this being the first corporate act looking toward an astronomical observatory in the United States. Even then, finding the cost so great that the project seemed infeasible, nothing was done for a quarter-century more; but on his accession to the presidency of Harvard, Josiah Quincy took the initial step in 1839 by inviting Mr. W. C. Bond, who for nineteen years had been faithfully observing at Dorchester, to remove his entire interests to Cambridge, and there continue his work «under the auspices of the university.»

Four years later the great comet of 1843 flashed into the New England sky. Irresistibly attracted to the new observatory by this celestial visitor, the people of Boston found it quite insufficient to afford an answer to their eager questions. At once subscribing a fund of $25,000, an instrument of equal size with the largest in the world was speedily ordered in Germany. This is the present 15-inch refracting telescope, with which, on September 19, 1848, Mr. Bond made a genuine discovery—an eighth satellite of Saturn, the New World's first addition to the solar system.

This brief sketch of the early astronomy must suffice. To show the significance of Harvard's work in the «new astronomy,» a glance at the development of celestial photography is essential; and this comes most appropriately, for it is matter of history that stellar photography had its actual origin there.

When, on that July evening in 1850, the Bonds, father and son, had a daguerreotype plate set in the focus of the equatorial as an interesting experiment, and succeeded in ob-

taining upon it an image of the star Vega, it is not probable that the full significance of what they had done, in all its immense possibilities, could have shadowed their thought even as a presentiment. But it was the entering wedge for methods entirely new.

Seven years later the son, Mr. G. P. Bond, subsequently director of the observatory, conducted the research to a successful issue with the then new collodion plates; and his papers upon the experiments are now classic, forming the foundation of modern celestial photography.

Passing over his directorship and that of his successor Joseph Winlock, the year 1877 is reached, and with it the appointment of the present director, Professor Pickering.[1] His plan for research at the observatory always embraces far-extending fields. If a special method of studying a particular star is found to be best, even the minutest scrutiny of that object alone is not thought sufficient, but materials are collected for a complete investigation of all stars in that class. Safe and accurate generalizations are thereby possible, and each piece of work is exhaustive in itself. For example, in an investigation of the apparent brightness of stars, Lindemann at Pulkowa employed 628 stars; at Cambridge the corresponding observing-list is based on 20,982 stars. The same comprehensive method characterizes all the Harvard work; it is a matter of principle to go through with an almost endless amount of routine to insure reliability and completeness. Of course it is possible to solve such problems only by employing many assistants —willing hands and skilful brains directed from a centrally active intelligence.

The great government observatories at Berlin, Paris, and Greenwich are also in the main occupied with a fixed routine of observation in the «astronomy of precision,» as it is called; but Harvard, not duplicating their labors, pursues instead a routine not yet part of the government programs.

Physical astronomy has always held chief place in the activities at Cambridge, and Professor Pickering's aim is in no sense to change this character, but rather to amplify it in the direction already indicated by the early work of the Bonds; and the financial resources of the observatory have, strangely enough, kept remarkable pace with the growing demands of scientific progress. The invested funds for its maintenance have increased more than $600,000 during Professor Pickering's administration.

The most recent large gifts are the Henry Draper Memorial; the Boyden Fund, for making observations on mountain-peaks, above the mists and unsteadiness of the lower atmosphere; the great photographic telescope and the fund given by Miss Bruce; and the Paine Fund, one of the largest gifts ever made to astronomy. There is temptation to linger over these subjects in detail, full as they are of interest, and each so different from the others; but the limits of the article forbidding an extended consideration, I shall speak of them in order and as briefly as may be. It is almost impossible, however, to describe any considerable portion of the Harvard program independently of the Draper work.

When, in 1882, Professor Pickering began to photograph spectra of stars, he had been preceded only by Dr. Huggins in England and Dr. Henry Draper in America.

The brilliant labors of Dr. Draper, rudely interrupted more than fourteen years ago by his death, are now continued by others at the Harvard Observatory through the generous and constant liberality of Mrs. Draper, who established in 1886 the Henry Draper Memorial, that noble monument to one of

[1] Edward C. Pickering, born in Boston in 1846, taught physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before he was of age, and from 1868 to 1877 held the full professorship in that department, where he instituted the plan of providing apparatus for the use of the students, that they might themselves experiment, and no longer stand passively watching an instructor. His chief scientific researches during these years were upon the polarization of light and the laws of its reflection and dispersion. He also devised a new form of spectrum telescope, and while making other inventions found time to accompany the eclipse expeditions of 1869 and 1870 to Iowa and to Spain.

Professor Pickering has devoted his attention largely to determining the relative brightness of the heavenly bodies by novel instruments of his own devising. With one of these, technically called the meridian photometer, the light of every star as it crosses the meridian (or «culminates,» in scientific phrase) is critically compared with the pole-star, an invariable standard. Also, by another light-measuring instrument, Professor Pickering and his assistants have already completed a twelve years' series of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and a second cycle is already well advanced, which is further supplemented by the photographic method, also of Professor Pickering's invention, whereby the exact time of a satellite's eclipse is more precisely recorded than ever before. Ultimately this significant research will afford a new value for the distance of the earth from the sun.

But his most picturesque discovery is apparently anomalous. He has determined the form of the orbit of a star which has never been seen and probably never can be. Its existence is proved by the variations which it causes in the brightness of its nearest celestial neighbor. Professor Pickering in 1886 received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

America's greatest investigators. For the first three years it was largely devoted to the photographic study of stellar spectra; and while this is still the chief interest, the scope of the photographic work has been extended to include other physical properties of the stars. As the investigations also relate to the fundamental laws regulating the formation of the stellar universe, the field of its activity becomes almost boundless, and the far-reaching prophecies of the younger Bond as to the applicability of photography to astronomy have been verified beyond even his most sanguine dream.

Upon her marriage with Dr. Draper in 1867, Mrs. Draper (daughter of the late Courtland Palmer of New York) began a coöperation in his labors at once intelligent and peculiarly helpful. Dr. Draper never went to his observatory without her, although it was two miles from their home; and when the work was interrupted by passing clouds they often revisited it during the night. Mrs. Draper's continuance of her husband's investigations is therefore doubly graceful and appropriate.

Three important telescopes were brought from Dr. Draper's observatory to Cambridge —his 28-inch reflector (the largest instrument of this type ever constructed in America), the 15-inch reflector, and the 11-inch refracting telescope, with which, by mounting four huge prisms, each nearly a foot square, in front of the object-glass, the star-images are so much spread out that «spectra of large dispersion» may be photographed. Mrs. Draper has also presented an 8-inch photographic telescope to replace the Bache glass of the same size, which was taken to Peru to interrogate the Southern stars.

Mr. Edison, who was a friend of Dr. Draper, and accompanied him on his eclipse expedition to Wyoming in 1878, has presented the Henry Draper Memorial with a dynamo for volatilizing terrestrial substances, that their spectra may be compared with the component elements of celestial objects.

It should not be forgotten that photographs of stars are not the same as photographs of the spectra of stars. The former are merely minute opaque spots on the glass negative; the latter are striped bands or ribbons, and it is these stripes and their position relatively to the red or violet end of the spectrum which tell the astronomer whether the star may have hydrogen in its constitution, or iron, calcium, or other substances.

It often becomes desirable that, for purposes of study or comparison, these small spectrum photographs should be enlarged; and at Harvard a method has been introduced whereby details may be brought out which ordinarily are lost or are seen only in the original negative. There is extraordinary correspondence between spectra of stars and the sun, the sequence being complete from the blue to the red stars, the sun occupying an intermediate position in the series. This result has been reached by a careful study of the spectra by Miss Maury, a niece of Dr. Draper. And just here some interesting questions in cosmogony suggest themselves: Are the stars cooling or growing hotter? Are they new or old? And wherein consists the mysterious brotherhood of stars uncounted millions of miles apart, that their constitution is in so many cases identical? This fact is shown by the coincidence of hundreds of lines in the enlarged spectra; but not the explanation.

A magnificent result of this memorial work is the Draper Catalogue, published in 1890. It has been in charge of Mrs. Fleming, a widely known assistant in the observatory, with a force of six computers toiling for three years under her supervision. Ten thousand stars of the firmament are conscientiously catalogued, on a basis of over 27,000 spectra, all of which have been examined, measured, noted in manuscript volumes, computed, and carried through the press, forming a large quarto of nearly four hundred pages. The spectra of over 20,000 stars, to include fainter ones and to cover the entire sky, have lately also been classified for a revision and extension of this great catalogue, which constitutes perhaps the most marvelous of all «inventories of God's property,» as Thoreau was wont to say. From inception to finish it is a splendid monument to the munificence, precision, and industry of woman.

Ordinarily a single great research like this would be thought enough for the lifetime of one astronomer; but the applications of photography have made possible the employment of so many assistants in executing the comprehensive plans of one director that his life is virtually lengthened almost indefinitely.

Some discouraging pessimist once busied himself with estimating the actual working-hours in a long life, finding that six years of continuous labor embrace the average allowance. Professor Pickering, however, in the active coöperation of so many intelligent lives with his own, has discovered a veritable elixir of youth.

In addition to the superb Draper Catalogue, more popular results have not been wanting.

Double stars revolving round each other are always of interest, the shortest hitherto known period of revolution having been about twelve years. But systematic comparison of photographic spectra of a given star, taken at short intervals, has revealed two great binaries, one of which has the wonderfully short period of four days, and is so closely double that no telescope will probably ever reveal the separate components. In speaking of this marvelous discovery, Professor Lodge says: «If β Aurigæ does not constitute a satisfactory memorial, I am at a loss to conceive the kind of tombstone which the relatives of a man of science would prefer.»

I have already spoken of Mrs. Fleming, whose eminence in original investigation is attested by the frequent appearance of her name in the scientific publications of Germany, England, and America. Her photographic study of the variable stars exhibits unusual capacity for delicate and precise research. All of the spectrum photographs taken with the 8-inch telescopes have been carefully examined by Mrs. Fleming, who makes annually many discoveries of objects having remarkable spectra. Her new method of recognizing variable stars by peculiarities of their spectra at maximum has led to the instant detection of many such objects, the variability of which may then be verified at once from an examination of the photographs already taken, without waiting for the next clear night or good opportunity, or perhaps even another season.

The regular series of negatives began in 1885, and comparison with all previous plates enables immediate confirmation of the discovery if real. An identification of the objects photographed is made by placing the glass plates over the famous charts of Argelander's stellar «Durchmusterung,»[1] both being upon the same scale. All spectra possessing unusual interest are at once marked, and recorded in a book for future reference. Suspicious objects are thus tabulated, and more than twelve thousand have already been found. Obviously, anything new may perhaps be recognized and at once classified without another observation. It is as if the whole sky were laid on one's desk for verification—an unimpeachable record of our firmament bequeathed to posterity. There are now at the Harvard Observatory over seventy thousand photographs, seven or eight thousand being obtained in a single year.

[1] The name given to a famous catalogue, with accompanying charts, of 324,000 stars in the Northern heavens—a colossal piece of astronomical work.

As one result of photographic methods, the main work of this department may be done in the daytime and at any distance from the point where the pictures were made.

The location of observatories is often determined by politics and other irrelevant matters, without regard to intrinsic fitness. When once a site, buildings, and instruments are provided, governments or donors are quite satisfied, and observations must thenceforth be conducted there, regardless of climatic disadvantages. There are few marked exceptions to this unfortunate rule.

Not infrequently a good observing-station is bad for all the subsequent necessary work, —computing, printing, and so on,—because it is apt to be at a distance from merely material conveniences. This consideration, of course, influences the location of observatories near cities.

Astronomically speaking, Cambridge itself —level, gleaming with electric lights, full of old trees, and near the slowly winding Charles, ever loath to leave its salt meadows —is hardly the ideal place for a working observatory. The great dome crowns one of the few low hills, the beauty of which ought to compensate even the most mathematical astronomer for the sad fact that he is not airily perched upon some mountain-top. The beautiful grounds where birds sing and pines murmur, with the garden of rare rhododendrons abloom in the sunny springtime, give little hint of the wide-reaching activities centering here, and extending quietly, yet ceaselessly, over the world and into the infinite spaces.

But the astronomical department of Harvard is much more comprehensive than is apparent from a visit to its Cambridge headquarters. The Boyden Fund established accessory stations in the clear and steady atmosphere of southern California and Peru, while the general organization and management are conducted with the greatest facility from the home observatory, thus combining both advantages with great efficiency.

The subject of mountain observatories has always attraction for the general public as well as for the specialist. For many years it has been supposed that astronomical work at high elevations would be more satisfactory than that prosecuted near sea-level, because less liable to atmospheric disturbance. From time to time experiments have been generally confirmatory of this theory. But a practical determination to prove the question systematically was first evinced by Mr. Uriah Atherton Boyden, a wealthy Bostonian, who

died in 1879, leaving a bequest of $230,000 for «the establishment and maintenance of an astronomical observatory on some mountain-peak.» After discussion as to the best means of carrying out his desire, Mr. Boyden's trustees finally turned the fund over to the Harvard College Observatory.

Professor Pickering, sometime president of the Appalachian Club, had in 1883 read a paper setting forth the advantages of mountain observatories. It was eminently fitting that, in the wide scope of the Harvard researches, opportunity should thus be offered for the necessary critical tests.

The first experiment was upon Wilson's Peak in southern California, where an observatory was maintained during 1889 and until August, 1890. The instruments located there brought good results, although the advantages of that climate were not so great as had been anticipated. Another attempt about the same time in Peru resulted more satisfactorily. The Chosica station presented enough of ideal hardship to satisfy the most enthusiastic astronomer. Upon a mountain over 6600 feet high a few devoted observers nightly photographed the wide-spreading sky, even if the next morning's breakfast were problematical; they accumulated valuable data of the Southern heavens, even if water and building-materials were securely lodged eight miles away. But with the approach of the cloudy season in November, 1889, the gentle suggestions of nature forced the observers to retire under the filmy veil which gradually covered Mount Harvard and its instruments.

Using this interval to explore other possible sites, the astronomers extended their search along the coast as far as Valparaiso. A station was occupied for a time in the Chilean desert of Atacama, perhaps the driest region of the earth. Even there, however, clouds came up from the ocean at evening, and the present site at Arequipa was finally chosen. Although one more clear season was spent at Chosica, the instruments in November, 1890, were removed to the new location on the line of the Mollendo Railway. Arequipa, the largest city but one in Peru, is 8000 feet above sea-level. The railroad, however, more aspiring still, attains the extraordinary altitude of 14,600 feet, the highest point reached by any railway in the world.

Here, surrounded by archæological remains of great interest, and with snow-covered mountains over 20,000 feet in height as a daily view from their windows, Professor W. H. Pickering and his assistants found a situation worthy of their fine instruments and the magnitude of their plan. From both the Peruvian stations much valuable material has already been obtained.

Most astronomical works so far published, like the «Durchmusterung» and the catalogues of Dr. Gould, are necessarily incomplete, since each relates mainly to a single hemisphere. Now, by means of the two stations, one at Cambridge and one in Peru, both under the same director, research upon all the stars of the entire heavens is completed in a harmonious whole. Thus the special significance of the Harvard station in the Southern hemisphere is apparent. There is, of course, coöperation between the two great English observatories at Greenwich and the Cape of Good Hope, although each is conducted by a separate director and has its own plan of work; but the entirety of coöperation is reached only by the Harvard system, through which investigations prosecuted in observatories of both hemispheres have been carefully planned by a single head.

On the Peruvian chart-plates more than six hundred clusters and nebulæ appear; on the spectrum-plates, over one thousand. Of course many of these are already known. The manuscript records accumulate with astonishing rapidity: nearly fifty volumes have already been received relating to the visual brightness of the Southern stars. Studies of the lunar streaks and of variable spots on the moon, of Jupiter's satellites and of the markings on Neptune, have also been made; and the peculiar fitness of Arequipa for a permanent observatory of high elevation is amply proved.

This station, now combining both Boyden and Draper interests, was fortunately located for increasing our knowledge of the planet Mars, whose near approach to the earth in 1892 could not be at all well studied from our Northern observatories. Professor W. H. Pickering employed the great 13-inch telescope assiduously, measuring nearly a hundred salient points for a future areography, discovering forty minute and very dark areas provisionally designated lakes, and determining anew the polar flattening of Mars, which appears to be greater than theoretical indications, and is possibly due to an excess of cloud in the equatorial regions of the planet. Luminous projections beyond the apparent disk of Mars, doubtless atmospheric clouds, were objects of special scrutiny. But most important of all, the reality of a multitude, or network, of dark and narrow streaks, nearly straight, and called canals by their discoverer, Professor Giovanni Schiaparelli

of Milan, was not only verified, but the steady atmosphere of Arequipa made it possible to obtain satisfactory measures of their precise location on the globe of Mars. Great areas of this neighboring world may now be more accurately indicated upon a map of the planet than regions of our terrestrial poles.

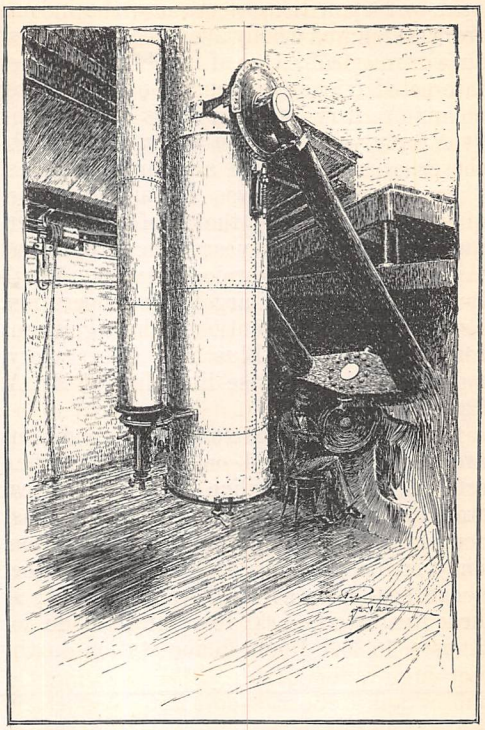
The origin of the new Bruce telescope is not without interest. Photographically, an 8-inch glass has been found fully equal to one of fifteen inches used visually. In November, 1888, Professor Pickering issued a circular proposing to establish the Boyden station on Mount Wilson, and to maintain there, if sufficient additional funds could be obtained, a large photographic telescope to be used in three ways: for visual purposes, as an ordinary telescope of twenty-four inches aperture and a focal length of seventeen feet; as a single photographic lens of like dimensions; and as a photographic doublet covering a very large field, with a focal length of eleven feet.

With this extraordinary instrument contributions to stellar astronomy of the utmost significance could be expected, increasing enormously in value year by year.

In response to this circular, Miss C. W. Bruce of New York, a cousin of the late Miss Catherine L. Wolfe (well known by her generosity to the Metropolitan Museum), presented $50,000 to Harvard College Observatory for such a telescope. This great gift was not to be used in trying a mere experiment, but the successful 8-inch Draper glass was its model.

A vast extension of the photographic research—already well advanced with the Bache and Draper telescopes, from each of which about two thousand plates are annually received—now constitutes the particular work of the Bruce glass. Mr. Clark, the builder, has completed his labors upon it; and the telescope, after being tested at Cambridge, was shipped last year to Peru, where the Southern stars are now being charted to the seventeenth magnitude. Preliminary tests reveal a power of photographic registry beyond the reach of the largest visual telescopes. A huge prism in front of the glass adapts it for spectrum photography, thus affording a double opportunity for its success, and the Bruce telescope may reasonably be accounted the most powerful instrument in the world.

The wide liberality of Miss Bruce toward astronomy has not been confined to the Harvard telescope. During 1890 she offered a fund of $6000 for celestial research in general. Of this gift Professor Pickering was the almoner, and in response to his circular to all astronomers eighty-four replies were received. While they gave a distinct idea of the present needs of astronomy, it was, of course, impossible to assist every applicant. Many a pathetic tale of high devotion to a non-remunerative science might be read between the lines of these communications. Truly «the ‹patines of bright gold› with which Urania's treasure-chests overflow are not of terrestrial coinage.» A skilful astronomer is often attached to an institution lacking entirely the funds to enable him to carry out cherished plans; or another may be privately at work, but hampered by inability to purchase necessary instruments or to publish important results. Fifteen astronomers received substantial aid from Miss Bruce's fund. Only the importance of the work was considered, and the benefaction was wisely and liberally bestowed without regard to terrestrial locality. Astronomers all over the world—in the United States, in Norway, Spain, Russia, and Germany—were thus benefited. «The same sky overarches us all.»



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

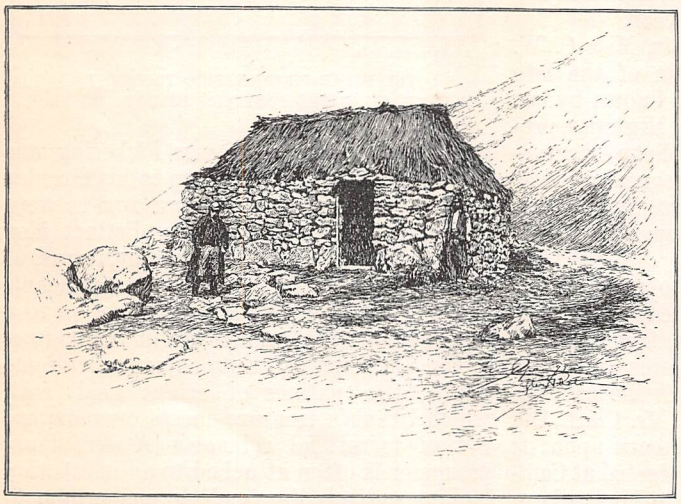
THE BRUCE PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE, NOW CHARTING THE SOUTHERN HEAVENS IN PERU.

Upon the death of Mr. Robert Treat Paine, more than a quarter of a million dollars was

bestowed upon the observatory, the income from which was wholly available for the first time during 1893. One of its oldest and most interested friends, a member of its visiting committee from the time of its organization over forty years ago, he was a diligent observer of astronomical and meteorological phenomena, and it was largely in consequence of his interest that Professor Pickering decided, several years since, to extend the scope of the meteorological work, though it is secondary and largely by coöperation. Especially may be mentioned the significant researches of the Blue Hill Observatory, maintained by the wise liberality of Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch.

Observations of atmospheric conditions are regularly carried on at the Peruvian establishment, and a line of meteorological stations is now in operation from the coast across the Andes to the valley of the Amazon. They include stations at Mollendo, 100 feet above sea-level; at La Joya, 4150 feet; at Arequipa itself, 8060 feet; at Alto de los Huesos, 13,300; Mount Blanc station on the Misti, 15,600; and one in the Chacani ravine, 16,650 feet elevation. Notwithstanding its great height, the last station is easily reached by a mule-path, and observers may pass the night in a small hut erected for their convenience. Until very recently this was the highest meteorological station in the world; but after making a careful examination of the volcano El Misti, a sharp and isolated peak, Professor Bailey has succeeded in establishing a station upon its top, 19,200 feet above the sea. This, too, is entirely accessible by a path, while self-recording instruments register the temperature, pressure, moisture, and the velocity and direction of the wind at this unparalleled height. Farther down, again, are two more stations—at Cuzco, 11,000 feet, and Santa Ana, 3000, completing the chain.

The teaching of modern astronomy is preëminently the doctrine of change and motion. Poetic as it is to speak of the constancy of the stars, the more the astronomer finds out about them, the more he is forced to admit their periodic fluctuations. Even the idea that they are absolutely stationary in position, as implied in the name «fixed stars,» has to be abandoned, since it is found that many hundreds of these luminaries have motions of their own large enough for us to measure, notwithstanding their inconceivably great distances from us; and it is a reasonable physical inference that all the brilliant bodies of the universe are in motion, obedient to the law of gravitation, slowly or swiftly, through interstellar space.[1]



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

HARVARD METEOROLOGICAL STATION, CHACANI, PERU.
ELEVATION, 16,650 FEET.

But among the countless myriads which dot the nightly heavens, and the

[1] Professor Todd gives me this striking illustration of the distance of a so-called «fixed star,» based on the well-known «Century Dictionary» (with its twelve hundred three-column pages in each volume), taken in connection with that swift voyager light, which travels with such celerity that it could go fifteen times round the equator of the earth while you read a single dictionary line (of which there are one hundred in each column). Now let us suppose that a well-known star is suddenly blotted out of the firmament,—the great star Sirius, for example,—and that at the instant of its extinction you begin to read rapidly «The Century Dictionary,» reading day and night, week-days and Sundays and holidays, continuously and without intermission, just as starlight itself does not stop to rest, once having left its birthplace. How many pages will have been covered before the astronomers here on the earth will miss the conspicuous luminary from our brilliant winter skies? Or how many volumes? Perhaps you guess that the entire six volumes of that colossal work would be completely read through before it would be known on our globe that the dog-star had gone out? But even this conjecture would give only a faint notion of the inconceivable spaces with which the astronomer has to deal in measuring the distances of the stars; for to us the chief star of Canis Major would continue to burn in its accustomed place until you had finished 360 volumes like those of «The Century Dictionary.»

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE BOYDEN STATION AT AREQUIPA, PERU. ELEVATION, 8060 FEET.

millions more revealed by the telescope, a totally new star is now and then discovered; some particular area of the celestial vault, hitherto the blackness of darkness, suddenly flames with the luster of a brilliant star—a new sun. The number of such phenomena recorded within historic time has not been large—less than a score in two thousand years. One very curious fact, not yet explained, is that they have been for the most part in the Milky Way. But the irregular distribution in time is even more apparent. To be sure, the centuries have shown vast variation in the degree of interest in astronomy manifested by their peoples, and the means of permanent record, too, have greatly improved. At times several centuries have passed with no new star handed down into the astronomy of the future, while, on the other hand, the annals of the last thirty years contain seven, which have been critically interrogated for all the additional light which their peculiar behavior might afford in the elucidation of stellar mysteries. The first four stars of this group were the Nova of 1866, in the Northern Crown; the Nova Cygni, discovered by Schmidt in 1876; the new star observed in the great nebula of Andromeda in 1885; and, most famous of all, the Nova Aurigæ of 1892.

On February 2, 1892, word was received at Cambridge that such a new star had been discovered in the constellation Auriga by a Scotch clergyman named Anderson. Turning at once to the splendid series of general photographs of the heavens, invaluable information was at once gathered as to the new star, which appeared on the plates more than six weeks before it attracted Mr. Anderson's attention. Of course Mrs. Fleming's discovery of the Nova Aurigæ might have been a mere question of time when she should have reached, in her regular examination, the first plate containing it; only Mr. Anderson saw it before the plate was reached. The outburst of the star's light was perhaps due to the approach and recession of great masses of hydrogen rushing past each other with the almost inconceivable velocity of five hundred miles per second.

But Mrs. Fleming has since discovered four new stars, one of which at least is of equally interesting character. On the Peruvian plates taken in July, 1893, she found a curious variable of the seventh magnitude in the constellation Norma. The priceless series

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

PROFESSOR EDWARD C. PICKERING, LL. D.

of negatives was again called upon to assist in tracing another new celestial inhabitant, and, questioning them, the answer came that from thirteen negatives of this part of the sky, taken between June 6, 1889, and June 21, 1893, no suggestion of a new star appeared. If existing at all, it must have been fainter than the fourteenth magnitude. But it was found on a plate taken July 10, 1893, and, strangely, too, its spectrum is identical with that of the previous new star, Nova Aurigæ, which proves it actually new, and not merely a variable star of long period.

Another striking recent discovery is that of the sixth new star, which must have shone brightly about nine years ago, but is not known ever to have been seen by any one, and which has since utterly faded from the firmament. It was discovered in December, 1893, by the vigilant eye of Mrs. Fleming, when examining some spectrum-plates of the constellation Perseus that had been taken November 3, 1887. It presents a finely developed spectrum of the type usual in the case of temporary stars, and a comparison with chart-plates of the same region, taken both before and since that date, shows an entire blank. So that here is a unique case: a bright star of the existence of which in the sky at a particular time we are absolutely sure,—even its constitution we know something about,—and yet (herein showing similarity to the theoretical discovery of the path of a star by Professor Pickering) the star itself has never been seen, and never will be seen, by any human eye. Another new star was discovered by Mrs. Fleming on the Draper Memorial plates taken at Arequipa in the spring of 1895. It appeared in the constellation Carina, and in less than three months had sunk from the eighth to the eleventh magnitude in brightness. The last new star was found by the same observer in 1895, in the constellation Centaurus.

Thus, with present photographic processes, glass negatives may take the place of the sky itself. Photography, when joined with astronomy, has been called «the very Ariel of the astronomical Prospero.» With Professor Pickering's photographic lenses a thousand stars have been catalogued within one degree of the north pole, where only forty were known before. It is a wonderful thought that these stars, too faint to be seen at all through any telescope, however powerful, may be caught by the exquisite sensitiveness of a photographic plate.

To be sure, this conjunction of photography with the study of the stars obliterates the favorite popular vision of the typical astronomer, up at all hours with eye constantly at a great «optick tube»; if the atmosphere be lower than freezing, or even a New England zero, romantic imagination insists that his heart must be amply warmed by his heavenly enthusiasm. But the elimination of personality makes the records of astronomy indisputable, and renders its pursuit more practical, not to say more comfortable, besides widening its skies beyond comparison. Stellar astronomy, indeed, might continue to progress by the aid of the star-charts and the photographic spectra already collected, even if the sky were now to be clouded for all future time.

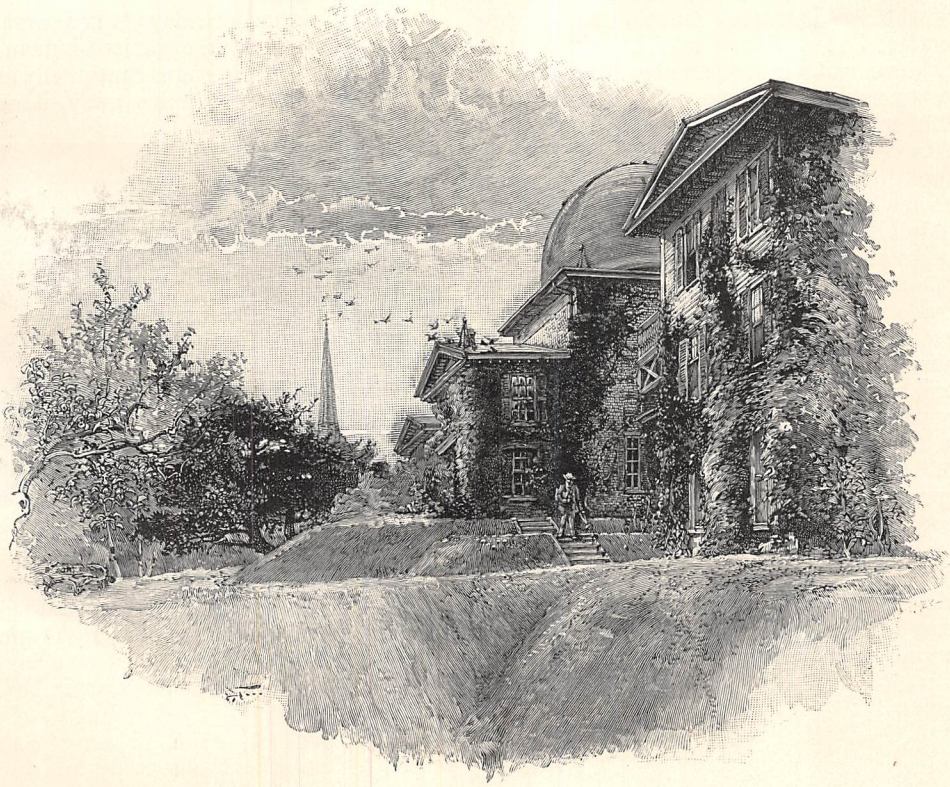
The immense increase of glass negatives at Cambridge necessitates the most methodical arrangement. They are kept in cases marked with series and numbers. Misplacement is even worse than a book on the wrong shelf in a great library. Indeed, as years go on, the accumulation of plates must be treated more and more by library principles, and subjected to the same rigorous methods. These invaluable records of the sky were formerly stored in the main observatory, but during 1893 a fire-proof brick building was completed, and thirty thousand glass negatives

were transferred to its safe-keeping without serious accident, although their weight was nearly ten tons.

Space does not remain to treat amply of the telescope-houses, embodying the most approved methods of observatory construction (with a minimum of material at relatively trifling expense), nor of the novel types of instruments in detail—the great meridian circle, with which Professor Rogers has labored so faithfully on precise positions of stars; the Russian transit, with its «broken telescope,» which served as the model of those built for the government expeditions to observe the recent transits of Venus; of Professor Pickering's «horizontal telescope,» an advantageous type for winter use, enabling the astronomer to remain in a warm room with the image of any star brought to him always in one position, the task of observation thus becoming easier and more comfortable; or of the great equatorial, which the public in general conceive to be accessory to the nightly scene of principal achievement, but which is now quite secondary. There is no attempt to amplify the visual part of the work, and this classic telescope has been used more for ascertaining the physical properties of heavenly bodies than for the measurement of their positions and distances; in other words, its service is rendered to the «new astronomy» more than to the old. Determinations of the brightness of double stars, satellites, and small planets have been made—researches of recognized value. Now, however, it is used chiefly for measuring the light of Jupiter's moons and of the variable stars.

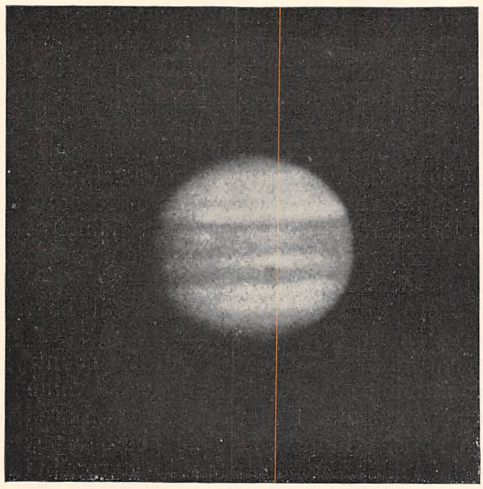
More generally interesting will be the great library (with perhaps a single exception, the finest of its type in the country), containing nearly twenty thousand volumes and pamphlets. Under the same roof are the collections in astronomical photography—prints exhibiting all stages of progress in the art as applied to the study of the heavens; and pictures of the fainter moons of our planetary system, very difficult to see with any telescope, but which photography, with the advantage of long exposure, has rendered as evident as a printed page.

One of the pleasant places in which to linger and learn at the great Chicago Exposition was the space devoted to the exhibit of



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.



ENLARGED FROM A HARVARD PHOTOGRAPH.

JUPITER.

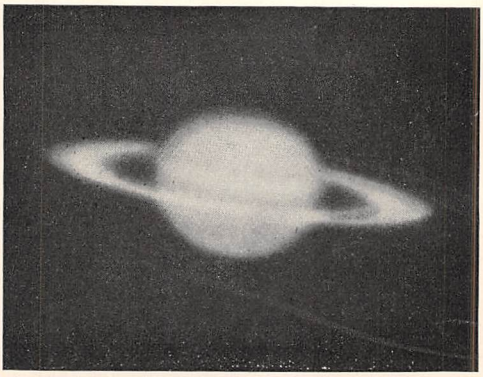
the Harvard Observatory. Charming photographs, not only of celestial objects, but of buildings and scenery, including the wonderful mountain-ranges of South America, tempted the visitor to forget for the time the multitudinous collections outside.

Harvard's record in recent total eclipses of the sun is worthy much more extended notice, but a glance may be given at its achievement. In 1886 an expedition was sent to Grenada, in charge of Professor W. H. Pickering, to observe the eclipse of August 29. When nature herself seems to hold her breath to watch, the merely spectacular is so absorbing that great devotion to scientific detail is necessary in order to obtain a record of an eclipse worth the having. But in spite of certain obstacles, Professor Pickering made on that occasion a contribution of recognized worth to our knowledge of the sun. The eclipses of 1887 and 1896 in Japan, and of 1889 in west Africa, offered Harvard opportunity for coöperation with the government and other expeditions in charge of Professor Todd; and a large amount of specialized apparatus for research upon the corona was contributed by the observatory, which would not otherwise have been in the field. During the eclipse of January 1, 1889, visible in California, Professor Pickering secured exceptional photographs of the sun's corona. The Harvard astronomers in Peru were already very near the scene of action when the lunar shadow swept across South America, April 16, 1893. An expedition from Arequipa was established at a silver-mine near Valleñar in Chile. The sky was brilliantly clear, and the corona was very satisfactorily observed and photographed, though no long streamers were seen.

Space has not been left to speak of the careful time-signals transmitted for so many years as a part of the daily program, or of that interesting investigation, the search for a lunar satellite—a moon of a moon.

A new and useful department has been added to the observatory within recent years. Kiel, in Germany, is the European center for the distribution of astronomical announcements from all over the world; Cambridge is the American counterpart. Discoveries made in the United States are telegraphed to Harvard, thence to Kiel, and so to all Europe. And when, some bright night, a wandering comet or other strange visitor may be detected from a remote corner of Germany or Russia, Kiel is at once notified, then Cambridge, and the next morning all American astronomers know where to look for the newcomer.

So in these modern days, when even the stars are linked in an organized human system, and celestial messages continually tell of activities millions of miles away, it seems possible to apprehend the wide breathing-space of infinite distances, where star speaks to star across the dark void in rhythmic, intelligible music.



ENLARGED FROM A HARVARD PHOTOGRAPH.

SATURN.

Mabel Loomis Todd.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR BY MOONLIGHT, FEBRUARY 29, 1896. EXPOSURE, ONE HOUR (FROM TEN TO ELEVEN P. M.).

EAST FRONT AND SOUTH SIDE OF THE PARTHENON.

HOW A RIDDLE OF THE PARTHENON WAS UNRAVELED.

[THOSE Americans who gathered in Athens in the spring of 1896, at the time of the Olympian games, accounts of which, as well as of the Athens of classic times and of our own day, have recently appeared in THE CENTURY, had occasion for patriotic pride in the success of the American youths who took part in those games; they, with the Greek winner of the Marathon race, may be said to have been the heroes of the hour. But there had been, earlier in the year, another successful feat, which was in fact a curious mingling of athletics and scholarship, and of which the hero was a young American from Cornell University, a student in the American Classical School at Athens. This youth accomplished what high authorities had declared impossible in unraveling the riddle of the nail-holes in the architrave of the east front of the Parthenon, thus adding an interesting paragraph to Athenian history, and writing his own name on the most precious of human structures in better fashion than that followed by the profane and scribbling tourist. Perhaps this young student might not have succeeded so well in his daring enterprise had there not been some boyish practice in high climbing among the beams of a neighboring railroad bridge—a personal detail not recorded in the modest paper, written at our request, and printed under a title given it by the editor.—THE EDITOR.]

ONE cold afternoon in December a group of shivering men and women followed a lecturer in and out among the blocks of marble that strew the Acropolis of Athens, and listened as he explained the problems which the great building before them presents. It was an illustrated lecture on the Parthenon, with the Parthenon itself for illustration—one of the outdoor archæological lectures which Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld of the German Institute gives every Saturday afternoon during the winter. The lectures are primarily for the men of the institute, but members of the other archæological schools receive a kindly welcome; and Englishmen, Italians, Americans, and Greeks avail themselves gladly of the opportunity to wander through the ancient city with such a guide. Boreas was asserting his sway in his own dominion in vigorous fashion that week. As his ulster-clad victims tried to keep out of the reach of the cutting blasts that swept the bleak waste of rock, and as the hum of the city, bearing a street-cry here and there, swirled up to them with the dust-clouds from the plain, the legend of Oreithyia, the maiden snatched away by the North Wind from the hillside across the valley, suddenly took new

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

TAKING DOWN A SQUEEZE.

meaning, and the rise of such a story was easy to understand. It was my good fortune to be a member of the American school, and therefore one of the audience. We were gathered before the east front of the temple. With heads tilted back and aching necks, we followed the lecturer where his words were leading us, while the problems of column, architrave, triglyph, and the rest were made so plain that we forgot the ache, and wondered why we had never understood it all before. Learned men have written great books about the building that rose before us; mighty battles of logic or opinion have been fought over almost every detail; each of its marble blocks has been measured with a painstaking accuracy that would be ridiculous were it any other building than the Parthenon: but «all the Old World's culture culminated in Greece, all Greece in Athens, all Athens in its Acropolis, all the Acropolis in the Par-

thenon.» Racked by earthquake and torn by explosion, bombarded and pillaged by Christian and Turk, for centuries a rich mine for lime-burner and museum-pirate, its fair white brow turned golden brown with the suns and winds and driving rains of more than two thousand years, it yet stands peerless in all the world. Our architects have not caught up with those old pagans who built this temple for their virgin goddess twenty-three hundred years ago. They are still imitating it, and trying to master the principles of its construction and the art of the man who planned it. Again and again it has been covered with elaborate and expensive scaffolding, that no detail be missed. We were unprepared, therefore, to learn that anything remained to be found out about the building; a riddle was the last thing that we expected. Our attention was directed once more, however, to the architrave, normally a smooth surface of marble, an unbroken band of brown, a hundred feet long and four feet wide, running across the whole front just above the tops of the eight columns. It is the surface of the great marble beams which span from pillar to pillar. Above it runs a belt of about the same width composed of fifteen three-barred triglyphs alternating with fourteen sculptured metopes. There is a triglyph over each column, and one in the middle of each of the intervening spaces. Under each metope there is a hole, four inches by two, cut in the marble of the architrave, and under each of twelve of the triglyphs is a close group of smaller holes arranged with no apparent system.

«The large holes,» explained the lecturer, «once served to hold great metal shields in place against the marble. The weathering about the holes shows that the shields were approximately four feet in diameter, and the contrast with the weathering outside the four-foot circle shows that they remained some time in place. Between the shields groups of metal letters were fastened, as these nail-holes that dot the spaces show, but what the letters were, or what they spelled, is not known. It is, without doubt, possible to determine from the relative positions of the holes what the letters were, and thus to recover the inscription. Such things have been done,[1] and it is time that this were done.»

The suggestion was inspiring, and as soon as possible permission to undertake the work was obtained from Mr. Kabbadias, General Ephor of Antiquities.

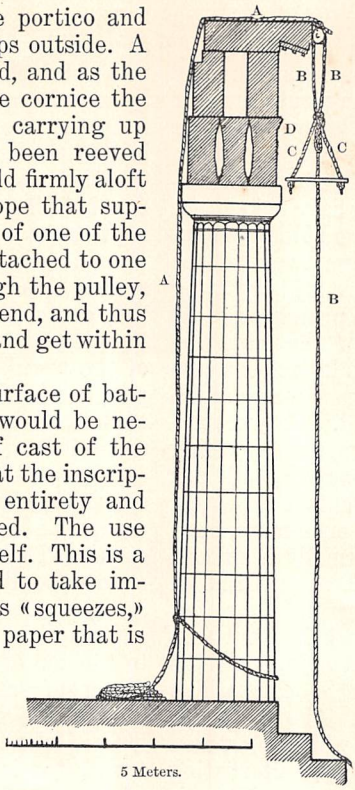
During the bombardment of the Acropolis in 1687, the Turkish garrison, supposing that the Christians would not turn their cannon on a building which had once been a church, kept each day's supply of powder, with the women and children, in the Parthenon. As soon as this became known to the Venetians, they centered their artillery fire on the great temple, and, to their delight and to the sorrow of the world ever since, succeeded in dropping a shell into the store of powder. The explosion blew out the middle of the building, and left it much as it stands to-day, the two ends separated from each other. During their occupation the Turks made the Parthenon a mosque and built a minaret in its southwest corner. The top of the minaret, which was once a prominent feature of all views of the Acropolis, disappeared long ago; but its spiral stairway is still in place, and renders ascent to the top of the west end an easy matter. The east front, however, stands alone, and has escaped the visits of the man who scratches his pitiful name on the homes of the gods; for its top is inaccessible, except by means of ladders, scaffolding, or ropes. All attempts, therefore, to obtain an accurate transcription of the holes have been made from below, with the aid of opera-glasses or long-range cameras. The height, forty-five feet, and the fact that at such a distance spots of Turkish bullet-marks are not easily to be distinguished from nail-holes, have combined to make these attempts uniformly unsuccessful, and direct access to the architrave seemed to be not only desirable, but necessary.

The use of ladders was out of the question. All building in Greece is done from scaffolds the levels of which are connected by inclined planes of boards, and there is probably not a ladder fifty feet long in all the kingdom. A scaffold seemed too cumbrous and expensive to be considered as a possibility. It was necessary, therefore, to get a rope over the top. A stone with a string attached was thrown over, stronger cords were drawn after it, and at last a stout Manila rope was dragged across the cornice, and lay with

[1] Inscriptions long ago torn from temples at Assisi, Pergamon, Troy, and Nîmes (the Maison Carrée), and from the arch of Septimius Severus in Rome, have been reconstructed in this way. At Adalia such an inscription was found in place on an arch of Hadrian when a Turkish wall in front of the arch was pulled down. The letters are of bronze and gilded. Some of them are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; some in Berlin; and others in Vienna. The dovetailed tenons which project from the backs of the letters are still covered with the lead that held them in the holes in the marble.

one end hanging down in the portico and the other dropping to the steps outside. A pulley was tied to the latter end, and as the rope was hauled back over the cornice the pulley mounted to the edge, carrying up with it a rope which had been reeved through it. The pulley was held firmly aloft by making the end of the rope that supported it fast around the foot of one of the columns. Sitting in a swing attached to one end of the rope that ran through the pulley, I could pull down on the other end, and thus raise myself to the architrave and get within reach of the puzzle.

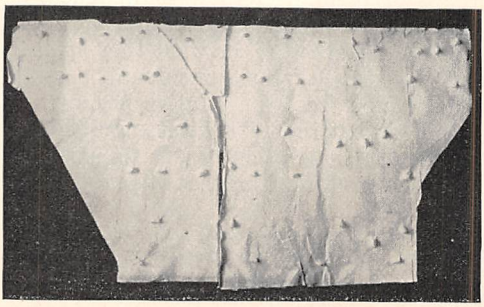
A glance along the great surface of battered marble showed that it would be necessary to make some sort of cast of the different groups of holes, so that the inscription might be studied in its entirety and a comparative method followed. The use of squeeze-paper suggested itself. This is a wood-pulp paper which is used to take impressions, known technically as «squeezes,» of inscriptions cut in stone—a paper that is plastic when wet and stiff when dry. From the ground each group of holes is strikingly like the top of a pepper-box in appearance; but when one swings before them, it is seen that the holes are well cut, as a rule three quarters of an inch long by half an inch wide, over half an inch deep, and from two to three inches apart. A sheet of paper was spread over the stone, wet with a sponge, and pounded tight to the surface with a brush. It broke through wherever it stretched across a hole. Two strips of paper, wet and crossing each other at right angles, were pushed in by their middle through each break to the bottom of the hole, so that each hole was lined with a double U of paper. The four projecting ends of the strips were turned back flat on the paper, and another sheet was put against the first. Both sheets were next thoroughly wet and pounded into a coherent mass of pulp, and the ends of the strips were thus held firmly between. If the wind did not blow the squeeze down during the night, it was stiff and strong in the morning; a little careful use of a paper-knife pried the knobs out of the holes; and a cast was secured which showed with entire accuracy the relative position of the holes, their shape, depth, and direction. It took all day to make a cast of one group of holes, and there are twelve groups. At that season of the year the chances were that a wind would rise during the night, and that I should find the great sheet of paper, torn and rumpled, snugly wedged among the blocks of marble about the corner on the south side of the Parthenon. As a rule, two could be secured in a week and carried safely to the school, a mile away. Any one who knows anything of the Greek temperament can imagine that the sight of the great white paper covered with knobs and flapping like a sail in the wind—for of course it could not be rolled—never failed to arouse the most active interest in its procession through the busy street of Æolus, up Hermes street, and across the promenade before the palace. After a month and a half the great pile of knobby papers in the library of the school was complete, and it ceased to be my first care in the morning to examine the east architrave of the Parthenon with a field-glass from a window of my room, to see if the squeeze had survived the night.



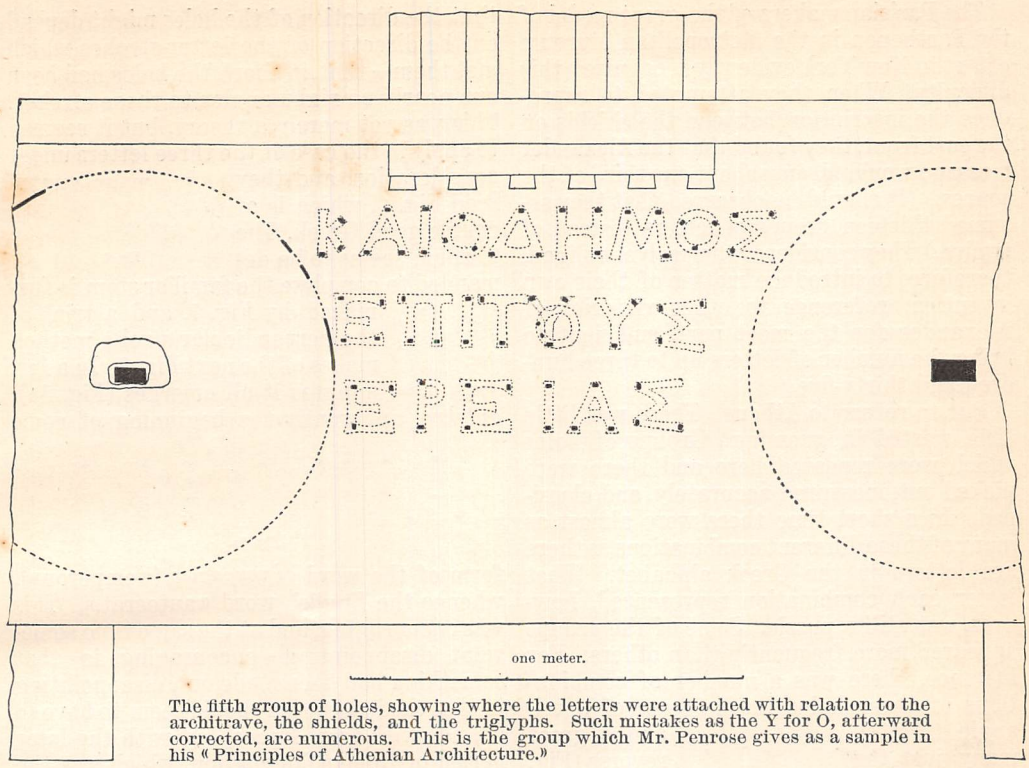
SIDE VIEW OF A COLUMN.

A, rope supporting pulley (first rope over); B, rope through pulley; C, swing; D, place where the holes are.

The work, without doubt, owes its completion to Dr. Dörpfeld's kindness, which made it possible to substitute a strong rope-ladder belonging to the German school for the swing at the end of a rope running through a pulley. This ladder was long enough to reach to the top of the building, and it was thus possible to determine from which of the projecting blocks it would be unwise to suspend any weight. Two were found to be badly



A SQUEEZE SHOWING IN REVERSE PART OF NERO'S NAME.



The fifth group of holes, showing where the letters were attached with relation to the architrave, the shields, and the triglyphs. Such mistakes as the Y for O, afterward corrected, are numerous. This is the group which Mr. Penrose gives as a sample in his «Principles of Athenian Architecture.»

broken, but fortunately the string which was thrown over at first had fallen on a block that is firm. The swing was now hung from the ladder, and by climbing to the top and lifting the ladder along, it was comparatively easy to gain access to any part of the architrave. The rope at the upper end of the ladder crossed over the top of the cornice, dropped down on the inside, and was made fast around the foot of the nearest column, just as had been done with the rope from the pulley. When the use of the pulley was discontinued, after only two impressions had been obtained, the rope which held it aloft was found to be cut half through by the edge of marble over which it had hung. The access which the ladder gave to the top made it possible to protect the ropes from similar cutting by wrapping them carefully with cloth.

The paper casts were hung in order about a room in the school, and thus the inscription could be studied with greater convenience than even from a scaffold running the whole length of the architrave. It has been generally assumed that the letters spelled the clever message that Alexander the Great sent to Athens, only a hundred years after the Parthenon was completed, with the three hundred suits of armor from the booty of his first Asiatic victory at the Granikos:

ALEXANDER, SON OF PHILIP, AND THE GREEKS, EXCEPT THE LACEDÆMONIANS, FROM THE BARBARIANS WHO INHABIT ASIA.

The suits of armor were sent to be placed in the Acropolis in honor of Athena, and the message was to be erected with them as a dedicatory inscription. What more natural than that the Athenians, gratified that Alexander, even if he was a Macedonian and their own conqueror, should desire to have it appear that he had undertaken the conquest of Persia in the name of Greece; and in the name of all Greece, except hated Sparta, should hang the shields in exultation on Athena's very temple, and write between them the words which proclaimed them the first-fruits of revenge on the grandsons of the Persian invaders? The most casual review of the nail-holes, however, was enough to convince one that this could not have been the Alexander message; for, while that contains in Greek only ninety-four letters, the Parthenon inscription had evidently contained not less than two hundred and fifty letters, arranged in three lines.

The Parisian makers of the great model of the Parthenon in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York evidently recognized this difficulty. When they attempted to reproduce the inscription between the shields on the east front, they found that the Alexander message would fill only about one third of the spaces. (It should be observed that they assumed thirteen groups of letters instead of twelve.) They considered themselves obliged, therefore, to introduce matter of their own invention, reference to other victories of Alexander for the most part, sufficient to bring the number of letters up to three hundred and thirty-five.

But to return to Athens. There was little time wasted in guessing. Groups of holes which were repeated here and there were picked out, measured accurately, and classified. In a short time there were almost as many of these different combinations as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. What letter each combination represented, however, was still a puzzle. Some of the groups appeared more frequently than others. For instance, there was a number of combinations of three holes in the form of a triangle (Fig. 1), and a great many just the reverse (Fig. 2). The former may be Α, Δ, or Λ, and the latter Υ or Τ. Finally in the seventh group of holes there appeared Fig. 3. If Fig. 1 is Α, Fig. 2, next to it, can be either Υ or Τ. If the first is Δ or Λ, the second is probably Υ, since a vowel would naturally follow a consonant. The third (Fig. 4) occurs several times, and the two upper holes are regularly twelve centimeters apart, and have their longer dimension vertical, while the corresponding holes in the letter before it are only eight and one half centimeters apart, and run horizontally, as indeed do all the other holes in that group. (It will be remembered that the holes are oblong.) A suspicion was aroused that Fig. 4 should be read Fig. 5, since the cross-bar of the Τ would naturally be longer than the distance between the ends of the diverging branches of an Υ of the same alphabet. The difference in direction seemed to be constant. That is, whenever Fig. 4 appears, with the distance twelve centimeters across the top, the upper holes run up and down; but where the group Fig. 2 with the shorter interval appears, the holes run horizontally. It seemed possible that the direction of the holes might depend on the direction of the letter-strokes which met them—that, in short, the holes had been cut nearly at right angles to these strokes. This was yet merely a theory, but it seemed to apply in the case of the three letters under consideration, and they read Fig. 6, which is of course good Greek. The Ο which seems to be demanded to complete the familiar stem is furnished by Fig. 7, and a trial of the perpendicular-stroke method makes of the next Fig. 8. In a few minutes it all emerges (Fig. 8A), *autokra*, apparently the beginning of some form of the word αὐτοκράτωρ («emperor»), whence the English word «autocrat.» This was encouraging, and at the same time somewhat disappointing—encouraging in that something had been made out, disappointing in that the inscription should seem to have to do, not with free Greece, but with the later period of Roman domination, which was the only time when Greece had emperors.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7. Fig. 8.

Fig. 8A.

If the inscription was to be read straight across the top lines of all the groups, the Τ which must follow ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑ should appear at the beginning of the top line of the next space; if, however, each three lines must be read through, like the page of a book, before going over the shield to the next group of letters, the Τ should be found at the beginning of the second line of the same space. As a matter of fact, there was evidently a Τ at each place! Thus the work with this word was interrupted for a time.

The combination Fig. 9 occurs twice, each time in the group Fig. 10 at the end of a line. Evidently the last two letters are ΟΥ, and comparison with the Fig. 11 of ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑ made it probable that the new letter is Fig. 12. ΒΟΥ suggests ΒΟΥΛ, and indeed Fig. 1 appears directly following each ΒΟΥ, each time at the beginning of the line in the next space. We are to read across the shields, therefore, in all probability.

The first ΒΟΥΛ is followed by Fig. 13, without doubt Η, the vowel required to complete the word ΒΟΥΛΗ («council»). The second has only

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.

Fig. 14, but there is little doubt that this is also an H, and that the word ΒΟΥΛΗ (*boulê*) may be read twice. If the last H is correct, it is evident that the workman did not always use the same number of holes to fasten the letters—that some might be omitted. The letters between the two words may be, therefore, Fig. 15 (*καὶ ἡ*, «and the»). As is usual in ancient inscriptions, there was no spacing of words.

Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

Two hypotheses were now on trial, viz.: that a letter might not be represented always by the same grouping of holes, and that the letter-strokes were at right angles with the longest dimension of the holes. Further experiment enabled the letters preceding the first ΒΟΥΛΗ to be read ΕΙΟΥΠΑΓΟΥ (*eioupagou*). The Π is confused, and was read only when the other letters were reasonably sure. A great piece of the surface has flaked off the architrave, beginning a few inches before the E, and has taken with it all but five of the nail-holes at the beginning of the inscription; but the three that are left at the beginning of this line adapt themselves to another H («the») to accompany the first ΒΟΥΛΗ, which demands such an article. The space intervening is just large enough for the letters ΕΞ ΑΡ (*ex ar-*), which are needed to complete the familiar words with which the inscription evidently begins: Η ΕΞ ΑΡΕΙΟΥΠΑΓΟΥ ΒΟΥΛΗ («The Council of the Areiopagos»). Indeed, two holes which seem to have belonged to a P are left at the edge of the break (Fig. 16).

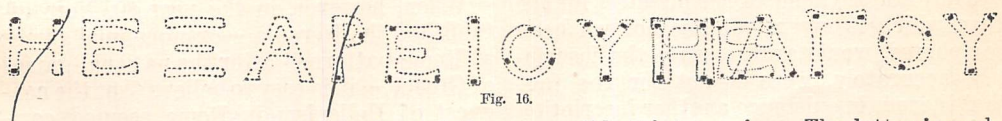


Fig. 16.

The confusion at the beginning of the word ΠΑΓΟΥ has been noticed. Examination shows that the extra holes are the result of a correction—and a correction of peculiar interest. Four holes which could not have been intended for the attachment of a Π are exactly right for an H. Directly following are four small round holes bored in the marble to the depth of the larger holes, and arranged as if for an E. It seems beyond question that the workman who put up the letters began the inscription at this point, had the holes for the initial H finished, and the holes for the E which follows bored but not yet squared out, when it occurred to him or to some one else that there would not be room at the other end of the architrave if he began here, and he moved over to the next space to the left for a fresh start.

There are a great many decrees preserved in the collections of Greek inscriptions which begin with the formula, «The Council of the Areiopagos, the Council of the Five Hundred (or Six Hundred), and the Athenian People.» Following the second ΒΟΥΛΗ are the holes Fig. 17. The first is evidently a T, and the last, on trial of the perpendicular-stroke method, the Greek numeral X̄, the letters following the T are ΩΝ, and the second council was Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΤΩΝ X̄ («The Council of the Six Hundred»).

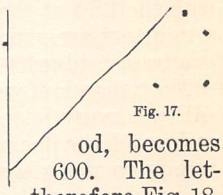


Fig. 17.

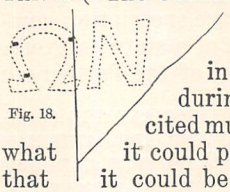


Fig. 18.

The combination Fig. 19 occurs three times in the inscription, and during the classification excited much wonder as to what it could possibly be. Now that it could be assigned with reasonable certainty to the Ω (omega) page in the alphabet-book, it was not long before it was revealed which emperor it was whose name had been blazoned on the Parthenon's brow. The next Fig. 19 after ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑ is in the group Fig. 20. This spells out Fig. 21, and the third letter comes again before the P, with a possible E intervening. The letter is probably N, and the word Fig. 22—that is, Nero.

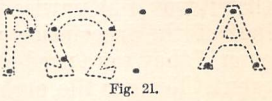


Fig. 19.

Fig. 20.

Fig. 21.

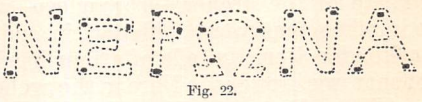


Fig. 22.

The word ΝΕΡΩΝΑ is in the accusative case. It must be in the same case as the word «emperor,» and we may complete with confidence the first word, ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ, and expect to find all of Nero's names, which inevitably follow, also in the accusative. They are quickly deciphered: ΜΕΓΙΣΤΟΝ ΝΕΡΩΝΑ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΑ ΚΛΑΥΔΙΟΝ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΝ ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΝ ΘΕΟΥ ΥΙΟΝ («Greatest Nero Cæsar Claudius Augustus Germanicus, Son

of God»). This last rather staggers one, spelled out in Greek; but one has only to reflect that all this is merely Latin translated into Greek, and that Nero styled himself *Divi Claudi filius* («son of divine Claudius»). Roman emperors usually became divine at death—*ex officio*, so to speak. The first four letters of the word ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΝ flaked off with the ΕΞΑ at the beginning, but the missing letters are supplied readily, and the gap has been bridged twice.

More than half yet remains to be read, but with so many letters identified and at our command, the deciphering goes fast, and the rest is soon legible. After Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΤΩΝ Χ̄ there emerges the third legislative body, ΚΑΙ Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ Ο ΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝ («and the Athenian People»). The formula is complete, and it is evident that the inscription commemorated the erection of a statue of Nero, probably at the entrance of the Parthenon:

THE COUNCIL OF THE AREIOPAGOS AND THE COUNCIL OF THE SIX HUNDRED AND THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE [ERECT A STATUE OF] EMPEROR GREATEST NERO CÆSAR CLAUDIUS AUGUSTUS GERMANICUS, SON OF GOD, WHILE TI[BERIUS] CLAUDIUS NOVIUS SON OF PHILINOS IS ACTING AS GENERAL OVER THE HOPLITES FOR THE EIGHTH TIME, AND WHILE HE IS OVERSEER AND LAWGIVER.

This Novius is prominent in the history of his time, and held several offices besides those enumerated; but he seems to have thought that it would be unwise to occupy more than half of the inscription with his own titles, even if they were used ostensibly to date the event. Neither the eighth year of his generalship nor the name of the priestess for the year, which is given, but has not yet been deciphered, would avail to date the inscription accurately, were it not for the fact that there is in existence another inscription which not only states that Novius was general for the eighth time, but deigns to give the name of the archon—Thrasyllos—who was in office that year. Phlegon, in one of his «Wonder Stories,» tells of a four-headed child that was brought to Nero in the archonship of Thrasyllos, while Cæsonius Pætus and Petronius Turpilianus were consuls in Rome. The year of their consulship was 61 A. D., and this chain of references locates the Parthenon inscription in the same year. Paul had just arrived at Rome to begin the long series of imprisonments, trials, and releases which finally resulted in his death. Ten years before he had been in Athens, had roamed among the countless statues and altars which crowded the Acropolis, and had gazed at this fairest of «temples made with hands,» as yet unsullied by any Cæsar's name.

Had it been necessary to resort to conjecture for the date, a year not far from 61 would have been selected. At that time the Greeks had every reason to think that Nero's rule would be favorable to them. From the first he had shown himself an enthusiastic disciple of the Hellenism that had spread from southern Italy to Rome. As soon, however, as he felt secure enough on his throne to kill his mother, and thus to free himself from the last restraining influence, his fondness for music, poetry, the circus, and the stage speedily developed into a mania. The business of state was left more and more to his freedmen, and, with all the resources of the civilized world at the command of his caprice, he had but one thought and but one ambition—to make Rome as Greek as possible, and to win for himself applause and prizes as singer, poet, musician, and athlete.

When Rome conquered Greece, Romans came in contact with Greek culture, and learned to consider their own civilization rude in comparison with it. The result was that Greece became a nation of schoolmasters. Athens was the university city of the world, and Roman youths were sent there to acquire the final polish that should stamp them as gentlemen. The Greeks found it exceedingly profitable thus to be the fashion, and Athens especially profited by the flood of gold that poured in from all parts of the empire with those who came to be taught. Nero's attitude toward everything Greek was therefore most gratifying.

When, however, in the year 60, Nero established the Neronia,—quinquennial games at Rome patterned after the national games of Greece,—it is easy to believe that the conquest of Hellenism in Rome seemed complete, and that the feelings of gratitude toward Nero found immediate and enthusiastic expression in all parts of Greece. The Olympian games occurred the next year, in 61. Invitations to attend them were sent out to persons of note, and in all probability Nero was urged to be present and compete, with every assurance that he should be declared victor. Indeed, there is reason to believe that victor's crowns were sent him in advance, not only from Olympia, but from the other Greek cities where games were held. The whole country eagerly anticipated his coming, and it was natural that the demagogue of Athens should seize the opportunity to cater to the popular pro-Roman feeling by erecting a statue of Nero in the front portico of the

Parthenon, and at the same time to make good his own chances of obtaining favor when the emperor should come, by publishing the dedication in glittering letters across the front of the temple, coupling Nero's name and titles with his own.

It is always profitable to cultivate the party in power, and Greeks bowed very low from time to time in their servility to Rome; but never did a sycophant Greek with a Latin name have such a chance as that which Novius found. He must have considered himself a very clever fellow when the idea suggested itself. Temples in Asia Minor often bore metal inscriptions dedicating them to some Roman emperor. The Parthenon was the choicest treasure of Greece, the pride of every man whose tongue was Greek. Bright shields adorned the architrave, but no name had ever been there. What a stroke of genius for Novius thus to set the emperor's name between the shields, and write his own humbly underneath!

But Nero did not come in 61. Perhaps he preferred to wait until he had become more accustomed to appear in public; for he always affected great awe of the judges of the games. He made preparations to attend the games at their next celebration, in 65, and meanwhile built gymnasiums and gave magnificent shows.

In 64 he started for Greece, and selected Naples as the port from which to sail, since it was a Greek city, and he could therefore secure a final rehearsal before a Greek audience on Italian soil. For some unknown reason he changed his plans and returned to Rome, giving orders that the Olympian games should be postponed until he could be present! Soon afterward Rome was destroyed by a disastrous conflagration; and the rebuilding of the city and the celebration of his own games, the Neronia, in 65, prevented him from leaving Italy until late in 66.

During the rebuilding of the city he had sent his agents throughout Greece to seize any works of art, even statues of the gods, which they should consider it desirable to have at Rome. This was only one of the acts by which, during the years since 61, he had taught the Greeks to await his long-deferred visit with anxious misgivings. Once in their country, he speedily showed them that they knew not a third of his powers of wickedness. With his great army of followers, he made a triumphal circuit of all the games, which at his order had been forced into a single year, contrary to all precedent and all religious law. The programs of the games likewise were changed to suit his convenience, and events were introduced in which he considered himself proficient. The judges awarded him the prize, no matter how wretched his performance. No one dared to attempt honest competition with him, except one singer, and he was strangled by Nero's followers before he could leave the stage. The country was laid waste as by a hostile invasion. The despairing people asked one another whether a destroying Xerxes could have been more terrible than a singing Nero. Property was confiscated right and left, and if the owners seemed likely to make trouble they were killed. Nothing was sacred to the ravaging horde. Temples were plundered, and women were torn from their families, until the very name of Nero became a frightful thing. Perhaps Novius had cause to regret that his name was joined so conspicuously with the name of the robber-emperor, and to wish that those letters which kept him in such unpleasant prominence were down. In all probability he had not long to wait. After a year of undreamed-of insolence and outrage, Nero departed. He had not visited Athens at all, and the bright letters on the Parthenon's architrave were destined never to attract his approving glance. There was too much that weighed heavily on his conscience for him to dare to approach the city where the avenging Furies were worshiped and were said to dwell.

Another year, and the imperial maniac, turned coward, sought the sword of a freed slave to escape the vengeance of an outraged empire. Before he died the Roman senate had declared him a public enemy, and his name was chiseled carefully out of almost every stone in Greece that bore it. In the outburst of joy that swept over the empire at his death, Novius himself may well have helped to tear down the letters which he had been so glad to erect. The stone bears not the slightest mark of the letters, no trace of stain or weathering to indicate that they were long in place. Not a vestige of metal was left even in the nail-holes, and the Christians who used the Parthenon for a church in later centuries, and painted pictures of saints on the walls, probably had little idea that the accursed name of Nero, spelled even in nail-holes, had a place on the building. But the holes remained, and at last they have told to our inquisitive century the story of how a proud people, grown servile, did a shameful thing, and were sorry afterward.

Eugene P. Andrews.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

SIXTY years have come and gone since the crown of Great Britain first rested, by right of descent, upon the head of the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and a girl of eighteen was enthroned as Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to which has since been added the title of Empress of India. Among the people who have lived happily and with growing prosperity under her long and just sway, naturally and by a common impulse has been begotten a desire that the year which registers the longest and the happiest reign by a British sovereign should be marked indelibly by their earnest, sincere, and grateful recognition.

In these threescore years there has been no interregnum, no lapse for an instant, when any of the multitude of powers, duties, and high prerogatives constitutionally vested in the throne has been yielded to the hand of another, or has not personally, laboriously, and honorably been fulfilled by the present Queen. No more interesting episode in history has occurred, or is likely soon again to be repeated, than this remarkable accompaniment of ripened maturity, of long official life dedicated unflinchingly to the public service, with personal excellence and unstained good example to the human race in every region of the globe.

Surely it is worth while for all who study and seek to discover the secret of good government in any of its forms to pause in the rapid and often heated journey of daily life, and, contemplating such a career and record, to ask upon what basis it has proceeded, and by what agencies a reign so prolonged has been so impressively and unquestionably marked by the increased welfare, the elevation of moral, intellectual, and material standards, which to-day cause the empire of Great Britain to be the most extended and powerful in the world's history.

Perhaps no single reply can be made to this suggestion, or none can be more instructive in accounting for the place Queen Victoria has gained in history, the firm hold she has acquired upon the confidence and respect of mankind, and the permanent and secure place she has in the hearts of her people, than is contained in the instinctive response made by her when consulted as to the form of manifestation of the universal wish of her people that the year which records the prolongation of her reign beyond that of any of her predecessors should be distinguished in the annals of her country as a year of popular jubilee, and witness the erection of permanent and impressive monuments to emphasize to the present and future generations her just renown and glory. In other times, and in Great Britain as in other lands, the glorification of powerful and successful rulers has been attested by huge grants of public property in its many forms of material wealth. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and kindred arts have all lent their aid to swell the current of munificent embellishment, and with such permanence as earth can secure have built high the structure of personal adulation to those who became the objects of admiration and patriotic devotion. But such was not the thought of the venerable sovereign who, from youth to old age, from her high post of duty has so solicitously watched over a vast body of human interests. Her long life has been checkered with lights and shadows. Sorrows have necessarily and inevitably followed upon the steps of joy, and her ear has not been insensible to the surging Vergilian cry, the «lachrymæ rerum,» sobbings ever in the hearts of mankind.

The tasks of real life soon surrounded her, and early indeed were the maidenly virtues brought into the companionship of serious and responsible public duties. Grave duties to the state, religious duty, social duty in its fullest, strongest sense, and the claims of benevolence and charity, walked ever hand in hand at her side. Upon these were ingrafted the natural affections of domestic life, with its strong and holy ties; and as a true wife and mother she has presented to her people the example of a modest, refined, self-respecting home life.

And who that is acquainted with the circle of domestic duty, with the currents of such a life, does not perceive how, with quiet yet persistent force, they connect themselves with the great stream of governmental

power, until the whole sphere of public action is refreshed and strengthened by the unfailing purity of such fountains of supply, and it becomes plain that the qualities that make a state strong, self-respecting, and honored are best nourished by the domestic virtues of well-ordered and happy homes?

Such was and is the home of Victoria; and when consulted as to the form in which her great age and long reign should best be commemorated, her heart gave the wise answer: «Let it all take the shape of charity. Let your offerings be given to the poor and lowly, and your aid to those who are in want and are about to perish. Let this intent govern your systematized effort to heal the inevitable inequalities of human society, so that the gifts of God, in a spirit of reasonableness and mercy, may be distributed among his creatures.»

From her decision in this matter may best be discerned the spirit in which the Queen has sought to shape her life. It is no sudden impulse, no startled reaction from cold indifference, or a reproachful sense of days wasted in selfish disregard of painful or unpleasant duty. No country in the world presents at this day a more sustained, efficient, and honorable system of voluntary charities for every class of suffering humanity, and relief for the countless ills that flesh is heir to, than Great Britain.

No intelligent observer could fail to be convinced that important among the sources of true strength of the government of that country is the warm, strong flood of human brotherhood that makes itself felt and is recognized as it pulsates through all the arteries of the community, from opulence to poverty, lessening misery and strengthening «the tie that binds» men together in the sense of their interdependence and mutual needs for aid and sympathy.

Before these words shall have been read the voice of her people will have been distinctly heard giving vent to their feelings in their own way toward one who has ruled their affairs so long and faithfully, with not a trace of personal ambition, selfishness, or desire for arbitrary power. In this sixtieth year of Victoria religious liberty and toleration are absolute, and the rules of the public service contain no sectarian proscription or exclusion. Justice between man and man is in all cases publicly, freely, and impartially administered to all classes and occupations, without distinction of race, age, sex, or condition of fortune; and in the presence of equal laws all are alike protected, restrained, or punished, with an eye single to the public safety and the security of private freedom. This is the ingrained belief and immovable confidence of the body of the people, and herein lies the true bulwark against invasion and overthrow from within or without.

When, therefore, it is asked why the Queen's long reign is a subject of such deep general feeling, grateful joy, and marked congratulation among those over whom it extends, numbered by hundreds of millions, scattered as they are all over the earth's surface, separated by seas, and composed of races so variant in origin, tradition, customs, and creeds, the answer will be found in the heart of contented humanity, and its recognition of the progress of the principles of Christian civilization. They read in the features and discern in the long and laborious life of the head of their government

> The holy pride of good intent,
> The glory of a life well spent;

and love and pride are mingled in the tribute they gladly bring to greet their Queen in the sixtieth year of her reign. Wiser than her ancestor of 1776, the monarch of Great Britain has accepted the great lesson of government, the chief instructor of which was our own and only Washington, who

> Taught Prince and Peer that power was but a trust,
> And rule alone that served the ruled was just.

Thomas F. Bayard.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Hero.[1]

THE monument to Colonel Robert Shaw just erected in Boston is, all things considered, the most accomplished, the greatest work of plastic art yet produced in America. It is fitting that the art of the New World should culminate in this tribute to one who dedicated his pure young life to his country, to freedom, to the uplifting of a people in bondage, to the ennobling of the whole race of man.

The character of this lovely youth, the crisis in which he was involved, the special duty which he undertook with such solemn devotion, all tend to make his figure in our national history as typical as it will be forever memorable. The sculptor, in pouring into his work all the surprise, the ardor, the very spirit of that day in Boston when the black troops marched to the front with their young commander at their head, has made the monument express more than the mere occasion, remarkable and significant as was that occasion. In this sculptured picture we see the awakening of a race, the dark, determined mass moved by a common impulse of daring endeavor; lifted above these, the high-bred form, the delicate, intense, intellectual visage, the fair Anglo-Saxon head of their heroic leader; and high over all, the everlasting ideal, the symbol of the spiritual purpose, which beckons, inspires, and gloriously rewards.

Robert Shaw was not the only youthful sacrifice to the cause of human freedom and nationality; every memory has its bead-roll of youthful martyrs, names like those of young Ellsworth and Winthrop and George de Kay. But his personality, his peculiar service, and the crowning tragedy of his career, even the circumstances of his burial, make the deed and the name of Shaw worthy of the distinction of so expressive and splendid a monument as that which the world now owes to the genius of St. Gaudens.

As a school-boy Rob Shaw was the very type of the American school-boy of our own day—high-spirited, just, affectionate, frank, and pure of heart. His letters home show every trait of a natural, unaffected, pleasure-loving, manly youth. His parents were his confidants. To them every boyish whim, every prejudice, every hope was confessed. It was indeed a happy childhood and youth, troubled only by occasional anxiety for the health of that honored mother who still lives to see the memory of her boy assured, not only in his own great deeds, but in immortal art.

In the volumes, privately printed, in which his parents brought together with loving reverence the letters of the boy and the soldier, along with posthumous tributes which were paid to his character and his heroism, we can watch the flowering of this noble spirit in a congenial and fortunate soil, through sunny days, till fate and opportunity brought the compelling duty and the crowning act of heroic patriotism.

He was a type, and yet his individuality was exceptionally winning—in personal beauty, in an indescribable charm of bearing and of spirit. Once, at a fancy ball, and without a mask, he so easily passed for a sweet-faced girl that the astonishment was great when, as he gleefully told the story, he spoke out «in a loud, swaggering voice.» No clearer idea of his sympathetic nature and the gentle rectitude of his character could be given than in the tribute of a classmate who declared: «He could do what few men can, and that is, tell his friends of their faults in such a way as not to give offense, and also make them correct them.»

Reared in an atmosphere of reform and intellectuality, and related to men like Lowell, Curtis, and Barlow, he took the antislavery and reform ideas of the time without morbidness or suspicion of superiority or self-consciousness. At fifteen (in the year 1852) he writes home from Neuchâtel in answer to a suggestion that that one should not be afraid of declaring one's religious opinions. He said he should not be afraid of declaring them «if there could be any kind of use in it»; but he did not wish merely to bring up discussions which would be stupid and tiresome, as he did not want to become «reformer, apostle, or anything of that kind»; he thought there was «no use of doing disagreeable things for nothing.» In the same letter he asks: «Have you seen that book named ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin›?» Next year he writes: «I 've been reading ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin› again lately, and always like it better than before, and see more things in it»; adding, as if in answer to some inner questioning: «I don't see how one man could do much against slavery.»

But there is no excess of this serious note in the early letters, which abound in the joy and curiosity of healthy boyhood. Two days before he is seventeen he writes to his mother: «You mention my becoming a merchant; but that 's entirely out of the question. I had rather be a chimney-sweep. They at least can have fresh air, and not get peaked and lean, like a fellow sitting all day on a five-foot stool in a nasty hole of a counting-room.» Then, as if in apology: «They are all holes here. I don't remember the American ones.» And then the genuine voice of youth: «All I can say for the present is that I have no taste for anything except amusing myself!» And yet when the time came he was will-

[1] Robert Gould Shaw, son of Francis George and Sarah Blake (Sturgis) Shaw, was born at Boston, October 10, 1837, and killed at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. His family moved to New York when he was a child, and have lived on Staten Island or in the city ever since. His brothers-in-law were George William Curtis, Robert B. Minturn, Gen. Francis C. Barlow, and Charles Russell Lowell. He married Miss Annie Haggerty on May 2, 1863. His widow, for many years an invalid, divides each year between Paris and Switzerland.

ing to give the counting-room a fair trial; and again, when the time came, he was as ready for the grim amusement of war.

If it were possible here, it would be a pleasure to trace the development of Shaw's career through school life, European study and travel, and his Harvard course; it would be delightful to tell of his love of music and of literature, his comradeship with some of the most attractive and noble of the young men and women of those days just before and during the war for the Union; to watch from year to year the growth of that stern and exquisite nature. But there is time now for only a few of the leading incidents of the moving narrative.

Young Shaw took up military study and discipline with deliberate purpose. He entered the famous Seventh Regiment, New York State Militia, because, as he said to his mother, Lincoln's election might bring trouble, and he wished to be prepared to do his part for the Union. When the trouble actually came, the only thing he regretted in their sudden call to the front was that his mother was away at the time. He could not keep from tears when he remembered that she would come home to find his room empty.

It is gratifying to know that the boy whose name will be linked with that of Lincoln in the cause of human freedom saw the great liberator more than once. While the Seventh was quartered in Washington he called with young King, the son of Columbia's president, on Secretary Seward, who gave them a note to President Lincoln. The President was «sitting at a desk perfectly covered with papers of every description.» He got up, and shook hands with them both in the most cordial way, asked them to be seated, and seemed glad to have them come. Shaw thought it «too bad» for any one to call him «one of the ugliest men in the country,» for he had «seldom seen a pleasanter or more kind-hearted looking one,» and he had «certainly a very striking face. It is easy to see,» added the young soldier, «why he is so popular with all who come in contact with him. His voice is very pleasant; . . . he gives you the impression, too, of being a gentleman.»

But the Seventh's short time of service was not long enough for Shaw. Before it expired he took a commission as second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Regiment. Either in the regiment or on staff duty, he served faithfully till the summer of 1863, seeing meantime some of his dearest comrades killed or captured at his side. At Winchester, in 1862, a bullet which might have killed him was stopped by his watch. He well earned his promotion to a captaincy.

Early in 1863 Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, having undertaken to place negro troops in the field, concluded to select for their officers «young men of military experience, of firm antislavery principles, ambitious, superior to a vulgar contempt of color, and having faith in the capacity of colored men for military service. Such officers,» he said, «must be necessarily gentlemen of the highest tone and honor.» Reviewing the young men then in the service, and of the character described, the governor determined to offer the colonelcy of the first colored regiment to Captain Shaw.

It is significant as to his character that the greatest responsibility of Shaw's life was one not sought by him; that he even hesitated at its acceptance; that indeed he at first refused the hazardous honor. His father took him the offer of Governor Andrew on February 3. He declined, and his father returned to New York. On the 6th he telegraphed, accepting. What strivings of the spirit made the history of those days of indecision can only be imagined. His letters show that it was in no momentary enthusiasm that he made his final resolve, but after long pondering and under a conviction of unescapable duty.

In the record of which I have spoken, the story of his remaining days rushes to its climax with the remorselessness of a Greek tragedy. We see him working to fill up the ranks of his regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, drilling and firmly disciplining them in their camp at Readville, Massachusetts; then comes his marriage, and a few happy days stolen from the troublous times; then the presentation of colors by Governor Andrew, in an eloquent and memorable speech, to which the young colonel modestly replies; and on May 28 the triumphant march through Boston, one of the most thrilling scenes of the whole war. «Never can I forget,» wrote a friend when all was over, «that sweet smile which he gave when twice . . . I proposed to the surrounding crowd to give three cheers for Colonel Shaw.» It was full of intelligence and sweetness. It seemed to beam with youthful joyousness, as he sat his horse so finely, and withal bore his ovations so modestly.»

Again at the front, now under General Hunter, on the islands off our Southern coast, he took part in an expedition when a village with nothing but a few women and children in it, and which had made no resistance, was burned to the ground. The command to destroy was from Colonel Montgomery, and it was not till afterward that Shaw learned that the order proceeded originally from a higher officer. To this barbarous deed he was so bitterly opposed that he wrote to the acting adjutant-general of the department that if the colonel took such action on his own responsibility he should hereafter «refuse to have a share in it, and take the consequences.» On July 16 a portion of his command did well in action, which greatly gratified him, partly because it wiped out the remembrance of the Darien affair, which had so wounded his sense of soldierly honor.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, who saw him about this time, records the strong impression he created of «quiet power,» and the «tinge of watchful anxiety in his look.» His attitude toward his men was remembered by others. In camp at Readville «he moved gracefully, kindly, and resolutely among his black troops.» One of his men said, in a published letter, that to a casual observer there was a touch of austerity in his relations with the soldiers of his regiment. No man among them would have dared to presume upon any supposed liberality of his opinions; «but had any man a wrong done him, in Colonel Shaw he always found an impartial judge.»

But now comes a sudden change of base. At James Island he learned that a new attack upon Fort Wagner was contemplated. His close friend, the lieutenant-colonel, asked him, if they charged the fort, whether he would go in front or behind the men. He replied: «I cannot tell now, but I trust that God will give me strength to do my duty.» He was heavy with despondency. His

friend begged him to shake it off. He quietly answered: «I will try.» Nights and days of marching and exposure followed. On the last day Shaw was deeply depressed, and talked despairingly. He asked to be left alone, so he could think of home. In an hour he had conquered; and his cheerful spirits returned. When his general asked him if he wished the privilege of leading the column of attack, his face brightened, and he answered, «Yes.» As the men, tired and hungry, lay flat on the ground before the assault, he was more familiar with them than he had ever been known to be before. He walked along the line, and encouraged them, saying: «Now, men, I want you to prove yourselves *men!*» «His lips were compressed, and now and then there was visible a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, like one bent on accomplishing or dying.»

It is now nightfall, and at last all is ready. The regiment is formed in two lines, the colonel taking the right wing in front. Coming up to Lieutenant-Colonel Hallowell, he said: «Ned, I shall go in advance of the men with the National flag; you will keep the State flag with you. It will give the men something to rally round. We shall take the fort, or die there.» All his sadness had left him.

Then came the rush upon the fort. His friend saw him again «just for an instant, as he sprang into the ditch; his broken and shattered regiment were following him, eager to share with him the glory of his death.» When within one or two hundred yards of the fort a terrific fire of grape and musketry was poured upon them, tearing the ranks to pieces. They rallied again, went through the ditch, which held three feet of water, up the parapet with the flag, the colonel leading. He waved his sword, cried out, «Forward, Fifty-fourth!» and fell dead, with twenty or thirty of his officers and men killed close about him. The rest is well known. They «buried him with his niggers,» in one long trench, and his father refused to have that honorable grave disturbed.

But at last the trench itself has been washed away by the waves of the Atlantic, and in the South may now be found some of those who appreciate and cherish most tenderly the fame of Robert Shaw.

A letter to those who mourned, from one who had herself suffered in like measure, expressed the thought of multitudes when the news of this «costly sacrifice» was flashed through the North: «When the beautiful vision, which was beheld by so many thousands, of the inspired and brave young hero at the head of his dusky followers, is recalled, many who never had an earnest thought about it before will feel, ‹This must be a sacred cause for which such a youth has offered so willingly his life.›»

No death in the cause of liberty and union, save that of Lincoln himself, has been the occasion of such tributes as those which have been offered to the memory of Shaw. This was Lowell's hero when he wrote:

> Right in the van
> On the red rampart's slippery swell,
> With heart that beat a charge he fell
> Foeward, as fits a man;
> But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
> Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

And he was Emerson's youth who nobly answers to the voice of duty:

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
> The youth replies, *I can.*

Already the prophecy of Motley is being fulfilled. «I have often thought,» he said, «how fondly his image will be retained in after-days as a type to inspire American genius. . . . Sculptors, painters, and poets will delight to reproduce that beautiful vision of undying and heroic *youth*, and eyes not yet created will dwell upon it with affection and pride. And when the history of these dark, tragic, but most honorable days comes to be written, there is nothing . . . that will fasten itself more closely on the popular memory than the storming of Fort Wagner by the Fifty-fourth, with their colonel falling on the rampart, sword in hand, cheering on those despised blacks to deeds of valor.»

The patriots of to-day are not now, and may not be, called upon to die «sword in hand»; but this country is in need of men who will bring into the fight against civic corruption as keen a sense of duty and as true a courage as that which inspired the young hero of Fort Wagner.

The Sculptor.

PERHAPS no living artist has so high a reputation as St. Gaudens, and so strong an artistic influence, with so little of his work familiar to the general public. His «Lincoln» in Chicago, and his «Farragut» in New York, are the statues most familiar to the people, and on these his just popular fame is mainly based. But in the art world St. Gaudens has long been known as the author of a series of medallions, of numerous portrait heads, memorial monuments, and pieces of decorative sculpture, all of which have the stamp of mastership. Before a great while his Shaw monument, his splendid and virile equestrian statue of Logan, his statue of Peter Cooper, his Sherman equestrian statue, and other works of a monumental character, will give still wider public proof of a genius the evidences of which have been fully known and appreciated by artists and critics for many years. THE CENTURY from time to time has given examples of his work, but in this number of the magazine a greater array of his sculpture is presented than on any other occasion. And although much is necessarily omitted, it is easy to see that the sculptor's fame already rests on foundations ample and absolutely secure. It is gratifying to know that he is in the fullness of his artistic strength, and that the future should hold for him as many triumphs as the past.

The Man in the Copper Box.

INASMUCH as the most serious daily inquiry of three fourths of the millions who struggle on the earth for a bare physical existence is, «How shall we be fed?» the paper beginning on page 246 of this number of THE CENTURY is of very wide significance. In it Professor Atwater offers the first popular explanation of a series of experiments which are conducted under the auspices of the government, and which promise, in their future development, to have an important bearing upon the problem of the economical and healthful feeding of humanity. Expressed in more scientific terms, the purpose of the investigation is to study the laws of nutrition: to find out more than is now known of the ways in which food

builds up the different parts of the body, repairs its wastes, and supplies energy for work and thought. While, in one sense, these researches have a purely scientific object, which is the study of the application of the laws of the conservation of matter and the conservation of energy to the human organism, from another point of view they are intensely practical, as representing an effort to gain new knowledge regarding the food of man, and his needs for nourishment, the better to fit his diet to the demands of health, strength, and purse.

The researches Professor Atwater describes are the first of their especial kind on this side of the Atlantic, although experiments more or less similar have been conducted at several German universities for more than a quarter of a century, and of late have been carried on elsewhere in Europe. Most of those in Europe have been made with domestic animals. The number with men has been small, and in no case, it is believed, have they—for lack of material resources—been so painstaking and laborious as those here described.

Several years ago the first steps were taken at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, toward the development of an apparatus for measuring the income and outgo of the animal body. The investigation was undertaken jointly by Professor Atwater and Professor E. B. Rosa. It was conducted under the patronage of the university, and in connection with the Storrs Experiment Station, of which Professor Atwater is director, and of which the more purely scientific researches are being prosecuted at the Wesleyan laboratories.

Fortunately for the enterprise, the resources, which were at first limited, were increased by appropriations from the public funds. In the year 1894 provision was made by an act of Congress for an inquiry into the food and nutrition of the people of the United States. The act places the investigation in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture, and wisely allows him to distribute it among the experiment stations of the country, which are in close official relations with the Department of Agriculture. It is under the immediate charge of Professor Atwater as special agent of the department. While the larger part of the inquiry is given to the study of the kinds and nutritive values of foods and the economy of their purchase and use by people of different localities and classes, a portion is devoted to more abstract research, which would naturally include experiments of such fundamental importance as these.

In 1895 the legislature of Connecticut provided a special annual appropriation to be expended by the Storrs Experiment Station for food investigations. The resources of the station were thus increased, and with the supplement from the General Government, and the original private aid, it has been possible greatly to enlarge the scope of the inquiry. Indeed, this may be regarded as one of the class of cases in which the higher scientific research has been favored by a happy combination of public and private support in such way as not only to insure the greatest economy in the use of money and other resources, but also to promise a valuable outcome.

In order to control the conditions and measure the changes affecting the living organism under examination, the human subject is isolated in a copper box, a trifle higher and longer than the stature of an average man, and only twice the width of a broad pair of shoulders; and the process of «harmless vivisection,» as it might almost be called, is made tolerable by a glass window and a telephone, enabling the subject to see and converse with friends; by facilities for reading and writing; by provision for vigorous though rather cramped exercise; and by the maintenance of atmospheric conditions calculated to have a cheering effect on the spirits of a healthy man. That a person of active mind, though buoyed by scientific ardor, could lend himself for twelve days to the experimental mercies of the copper box, and emerge with grateful emotions, is a compliment to the foresight of the experimenters, and a promise of surprising results from this method of human analysis.

Ten years ago THE CENTURY began a series of seven papers by Professor Atwater, which in a way broke the ground for these experiments with the man in the copper box. The initial paper, entitled «The Composition of our Bodies and our Food,» in May, 1887, was followed by others on «How Food Nourishes the Body» (June, 1887), «The Potential Energy of Food» (July, 1887), «The Digestibility of Food» (September, 1887), «The Pecuniary Economy of Food» (January, 1888), «Food and Beverages» (May, 1888) and «What we Should Eat» (June, 1888). It stands to reason that a scientific diet, varied to repair wasted energy, mental or physical, with the smallest tax on the assimilative powers, would confer health and a better chance for wealth on the workers of the world. In time it might also reduce the ranks of the minority who «live to eat,» by rendering more certain of attainment the benefits of «eating to live.»

OPEN LETTERS

Portraits of Queen Victoria.

PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

THE portrait of «The Little Princess Victoria,» an engraving of which, by Peter Aitken, is the frontispiece of the present number of THE CENTURY, is a small oil-painting now in the Dulwich Gallery. It is a panel, eleven inches by eight and three quarters, acquired by the gallery in 1890. It is thus described in the catalogue:

(304) Her Majesty the Queen when Princess Victoria, aged 4 years. S. P. Denning. Full-length figure standing, large black hat with feathers, black velvet pelisse,

sable fur round the neck and crossed over the chest, gray gloves, one of which is held in the right hand, black shoes. Background landscape and blue sky, with clouds.

The catalogue states as follows:

Stephen Pointz Denning was a miniature-painter. He was also employed to make drawings for engravers. The drawing for the engraving of Sir David Wilkie's picture, «Chelsea Pensioners receiving the News of the Battle of Waterloo,» was made by him, as also several of Mulready's most popular works. He was keeper of the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery from 1821 until his death, in the seventy-second year of his age, in 1864.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1838.

THE engraving by T. Johnson of the portrait of Queen Victoria painted in 1838 by the young American artist Thomas Sully is reprinted from THE CENTURY for November, 1883, where it appeared by the kind permission of Mr. Francis T. Sully Darley. The picture is from the original oil-study made for the artist's full-length painting of the Queen for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. Thomas Sully was one of the best-known of the earlier American portrait-painters. He lived to a ripe old age in Philadelphia, and his house and studio, preserved in the business quarter of the city, were most interesting survivals of the old days. He was born in England in 1783; died in Philadelphia in 1872. In «Hours at Home» for 1869 are some «Recollections of an Old Painter» dictated by him. In relation to the picture Mr. Sully says:

A painting-room was arranged for my accommodation in Buckingham Palace. . . .

In order to reach the painting-room I had to pass through a room called the King's closet, and I saw lying upon the Queen's desk books which showed that she did not read nonsense. Among these books were Channing's Discourses.

The Queen came to the sittings with her secretary, the Baroness Letzen. She was very affable, like a well-bred lady of Philadelphia or Boston, and used to talk about different things. I saw that she relished American freedom very much: she had not had such a treat for a long time. I told her I would get my daughter to sit with the regalia, if there would be no impropriety, in order to save her the trouble.

«Oh, no impropriety,» replied Victoria; «but don't spare me; if I can be of service I will sit.»

After that my daughter sat with the regalia, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. The earrings had to be tied with a loop, as I had not allowed her ears to be pierced.

One day the Queen sent word that she would come in if my daughter would remain where she was. But, of course, Blanche stepped down, and the two girls, who were almost the same age, chatted together quite familiarly.

The Queen wrote her name for me in this manner:

For Mr. Sully,
Victoria Regina.

She also gave my daughter a medal and her signature.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1840.

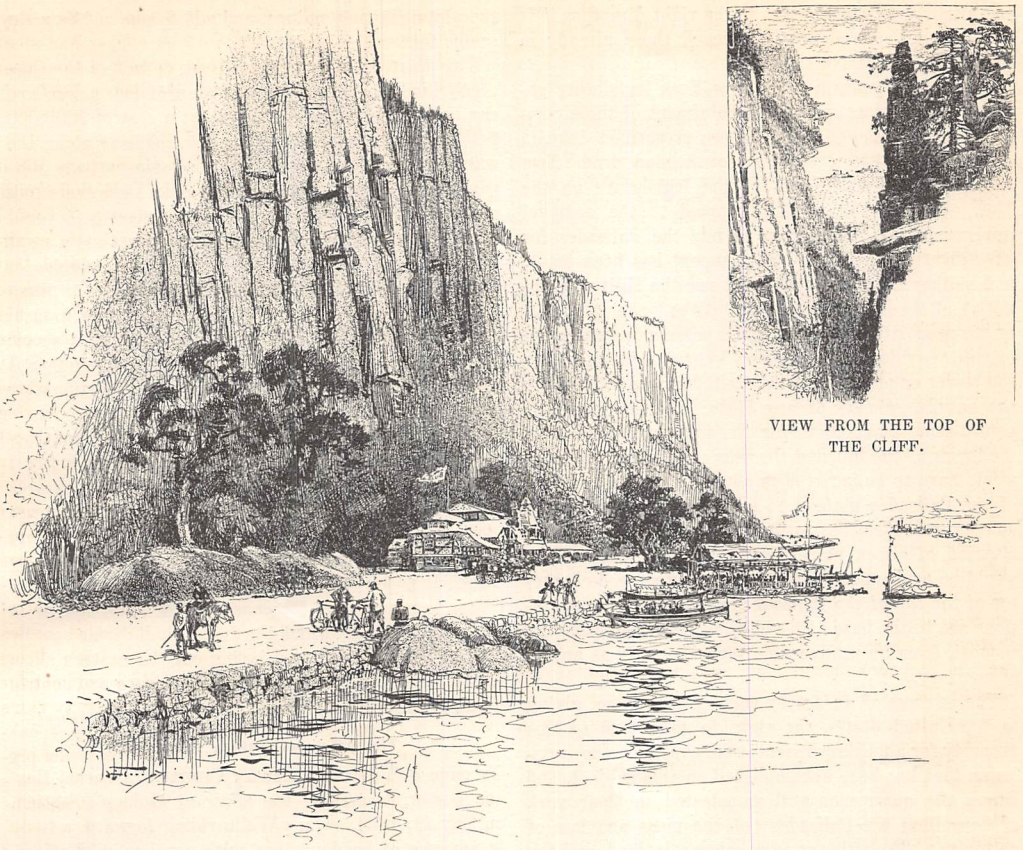
THE third portrait is, with some slight curtailment, a reproduction of one by Sir William Charles Ross, R. A., who was born in London, 1794, and died 1857. He painted, in miniature, many members of the royal household (the Queen, Prince Consort, and their family), King and Queen of the Belgians, King and Queen of Portugal, and Napoleon III. He was elected Royal Academician in 1839. In the same year he was knighted. The engraving from which our picture is made is by Henry Thomas Ryall, a pupil of Sam Reynolds. He was an engraver, both on copper and steel, of considerable reputation. This portrait of the Queen is one of his best-known works. He died in 1867.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1895.

THE following account of the portrait on page 168 is furnished by the Canadian artist Mr. F. M. Bell Smith: «At three o'clock on the afternoon of July 5, 1895, I was in the white drawing-room of Windsor Castle, awaiting the arrival of the Queen, who had appointed that hour for the first sitting for her portrait, which was to be included in the historical painting representing her Majesty in the act of placing a wreath upon the coffin of her dead statesman, the Right Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson, K. C. M. G., M. P., P. C., Q. C., etc., whose sudden death on December 12, 1894, just after leaving the presence of his sovereign, was one of the most tragic events in the history of the venerable pile in which it occurred.

«In a few moments an aged gentleman who for over seventy years has filled the position of usher to the sovereign entered the room, and announced that the Queen would be detained for a short time, owing to the arrival of the Duchess of Coburg. The delay was not of long duration, however; and soon the door was thrown open, and the usher said, ‹The Queen is coming!› From my position in the room I could see down a corridor for some little distance; but before the royal party came into view I heard a voice, strong, clear, ringing, speaking in such a loud tone that I wondered who could presume to so speak in such near proximity to her Majesty's private apartments. Then it struck me that it must be the Queen, and so it proved to be; and the wonderful, bell-like purity of tone, and strong, vigorous manner of her speech, impressed and surprised me. As the Queen entered the room she said, as she acknowledged my low bow, ‹I am sorry to have kept you waiting›; and I could not help the recollection that some persons of less degree than England's queen had not thought it worth while to show similar politeness when failing in their appointments. The fact that I had been positively assured by some very high officials connected with the Queen's household that there was no chance whatever of her Majesty's giving me a sitting, together with the assurance from the Munshi that I need not expect more than five minutes, had led me to expect very different treatment from that which I actually received. The Queen, being seated, turned to me and said, ‹You will place me in the position you desire›; and so I arranged the pose of the head and direction of the eyes, which being done, my illustrious and royal sitter sat as still as any model in the ateliers of Paris, and retained the position with a rigidity I have never known surpassed. The Queen, seeing that I could obtain a better view sitting than standing, directed the Princess Louise to hand me a chair; and during the whole of the sitting her Royal Highness stood at my shoulder, and watched with keen interest the progress of my work, which she was good enough to comment upon from time to time.

«In speaking to the Queen, I noticed that the princess always said, ‹mama dear,› but never used any other form than ‹the Queen› when speaking to others. The conversation between her Majesty and her daughter was



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.

SUGGESTED DRIVEWAY AT THE FOOT OF THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

for the most part conducted in German, which is, I am told, the language in which the royal family usually converse. I noticed several times that the expression on the Queen's face relaxed into a very pleasant smile when reference was made to some of the little princes or princesses, great-grandchildren of the Queen; and it was then that the singular beauty of the form of her mouth was seen. My general impression was that the photographs of the Queen did not do her justice, as there was a refinement and delicacy in the features that I had never observed in her pictures.»

FACSIMILES.

THE facsimiles from the Queen's «coronation roll» have never before appeared. It was found that as they pertained to a living personage, it was necessary to obtain authorization for their publication. The royal permission was graciously accorded for their reproduction in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The Editor.

A Way to Save the Palisades.

IT is well known that the impressive scenery of the Palisades of the Hudson is gradually being destroyed by quarrymen. The sphere of action to devise or enforce some protective measure which may save them from further injury is confined to the two States whose territory includes this remarkable dike of rock. Though the whole nation is deeply interested in the preservation of the unique and familiar landmark, on the citizens of New York and New Jersey rests the responsibility, both legal and moral, to protect it from further defacement. In spite of the care which private interests have taken to exclude them, quarries are being worked at four different points along the base of the cliffs, where, by lease or purchase, a foothold has been gained. The lack of permanence in all defensive measures against the quarrymen, based on the interest or sentiment of the individual resident or owner, renders it important that the States of New York and New Jersey, for the public good, should condemn and take possession of the eastern slope of the Palisades by right of eminent domain.

The menace of the future is more alarming than the damage of to-day. What with steam-drills and high-grade explosives, and an increasing demand for broken stone, there is danger of the ultimate destruction of the pristine wildness and beauty of this region; and when we consider that in the quarrying gravity here largely takes the place of manual labor, and that it is but a short haul to a good market, the doom of the cliffs appears inevitable.

On the 19th of February New Jersey passed an act requiring the riparian commissioners, in all leases or sales of water privileges of the State, to insert a restrictive clause forbidding quarrying of the Palisades;

but although this was a step in the right direction, it is not retroactive, and does not reach those already in possession of riparian rights.

Nearly two years ago the New York legislature enacted a law authorizing the appointment of three commissioners by the governor, whose prescribed duty, in coöperation with a similar commission from New Jersey created by an act of the legislature on the 13th of June, 1895, was to appeal to the national government at Washington to buy the Palisades for «fortification purposes.» This appeal has been made, and neither the War Department nor the Military Committee of the House of Representatives looks with favor on the proposition. The Palisades possess no strategical or military value, and, as is well known, it is not within the power or province of the United States to preserve the natural scenery of any State. The enormous expense, some $4,000,000, for the property included in the terms of the bill, and the heavy additional cost that would have to be incurred in adapting the rocky forest of the Palisades plateau to military uses, are further and serious objections to the measure, especially as the clearing of «open places for manœuvers and camps» would be as destructive to the wild and rugged character of the top of the Palisades as the quarrying operations are to the base. The bill has been held back, by request, from an unfavorable report, merely as an act of courtesy.

The passage of an act by each of the States, giving to the United States the right to take title to this property for a military reservation, concludes the legislation that has been accomplished on this subject, and leaves the quarrymen still unmolested in their work of despoiling the Palisades «of the moss and hue of antiquity.» The military-park scheme is dead, and the sooner this fact is accepted, the speedier will the rescue be accomplished.

A practical and comparatively inexpensive way of saving the Palisades has been suggested, which has been received with marked approval by those who have made an impartial study of the question. It would also result in conferring a great benefit on the public. It is that the States of New York and New Jersey should unite in condemning the narrow strip from the edge or base of the steep rocks down to the river, and should convert this slope into a park, with a broad driveway along the water's edge from Fort Lee to Piermont, a distance of thirteen miles. The region is already connected with the New York shore by ferries at Fort Lee, Yonkers, and Tarrytown, and might be connected with the Jersey City boulevard, and thus be made a beautiful addition to the park system of the metropolitan district, and a new resource for driving, riding, or cycling. This would give New Jersey a continuous drive of thirty-five miles—from Bergen Point to Nyack. Of afternoons this driveway, in the cool shadows of the majestic wall of rock above, and commanding the broad expanse of the Hudson and the beautiful scenery of the opposite shore, would thus afford continual delight to the observer of the picturesque in nature, and add to one of the great scenic features of the world.

This thirteen miles of river-bank detached from the costly land above contains an area of 900 acres, and can be obtained, it is estimated, at a cost of $300,000 to $400,000. The construction of a roadway along the water's edge, as proposed, would be comparatively inexpensive, as the very best material is at hand every foot of the way. Although the slope is generally covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, underneath is a mass of loose, detached rocks, which, with the exercise of proper care, would supply all needed material for filling and grading without injuring or defacing the natural growth, which is one of the attractions of this shore; and as the water is very shallow under the whole length of the Palisades, the filling would be proportionately slight on the entire length of thirteen miles.

The Hudson is essentially a New York river, and consequently there is greater and more general interest among her citizens to preserve the conspicuous features of its natural scenery than in New Jersey, although eleven miles of the Palisades are in that State, and only two miles and a half are within the boundaries of New York. It is proposed to ask the governors of the two States to recommend the enactment of laws, similar in their provisions, by which the States shall divide equally the cost of obtaining and laying out the eastern slope of the Palisades, and shall share in the care and control by an interstate commission.

F. P. Albert.

The Affair at Guiney's Station.

On page 493 of the February Century, General Horace Porter, describing the affair at Guiney's Station, on May 21, 1864, says: «While riding forward, a little in advance of headquarters, with another staff-officer, I saw a body of the enemy on the opposite side of a stream which we were approaching. This made us feel a little apprehensive for the safety of the commanding generals, as Hancock was many miles in advance, and the head of Warren's corps was a considerable distance in the rear. . . . It was promptly decided to order the regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel C. H. T. Collis, which served as General Meade's headquarters guard, to make a dash across the stream and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position on the opposite bank. This was promptly and gallantly done.»

In justice to myself and the gallant officers who were all impelled upon that occasion by the same impulse which influenced me, permit me to say, by way of correcting the above statement, that, so far as I knew, no staff-officers of Generals Grant and Meade were near when the enemy intercepted and engaged my command; the presence of the enemy was discovered by troops of my brigade, and the attack was made on my own responsibility, without an order from any one; and it was for this reason that I received the thanks of Generals Grant and Meade on the field.

Charles H. T. Collis,
Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

New York, February 8, 1897.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

An Idyl of the Kitchen.

WHEN Polly presides at the stove,
  Fleet Cupids flit there in a drove;
  But when her art takes
  To divine buckwheat cakes,
I swear she 's fit Hebe for Jove!

Now she that sets others aflame
Is flushed with a glow of the same;
  But ah, and alas!
  That this comes to pass,
That only stove ardor 's to blame.

As she bends, like a witch at a kettle,
The blood roves her flesh in high fettle;
  And her velvet skin glows
  Like a strange, molten rose,
And her cheeks have the feel of a petal.

With freckles they 're dearly besprent,
As if wind and sun were intent
  On baking wee cakes,
  For their own selfish sakes,
Where ruddy and rosy are blent.

And Polly's own hair has the tinting
Of syrup where sunlight goes glinting;
  But the taste of her kiss
  Were far sweeter, iwis,
Though she featly evades all my hinting.

Ah, Polly, you mischievous sweet, you!
Nor dryads nor fine cits could beat you;
  And while my greed takes
  Innumerous cakes,
I vow I 'd more willingly eat you!

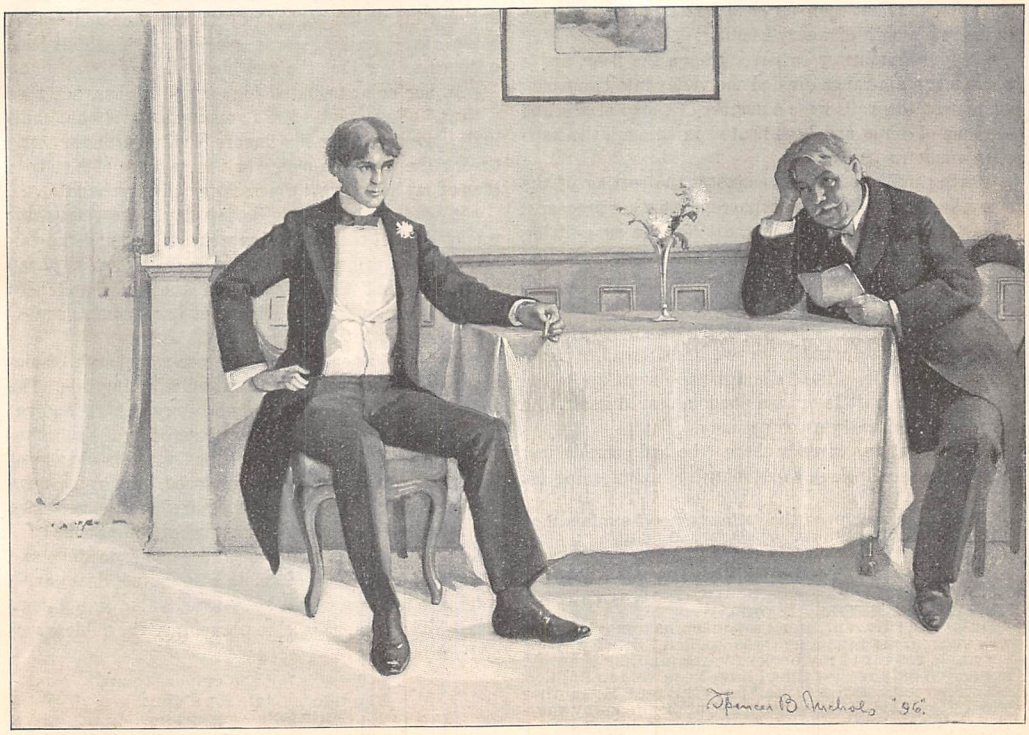
When Polly presides at the stove,
Young Loves gather round in a drove;
  But devil a bit
  Of a good comes of it:
Their burnt wings but flatter
And sweeten her batter!
It 's wiser to flee—*qui peut, sauve!*

Rupert Hughes.

Slang.

WORDS scribbled on the margin of Time's book,
  Which learnèd readers view, pained and perplexed;
Some vanish from the page, but others live
  And creep into the body of the text.

Meredith Nicholson.



DRAWN BY SPENCER B. NICHOLS.

THE COLLEGE BILL.

«I did n't put the items in, because I wanted to save your time.»

«The Man and the Girl.»

A NEW BOOK BY RUYTER[1] LITTLE MORE.

THE important part played by dress in modern fiction was never better exemplified than in the winning little story recently published by the gifted author of «Songs of New York's Numbered Streets,» a review of which volume recently appeared in these pages. It bears the curiously quaint and simple title, «The Man and the Girl.»

This tale would serve to force recognition of the peculiar talent as a sartorial writer displayed by Miss More were it her first venture in the fields of creative effort; but when we remember how entirely different in every way, and yet how charmingly original, was her book of poems, we are lost in wonder at her many-sidedness. It is not vouchsafed to all to wield the prosaic (here used in its strict sense) and the poetic pen with equal facility. It would not surprise us in the least to be called upon to review a book of essays by the same author.

We have adverted upon the important figure that dress makes in the composition of this story, but we do not wish to be understood as saying that it is a mere set of fashion-plates. The book has more literary value than a catalogue of dress patterns, and we had almost said that the incidents are not subsidiary to the dressing.

We make bold to quote the opening of the narrative:

«It was a lovely spring day.»

How direct! How forceful! Here is not a redundant syllable, but each word, like the well-trained members of a stock company, contributes its legitimate share to the *ensemble*.

Following this is as effective a bit of repressed description as it has been our good fortune to come across in many a month of weary reading:

«A blue Axminster carpet lay upon the floor, and a noble mountain-range divided the valley into two parts; while upon the walls were a number of cheap prints, and the hum of birds and bees floated in through the half-open window.»

Having indicated thus succinctly the setting of the story, and supplied the atmosphere, the author proceeds:

«Lucinda entered the room, attired in a snug-fitting brown cashmere waist and skirt of the latest mode, and wearing a bonnet that was so simple, and yet in such good taste, that it deserves a word of description. In shape it was a poke; it was covered with salmon-colored plush edged with crimson velvet, and it was trimmed very plainly with white tulle and passementerie, while from its apex a little orange pompon reared itself. Its owner was evidently a perfect lady.

«Edgemont was already there» (he had come in just before the description), «buttoning and unbuttoning his English-made pepper-and-salt sack-coat from very nervousness. His patent-leathers were splashed with mud, and he was plainly agitated.

«‹Good morning,› said Lucinda, as she removed her mouse-colored mousquetaire gloves.»

Pardon our halting at this point to note the simple means employed by this young author to paint a picture. She does no more than tell you that Lucinda removed her gloves (with a perfectly proper and adequate description of their style), and yet you sense the situation at once; you see that she has taken them off.

«He stepped over to the window and adjusted his cravat before replying. Then he said, ‹Good morning.›

«‹You have come here,› she went on, casting her beautiful eyes out of the window.

«His own followed them, and then, as if tired out, he seated himself upon the sofa, and pulled up his trousers to avoid bagging. (Would he avoid bagging her heart? he wondered). She, too, seated herself, and removed her diaphanous veil. ‹You have come,› she repeated.

«‹Yes,› said he, as he pulled his cuffs beyond his coat sleeves»—a masterpiece of quiet suggestiveness pointing unerringly to his extreme nervousness—«‹yes, and I am here.›

«Her dress had never looked so becoming to her as when she replied to him. Her skin was lighter than the brown cashmere, but it went with it—all day long. ‹And why,› said she, as she brushed the dust from her tan-colored shoes with her dainty hemstitched handkerchief, ‹did you not come before?›

«He stooped over and pushed a truant shoe-lace into his shoe. ‹Because—› he hesitated, and nervously fingered his watch-pocket (a gift from Lucinda)—‹because—the—walking—was—so—bad,› he said at last, in tones so low that the girl blushed.

«As her color mounted higher and higher, she rose with it. ‹Edgemont—Mr. Larchcomb,› said she, chillingly, several of her lily fingers playing with her topaz brooch the while, ‹a man who thinks more of his shoes than of my heart is not the one to receive my hand!› . . .

«It was still a lovely spring day. The Axminster was still blue, the mountains went on dividing the valley, and the prints upon the walls were just as cheap as before; but the humming of the birds and bees sounded more plainly to Edgemont Larchcomb's ears—for he was out of doors!»

Miss More has employed the prose-pastel style of diction to close her very effective and affecting tale. The atmosphere of the opening of the story is here, and yet it is not the same; it has been changed by the substitution of a word here and there, and yet this change of air, by a paradox, has been produced by harping upon the same notes. Do we not recognize here the penchant for delicate effects that characterized the «Songs»?

In the hands of a writer less sure of her medium and of herself than Miss More, this story, with its lavish reference to dress, might have degenerated into a mere manual of modes; as it is, to paraphrase the noble words of Bobby Burns:

> The dress is but the guinea stamp,
> The tale 's a tale for a' that.

Charles Battell Loomis.

[1] We are in receipt of the following self-explanatory letter, which we take great pleasure in printing:

AILANTUS MANOR,
BOWERY BAY BEACH, LONG ISLAND,
May 19, 1897.

MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

DEAR SIR: By a printer's misprint, as annoying as it was vexing, my first name was spelled «Rita» in your very able review of my book of verse (and, by the way, it was the only review that I have been able to find).

Now my name is not «Rita,» but «Ruyter.» My mother was of real old Knickerbocker Dutch stock—by marriage. Hence the name. Yours fervidly,

(Miss) RUYTER LITTLE MORE.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PAINTED BY HOGARTH AND NOW AT WINDSOR CASTLE. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

«GARRICK AND HIS WIFE.»

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

«THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.» (DETAIL FROM «MARRIAGE À LA MODE.»)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.—COLE'S NEW SERIES.

WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697–1764).

WHEN George I went to the shades there was little poetry or painting to tell his praises. The masters in verse had passed on; the masters of the brush had not yet arrived. The king had been indifferent to their comings and their goings, for art was not one of his failings. To be sure, painting existed, and court circles for many years had cherished a pseudo-fondness for it, but only as a foreign product. Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and the *outre mer* contingent had been successively at court, and the foreign cult was still firmly established when George II came to the throne. Native painters there were, but of inconsiderable skill, and they were treated in an inconsiderate manner. It was thought that something in climate or natural incapacity prevented the native from doing good work, and that none but a Continental could be an artist in the grand style. And when at last, in the eighteenth century, the first English painter of rank, William Hogarth, made his appearance, he was not considered a rival of the foreigners by any one but himself. He did not win public attention by painting the historical picture better than Rubens. Such large pictures as he painted were coldly received; and Sir Joshua, who voiced British taste in his day, did not regard Hogarth as an artist of the higher sort. Neither did he draw notice to himself by painting nobility nobler than Van Dyck. His portraits were excellent, but the people of his time did not think so. He attracted attention by a new kind of painting—a something like personal journalism with the paintbrush—that hit and interested all classes. He created a pictorial Dunciad, and set the people of the town by the ears with his lampoons on the follies of the times. This made a stir, and London awoke to the fact that there was one English painter who at least had something to say. There was much attention given to what he said, for his truths struck near home; but one fails to find in his own time, or even in the present time, any wide-spread appreciation of how he said it. The artistic quality of his work was little considered. It was William Hogarth, satirist; no one thought or cared much about William Hogarth, painter. His engravings and pictures were accepted for their matter rather than for their manner; and with the exception of people directly interested in art as art, they are so accepted to this day.

It cut Hogarth to the quick that he was not considered a great artist, and that people looked only at his subjects. He was aware of possessing fine pictorial qualities, and wondered that people did not recognize them; yet he knowingly rendered them subordinate by the great prominence he gave to his subject. In his day and country the story-telling theme, the dramatic climax, the moral teaching, were considered the end and aim of painting. He himself said as much, and so

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designed his work. There is something peculiarly English, perhaps, in this point of view—something suggestive of origin or inheritance. For painting in England did not, as in Italy, originate in architectural decoration, and concern itself with filling space decoratively with form and color. Under Hogarth it derived from the stage, and he was probably the first one to make it a vehicle for illustrating themes pertinent to literature. His serial pictures were the painted acts of a drama—acts written with a paintbrush instead of with a pen. They were read scene by scene like a book, each picture being a chapter, and each chapter having time-movement. To comprehend them his audience required literary intelligence rather than pictorial imagination. The idea that his pictures were decorative panels, and had artistic qualities pleasing to the eye regardless of their subjects, could have occurred to but few; and yet they were decorative in a very high degree. The story-teller was clever indeed, but the painter was infinitely more clever—in fact, little short of a marvel, considering his period and that he was the first of the school. He quarreled with «the connoisseurs» all his life because they would not recognize him as the equal of Correggio and Van Dyck; but reckoning with the fate that usually befalls the innovator, he seems to have fared not badly. His own generation recognized him as a great satirist and moralist, and it is safe to say that future generations will recognize him as a great painter.

Hogarth was born in London, November 10, 1697. His father was an unsuccessful schoolmaster, and at the time of the son's birth an equally unsuccessful literary hack in London. His uncle, too, had literary aspirations, and wrote satirical poetry that was characterized as wanting in «grammar, metre, sense, and decency.» The painter's school education was probably slight, for he was early apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a silversmith, at the sign of the Golden Angel; and under him Hogarth learned to engrave and decorate silver plate with scrolls, devices, and coats of arms. He was not satisfied with such work, and had hopes of another sort in his youthful mind. «Engraving on copper was at twenty years of age my utmost ambition,» he says; and he soon began engraving business cards, tickets, and booksellers' plates. He also designed and engraved the plates of the «South Sea» and the «Lottery,» and illustrated Aubry de la Mottraye's «Travels»; but none of these works showed great talent. The illustrations were graceful but not noteworthy, except for what they tell us of Hogarth's early taste, which seems to have had some French bias. The illustrations to Butler's «Hudibras,» which followed, were more of kin to Dutch art, and had a coarse, harsh fiber running through them indicative of what was to come.

His ambition soon extended itself to the painting of pictures, and here he began battling against odds, for he had little systematic education as a painter. He was no passed master in drawing, but he had habituated himself to mental impressions of form, and probably «drew out of his head,» as the saying is, until the form looked right, resorting at times perhaps to a model with a difficult piece of work. He attended Sir James Thornhill's art school in Covent Garden, and he must have learned considerable there; for Sir James, though not a great popular success, was far from being the incompetent bungler with the brush that people have chosen to consider him. He had not mental strength, and was French-Italian in taste; but he knew how to draw tolerably well, and his line, types, and composition are apparent in Hogarth's large religious pictures. But making due allowance for this teaching, and for the occasional traces of foreign influence, like that of Watteau, Teniers, Callot, and Chardin, in Hogarth's work, his education as a painter still remains something of a mystery. However it was accomplished, the transition from an indifferent engraver to a master of the brush was quickly made, and was little short of astonishing.

In 1729 Hogarth ran away with and married his master's only daughter, Jane Thornhill, and set up in life as engraver and painter in South Lambeth. The match was not relished by Sir James, but after Hogarth came to popularity (and an income) he was duly forgiven. He began to engrave and publish his own plates, and to paint some small conversation pictures in measure like the work of Lancret. Before 1732 he had painted the «Wanstead Assembly,» the «Meeting of a Committee of the House of Commons at the Fleet Prison, 1729» (one of his most charming pieces of tone and color), scenes from the «Beggar's Opera» and the «Indian Emperor,» and some small portrait groups. Between 1730 and 1733 he painted his first notable success, the «Harlot's Progress.» There were six pictures in the series, and they were afterward engraved. Hogarth explained the series by saying: «I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer. My picture is

my stage; my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb-show.» He could not have made a more exact explanation of the subject, and the subject was the only thing in which his audience was interested. The «Harlot's Progress» was a moral tale in paint, carrying over six acts. The play—the story—was the thing. Had the series not been destroyed by fire, we might to-day find that there was something else to it than the «dumb-show.» It caught the fancy of the town at once, and Hogarth immediately followed up its success by the «Rake's Progress,» in eight pictures, now in the Soane Museum. This was not so successful with the populace, though it made a savage lunge at high life. The two series had made him famous, and his satires were in demand; yet at this very time the painter in him seemed to revolt at mere popular success, and he turned back sharply to an early ambition of excelling in the «great style of history-painting.»

In 1736 he produced two enormous pictures for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with figures over life-size, representing the «Pool of Bethesda» and the «Good Samaritan.» They were a first attempt at large pictures, and though not exceptionally good, they were not exceptionally bad, as we have been told. They displayed ability, but there was no applause for them at the time; and Hogarth, not wishing to sink into «a portrait manufacturer,» as he put it, returned to his small pictures, his plates, and his public. The «Distressed Poet,» the «Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn,» the «Enraged Musician,» came next; and then, after a unique auction of his pictures, at which the two «Progresses» fetched only two hundred and seventy-three pounds, he produced his «Marriage à la Mode,» six pictures in a series, now in the National Gallery. It is a tragic tale, a stinging commentary on fashionable life in Hogarth's day, yet it was well received even by those it stung. After this he did some portraits of Lord Lovat, Mr. Garrick, and others; got up «Industry and Idleness,» twelve plates illustrating apprentice life; painted the effective «March to Finchley»; engraved «Beer Street,» «Gin Lane,» and the «Four Stages of Cruelty,» three uninteresting and coarse studies in criminology; and painted an insular, ill-natured fling at the French, called the «Roast Beef of Old England» or «Calais Gate.» In 1752 he produced two more large historical pictures—one of «Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter,» now in the Foundling Asylum, and one of «Paul Before Felix,» belonging to the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

Hogarth was now fifty-four, and had perhaps done his best work, but his fighting spirit was by no means stilled. He wrote a book called the «Analysis of Beauty,» to «fix the fluctuating of taste,» in which he went out of his way to attack the «black masters» of Italy, and incidentally to assert his own superiority. In reality his quarrel was more with the picture-dealers who brought over the «ship-loads of manufactured ‹Dead Christs,› ‹Holy Families,› and ‹Madonnas,›» than with the old masters. «The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know, and because I hate them they think I hate Titian—and let them.» But the «Analysis of Beauty» was not a very lucid performance, and it brought Hogarth many hard knocks from his enemies. He who had been such a biter soon felt himself bit, and «Painter Pugg,» as they called him, afforded considerable amusement to the satirists of the day. He went on, however, but with slackened vigor, to paint the «Election,» four satirical canvases now in the Soane Museum, and to get out some prints of minor importance. The fancy for historical painting came to him once more, and he painted three pictures as an altarpiece for St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, now in the Academy of Clifton. For these he got five hundred pounds, and was vastly proud of getting such a sum for his work. In 1757 he was appointed sergeant-painter to the king, and thought to confine himself thereafter to portraiture; but two years after his appointment he announced that he would finally abandon the brush for the graver. Before doing so he painted the «Lady's Last Stake,» now belonging to Mr. Huth, and the «Sigismunda» in the National Gallery, for which Mrs. Hogarth is said to have acted as the model. He did take up the graver again, but with weakened wit, producing the plates of the «Times,» which got him into a quarrel with his whilom friends Churchill and «the heaven-born» Wilkes. The quarrel resulted in Hogarth's pride getting badly wounded, and Wilkes having his cock-eyes perpetuated in caricature. Hogarth's work ended with the plate of the «Bathos,» and he died on October 26, 1764, at his house in Leicester Fields, where he had lived most of his life.

Such, in brief, was the life of William Hogarth—a life that is both illustrated and contradicted by his pictures. To the public he was a pugnacious little man, one who believed in justice and uprightness, and never minced words in denouncing social immoral-

ity. His subjects would indicate the coarse-grained satirist, the man who meant to shake the sides and at the same time preach a sermon. He was regarded as something of a Wilkes in paint—a slasher and a bruiser of reputations for righteousness' sake, a denouncer of evil, an opponent of the old masters, and one knows not what else besides. Undoubtedly he was in measure the product of a degraded time, and had some degraded instincts that cropped out in his works; but these were only a part of the man, and the poorer, more ignoble part at that. There was another side, about which he said little, because his public was not interested, but it is fully revealed in his pictures. The pictures show that under the coarse mask of the satirist was a feeling as refined as any known to English painting. Hogarth the satirist and Hogarth the painter were like two different natures. One was savage, brutish, almost hyena-like in the laugh over the unwholesome; the other was the embodiment of tenderness, delicacy, and charm. The brutish nature is apparent in many plates and paintings: the «Modern Midnight Conversation,» the «Election,» the «Progresses,» the «Marriage à la Mode.» Take the «Rake's Progress,» for instance, and study the tragic horror of the gambling-scene, the cold-bloodedness of the hands grasping the money, the frenzy of the young man kneeling upon the floor, his hands clenched in agony, the utter indifference of those about him. Consider the picture called the «Orgies»—the uproar of the drunken women, the bestiality of the faces, the coarseness of the actions, the gutter quality of the whole scene. Pass on to the last picture, the «Mad-House,» where the rake lies on the floor in the foreground, without mind, feeling, or even clothing; around him hideous types of the maniac, and back of him gloom, chains, grated windows, and the grave. It is not possible to sup more full of horrors.

But dismiss the subjects from mind, study the pictures for what they look rather than for what they mean, and see with what wonderful taste and refinement the man has painted them. Notice the gamblers at the table for their grouping and action; see with what skill the painter has drawn the room and filled it with atmosphere, and with what charm he has woven through that atmosphere his subtile and beautiful scheme of color. In the «Orgies» picture notice the woman in the foreground pulling off her shoes and stockings for the dance; and, as art, could anything be more beautiful than the abandon and grace of the action, the beauty of the color, the setting and relief of the figure? See again the circle of women around the table; how delicately the reds, blues, yellows, and grays of the dresses harmonize and run together! Notice the angle of the room; the Roman emperors on the wall; the little girl standing at the door, so beautiful in color and painting. Could anything be more exquisite than this treatment? And there, in that charnel-house of the mind, the madhouse, are two women standing in the background, one dressed in pink silk, the other in silver gray, than which Watteau never painted anything more graceful or more delicate. In the painter's mind, what mission had these beings of another sphere in such a place? Were they not put there as atoning loveliness? It must have been a strange imagination that could entertain such visions of beauty and deformity at one and the same time—a strange nature that could be so coarse in thought, so refined in feeling and execution. Jan Steen occasionally reeked of the bagnio without knowing it, and Goya was sometimes hideous through mental infirmity; but Hogarth knowingly compounded viciousness with purity, and married Beauty to the Beast; he consciously gilded the gutter with the rainbow hues of heaven.

In his story-telling subjects Hogarth's strong feature was his mimic sense and his power of characterization. The influence of the theater appears here again. Shows of all sorts interested him as a child, he tells us; the dramatic was his natural gift, the stage his study, and a knowledge of physiognomy one of his earliest acquirements. Characterization came to him as it might to a trained actor. He knew almost infallibly how a feeling or emotion made itself manifest in face or action. Look, for instance, at Mr. Cole's engraving of the detail from the «Marriage à la Mode,» where the marriage contract is being drawn up, and see how strongly hit off are the flippant vanity of the young fop admiring himself in the mirror, the peevish listlessness of the prospective bride playing with her ring. It is a milder piece of sarcasm than Hogarth usually indulged in, but how absolute it is! The people of the «Progresses,» the «Election,» and the «March to Finchley» are just as decisively epitomized. Characterization shows again in his portraiture. He objected to «manufacturing» portraits, and yet some of his noblest pieces are in this department. Individuality of form and feature he grasped unerringly, even when he had himself for a

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

«PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH,» BY HIMSELF.

model, as in the small picture engraved by Mr. Cole. The «Garrick and Wife» at Windsor Castle is a little more precise and non-elastic, but shrewdly observed and full of force; and the half-length of his own wife, belonging to Lord Rosebery, is one of the most refined pieces of vital portraiture in the whole reach of the English school. The color-scheme alone—a scheme of grays touched with lilacs—forestalls the color delicacy of to-day, and the face shows as distinguished drawing as Hogarth ever did. The «Mrs. Dawson» at Edinburgh, and the «Peg Woffington» in Sir Charles Tennent's collection, have much of the same quality. The portraits of «Miss Fenton as Polly Peacham,» and Hogarth with his dog, in the National Gallery, are of a much poorer quality; and even the panel showing the heads of Hogarth's servants, though forceful, is lacking in color and somewhat hard in execution. The feeling that they once actually lived, however, is as strong as with the «Captain Coram» or the sketchy «Lord Lovat.» Character marks all his heads.

His large religious pictures in the Foundling Asylum and St. Bartholomew's Hospital were experiments. Hogarth knew little about large-scaled figure-painting, and when he designed such work he did little more than enlarge a small conception. In the «Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter,» the princess is a pretty «Marriage à la Mode» type, cleverly handled, as is the girl back of her; and Moses is, of course, a Drury Lane urchin in green dress and flaxen hair. The «Pool of Bethesda» has an amphitheater of ruins in the background, a figure of Christ lacking in dignity, a typical street mob about him, a girl with a white cap like a Hals, a woman in white like a Chardin, a nude figure like a Boucher, and a man in the foreground like a Titian. The «Good Samaritan,» on the side wall next it, is no improvement. They are all well enough painted, but a bit disjointed and incongruous in conception. The mind of Hogarth did not readily rise to nobility of type after dealing with models from the London slums. Occasionally we see in his pictures a figure that is airy and graceful, but these appear more at home in his small conversation groups, and in his single-figure pieces, like the «Lady's Last Stake» and the «Sigismunda.» The figure in the former approaches to nobility, and so far as the type is concerned, the «Sigismunda» is elevated enough; but in painting it Hogarth was trying to outdo a supposed Correggio, and overworked the canvas. It lacks in freedom and spontaneity.

Hogarth was not a landscape-painter, yet he knew a great deal about landscape, as the first picture in the «Election» series discloses. The «Calais Gate,» too, shows knowledge of sky and sunlight; and in the first picture of the «Marriage à la Mode» series there is a street or square, seen through a window, that is astonishing in its delicate drawing, its value and light, and its feeling of air. The «Arrest» in the «Rake's Progress» shows conclusively that he knew how to paint a street with air in it, sky over it, and buildings placed in their proper planes. In fact, Hogarth could paint almost anything, except animals, and in nothing was he stronger than in still-life. His cups and saucers and table-cloths are as beautiful as Chardin's; his beef in the «Calais Gate» is worthy of any Dutchman; and neither Pater nor Watteau was his superior in painting silks, draperies, and furniture.

Technically he was uneven in drawing. Sometimes he was harsh and lacking in freedom, at other times quite rhythmical and flowing. He seldom drew like an academician, trained to ease by knowledge, and giving the whole truth of form. On the contrary, he frequently cut out the accidental by a loose, broken line, and summarized an object, like Ostade or Millet. Knowledge of anatomy he showed in more than one nude; and motion, life, abandon, he pictured well in the «Orgies» picture of the «Rake's Progress,» in the «Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn,» in the «Marriage à la Mode.» All his people have weight and bulk, and they all stand or sit firmly. This is noticeable in his own portrait, in the «Lord Lovat,» in the fat singing-master of the fourth «Marriage à la Mode» picture. Moreover, all his people hold their places by virtue of their atmospheric setting. Each one is given a proper value. Not one of the old English masters understood the problem of *enveloppe*—the placing of figures in atmosphere—so thoroughly as Hogarth. I have only to refer to the little family group (No. 1153) in the National Gallery for confirmation of this. The figure of the man standing at the right, the group about the table, the table itself, are absolute in their truthful relations to the foreground, the room, and the wall decorations. The setting is so true that the air of the room can be almost felt. Look again at the «Duel» scene in the «Marriage à la Mode,» and a similar effect is apparent, though the illumination is different. It is perhaps the first candle- and fire-light picture painted in England, and it is a little arbitrary in its lighting; but the

relation of objects, the *enveloppe* itself, is not disturbed. Everything keeps its place, and the picture holds together as a whole.

Hogarth was not less skilful in the handling of color. There is a sharp brick quality often shown in his flesh that is peculiar to English painting, but in other respects he is most forceful while being most subtile. His tones are usually pure, though he often used broken notes to attain delicacy. All colors—reds, blues, greens, grays, Jan Steen's yellows—are seen upon his canvases, and they seem to be laid on easily, without kneading, mixing, or emendation. Moreover, they are to-day in an excellent state of preservation; for Hogarth used no bitumen, like those who came after him, and tried no experiments with fugitive colors. Many faces by Reynolds are stricken with a death pallor; Raeburn's shadows are pot-black; and Turner's skies have turned chalk-white or lemon-yellow: but Hogarth's colors are as clear, pure, and serene as when first painted. He knew very well what he needed, and resorted to no studio expedient in obtaining it. Frank, honest little man that he was, he painted in a frank, honest way. His handling is not remarkable, but it is effective. The sketch of the «Shrimp Girl» shows both his brush-work and his color to advantage. It is a scheme in reds, browns, and grays, done swiftly, but with knowledge, taste, and skill.[1]

His composition was perhaps his weakest feature. It is the final and convincing proof of the influence of the theater upon his art. One cannot look at the «Progresses,» the «Marriage à la Mode,» the «Lady's Last Stake,» without realizing that they are stage tableaux, the painted climaxes of a play. The setting of the scenes, the grouping of figures, the disposition of properties, the planes in which the figures stand, the exits and the entrances, all point to the theater. He probably found his characters in real life, but he arranged them on the boards like a stage manager. This led to something akin to the artificial, to overmuch detail, and to the crowding of space. The object of many accessories was, of course, to suggest the tale that could not be spoken; and for the story-telling purpose it was effective enough, but as pictorial composition it was sometimes unfortunate. Composition never was a strong feature of the English painters, and Hogarth, the beginner, was not always successful with it. As with many another painter, his least elaborate compositions were his best.

There can be no doubt that Hogarth's instincts were those of a painter. His feeling for color, air, values, his handling of the brush, his sense of delicacy and refinement in the placing of tones, all mark him as an artist whose medium of expression was necessarily pigment. His trenching upon literature in his subjects, his constant jumbling of pigment with figment, were requirements thrust upon him by his age and audience; but neither that, nor the fact that his audience applauded him for his satires rather than for his painting, invalidates the excellence of his art. The *raison d'être* for the subjects has passed away, but the painting still lives to give its author high rank. It is worthy of more study than it has yet received, for there were only four great originals in old English painting—Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner. Hogarth was the first, and some there be who do not hesitate to say he was the greatest of them all.

John C. Van Dyke.

[1] See frontispiece of THE CENTURY for November, 1896.

AT TWILIGHT.

OUT of the dusk, wind-blown and thin,
The shadowy wood-boats gather in,
And twilight hushes the harbor's din—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

The gold lights wake through the evening gray
In the little village beside the bay,
And a few cold stars gleam far away—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

The sailor turns his face once more
Where his sweetheart waits at the opened door;
The lone light washes the wave-swept shore—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

Here where the dancing shadows swarm
Our driftwood fire is bright and warm;
Beyond our window wakes the storm—
Then sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

William Carman Roberts.

(*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XXIII.

ON Sunday, the 21st of June, while our chief was crossing into the Jerseys, I was hearing at Christ Church, for the first time, the words of prayer in which William White commended Congress and our armies and their great leader to the protecting mercy of Almighty God. General Arnold was already busy with the great household and equipage which soon did so much to involve him in temptations growing out of his fondness for display. The militia were unwilling to act as a body-guard, or to stand sentries beside the great lamp-posts at his door. Nor did McLane and the rest of us fancy the social and guard duties which the general exacted; but we had to obey orders, and were likely, I feared, to remain long in this ungrateful service.

On June 30 we heard of the glorious battle at Monmouth, and with surprise of General Lee's disgrace. On the 3d of July came Jack with a bayonet-thrust in his right shoulder and a nasty cut over the left temple. He was able to be afoot, but was quite unfit for service. I heard from him of the splendid courage and judgment shown by his Excellency, and of the profane and terrible language he had used to that traitor Lee. Jack said: «I was in the midst of a lot of scared men, with a leader who wanted only to get away. And then the general rode up, and all was changed. I think, Hugh, he was like an angry god of war. I should have died of the things he said to Mr. Lee.»

When, long after this, in July, '79, his Excellency issued that severe order about swearing, how it was against all religion, decency, and order, Jack was much amused. Like the army in Flanders, our own army solaced their empty stomachs with much bad language. But, as Jack observed, «There is a time for everything; Mr. Lee did catch it hot.»

McLane soon left us, glad to get away. Had he stayed much longer there would have been one more sad moth in the pretty net into which fell all who were long in the company of our fatal Darthea. I too applied for active duty, but some influence, probably that of General Arnold, came in the way and kept me in the city.

Very soon, to my pleasure, I received a letter from Mr. Hamilton, inclosing my commission as captain in the Third Regiment of the Pennsylvania line, and with it, not to my pleasure, an order to recruit in and near the city. Rather later the general asked me, as I was but little occupied, to act as an extra aide on his staff, a position which might have been my ruin, as I shall by and by relate.

Jack's hurts turning out worse than was anticipated, he was of no use in camp, and remained at home to be petted and fussed over by my Aunt Gainor. After a month or two he was able to go about with his arm in a sling, and to be greatly noticed by the Whig women. Very soon he was caught, like me, in a ceaseless round of all manner of gaieties. He shortly grew weary of it, and fell back on his books and the society of the many who loved him—above all, that of my aunt and Darthea. For me there was no escape, as my own dissipations were chiefly those of official duty, and in company with my chief.

Congress was still in session, but from it were missing Adams, Franklin, Henry, Jay, and Rutledge, who were elsewhere filling posts of importance. It had no fully recognised powers, and the want of more distinct union was beginning to be sadly felt. Had not the ruin of the Conway cabal and the profound trust of the people lifted Washington into a position of authority, the fears and predictions of men like my friend Wilson would have been fully justified. Intrigues, ruinous methods of finance, appointments given to untried foreign officers who were mere adventurers—all these and baser influences were working toward the ruin of our cause.

Our own city went wild that winter. The Tories were sharply dealt with at first, but, as many of them were favoured by the gen-

eral in command, they soon came back in mischievous numbers. The more moderate neutrals opened their doors to all parties. The general began to be at ease in the homes of the proprietary set, and, buying the great house of Mount Pleasant, made court to the lovely Margaret Shippen, and was foremost in a display of excess and luxury such as annoyed and troubled those who saw him hand and glove with the Tory gentlemen, and extravagant beyond anything hitherto seen in the quiet old city of Penn.

At this time the Congress often sat with but a dozen members. It was no longer the dignified body of seventy-six. Officers came and went. Men like Robert Morris and Dr. Rush shook their heads. Clinton lay in New York, watched by Washington, and in the South there was disaster after disaster, while even our best men wearied of the war, and asked anxiously how it was to end.

Recruiting in the face of such a state of things was slow indeed. I had little to do but wait on the general, read to my aunt, ride with her and Darthea, or shoot ducks with Jack when weather permitted; and so the long winter wore on.

With Darthea I restrained my useless passion, and contented myself with knowing that we were day by day becoming closer friends. If Arthur wrote to her or not, I could not tell. She avoided mentioning him, and I asked no questions.

I shall let Jack's diary tell—at this time it was very full—what chanced in midwinter. Alas, my dear Jack!

«It has,» he wrote, «been a season of foolish dissipation. While the army suffers for everything, these fools are dancing and gambling, and General A—— the worst of all, which seems a pity in so good a soldier. He is doing us a mighty harm.

«To-day has been for me a sad one. I shall think ever of my folly with remorse. I set it down as a lesson to be read. We had a great sleighing-frolic to Clieveden. There were all the Tories, and few else—the general driving Peggy Shippen, and I Darthea. Mistress Wynne would have none of it. ‹We were no worse off under Howe,› she says; ‹Mr. Arnold has no sense and no judgment.› It is true, I fear. Mrs. Peniston, half froze, went along in our old sleigh. We drove up to the stone steps of Clieveden about seven at night—a fine moonlight, so that the stone vases on the roof, crowned with their carved pineapples, stood out against the sky. The windows were all aglow, and neither doors nor shutters were as yet fully repaired.

«We had a warm welcome, and stood about the ample fires while the ladies went merrily up-stairs to leave their cloaks. I looked about me curiously, for there were dozens of bullet-marks on the plaster and the woodwork. It had been a gallant defence, and cleverly contrived. Soon came down the stairs a bevy of laughing girls to look, with hushed voices, at the blood-stains on the floor and the dents the muskets had made. They did think to tease me by praising Colonel Musgrave, who had commanded the British; but I, not to be outdone, declared him the bravest man alive. Darthea smiled, but said nothing, and for that I loved her better than ever.

«Then we fell to chatting, and presently she said, ‹Madam Chew, Mr. Warder is to show me where the troops lay, and Mr. Wayne's brigade; and who will come too?› There were volunteers, but once outside they found it cold, and Darthea, saying, ‹We shall be gone but a minute,› walked with me around the stone outbuilding to northwest. She was very thoughtful and quiet this night, looking as sweet as ever a woman could in a gray fur coat against the moon-lit drifts of snow. ‹Over there,› I said, ‹across the road, were our poor little four-pounders; and beyond yonder wall our chief held a brief council of war; and just there in the garden lay my own men and Hugh, and some Maryland troops, among the box where we used to play hide-and-find.›

«On this Darthea said, ‹Let me see the place,› and we walked down the garden, a gentle excitement showing in her ways and talk; and I—ah me, that night!

«‹I must see,› she said, ‹where the dead lie; near the garden wall, is it?›

«‹Here,› said I—‹ours and theirs.›

«‹In the peace which is past understanding,› said Darthea. Then, deep in thought, she turned from the house and into the woods a little beyond, not saying a word. Indeed, not a sound was to be heard, except the creak and craunch of the dry snow under our feet. A few paces farther we came to the summer-house, set on circular stone steps, and big enough to dine in. There she stood, saying: ‹I cannot go back yet; oh, those still, still dead! Don't speak to me—not for a little while.› She stayed thus, looking up at the great white moon, while I stood by, and none other near.

«‹I am better now, Jack, and you will not tell of how foolish I was—but—›

«I said there was some sweet folly, if she liked so to call it, which was better than wisdom. And then how it was I know not, nor

ever shall. I felt myself flush and tremble. It is my foolish way when in danger, being by nature timid, and forced to exercise rule over myself at such seasons.

«She said, ‹What is it, Jack?› for so she often called me when we were alone, although Hugh was Mr. Wynne. The ways of women are strange.

«I could not help it, and yet I knew Hugh loved her. I knew also that she was surely to marry Mr. Arthur Wynne. I was wrong, but, God help us! who is not wrong at times? I said: ‹Darthea, I love you. If it were to be Hugh I should never say so.› I cared nothing about the other man; he hates my Hugh.

«‹Oh, Jack, Jack! you hurt me!› Never was anything so sweet and tender. Her great eyes—like Madam Wynne's that were—filled and ran over. ‹Oh, Jack!› she cried, ‹must I hurt you too, and is it my fault? Oh, my dear Jack, whom I love and honour, I can't love you this way. I can't—I can't. And I am sorry. I must marry Arthur Wynne; I have promised. You men think we women give our hearts lightly, and take them again, as if they were mere counters; and I am troubled, Jack, and no one knows it. I must not talk of that. I wish you would all go away. I can't marry you all.› And she began to be agitated, and to laugh in a way that seemed to me quite strange and out of place; but then I know little about women.

«I could but say: ‹Forgive me; I have hurt you whom I love. I will never do it more—never. But, dear Darthea, you will let me love you, because I cannot help it, and this will all be as if it had never been. To hurt you—to hurt you of all the world! I had no right to ask you.›

«‹Don't,› she said, with a great sob, which seemed to break my heart.

«‹Darthea,› I said—‹Darthea, do not marry that man! He is cruel; he is hard; he does not love you as my Hugh loves you.›

«‹Sir,› she said, with such sudden dignity that I was overcome, and fell back a pace, ‹I am promised; let that suffice. It is cold; let us go in. It is cold—it is cold!›

«I had never seen her like this. I said: ‹Certainly; I should not have kept you. I was thoughtless.› And as she said nothing in reply, I went after her, having said my say as I never intended, and more than was perhaps wise. At the door she turned about, and, facing me, said abruptly, with her dear face all of a flush: ‹Do not let this trouble you. I am not good enough to make it worth while. I have been a foolish girl, discontented with our simple ways, wanting what I have not. I have cried for toys, and have got them, and now I don't care for them; but I have promised. Do you hear, sir? I have promised—I have promised.›

«She stayed for no answer, but went in. It seemed to me a singular speech, and to mean more than was said. The repeating of one phrase over and over appeared meant to reinforce a doubtful purpose. I think she cares little for Mr. Arthur Wynne, but who can say? Darthea is full of surprises.

«Can it be that she loves Hugh and knows it not, or that she has such a strong sense of honour that it is hard for her to break her word? She does not believe this man to be bad. That is sure. If ever I can make her see him as I see him, he will hold her not an hour. I shall disturb her life no more. Had she taken me to-day, I know not what would have come of it. I am not strong of will, like Hugh. God knows best. I will ask no more.»

I was an old man when I, Hugh Wynne, read these pages, and I am not ashamed to say they cost me some tears.

So far as I remember, neither Jack nor Darthea betrayed by their manner what I learned naught of for so many years. Neither did my Aunt Gainor's shrewdness get any hint of what passed at Clieveden. I recall, however, that Jack became more and more eager to rejoin his regiment, and this he did some two weeks later.

My father's condition was such as at times to alarm me, and at last I proposed to him to see Dr. Rush. To my surprise, he consented. I say to my surprise, for he had a vast distrust of doctors, and, to tell the truth, had never needed their help. The day after the doctor's visit I saw our great physician, whom now all the world has learned to revere, and who was ever more wise in matters of medicine than in matters of state.

He told me that my father was beginning to have some failure of brain because of his arteries being older than the rest of him, which I did not quite comprehend. He had, he said, losses of memory which were not constant. Especially was he affected with forgetfulness as to people, and for a time mistook them, so that for a while he had taken Dr. Rush for his old clerk Mason. The doctor said it was more common to lack remembrance of places. In my father's condition he might take one man for another, and to-morrow be as clear as to his acquaintance as ever he had been; but that as to business, as was in such cases rare, his mind continued to be lucid, except at times, when his memory would suddenly fail him for a few minutes.

The doctor saw no remedy for his condition, and I mention it only because my father's varying peculiarities came in a measure to affect me and others in a way of which I shall have occasion to speak.

My sense of his state did much to make me more tender and more able to endure the sad outbreaks of passion which Dr. Rush taught me were to be looked for. Nor was my aunt less troubled than I. Indeed, from this time she showed as regarded my father all of that gentleness which lay beneath the exterior roughness of her masculine nature. I observed that she looked after his house, paying him frequent visits, and in all ways was solicitous that he should be made comfortable.

Near about the 1st of March—I am not quite sure of the date—I was asked in the absence of Major Clarkson, chief of the staff, to take his duties for a few days. I then saw how needlessly the general was creating enmities. His worst foe, Mr. Joseph Reed, had become in December president of the Council of State, and we—I say we—were thenceforward forever at outs with the body over which he presided. When at last, thoroughly disgusted, General Arnold was about to resign from the army, those unpleasant charges were made against him which came to little or nothing, but which embittered a life already harassed by disappointed ambition and want of means, and now also by the need to show a fair face to Mr. Shippen, whose daughter's hand he had asked.

General Arnold's indifference as to privacy in his affairs amazed me, and I saw enough to make me both wonder and grieve. The friend of Schuyler and of Warren, the soldier whom Washington at one time absolutely trusted, attached me to him by his kindness and lavish generosity, and as an officer he had my unbounded admiration. Surely his place was in the field, and not at the dinner-tables of Tories, whose society, as I have said, he much affected. It was a sign of weakness that he overesteemed the homage of a merely gay and fashionable set, and took with avidity the dangerous flattery of the Tory dames.

He was withal a somewhat coarse man, with a vast amount of vanity. It was a blow to his self-estimate when he was unjustly passed over in the promotions to major-general. He felt it deeply, and was at no pains to hide his disgust. I did not wonder that the Shippens did all they could to break off this strange love-affair. They failed; for when a delicate-minded, sensitive, well-bred woman falls in love with a strong, coarse, passionate man, there is no more to be said except, «Take her.»

XXIV.

As the spring came on my father's condition seemed to me to grow worse. At times he had great gusts of passion or of tears, quite unlike himself; for a day he would think I was my cousin, and be more affectionate than I had ever seen him. Once or twice he talked in a confused way of our estate in Wales, and so, what with this and my annoyance over the irregularities at our headquarters, I had enough to trouble me.

The office duties were, as I have said, not much to my taste, but I learned a good deal which was of future use to me. It was a dull life, and but once did I come upon anything worth narrating. This, in fact, seemed to me at the time of less moment than it grew to be thereafter.

Neither I nor Major Clarkson, his chief of staff, had all of the general's confidence. Men came and went now and then with letters, or what not, of which naturally I learned nothing. One—a lean, small man, ill disguised as a Quaker—I saw twice. The last time he found the general absent. I offered to take charge of a letter he said he had, but he declined, saying he would return, and on this put it back in his pocket, or tried to; for he let it fall, and in quick haste secured it, although not before I thought I had recognised Arthur Wynne's peculiar handwriting. This astounded me, as you may imagine. But how could I dream of what it meant? I concluded at last that I must have been mistaken, and I did not feel at liberty to ask the general. It was none of my business, after all.

The fellow—I had always supposed him one of our spies—came again in an hour, and saw the general. I heard the man say, «From Mr. Anderson, sir,» and then the door was closed, and the matter passed from my mind for many a day.

Jack very soon after left us, and Darthea became more and more reserved, and unlike her merry, changeful self.

On March 25, '79, I came in late in the afternoon and sat down to read. My father, seated at the table, was tying up or untying bundles of old papers. Looking up, he said abruptly, «Your cousin has been here to-day.» It was said so naturally as for a moment to surprise me. I made no reply. A few minutes later he looked up again.

«Arthur, Arthur—»

I turned from a book on tactics issued by Baron Steuben. «I am not Arthur, father.»

He took no notice of this, but went on to say that I ought to have come long ago. And what would I do with it?

I asked what he meant by *it*, and if I could help him with his papers.

No, no; he needed no help. Did I ever hear from Wyncote, and how was William? I made sure he had once again taken me for my cousin. I found it was vain to insist upon my being his son. For a moment he would seem puzzled, and would then call me Arthur. At last, when he became vexed, and said angrily that I was behaving worse than Hugh, I recalled Dr. Rush's advice, and humouring his delusion, said, «Uncle, let me help you.» Meanwhile he was fumbling nervously at the papers, tying and untying the same bundle, which seemed to be chiefly old bills and invoices.

«Here it is,» he went on. «Take it, and have a care that thou hast it duly considered by James Wilson, or another as good. Then we will see.»

«What is it, uncle?» I returned.

He said it was the reconveyance of Wyncote to my grandfather; and with entirely clear language, and no fault of thought that I could observe, he stated that at need he would execute a proper title to Godfrey, the present man.

I was struck dumb with astonishment and pity. Here was a man acting within a world of delusion as to who I was, and with as much competence as ever in his best days. I did not know what to say, nor even what to do. At last I rose, and put the old yellow parchment in my coat pocket, saying I was greatly obliged by his kindness.

Then, his business habits acting as was their wont, he said, «But it will be proper for thee to give me a receipt.»

I said it was not needed, but he insisted; and at this I was puzzled. I did not want the deed, still less did I want it to pass into Arthur's hands. I said, «Very good, sir,» and sitting down again, wrote a receipt, and, calmly signing my own name, gave it to him. He did not look at it, but folded and indorsed it, and threw it into the little red leather trunk on the table.

I went away to my aunt's without more delay, a much-astounded man. The good lady was no less astonished. We read the deed over with care, but its legal turns and its great length puzzled us both, and at last my aunt said:

«Let me keep it, Hugh. It is a queer tangle. Just now we can do nothing, and later we shall see. There will be needed some wiser legal head than mine or yours, and what will come of it who can say? At all events, Mr. Arthur has it not, and in your father's condition he himself will hardly be able to make a competent conveyance. Indeed, I think he will forget the whole business. I presume Master Wynne is not likely to return in a hurry.»

In the beginning of April General Arnold married our beautiful Margaret Shippen, and took her to the new home, Mount Pleasant, above the shaded waters of the quiet Schuylkill. Tea-parties and punch-drinking followed, as was the custom.

Mr. Arnold, as my aunt called him, after a fashion learned in London, and also common in the colonies, gave his bride Mount Pleasant as a dowry, and none knew—not even the fair Margaret—that it was hopelessly mortgaged. Hither came guests in scores for a week after the marriage to drink tea with madam, the men taking punch up-stairs with the groom, while the women waited below, and had cakes and gossip, in which this winter was rich enough to satisfy those of all parties.

It was a year of defeat, and again the weaker folk, like Joseph Warder and some much better known,—I mention no names,—were talking of terms, or, by their firesides with a jug of Hollands, were criticising our leader, and asking why he did not move. Meanwhile the army was as ill off as ever it had been since the camping at Valley Forge, while the air here in the city was full of vague rumours of defection and what not. I was of necessity caught in the vortex of gaiety which my chief loved and did much to keep up. He liked to see his aides at his table, and used them as a part of the excessive state we thought at this time most unseemly.

I remember well an afternoon in April of this year, when, the spring being early, all manner of green things were peeping forth, while I walked to and fro in the hall at Mount Pleasant, that I might receive those who called and excuse the absence of the host. I wandered out, for as yet none came to call. The air was soft like summer, and, sweeter than birds overhead or the fragrant arbutus on the upland slopes, came Darthea in virgin white, and a great hat, tied under her chin with long breadths of blue ribbon. My aunt walked with her from her coach, and close after them came a laughing throng of men and women, for the most part of the governor's set. There was bad news from the South, which was by no means unwelcome to these people, if I might judge from their comments. My aunt walked with them in silent wrath, and after I had

met them at the door, turned aside with me, and bade me go with her on the lawn, where the grass was already green.

«I have held my tongue,» she said. «These people have neither manners nor hearts. I told Mr. Shippen as much. And where does your general get all his money? It is vulgar, this waste. Look!» she said; «look there! It is well to feed the poor after a wedding; I like the old custom; but this is mere ostentation.» It was true; there was a crowd of the neighbouring farm-people about the detached kitchen, eager for the food and rum which I saw given daily in absurd profusion. My Aunt Gainor shook her head.

«It will turn out badly, Hugh. This comes of a woman marrying beneath her. The man may be a good soldier,—oh, no doubt he is,—but he is not a gentleman. You must get away, Hugh.» Indeed, I much desired to do so, but until now had been detained, despite repeated applications to my chief.

My aunt said no more, but went into the house, leaving me to await the coming of the many guests, men and women, gentlemen of the Congress, with officers in uniform, who flocked to this too hospitable mansion. I had just heard from Jack, and the contrast shown by his account of the want of arms, clothing, and food seemed to me most sad when I reflected upon the extravagance and useless excess I had seen throughout the winter now at an end. I did not wonder at my aunt's anger. Her fears were but the vague anticipations of a wise old woman who had seen the world and used good eyes and a sagacious brain. How little did she or I dream of the tragedy of dishonour into which the mad waste, the growing debts, the bitterness of an insulted and ambitious spirit, were to lead the host of this gay house!

As I turned in my walk I saw the general dismount, and went to meet him. He said: «I shall want you at nine to-night at my quarters in town—an errand of moment into the Jerseys. You must leave early to-morrow. Are you well horsed?»

I said yes, and was, in fact, glad of any more active life. Before nine that night I went to headquarters, and found a number of invitations to dine or sup. It may amuse those for whom I write to know that nearly all were writ on the white backs of playing-cards; but one from Madam Arnold was printed. I sat down, facing the open doorway into the general's room, and began to write refusals, not knowing how long I might be absent.

Presently looking up, I saw the general at his desk. I had not heard him enter. Two candles were in front of him. He was sitting with his cheeks resting on his hands and his elbows on the desk, facing me, and so deep in thought that I did not think fit to interrupt him. His large, ruddy features now were pale and sombre, and twice I saw him use his kerchief to mop his brow as if it were moist from overheating.

At last he called me, and I went in. His forehead and the powdered hair about it were in fact wet, like those of a man who was coming out of an ague. Indeed, he looked so ill that I ventured to ask after his health. He replied that he was well. That infamous court-martial business annoyed him, and as to Mr. Reed, if there were any fight in the man, he would have him out and get done with him—which seemed imprudent talk, to say no more.

«Captain Wynne,» he went on, «early to-morrow you will ride through Bristol to the ferry below Trenton. Cross and proceed with all haste to South Amboy. At the Lamb Tavern you will meet an officer from Sir Henry Clinton. Deliver to him this despatch in regard to exchange of prisoners. He may or may not have a letter for you to bring back. In this package are passes from me, and one from Sir Henry Clinton, in case you meet with any Tory parties.»

«I shall be sure to meet them in west Jersey. Pardon me, sir, but would it not be easier to pass through our own lines in the middle Jerseys?»

«You have your orders, Mr. Wynne,» he replied severely.

I bowed.

Then he seemed to hesitate, and I stood waiting his will. «The despatch,» he said, «is open in case it becomes needful to show it. Perhaps you had better read it.»

This sounded unusual, but I opened it, and read to the effect that the exchanges would go on if Sir Henry did not see fit to alter his former proposal, but that some time might elapse before the lists on our side were made out. «The officer charged with this letter will be unable to give any further information, as he has no powers to act for me.

«I have the honour to be

«Your obedient, humble servant,

«BENEDICT ARNOLD,

«*Major-General in command of Philadelphia and the western Jerseys.*»

I looked up. «Is that all?»

«Not quite. If it chance that no officer appears to meet you at Amboy, you will return at once.»

Very glad of relief from the routine of rather distasteful duties, I rode away at dawn the next day up the Bristol road. I was stopped, as I supposed I should be, by a small band of Tory partisans, but after exhibiting my British pass I was permitted to proceed. Between Trenton and Amboy I met a party of our own horse, and had some trouble until I allowed their leader, a stupid lout, to read my open despatch, when he seemed satisfied, and sent on two troopers with me, whom I left near Amboy.

At the inn I waited a day, when a ketch appeared, and an officer, stepping ashore, came up from the beach to meet me. I saw, as he drew near, that it was Arthur Wynne.

«Glad to see you,» he cried, in a quite hearty way. «It is an unexpected pleasure. André was to have come, but he is ill. He desires his regards and particular compliments.»

Was I always to meet this man when I was so hampered that to have my will of him was out of the question? I said the meeting could not be unexpected, or how could André have known? At this I saw him look a bit queer, and I went on to add that the pleasure was all on his side.

«I am sorry,» he returned.

Not caring to hear further, I said abruptly: «Let us proceed to business. Here is a despatch for Sir Henry. Have you any letter for me?»

«None,» he replied.

«Then I am free to go.»

«Pardon me; not yet,» he said. «I beg that for once you will hear what I in person have to say. I have been greatly misrepresented.»

«Indeed?»

«Yes. Pray be patient. I meant to write to you, but that has been difficult, as you know.»

«Of course. And what have you to say, sir?»

«You have misunderstood me. There have been reasons of difference between us which, I am happy to say, are at an end for me.» He meant as to Darthea. «I made a mistake in the prison such as any man might have made. I have been sorry ever since. I made an effort to arrest you in the garden; I did my duty, and was glad you escaped. If you are not satisfied, a time may come when I can put myself at your disposal. Our present service and our relationship make me hope that you may never desire it.»

He was quiet, cool, and perfectly master of himself. It did not suit him to have a break with me, and I well knew why. It would end all chance of his future intercourse with my father, and why he did not wish this to happen I now knew pretty well.

I said, «Mr. Wynne, the arrest is a small matter. Thanks to Miss Peniston and to Major André, it came to nothing.» At my use of Darthea's name I saw him frown, and I went on:

«You have lied about the prison, sir. If Mr. Delaney, who heard you ask my name, were here, I should long ago have exposed you and your conduct to all who cared to hear. You were shrewd enough to provide against the possibility of my telling my own story. I can only hope, at no distant day, to have the means of unmasking a man who—why, I know not—has made himself my enemy. Then, sir, and always I shall hope to ask of you another form of satisfaction.»

«Cousin Hugh,» he returned, «I shall be able to prove to you and to Mr. Delaney, when he can be found, that you are both mistaken. I trust that you will not for so slight a reason see fit to disturb my pleasant relations with your father.» They were, I thought, profitable as well as pleasant.

«I shall use my judgment,» said I.

«I am sorry. I hoped for a more agreeable ending to our talk. Good evening.» And he walked away.

Before nightfall of the day after I was again at home, and had made my report, little dreaming of the innocent part I had played in a sorrowful drama, nor how great was the risk I had run. Concerning this I was not made clear for many a day. I had carried a letter which was not what it seemed to be, but was really a means of satisfying Clinton that Arnold intended to betray us, and had accepted his terms. Had this been known when the great treason came, I should no doubt have got into serious difficulties. The unreasoning storm of anger which followed General Arnold's treachery spared no one who was in any way involved, and no appearance of innocence would have saved even so loyal and blameless a soldier as I from certain disgrace.

I have at times wondered that a man to outward seeming so kindly and so plainly attached to me as Arnold apparently was should have used me for such an errand; but he who could value lightly the respect and friendship of Washington and Schuyler may have had few scruples as to the perils to which he might expose a simple officer like myself. Who bore his later missives no one knows. I have never thought, as some do, that any Eve was active in the temptation

which led to the dark treachery of the saddest hour of that weary war. Arnold's first downward step was taken months before he knew Margaret Shippen, as Sir Henry Clinton's papers have now most clearly shown.

Of my personal regret as to Arnold's disgrace I have said little in these pages, and shall say but little more. His generosity may have been but a part of his lavishness in all directions; but this was he who for years cared liberally for the destitute children of his friend Warren after his death at Bunker Hill; and this was he who, as Schuyler has told me, saved the life of the soldier who had just shot him on the field at Saratoga. Surely the good and the bad are wonderfully mingled in our humanity!

Early in June of '79, and after repeated requests on my part to rejoin my regiment, I received orders to report to the colonel in command of the Third Pennsylvania foot, then lying at Ramapo, New Jersey. I took leave of my people, and, alas! of Darthea, and set out with a number of recruits. I was glad indeed to be away. Darthea was clearly unhappy, and no longer the gay enchantress of unnumbered moods; neither did my home life offer me comfort or affection.

If, however, I looked for activity in the army, I was greatly mistaken. Sir Henry held New York; our own people had the Jerseys. A great chain of forts limited the movements of the British on the Hudson. Our general seemed to me to have a paralysing influence on whatever British commander was matched against him. As it had been with Gage in Boston and with Howe in Philadelphia, so was it now with Clinton in New York. From Danbury in Connecticut to Elizabeth in New Jersey, a thin line watched the pent-up enemy, who to seaward was guarded by a great fleet. North of the Potomac he held New York alone, but on the frontier a savage contest raged, and in the South the war everywhere went against us.

Occasional skirmishes, incessant drill, and a life of expedients to shelter, clothe, and feed my men, filled the tedious winter of '79 and '80, but afford me nothing of interest to add to the story of my life. In August General Arnold passed through our forces to take command of the forts at West Point, having declined a command in the field on account, as he said, of continued suffering from his wounded leg. I fear it was a mere pretence.

We were lying about Middlebrook, New Jersey, when, a few days later, Captain Alexander Hamilton came to my quarters, evidently much amused. He said the videttes had captured a batch of letters, mostly of no moment, but some too mischievous to be let to pass.

«Here,» he said, «is one which concerns you, Wynne. You need have no scruple as to the reading of it. It has much entertained the mess of the headquarters guard.»

He sat down with Jack and a pipe to keep off the Tory mosquitos, while I fell to reading the letter. The same buzzing Tories were busy about me also with bugle and beak, but when, as I glanced at the letter, I caught Darthea's name on the second page, I forgot them and hesitated. «Still,» thought I, «others have read it, and it may be well that I should do so.» It was no longer private. I went on to learn what it said. It was from Miss Franks in New York to some young woman of her set in my own city, but to whom was not clear, as an outer cover seemed to have been lost or cast away.

«MY DEAR PUSSY,» it began: «I hope you will get this despite the rebels, else you will lose much that is useful in the warfare with our dear enemy, the unfair sex.» After this was an amusing record of the latest modes, and much about gowns, pincushion hoops, and face-patches. «Also the gentlemen of New York wear two watches, which with you is not considered genteel, and the admiral has introduced the fashion of dining by candle-light at four. It is very becoming, I do assure you.

«How is the pretty boy-captain? Does he still blush?» This was clearly Jack, but who was Pussy? «And Mr. Wynne—not Darthea's Mr. Wynne, but the perverted Quaker with the blue eyes?» It was plain who this was.

«Darthea's captain—but I must not tell tales out of school; indeed he needs to be dealt with. Tell the witch if she *will* stay among the R. R.'s—which is what we call them—Ragged Rebels it is—she must look to suffer. I am not as sure she does. Oh, these men! Between us, there is a certain Olivia L—— who is great friends with Mr. Wynne. She hath a winning air of artless youth. I am pleased to hear from *my* colonel, whom you must soon know, that we shall soon be with you in our dear Philadelphia, and Mr. G. W. hoeing tobacco, or worse, poor man. Dear me! I have quite lost my way, and must look back.

«I can fancy Darthea weeping. She hath small need. It is my way to love to tease whom I love, and the more I do love the more I do love to tease. I cannot believe any would be false to Darthea, nor is he, I am sure; but

thou dost know (as Mistress Wynne's Captain Blushes would word it. ‹Thou› and ‹thee› are sweet. I would I had a Quaker lover)—*thou* dost know that the she who is *here* is always more dangerous than the she who is *there*. That is Darthea, dear.

«I forgot to say stays is wore looser, which is a mercy; also the garters *must* be one red and one blue.»

When, amused, I read a bit to Jack, he declared we ought to read no more, and if he had been of the mess which did read it, he would have had reason out of some one. Indeed, he was angry-red, and beginning to twitch in his queer way, so that I feared he would bring about a quarrel with Mr. Hamilton, who knew neither woman and was still shaking with laughter.

I liked it no better than Jack did, but he had said enough, and I shook my head at Hamilton as I lay on the floor of the hut behind Jack. Mr. Hamilton, who was a very model of good breeding, and despite his vivacity never forgot what was due to others, said at once: «I ask pardon, Mr. Warder. I did not know either of the ladies was known to you. Had I been aware, no one should have read the letter.»

Then Jack said he had been hasty, and hoped Mr. Hamilton would excuse him.

«There is nothing to excuse, Mr. Warder; but I must tell you the rest, for it much delighted his Excellency. It is but a madcap account of how Miss Franks tied our own colours all over Mr. André's black poodle, and let him loose at a ball the De Lanceys had in honour of Sir Henry Clinton. Our Excellency says it is a pity we had not captured the fair writer. That is as near to a jest as he ever comes, but he can enjoy our staff nonsense, for all his gravity. I leave you the letter; you may like some day to deliver it. I hope we shall move soon. This camp life is devilish dull. And here is the British mouse in a hole and won't come out, and our serious old cat a-watching. Lord, the patience of the man! Come over and see us soon, Mr. Warder, and you too, Wynne.»

«I wish Miss Darthea had the letter. But she never can have it now,» said I.

«Hardly,» says Jack, blushing sweetly. I think the garters were on his mind.

Early in August Jack's command was sent to join the army on the Hudson, and, as I learned later, was camped with the bulk of our forces about the former seat of the Tappan Indians, among the old Dutch farms. These changes of troops from place to place were most perplexing to us, who did not comprehend the game, and were now at Hartford, and a month later at Elizabeth in the Jerseys. My own regiment had seen little service beyond the Jersey line, and was willing enough to get out of reach of those summer pests, the mosquitos. We were soon gratified.

XXV.

On the 20th of September I was desired by my colonel to conduct two companies from Newark, where we lay, through the gap at Ramapo, New Jersey, to the main army, which at this date was camped, as I have said, about Tappan. Being stout and well, I was glad to move, and glad of a chance to see the great river Hudson. We were assigned camp-ground near to Piermont, on a hill slope, in a long-settled country, where since early in the seventeenth century the Dutch had possessed the land. Having no tents, on arriving we set to work at the old business of hut-building, so that it was not until the 26th of September that I had an idle hour in which to look up Jack, who lay somewhere between Tappan and the river.

It was, as usual, a joyous meeting, and we never did less lack for talk. Jack told me that he was ordered on an unpleasant bit of business, and asked if I could not get leave to go with him. Orders were come from West Point to seize and destroy all periaguas, canoes, and boats in the possession of the few and often doubtfully loyal people between us and King's Ferry. He had for this duty two sail-rigged dories with slide-keels, and would take two soldiers in each.

Upon his representing my skill as a sailor, and the need for two officers, I was allowed to turn over my command to the junior captain and to join Jack.

We set off on the 27th of September with provender and two small tents, and went away up the river with a fine wind. The water was a dull gray, and the heavens clouded. The far shore of Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown was already gaily tinted with the hues of the autumn, and to south the bleak gray lines of the Palisades below Sneedon's Landing lay sombre and stern under a sunless sky. One of my men was a good sailor, and I was thus enabled to spend most of the day in Jack's boat.

I mention all these details because of a curious coincidence. I said to Jack—I was steering—that I had had since dawn a feeling that some calamity was about to happen. Now this was, as I recall it, a notion quite new to me, and far more like Jack himself.

He laughed and said it was the east wind. Then after a pause he added: «I was trying to recall something I once heard, and now I have it. This waiting for an idea is like fishing in the deep waters of the mind: sometimes one gets only a nibble, and sometimes a bite; but I have my fish. It was Dr. Rush who told me that the liver was the mother of ghosts and presentiments. When I told him I was afflicted with these latter, he put on his glasses, looked at me, and said I was of a presentimental temperament.»

«And he was right,» said I, laughing. Then Jack declared the weather was sorry enough to account for my notion. I made answer, as I remember, that I was not subject to the rule of the weathercock, like some fellows I knew, nor to thinking I was going to be shot. This shut up Jack for a while, and we got off on to our own wise plans for capturing Sir Henry and all his host.

At last we ran ashore at a settled point called Nyack, and thence we went to and fro wherever we saw the smoke of men's homes. We broke up or burned many boats and dugouts, amid the lamentations of their owners, because with the aid of these they were enabled to take fish, and were ill off for other diet. We had an ugly task, and could only regret the sad but inexorable necessities of war.

We camped ten miles above Piermont, and next day, near to dusk, got as far as King's Landing, having pretty thoroughly attended to our ungracious task.

As the tall promontory of Stony Point rose before us, dim in the evening light, we talked of Wayne's gallant storming of this formidable fort, and of his affection for the bayonet, which, he said, was to be preferred to the musket because it was always loaded.

«We of our State had most of that glory,» said Jack; «and all our best generals, save the great chief, are men of the North,» which was true and strange.

We had at this place a strong force of horse and foot, and here we meant to pass the night with some of our officers, friends of Jack's.

It was quite dark, when, running in with a free sheet, we came close to a large barge rowed by six men. As we approached I heard a stern order to keep off, and recognised in the boat, where were also armed men, Major Tallmadge, whom I knew. I called to him, but as he only repeated his order, I answered, «Very well, sir»; and we drew in to the shore some hundred feet away.

Jack said it was queer; what could it mean? We walked toward the small block-house in time to see Tallmadge and several soldiers conduct a cloaked prisoner into the fort. A little later the major came out, and at once asked me to excuse his abruptness, saying that he had in charge Sir Henry Clinton's adjutant-general, who had been caught acting as a spy, and was now about to be taken to Tappan. I exclaimed, «Not Major André!»

«Yes,» he returned; «André. A bad business.» And I was hastily told the miserable story of Arnold's treason and flight. I turned to Jack. «There it is,» said I. «What of my presentiment?» He was silent. «You know,» I added, «that to this man I owed my life at the Mischianza ball; here he is in the same trap from which his refusal to aid my cousin saved me.» I was terribly distressed, and at my urgent desire, in place of remaining at the fort, we set out after supper, and pulled down the river against the flood-tide, while my unfortunate friend André was hurried away to Tappan, guarded by a strong escort of light horse.

We reached Sneedon's Landing about 5 A. M., and I went up with Jack to his hut. Here I got a bit of uneasy sleep, and thence set off to find Hamilton; for the whole staff, with his Excellency, had made haste to reach the camp at Tappan so soon as the general felt reassured as to the safety of West Point.

I walked a half-mile up a gentle rise of ground to the main road, about which were set, close to the old Dutch church, a few modest one-story stone houses, with far and near the cantonments of the armies. At the bridge over Piermont Creek I was stopped by sentries set around a low brick building then used as headquarters. It stood amid scattered apple-trees on a slight rise of ground, and was, as I recall it, built of red and black brick. Behind the house was the little camp of the mounted guard, and on all sides were stationed sentinels, who kept the immediate grounds clear from intrusion. For this there was need; soldiers and officers were continually coming hither in hopes to gather fresh news of the great treason, or curious as to this strange capture of Sir Henry Clinton's adjutant. General officers came and went with grave faces; aides mounted and rode away in haste; all was excitement and anxious interest, every one asking questions, and none much the wiser. With difficulty I succeeded in sending in a note to Hamilton along with Jack's report. This was nigh to nine in the morning,

but it was after midday before I got a chance to see my friend.

Meanwhile I walked up and down in a state of such agitation and distress as never before nor since have I known. When I had seen Major Tallmadge, he knew but little of those details of Arnold's treason which later became the property of all men; but he did tell me that the correspondence had been carried on for Sir Henry by André in the name of Anderson, and this brought to my mind the letter which the Quaker farmer declined to surrender to me at the time I was serving as Arnold's aide. I went back at last to Jack's hut in the valley near the river and waited. I leave Jack to say how I felt and acted that day and evening, as I lay and thought of André and of poor Margaret Shippen, Arnold's wife:

«Never have I seen my dear Hugh in such trouble. Here was a broken-hearted woman, the companion of his childhood; and André, who, at a moment which must have called upon his every instinct as a soldier, held back and saved my friend from a fate but too likely to be his own. Hugh all that evening lay in our hut, and now and then would break out declaring he must do something; but what he knew not, nor did I. He was even so mad as to think he might plan some way to assist André to escape. I listened, but said nothing, being assured from long knowledge that his judgment would correct the influence of the emotion which did at first seem to disturb it.

«Now all this miserable business is over, I ask myself if our chief would have tried to buy an English general, or if so, would I or Hugh have gone on such an errand as André's. To be a spy is but a simple duty, and no shame in it; but as to the shape this other matter took, I do not feel able to decide.»

Still later he adds:

«Nor is my mind more fully settled as to it to-day; some think one way, some another. I had rather André had not gone on this errand with the promise of a great reward. Yet I think he did believe he was only doing his duty.»

After an hour or more of fruitless thinking, not hearing from Mr. Hamilton, I walked back to headquarters. Neither in the joy and pride of glad news, nor when disaster on disaster fell on us, have I ever seen anything like the intensity of expectation and of anxiety which at this time reigned in our camps. The capture of the adjutant-general was grave enough; his fate hung in no doubtful balance: but the feeling aroused by the fall of a great soldier, the dishonour of one greatly esteemed in the ranks, the fear of what else might come, all served to foster uneasiness and to feed suspicion. As the great chief had said, whom now could he trust, or could we? The men talked in half-whispers about the camp-fires; an hundred wild rumours were afloat; and now and again eager eyes looked toward the low brick church where twelve general officers were holding the court-martial which was to decide the fate of my friend.

It was evening before the decision of the court-martial became generally known. I wandered about all that day in the utmost depression of mind. About two in the afternoon of this 29th of September I met Hamilton near the creek. He said he had been busy all day, and was free for an hour; would I come and dine at his quarters? What was the matter with me? I was glad of a chance to speak freely. We had a long and a sad talk, and he then learned why this miserable affair affected me so deeply. He had no belief that the court could do other than condemn Mr. André to die. I asked anxiously if the chief were certain to approve the sentence. He replied gloomily, «As surely as there is a God in heaven.»

I could only wait. A hundred schemes were in my mind, each as useless as the others. In fact, I knew not what to do.

On the 30th his Excellency signed the death-warrant, and, all hope being at an end, I determined to make an effort to see the man to whom I believe I owed my life. When I represented the matter to Mr. Hamilton and to the Marquis de Lafayette, I put my request on the ground that Mr. André had here no one who could be called a friend, excepting only myself, and that to refuse me an interview were needlessly cruel. I wrote my application with care, the marquis, who was most kind throughout, charging himself with the business of placing it favourably before our chief. The execution had been ordered for October 1, but, upon receipt of some communication from Sir Henry Clinton, it was postponed until noon on October 2.

On the 30th I rode out into the hills back of Tappan, and tried to compose myself by my usual and effective remedy of a hard ride. It was useless now. I came back to my friend's quarters and tried to read, finding a stray volume of the «Rambler» on his table. It was as vain a resort.

Never at any time in my memory have I spent two days of such unhappiness. I could

get no rest and no peace of mind. To be thus terribly in the grip of events over which you have no control is to men of my temper a maddening affliction. My heart seemed all the time to say, «Do something,» and my reason to reply, «There is nothing to do.» It was thus in the jail when my cousin was on my mind; now it was as to André, and as to the great debt I owed him, and how to pay it. People who despair easily do not fall into the clutches of this intense craving for some practical means of relief where none can be. It is the hopeful, the resolute, and such as are educated by success, who suffer thus. But why inflict on others the story of these two days, except to let those who come after me learn how one of their blood looked upon a noble debt which, alas! like many debts, must go to be settled in another world, and in other ways than ours?

Hamilton, who saw my agitation, begged me to prepare for disappointment. I, however, could see no reason to deny a man access to one doomed when no other friend was near. Nor was I wrong. About seven in the evening of the 1st, the marquis came in haste to find me. He had asked for my interview with Mr. André as a favour to himself. His Excellency had granted the request in the face of objections from two general officers, whom the marquis did not name. As I thanked him he gave me this order:

«*To Major Tallmadge:*

«The bearer, Hugh Wynne, Esq., Captain, Second Company, Third Regiment of Pennsylvania foot, has herewith permission to visit Major André.

«GEO^E WASHINGTON.

«October 1, 1780.»

I went at once—it was now close to eight in the evening—to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. It was but an hundred yards from his Excellency's quarters. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords. My pass was taken at the door of the house, while I waited on the road without. In a few minutes an officer came to me with Major Tallmadge's compliments, and would I be pleased to enter?

I sometimes think it strange how, even in particulars, the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to keep.

I can see to-day the rising moon, the yellowish road, the long, gray stone farm-house of one story, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door opens, and I find myself in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, «This way, Captain Wynne,» and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farm-house. Two lieutenants, seated within at the doorway, rose as I entered, and, saluting me, sat down again. I stood an instant looking about me. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw its glow catch the bayonet-tips of the sentinels outside as they went and came. There were a half-dozen wooden chairs, and on a pine table four candles burning, a bottle of Hollands, a decanter and glasses. In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was André. He was tranquilly sketching, with a quill pen, a likeness of himself.[1] He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said:

«Your pardon, major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you.»

As he spoke the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features as his usual ruddiness of colour never did. I have since seen strong men near to certain death, but I recall no one who, with a serene and untroubled visage, was yet as white as was this gentleman.

The captain did not present me, and for a moment I stood with a kind of choking in the throat, which came, I suppose, of the great shock André's appearance gave me. He was thus the first to speak:

«Pardon me,» he said, as he rose; «the name escaped me.»

«Mr. Hugh Wynne,» I said, getting myself pulled together—it was much needed.

«Oh, Wynne!» he cried quite joyously; «I did not know you. How delightful to see a friend; how good of you to come! Sit down. Our accommodations are slight. Thanks to his Excellency, here are Madeira and Hollands; may I offer you a glass?»

«No, no,» I said, as we took chairs by the fire, on which he cast a log, remarking how cold it was. Then he added:

«Well, Wynne, what can I do for you?» And then, smiling, «Pshaw! what a thing is habit! What can I do for you, or, indeed, my dear Wynne, for any one? But, Lord! I am as glad as a child.»

[1] My acquaintance Captain Tomlinson has it.

It was all so sweet and natural that I was again quite overcome. «My God!» I cried, «I am so sorry, Mr. André! I came down from King's Ferry in haste when I heard of this, and have been three days getting leave to see you. I have never forgotten your great kindness at the Mischianza. If there be any service I can render you, I am come to offer it.»

He smiled and said: «How strange is fate, Mr. Wynne! Here am I in the same sad trap in which you might have been. I was thinking this very evening of your happier escape.» Then he went on to tell me that he had instantly recognised me at the ball, and also —what in my confusion at the time I did not hear—that Miss Peniston had cried out as she was about to faint, «No, no, Mr. André!» Afterward he had wondered at what seemed an appeal to him rather than to my cousin.

At last he said it would be a relief to him if he might speak to me out of ear-shot of the officers. I said as much to these gentlemen, and after a moment's hesitation they retired outside of the still open doorway of the room, leaving us freer to say what we pleased. He was quiet and, as always, courteous to a fault; but I did not fail to observe that at times, as we talked and he spoke a word of his mother, his eyes filled with tears. In general he was far more composed than I.

He said, «Mr. Wynne, I have writ a letter, which I am allowed to send to General Washington. Will you see that he has it in person? It asks that I may die a soldier's death. All else is done. My mother—but no matter. I have wound up my earthly affairs. I am assured, through the kindness of his Excellency, that my letters and effects will reach my friends and those who are still closer to me. I had hoped to see Mr. Hamilton to-night, that I might ask him to deliver to your chief the letter I now give you. But he has not yet returned, and I must trust it to you to make sure that it does not fail to be considered. That is all, I think.»

I said I would do my best, and was there no more—no errand of confidence—nothing else?

«No,» he replied thoughtfully; «no, I think not. I shall never forget your kindness.» Then he smiled and added, «My ‹never› is a brief day for me, Wynne, unless God permits us to remember in the world where I shall be to-morrow.»

I hardly recall what answer I made. I was ready to cry like a child. He went on to bid me say to the good Attorney-General Chew that he had not forgotten his pleasant hospitalities, and he sent also some amiable message to the women of his house and to my aunt and to the Shippens, speaking with the ease and unrestraint of a man who looks to meet you at dinner next week, and merely says a brief good-by.

I promised to charge myself with his messages, and said at last that many officers desired me to express to him their sorrow at his unhappy situation, and that all men thought it hard that the life of an honest soldier was to be taken in place of that of a villain and coward who, if he had an atom of honour, would give himself up.

«May I beg of you, sir,» he returned, «to thank these gentlemen of your army? 'T is all I can do; and as to General Arnold—no, Wynne, he is not one to do that; I could not expect it.»

Before I rose to go on his errand I said,—and I was a little embarrassed,—«May I be pardoned, sir, if I put to you a quite personal question?»

«Assuredly,» he returned. «What is it, and how can a poor devil in my situation oblige you?»

I said: «I have but of late learned that the exchanges were all settled when I met my cousin Arthur Wynne at Amboy. Could it have been that the letter I bore had anything to do with this treason of General Arnold? Within a day or two this thought has come to me.»

Seeing that he hesitated, I added, «Do not answer me unless you see fit; it is a matter quite personal to myself.»

«No,» he replied; «I see no reason why I should not. Yes, it was the first of the letters sent to Sir Henry over General Arnold's signature. Your cousin suggested you as a messenger whose undoubted position and name would insure the safe carriage of what meant more to us than its mere contents seemed to imply. Other messengers had become unsafe; it was needful at once to find a certain way to reply to us. The letter you bore was such as an officer might carry, as it dealt seemingly with nothing beyond questions of exchange of prisoners. For these reasons, on a hint from Captain Wynne, you were selected as a person beyond suspicion. I was ill at the time, as I believe Mr. Wynne told you.»

«It is only too plain,» said I. «It must have been well known at our headquarters in Jersey that this exchange business was long since settled. Had I been overhauled by any shrewd or suspicious officer, the letter might well have excited doubt and have led to inquiry.»

«Probably; that was why you were chosen—as a man of known character. By the way, sir, I did not know of the selection, nor how it came about, until my recovery. I had no part in it.»

I thanked him for thus telling me of his having no share in the matter.

«You were ordered,» he continued, «as I recall it, to avoid your main army in the Jerseys; you can now see why. There is no need of further concealment.»

It was clear enough. «I owe you,» I said, «my excuses for intruding a business so personal.»

«And why not? I am glad to serve you. It is rather a relief, sir, to talk of something else than my own hopeless case. Is there anything else? Pray go on; I am at your service.»

«You are most kind. I have but one word to add; Arthur Wynne was—nay, must have been—deep in this business?»

«Ah, now you have asked too much,» he replied; «but it is I who am to blame. I had no right to name Captain Wynne.»

«You must not feel uneasy. I owe him no love, Mr. André; but I will take care that you do not suffer. His suggestion that I should be made use of put in peril not my life, but my honour. It is not to my interest that the matter should ever get noised abroad.»

«I see,» he said. «Your cousin must be a strange person. Do with what I have said as seems right to you. I shall be—or rather,» and he smiled quite cheerfully, «I *am* content. One's grammar forgets to-morrow sometimes.»

His ease and quiet seemed to me amazing. But it was getting late, and I said I must go at once.

As I was in act to leave, he took my hand and said: «There are no thanks a man about to die can give that I do not offer you, Mr. Wynne. Be assured your visit has helped me. It is much to see the face of a friend. All men have been good to me and kind, and none more so than his Excellency. If to-morrow I could see, as I go to death, one face I have known in happier hours—it is much to ask—I may count on you, I am sure. Ah, I see I can! And my letter—you will be sure to do your best?»

«Yes,» I said, not trusting myself to speak further, and only adding, «Good-by,» as I wrung his hand. Then I went out into the cold October starlight.

It was long after ten when I found Hamilton. I told him briefly of my interview, and asked if it would be possible for me to deliver in person to the general Mr. André's letter. I had, in fact, that on my mind which, if but a crude product of despair, I yet did wish to say where alone it might help or be considered.

Hamilton shook his head. «I have so troubled his Excellency as to this poor fellow that I fear I can do no more. Men who do not know my chief cannot imagine the distress of heart this business has caused. I do not mean, Wynne, that he has or had the least indecision concerning the sentence; but I can tell you this—the signature of approval of the court's finding is tremulous and unlike his usual writing. We will talk of this again. Will you wait at my quarters? I will do my best for you.»

I said I would take a pipe and walk on the road at the foot of the slope below the house in which Washington resided. With this he left me.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

THE VISIT TO ANDRÉ.

THE GARDEN AND THE GREAT WHEEL.

PLAY IN LONDON.

THE GARDEN.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PARTLY because James Thomson happened once to sing of London as «the city of dreadful night,» its name has become a synonym for gloom. Its fogs have passed into a proverb; its people's spleen has been made a byword. And yet the sun does shine there sometimes. « . . . El Dorado plain, the golden city!» another of its poets has been known to call it on a mild October afternoon. Certainly no one labors so industriously as the Londoner to be gay. Was it not to «merry London» that the Thames brought Spenser and his «gentle birds»?

All history, too, is against the legend of this perpetual sadness. Why, in the past you cannot separate London from its gardens and pleasant playgrounds. When you look back to the old days, you see nothing but gay ladies and gallants forever walking in the Mall, as one meets them in the comedy of Congreve and in the painting of Gainsborough. From Pepys to Corinthian Tom, there was no one with the least claim to fame who did not in his turn find «Vauxhall's garden of romance» «mighty divertising.» Was it not there that Gillray and Rowlandson went for their models? Was it not there Addison carried his Sir Roger de Coverley, Fielding his Amelia, Goldsmith his Chinaman in the good company of Beau Tibbs? Was it not there that Joe Sedley drank the rack punch, without which we should never have had the story of «Vanity Fair»?—there Pendennis passed in his pride, the blushing Fanny on his arm? Was it not there—? But if I go on with the list of its heroes I shall never be done, since during little less than two hundred years everybody about town, at one time or another, crossed the river to South London and the glories and delights of Vauxhall. And it had its rivals, Ranelagh and Marylebone, where even the great Dr. Johnson was known to unbend and take his pleasure. And later came Cremorne—Cremorne, so domestically decorous by day, so riotous by night; Cremorne, where, one evening of fireworks, rockets fell with a splen-

dor that Mr. Whistler transferred to his canvas for all time, and in so doing prepared the way for the most extraordinary episode in the history of modern art.

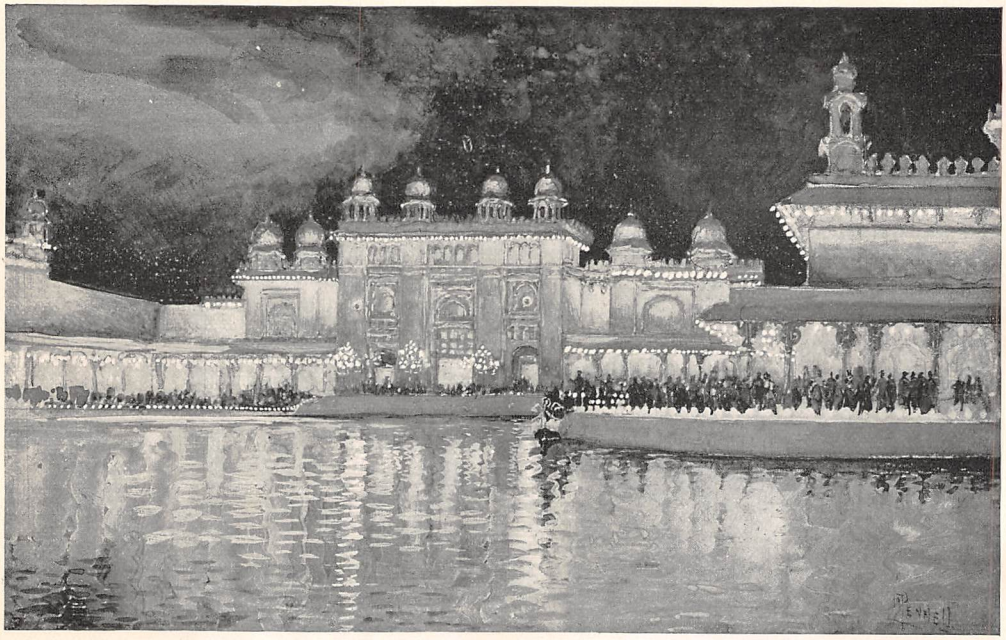
Everybody knows what the old garden was like,—Thackeray has seen to that,—with the hundred thousand lamps always lighted, the fiddlers who made ravishing melodies, the singers, the dancers, the Mme. Saquis on the slack rope ascending to the stars, the hermit in the illuminated hermitage, the dark walks so favorable to lovers, the pots of stout, the dinners and suppers—in a word, the sort of combination of café, music-hall, restaurant, and Fourth of July that nowhere else has been brought to such perfection; that to Sir Roger had seemed, long before Thackeray's day, «a kind of Mahometan paradise.» But what everybody does not know so well is that London still has its garden, called by another name, to be sure, ignored by Murray and Baedeker, and offering another program,—Mme. Saquis and hermits gone from it apparently forevermore,—but precisely the same in principle and practice.

Vauxhall has vanished; Cremorne sends up no more rockets skyward to fill the night with beauty; the Crystal Palace is only for the suburb and the country cousin: but every summer Earl's Court has its exhibition—an exhibition only by courtesy, only out of deference to the present fashion of gathering our knowledge, or pretending to, while we play. One year it was called Italian, and there were macaroni and Chianti in the restaurants, and a nice new pasteboard Forum. Another year it was German, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of *Schnitzel* and *Wurst*. Then it was American, for a change, and cow-boys and Red Indians swaggered across the scene, and soda-water and maple-sugar figured on the menu. Now it happens to be Indian, with a fine Oriental flavor; but by the time this is published it will be something else, and it really matters very little. The exhibition, attributed to any nation, would be as gay. Nobody cares, save, perhaps, a few tradesmen and mummers, who smell the commercial battle from afar. It is an open secret that the semblance of a show is there merely to court avoidance; the years, in passing, have turned it into a big bazaar, but not even in this guise can it prove the chief attraction.

No; the great thing, the only thing that counts, is the garden, where one may walk under pleasant trees; where one may ape the Continental, and drink tea or coffee at little tables,—but mostly tea, in capacious pots,—to the accompaniment of thick slabs of cake; where one may be still more un-English, and eat one's dinner outdoors—not like a wild beast in a cage, as in the old «box» at Vauxhall, but in company, on a low, broad veranda, where there are side-shows more diverting than Pepys ever dreamed of; where one may loaf away the summer evening, listening to music which is at least as good as the honest Briton likes it. For the truth is, the garden furnishes just that form of amusement which Mr. Henry James has lamented was not to be found in London; and so long as it is open one need not, as he thought, «give up the idea of going to sit somewhere in the open air, to eat an ice and listen to a band of music.» Only the amusement must be shared with so big a crowd that one will have to scramble for a chair, engage a dinner-table full twelve hours beforehand,

A CAFÉ.

and struggle to get home by underground or bus as furiously as the mob fights to push into the pit of a popular theater. To provide the Englishman with a crowd, to give him the chance to use his elbows, is to convince him that he is enjoying himself. And the old garden's questionable features, its revelers, its jockeys and courtezans and gamblers,



THE LAKE.

where are they? Where are the snows of yester-year? All gone, with other times and other morals. The world of Earl's Court and Kensington has taken the exhibition under its protection, and there sits in stately splendor, a magnificent example of respectability, within an inclosure humorously called the Welcome Club, because admission is refused to all but the elect. Where the West End condescends to spend its afternoons and evenings, there, surely, every one may venture in safety by night as by day. Indeed, there is a strong domestic element about the exhibition: it is a place for the family, a playground for the decorous.

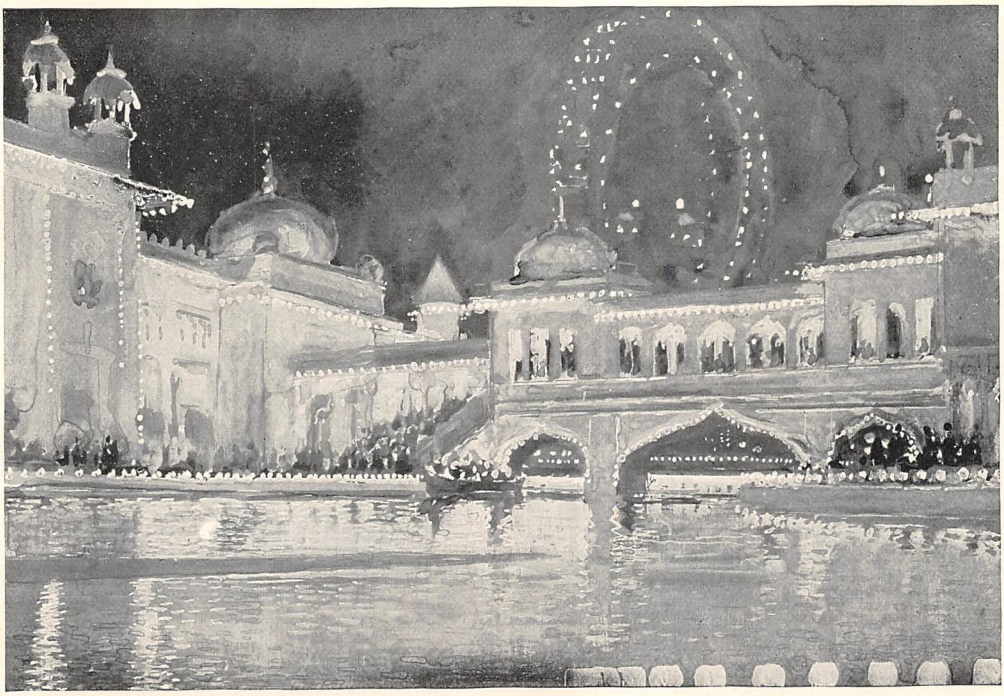
The best of it is, though perhaps no one has time to think so, the garden makes a very beautiful background for the spectacle of all London at play. The chance that decreed it should be Indian for an interval was kind—a pleasant excuse for shining white buildings and shadowy shops, for camels and elephants and jinrikishas, for color and costume,—for a fine, barbarous picturesqueness, as unexpected in the midst of Earl's Court propriety as a stray bit of the West End would be in the heart of the desert. Of course Chicago gave the hint for the first white court shutting in a fair sheet of water, though the East supplied the model for its palaces. The Oriental architecture, faithfully followed, has a light elegance, a fantastic grace, a strong element of romance; and, what is more, the exhibition is Oriental throughout, is all in keeping. Even in broad daylight, when shams cannot be concealed,—when the ladies of the harem looking through the latticed windows are palpably canvas, and the great city in the distance is as plainly built by the scene-painter,—the court is not without charm; but in the tender twilight it melts into such stuff as dreams are made of, only to be transformed at the hour when lamps are lighted into an enchanted Samarkand.

The village streets beyond have still more slender claim to novelty. Have we not had Old London, Old Antwerp, Old Hungary, and the Pleasance? Has not the game been played already a dozen times and more? But what then? If the game is pretty and well played, are we to scorn it simply because it is not new? Besides, this is not a game at all, but the thing itself. Old London was a fake; there was no help for it. The Pleasance was a jumble. But these are real Eastern streets; these are the real low white houses of the people; and the carvings and beautiful doorways that adorn them were designed and wrought many years ago under an Eastern sky. This is a real mosque, from which the muezzin calls to prayer, and which no Moslem enters without dropping his slippers at the door, as in Bombay or Benares. These are real shops, each a motive for a Decamps or a Delacroix; and within are real native weavers and potters and jewelers at work, when not

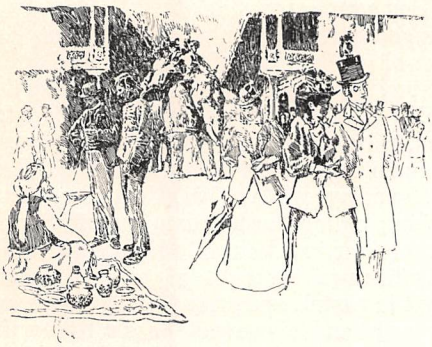
staring at the gaping crowd with that superb, impenetrable calm which the European could never hope to emulate; and these are real jinrikishas, pulled by little black, swift-footed, bare-legged coolies; real elephants and camels managed by their turbaned keepers. Who that has been in the East will not tell you how not until, in some dark, narrow bazaar, he saw the first train of camels from the desert could he realize he was actually in the land of Harun-al-Rashid? And camels, though they carry on their backs solemn British matrons, top-hatted city clerks, red-coated soldiers, and stolid English girls, still bring the East with them wherever they go. I never pass the well about which they are grouped when not lurching up and down the streets, without vague thoughts of the Bagdad and Damascus I have never seen; just as Heine could not look at the lascar sailors at the India docks without thinking of the long-necked camels and gold-covered elephants of Scheherazade's story.

It is true that in these Eastern streets, as in my thoughts, there is a delightful confusion of countries, a fine indifference to geographical limits. Short as is each one, it runs through Burma, Ceylon, and Hindustan before ever the end is reached. At one moment you hear a charming creature in a pink turban inviting you: «Dis way to de Bombay t'eater! Snek trick! Baskit trick! Mongoose trick! Moonkey trick! Twenty-five-year-ol' moonkey performin' in de Bombay t'eater! Now commencin' in de Bombay t'eater!» The next, one of your own countrymen, with a good Yankee twang, asks you to come to hear the Chevalier and Dan Leno of Mandalay; while at his side a row of little smiling, ogling Burman dancers, with flowers in their hair, break out into discordant shrieks of «Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay!» and a Burman giant in pasteboard grins terribly, and waves uncouth hands above their heads. Here a Hindu, as yellow as a mulatto, in irreproachable dress-suit, and with all the languor and superciliousness of the English university in his voice, welcomes you to the Temple of Nirvana; and there an English manager, his eloquence failing to do justice to the row of Cingalese dancers with chocolate skins shining from under a network of beads, lifts up a two-year-old baby who babbles, smokes a cigarette, blows the smoke through her little brown nose, and gurgles her way straight into the heart of the great British public, always susceptible to the blandishments of babies, whether on the Academy walls, a Christmas supplement, or a poster.

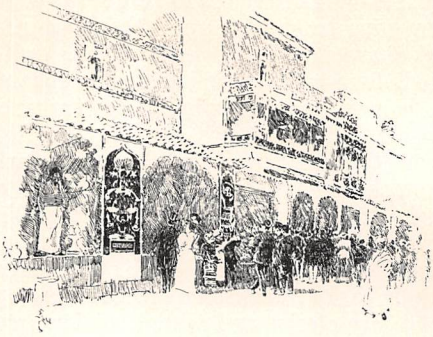
This is the patter that greets the Pepys or Pendennis of to-day as he saunters through



THE INNER COURT.

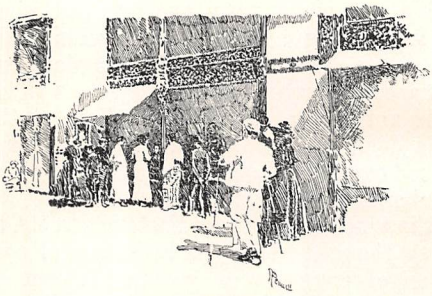


A Street.

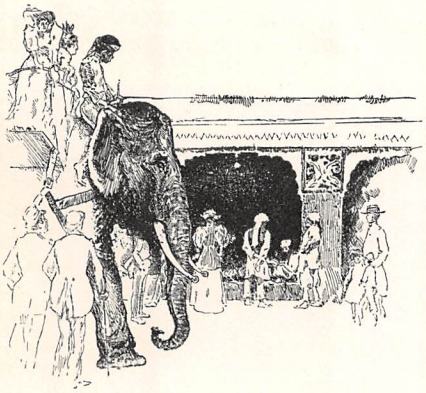


The Bazaar.

Outside a Shop.



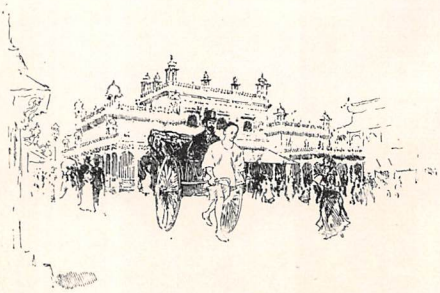
Indian Shops.



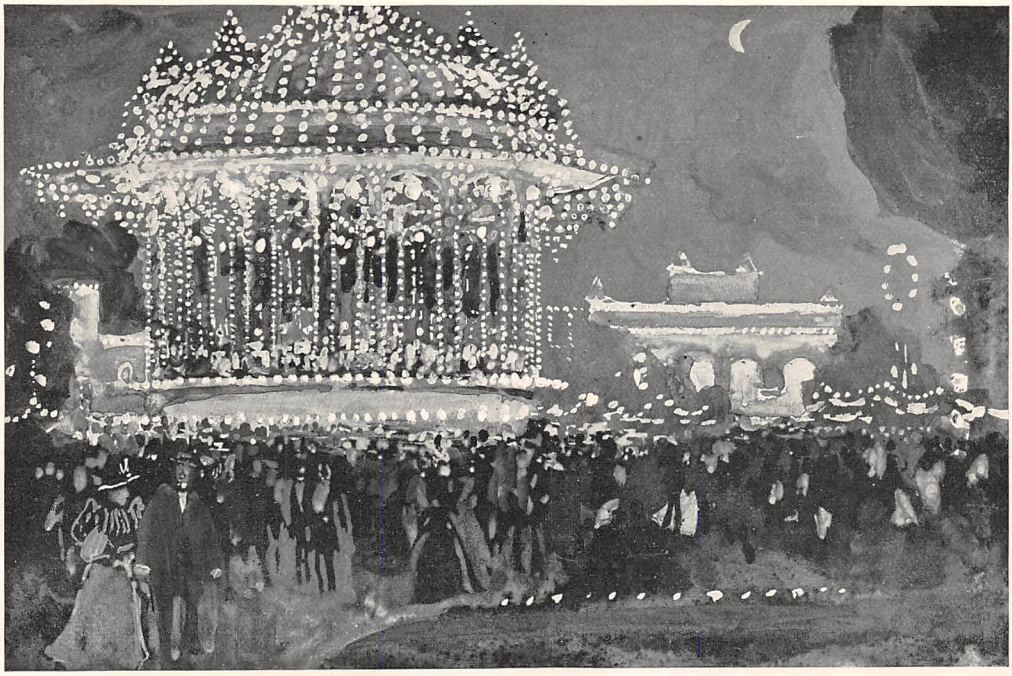
The Passing Elephant.

By the Burmese Theater.

A Camel-ride.



Riding in a Jinrikisha.



THE BAND-STAND.

the garden. And so there is patter to listen to, so there is something to stare at. Burman dancers, flower-crowned and smiling, answer as well as any «Faustinetta, fair and showy, warbling an air from Arsinoë.» A Hindu in pink turban proves as irresistible as the «jockey in the Yellow Coat, that has a Farm-Yard in his Throat.» For no spectacle of itself alone would bring him here, though so many are provided, though the theater offers a performance as gorgeous as our old friends the Kiralfys can make it; but always, in the end as in the beginning, it is the garden that delights him—the garden turned by time into as sacred a national institution for the Englishman as his beer and his chop. And when, in the gathering dusk, the transformation scene begins, pleasure is complete; for you might as well have a circus without a clown as the garden without an illumination. Even Dr. Johnson rebelled and incited to riot when, at Marylebone, a prudent management would have put off the fireworks on a wet night! Call the garden Vauxhall, or Cremorne, or Earl's Court Exhibition, and it must still depend for its chief triumph upon the last feature in the day's program. This it is which draws Kensington and Earl's Court, just as the first blaze of a burning house collects the idlers of a town. But indeed I do not know where an illumination is better ordered, with at once greater splendor and greater restraint. There is no tawdriness of color, no vulgarity of excess, no scattering of effects. Chance may have led to the simplicity of the scheme, but there is no doubt that harmony is the result. The simpler lights give beauty to the long lines and sweeping curves of paths that are commonplace enough by day. They transfigure every shabby band-stand into a pavilion or pagoda of glowing gold; they make that wonderful fairy-land of the first white court; and they hang in the air, a mystic circle of burning stars, where the great wheel slowly turns, a beacon of fire for all the garden to see.

It is in front of this enchanted picture that the Londoner spends his summer evenings. When one first comes to his town, and walks down the Strand or up Piccadilly in the dim gas-light, one may sigh for the brilliant boulevards of Paris; but one has only to know where to go to learn that London can be as gay in its garden.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

WINTER CAMP AT HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT.

General Grant and staff-officers in the foreground; Mrs. Grant and her son Jesse in front of the Grant cottage; huts of the staff-officers right and left; mess-hall behind the Grant cottage; soldiers' huts and stables in the background.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

WINTER CAMPAIGNS.

GRANT SUGGESTS A PLAN FOR VOTING IN THE FIELD.

THE Presidential election was now approaching, and provisions were being carried out for receiving the ballots of the soldiers who came from those States which had passed laws authorizing their soldiers in the field to cast their votes. General Grant had been consulted in regard to the propriety and practicability of permitting the soldiers to vote, and he had written a letter which contains such broad principles of statesmanship, and exhibits so much foresight as to the checks and restraints with which the matter should be guarded, and produced so profound an impression at the time, that it is given in full:

CITY POINT, VA., September 27, 1864.

THE HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

The exercise of the right of suffrage by the officers and soldiers of armies in the field is a novel thing. It has, I believe, generally been considered dangerous to constitutional liberty and subversive of military discipline. But our circumstances are novel and exceptional. A very large proportion of the legal voters of the United States are now either under arms in the field, or in hospitals, or otherwise engaged in the military service of the United States. Most of these men are not regular soldiers in the strict sense of that term; still less are they mercenaries who give their services to the government simply for its pay, having little understanding of political questions, or feeling little or no interest in them. On the contrary, they are American citizens, having still their homes and social and political ties binding them to the States and districts from which they come and to which they expect to return. They have left their homes temporarily, to sustain the cause of their country in the hour of its trial. In performing this sacred duty, they should not be deprived of a most precious privilege. They have as much right to demand that their votes shall be counted in the choice of their rulers as those citizens who remain at home—nay, more; for they have sacrificed more for their country.

I state these reasons in full, for the unusual thing of allowing armies in the field to vote, that I may urge, on the other hand, that nothing more than the fullest exercise of this right should be allowed; for anything not absolutely necessary to this exercise cannot but be dangerous to the liberties of the country.

The officers and soldiers have every means of understanding the questions before the country. The newspapers are freely circulated, and so, I believe, are the documents prepared by both parties to set forth the merits and claims of their candidates.

Beyond this, nothing whatever should be allowed—no political meetings, no harangues from soldiers or citizens, and no canvassing of camps or regiments for votes.

I see not why a single individual not belonging to the armies should be admitted into their lines to deliver tickets. In my opinion, the tickets should be furnished by the chief provost-marshal of each army, by them to the provost-marshal (or some other appointed officer) of each brigade or regiment, who shall, on the day of election, deliver tickets, irrespective of party, to whoever may call for them. If, however, it shall be deemed expedient to admit citizens to deliver tickets, then it should be most positively prohibited that such citizens should electioneer, harangue, or canvass the regiments in any way. Their business should be, and only be, to distribute on a certain fixed day tickets to whoever may call for them.

In the cases of those States whose soldiers vote by proxy, proper State authority could be given to officers belonging to regiments so voting to receive and forward votes.

As it is intended that all soldiers entitled to vote shall exercise that privilege according to their own convictions of right, unmolested and unrestricted, there will be no objection to each party sending to armies easy of access a number of respectable gentlemen to see that these views are fully carried out. To the army at Atlanta, and those armies on the sea-coast from New Berne to New Orleans, not to exceed three citizens of each party should be admitted.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

LINCOLN'S SECOND ELECTION.

FOURTEEN of the loyal States authorized their troops in the field to vote. General Grant felt that he was simply a soldier, and he took no active part in the political campaign, although he never failed to let it be known that he ardently desired the triumph of the party which was in favor of vigorously prosecuting the war to a successful termination. He had been exceedingly annoyed by the fact that the Missouri State Convention had instructed its delegates to the National Convention which nominated Lincoln to «cast

their twenty-two votes for Ulysses S. Grant,» and exerted what influence he could not to have his name mentioned in any way in the convention; but as the delegates had received instructions, they felt that they could not disobey them. The Hon. John F. Hume, chairman of the Missouri delegation, therefore cast the votes of his State for General Grant; but before the result of the ballot was announced he changed them to Mr. Lincoln. General Grant did not have an opportunity to vote at the election, as his State (Illinois) had made no provision for allowing her soldiers at the front to cast their ballots.

On the 8th of November the Presidential election took place. The voting passed off very quietly in the camps. Every soldier was allowed absolute freedom in the choice of candidates, and perhaps no election had ever been conducted with greater fairness. The soldiers' vote in favor of Lincoln over McClellan was in the proportion of more than three to one. General Grant strolled through some of the neighboring camps while the voting was going on, and watched with interest how quietly and effectively the system for depositing the ballots worked. On the 10th of November enough was known at headquarters to make it plain that Lincoln was elected. That night Grant telegraphed to Halleck: «. . . Congratulate the President for me for the double victory. The election having passed off quietly, no bloodshed or riot throughout the land, is a victory worth more to the country than a battle won. . . .»

General Grant had a marked aversion to interfering in any matters which pertained to the civil administration of the government. He had contented himself with sending to points in the North such troops as were really necessary as precautionary steps, and had left it entirely to the War Department to carry out measures for arresting and punishing the Confederate emissaries in the loyal States, and breaking up the bands of conspirators who were plotting against the government.

GRANT VISITS NEW YORK.

CONSIDERING the positions of the armies of Sherman and Thomas, General Grant was still anxious that Lee should send no troops to the West; and he determined to watch him closely, but not to make any move which might have the effect of inducing him to evacuate Richmond and Petersburg.

As the apprehension throughout the North had been allayed, and as there were no operations in contemplation in Virginia, General Grant started on the 17th of November, and made a short trip to Burlington, New Jersey, to see his children, who had been placed at school there, and his wife, who was with them. There went with the party an expert telegraph operator, familiar with the cipher used in official despatches, who was used in keeping up telegraphic communication with the front. On November 19 news was received at headquarters, through Confederate sources, that Lee had recalled Early's command from the valley of Virginia. This was instantly communicated to the general-in-chief. He telegraphed at once to Sheridan, mentioning this news, and saying that if he was satisfied that it was so, to send Wright's corps to City Point without delay, and move with his cavalry to cut the Virginia Central Railroad. There was destined to be no respite for the general-in-chief. Even while snatching a couple of days' rest in the quiet of his little family, he was still called on to direct important movements in the field.

Finding that there was no immediate need of his presence at the front, he decided to run over to New York for a couple of days. He had promised Mrs. Grant to go there on a shopping expedition, and he also felt some curiosity to take a look at the city, as he had not seen it since he was graduated from the Military Academy, twenty-one years before. He went with Mrs. Grant to the Astor House, quietly and unannounced, being particularly desirous of avoiding any public demonstrations. He did not realize, however, the sensation which his arrival in the metropolis would create. The news spread rapidly throughout the city, and the greatest eagerness was manifested on the part of the people to get a sight of the famous commander. The foremost citizens presented themselves at the hotel to pay their respects to him, and enthusiastic crowds filled the streets and stood for hours gazing at the windows of his rooms, in the hope of catching a glimpse of him. Entertainments of every kind were tendered him, and invitations poured in from every quarter. He received many prominent citizens in his rooms, and had a great many interesting talks with them; but the invitations to entertainments were declined, and all public demonstrations avoided as much as possible. The next morning after his arrival the general strolled out into the streets with a former staff-officer then living in New York, and being in plain citizen's clothes, was for some time unobserved; but finally his features, which had been made known by means of the portraits everywhere displayed,

were recognized, and finding a crowd surrounding him, he stepped into a street-car. The gentleman with him, finding no vacant seat, asked the conductor to have the people sit closer together and make room for General Grant. The conductor put on a broad grin, and quietly winked one eye, as much as to say, «You can't fool me with such a cock-and-bull story as that»; and the general quietly took hold of a strap, and rode throughout the trip standing with a number of others who had crowded into the car.

A PHILADELPHIA OVATION TO GRANT.

After remaining two days in the city, seeing what little he could in that time of the vast improvements which had taken place since he was last there, he started for Washington, but on the way decided to remain over a day in Philadelphia. After he had spent a little while at the Continental Hotel, he attempted to take a walk down Chestnut street; but his features had become as familiar to the people of the Quaker City as to the New-Yorkers, and he was promptly recognized, and his name was passed from mouth to mouth in the street. Soon the people rushed out in crowds from the stores on both sides of the way, and curiosity was on tiptoe to see him. First those near by took off their hats to him; then they crowded up to shake hands; then applause was started along the sidewalks, and soon cheer after cheer arose. He was now near Independence Hall, and the crowd, in its good nature and enthusiasm, pressed upon him so vigorously that he was compelled to take refuge in the building. His presence was now announced to the mayor, who set to work hurriedly to improvise a reception. The news of the commander's presence had spread in the meantime like wild-fire, and a dense mass of people had crowded into the hall. In their eagerness to shake hands with him, they soon lost all restraint, and many were in danger of being injured in the crush. His friends now induced him to consent to an act which his enemies had never succeeded in compelling him to perform—to beat a retreat. He was conducted from the hall by a private exit, placed in a carriage, and the coachman was directed to drive rapidly back to the hotel. In this flank movement, however, the general did not meet with the success which had crowned his efforts in the field. The admiring crowd of people soon discovered his change of base, and those in front, being pressed on by those in rear, surged up against the carriage, checking its movement, breaking some of the windows, and nearly toppling it over. Never had there been a greater necessity for the prayer, «Save me from my friends!» Finally, however, the hotel was safely reached. The general treated the matter throughout with his accustomed good nature and his usual calmness. In the entire mass of people he was perhaps the only one unexcited and unruffled. The only feeling he exhibited was one of intense surprise that he should attract so much attention.

GRANT AND LINCOLN IN CONFERENCE.

He then proceeded to Washington, and on November 23 called upon the President and the Secretary of War, and had extended interviews with them. One object in his going to Washington was to make a determined effort to obtain promotion for his officers who had made themselves conspicuous for their gallantry and efficiency in the field. In order to create the necessary vacancies, he recommended that the inefficient general officers be mustered out of service, and gave a list of eight major-generals and thirty-three brigadiers whose services the government could dispense with to advantage. In the matter of relieving these useless officers the general was entirely impartial, as the list contained a number of his warm personal friends. The President said to him: «Why, I find that lots of the officers on this list are very close friends of yours; do you want them all dropped?» The general replied: «That's very true, Mr. President; but my personal friends are not always good generals, and I think it but just to adhere to my recommendation.»

The Secretary of War had impaired his health by his incessant labors, and by his positive and sometimes arbitrary conduct had created an opposition to himself in many quarters, and there were rumors at this time that he might retire from his position. This subject was brought up by the President in his conversation with the general-in-chief, and he was considerate enough to say that in case such a change should occur, he would not appoint another secretary without giving the general an opportunity to express his views as to the selection. General Grant took occasion to say to Mr. Lincoln at this interview: «I doubt very much whether you could select as efficient a Secretary of War as the present incumbent. He is not only a man of untiring energy and devotion to duty, but even his worst enemies never for a moment doubt his personal integrity and the purity of his mo-

tives; and it tends largely to reconcile the people to the heavy taxes they are paying when they feel an absolute certainty that the chief of the department which is giving out contracts for countless millions of dollars is a person of scrupulous honesty.» The general now returned to City Point, feeling much gratified with his visit to Washington, and well satisfied with what he had accomplished while there.

General Hancock was suffering so intensely from his wounds that he was given a leave of absence for twenty days, it being hoped that at the end of that time he might be better; but he was unable to return, and General A. A. Humphreys thereafter commanded the 2d Corps. His assignment was dated November 25. He was a most accomplished officer, and by his talents and his personal gallantry had already won great distinction. His appointment was recognized as eminently fitting, and met with favor throughout the entire army.

GRANT'S WINTER QUARTERS AT CITY POINT.

THE camp at City Point had now given place to winter quarters; for in view of the character of the campaigns that were to be conducted by our armies in the West and South, it was decided to make no immediate attempt to dislodge Lee's army from Petersburg and Richmond, and preparations were made by the general-in-chief to pass the winter months at City Point. The tents, which were much worn, had become very uncomfortable as the cold weather set in; and they were removed, and log huts were erected in their stead. Each hut contained space enough for bunks for two officers, and had a small door in front, a window on each side, and an open fireplace at the rear end. General Grant's hut was as plain as the others, and was constructed with a sitting-room in front, and a small apartment used as a bedroom in rear, with a communicating door between them. An iron camp-bed, an iron wash-stand, a couple of pine tables, and a few common wooden chairs constituted the furniture. The floor was entirely bare. There were many comments in the newspapers about this time upon the preparations for winter quarters. One comic paper had a picture of the general's hut, with smoke curling out of the chimney, and under it the words: «Grant fought it out on this line, though it took him all summer, and has now sent for his stove.» Papers inimical to the cause gave the establishment of winter quarters as a proof that the oldest inhabitant would not be likely to live long enough to see Grant enter Richmond. Some of the jocose remarks referring to this subject displayed no little wit, and many of them were a source of considerable amusement to the general and those about him.

INGALLS'S SPOTTED DOG.

GENERAL INGALLS had just returned from a trip to Washington, and brought with him an English spotted coach-dog, which followed him everywhere through camp, and attracted no end of attention. A dog of any kind was rather an unusual sight in an army in the field, and an animal of the peculiar marks and aristocratic bearing of Ingalls's companion excited wide-spread remark. Every time the dog came to headquarters, General Grant was certain to comment upon the animal, and perpetrate some good-natured joke at the expense of his classmate. The dog followed the usual canine custom, and expressed his feelings by an agitation of his caudal appendage. To describe his actions astronomically, it may be said that he indicated anger by imparting to his tail a series of longitudinal vibrations, and pleasure by giving it a gentle «motion in azimuth»—familiarly known as a wag. One evening, as the general was sitting in front of his quarters, Ingalls came up to have a chat with him, and was followed by the dog, which sat down in the usual place at its master's feet. The animal squatted upon its hind quarters, licked its chops, pricked up its ears, and looked first at one officer and then at the other, as if to say: «I am General Ingalls's dog; whose pup are you?» In the course of his remarks General Grant took a look at the animal, and said: «Well, Ingalls, what are your real intentions in regard to that dog? Do you expect to take it into Richmond with you?» Ingalls, who was noted for his dry humor, replied with mock seriousness and an air of extreme patience: «I hope to; it is said to come from a long-lived breed.» This retort, coupled with the comical attitude of the dog at the time, turned the laugh upon the general, who joined heartily in the merriment, and seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of the party.

GRANT'S INTERCOURSE WITH HIS ASSOCIATES.

WHILE the general's manners were simple and unconstrained, and his conversation with his staff was of the most sociable nature, yet he always maintained a dignity of demeanor which set bounds to any undue familiarity on the part of those who held intercourse with him. However close they were to him in their relations, there was never any obtrusive intimacy. He always addressed his chief of

staff as «Rawlins,» General Sherman as «Sherman,» and usually called his cavalry leader «Sheridan»; but in addressing Meade and nearly all the other commanders he invariably employed the title «general.» Sherman always called the general-in-chief «Grant» in public and private conversation. Ingalls and other classmates used this term in talking with him alone, but when others were present they gave him his military title. All other officers in the service addressed him invariably as «general.» In conversation with his personal aides, who had served intimately with him, he would call them sometimes by their last names, and at other times by their military titles. He was scrupulously careful under all circumstances not to neglect the little courtesies which are the stamp of genuine politeness. When a general officer came to his headquarters, the general-in-chief always rose to receive him, shook hands, and invited him to sit down. If smoking at the time, he offered the visitor a cigar, and if it was near the hour for a meal, invited him to be a guest at the mess. He never made any remarks in criticism of a person who had called on him after the visitor had left, and by his manner always showed an objection to hearing others talk about people behind their backs. He never had the slightest fondness for gossip of any kind. Whenever any one attempted to whisper to him in the presence of others, while he did not openly rebuke the offender, he always managed in some way to make it evident that the practice was distasteful to him. Usually when any one came close to him and started to communicate with him in a whisper before company, he drew slightly back, and at once began to reply in a loud tone of voice, which was a sufficient indication that he regarded the whispering as an impoliteness. If there was really any reason for a confidential interview, he would proceed to his back room and hold it there. His conduct was particularly courteous in the presence of ladies, and he never neglected those little attentions to their sex which constitute true politeness. If he were reclining on a bench or sitting in a lounging attitude in a chair after a fatiguing day, when any lady approached, whether a visitor or a person of his own household, he would at once assume a more deferential position, and show her every possible courtesy.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS.

THE general's mind was much absorbed at this time in the movements of Sherman and Thomas. Sherman was marching rapidly into the interior of Georgia, cut off from all communication. The general, in speaking of the movement one evening, said: «Sherman's army is now somewhat in the condition of a ground-mole when he disappears under a lawn. You can here and there trace his track, but you are not quite certain where he will come out till you see his head.» Hood had abandoned Georgia to Sherman, and was moving north with his whole force against Thomas. His army now consisted of about 45,000 men. Schofield, who, under Thomas's orders, was in advance watching Hood's movements and endeavoring to delay him, had less than 25,000 troops. On November 30 Hood closed up on Schofield and attacked him. This brought on the desperate battle of Franklin, and the fighting continued until long after nightfall. The enemy was handsomely repulsed, with a loss of over 6000 men, while Schofield lost only 2326. This day was made still more eventful by reason of Sherman's capturing Millen, Georgia, at the same time that Schofield was achieving his signal victory in Tennessee. The night of the battle of Franklin, Thomas was reinforced at Nashville by two divisions from Missouri, and the next day by two divisions of his own troops that he had brought in from the front. The day after the battle of Franklin (December 1), General Thomas reported that he had retired to the fortifications around Nashville until he could get his cavalry equipped, which was then outnumbered by that of the enemy four to one, adding that if Hood attacked that position he would be seriously damaged, and if he made no attack until our cavalry could be equipped, he or Schofield would move against him at once. General Grant telegraphed Thomas on December 2: «If Hood is permitted to remain quietly about Nashville, you will lose all the road back to Chattanooga, and possibly have to abandon the line of the Tennessee. Should he attack you, it is all well; but if he does not, you should attack him before he fortifies. Arm and put in the trenches your quartermaster's employees, citizens, etc.» Nashville was a large military depot where there were nearly 10,000 employees, mainly quartermaster's men.

The same day the Secretary of War telegraphed Grant: «The President feels solicitous about the disposition of General Thomas to lay in fortifications for an indefinite period (until Wilson gets equipments.) This looks like the McClellan and Rosecrans strategy of do nothing and let the rebels raid the country.

The President wishes you to consider the matter.» That afternoon the general sent a second despatch to General Thomas, urging him to dispose of Hood as speedily as possible, and if he got him to retreating to give him no peace. General Thomas replied at some length, stating his weak condition, and recalling the fact that his command was made up of Sherman's two weakest corps and all his dismounted cavalry except one brigade; and he also called his attention to the delays made necessary by the task of reorganization and equipment. He said that his cavalry was still outnumbered four to one, but that he had just received reinforcements of infantry, and now had infantry enough, though not sufficient cavalry, to assume the offensive, but that he expected more cavalry, and in a few days more should be able to give Hood another fight. General Grant's instructions had been put in the form of suggestions thus far, as he was reluctant to give positive orders. He entertained a high regard for General Thomas personally, and the greatest respect for his military capacity. Thomas was a conspicuous representative of the loyal Virginians. At the breaking out of the war he had shown great strength of character and determination of purpose in deciding to remain loyal to the country which had educated him as a soldier, and to defend the flag which he had sworn to uphold. No one had displayed greater devotion to the cause, and few officers in the service stood higher in the affection of their associates or in the confidence of their superior officers. General Thomas, being in command of only a single army, looked naturally to the means of securing the largest measure of success in his immediate front, and it was not likely that he would regard time as of so much importance as the general-in-chief of all the armies. With Grant, the movements of Thomas's army were a part of a series of coöperative campaigns, and unnecessary delays in the movements of any one army might seriously affect contemplated operations on the part of the others. Canby was expected to send a force into the interior, but he could not do so until Thomas had assumed the offensive against Hood; and he was compelled to postpone his expedition, and to hold Vicksburg and Memphis, and patrol the Mississippi to try to prevent troops from crossing from the Trans-Mississippi Department to relieve Hood. On December 3 General Thomas described the situation further, and closed by saying that he would feel able to march against Hood in less than a week. The seat of war in the West had been transferred from Atlanta as far north as Nashville, and General Grant now became apprehensive that Hood would cross the Cumberland River, move into Kentucky, and cut Thomas's railroad communications, and that the theater of operations in that region might be transferred even to the Ohio River, the disastrous moral effect of which would be beyond calculation. General Thomas telegraphed, December 6, that he thought he ought to have 6000 cavalry mounted before attacking Hood, and hoped to have such a mounted force in three days. General Grant's anxiety was increased by the fact that he realized that the inclement season was at hand, and feared that the winter storms might appear at any time and prove unfavorable for attack. Thomas had concentrated the forces in his department, troops had been hurried forward from Missouri, and the cavalry was being remounted by General James H. Wilson with unparalleled energy.

PLANNING THE FIRST FORT FISHER EXPEDITION.

DECISIONS of the utmost importance had to be made at this time in regard to movements on foot in other directions. The enemy was found to be making desperate efforts to collect troops to stay the progress of Sherman, whose march was creating the greatest consternation in the State of Georgia. News received from prisoners and spies, as well as from Southern newspapers, all confirmed the rumor that Sherman was destroying large quantities of supplies essential to the enemy, and striking terror at all points on his line of march. The governors of five Southern States were sending their reserves to confront Sherman, and the garrison of Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, North Carolina, was largely reduced for the same purpose. The latter news now made the general-in-chief anxious to start the expedition which he had in contemplation against Wilmington. This port had become the principal resort for vessels running the blockade, and was of incalculable importance to the enemy on account of the supplies received from foreign countries. A large fleet of naval vessels had been put under the command of Admiral Porter, and a force of 6500 men of Butler's army was held in readiness to be placed upon transports and sent to the mouth of the Cape Fear River, under the command of General Weitzel, to coöperate with the fleet in capturing Fort Fisher, the formidable earthwork which constituted the main defense of

the mouth of the Cape Fear River and the city of Wilmington. General Butler, who was always prolific in ideas, made an original suggestion in regard to this expedition, which he believed would accomplish immensely important results. His proposition was to load a vessel with powder, tow it up as near as possible to Fort Fisher, and explode it, in the hope of shaking up the fort so seriously that its parapet would be sufficiently injured greatly to weaken its defense. Admiral Porter and other naval authorities seemed to favor the project, and General Grant finally agreed to let the experiment be tried, although his own judgment was decidedly against it. He said, in speaking of it: «Whether the report will be sufficient even to wake up the garrison in the fort, if they happen to be asleep at the time of the explosion, I do not know. It is at least foolish to think that the effect of the explosion could be transmitted to such a distance with enough force to weaken the fort. However, they can use an old boat which is not of much value, and we have plenty of damaged powder which is unserviceable for any other purpose, so that the experiment will not cost much, at any rate.» Mr. Lincoln, in assenting to it, said facetiously: «We might as well explode the notion with powder as with anything else.»

On December 3 General Grant wrote Sherman a letter, which he sent down the coast, to be delivered as soon as the Western commander reached the sea in the vicinity of Savannah, in which he said: «Bragg has gone from Wilmington. I am trying to take advantage of his absence to get possession of that place. Owing to some preparations that Admiral Porter and General Butler are making to blow up Fort Fisher, and which, while I hope for the best, I do not believe a particle in, there is a delay in getting the expedition off. . . .»

As Thomas's army was now larger than Hood's, and splendidly officered, Grant was much disturbed at the delay in striking Hood; and his anxiety had become so great that at 4 P. M. on December 6 he telegraphed Thomas: «Attack Hood at once, and wait no longer for a remount of your cavalry. There is great danger of delay resulting in a campaign back to the Ohio River.» Thomas replied at 9 o'clock that night: «. . . I will make the necessary dispositions, and attack Hood at once, agreeably to your order, though I believe it will be hazardous with the small force of cavalry now at my service.» News had been received that Hood was moving a force toward Harpeth Shoals on the Cumberland.

That night Weitzel's troops embarked for the Fort Fisher expedition. Butler came over to headquarters, and announced his purpose of accompanying the expedition. This was the first intimation the general had that Butler was ambitious to go in person with the troops, as it was not the intention that he should command. Grant had selected in Weitzel an officer whom he regarded as peculiarly qualified for the management of such a delicate undertaking. However, it would have been, under the circumstances, a mortal affront to prevent the commander of the troops and of the department in which they were operating from accompanying them; and the alternative was presented to General Grant's mind of either letting Butler go on the expedition or relieving him from duty altogether. Butler set great store upon the explosion of the powder-boat, and had counted upon being present at the attack; and finally the general-in-chief, rather than wound his feelings at such a crisis, did not order him to remain behind. He felt that Weitzel would have immediate command of the attacking party.

General Grant now wrote instructions to Sherman directing him to move his army by sea to Richmond, it appearing to him, under all the circumstances at that time, that it would be the means of dealing a death-blow to the Confederacy, and prove the quickest method of bringing the war to a close.

GRANT'S AVERSION TO LIARS.

LATE that night the general, Rawlins, Ingalls, and I, with one or two others, were sitting by the camp-fire. The general was seated on a rustic bench as usual, and was wrapped in his blue overcoat. He loved the open air, and nothing but a rain-storm could drive him into his hut. Some camp rumors had just been received which bore on their face the assurance that they were manufactured out of whole cloth. The discussion which ensued led the general to relate a story which was particularly well told. He said: «There was a man at the same post with me who had such a propensity for lying that his example taught every one a lesson as to the evil and absurdity of the practice. He seemed to believe that a lie told with particularity was more convincing than a general truth; but he frequently tripped himself up on account of his bad memory, for in order to be a successful liar a man ought to have a good memory. One day there were some strangers invited to dinner, and the champion was urged to

try and keep as far within reasonable bounds in his statements as possible, so as not to mortify the company more than was necessary. This he promised, and evidently in good faith; for he asked an officer to touch his foot under the table if he told anything that might to unimaginative persons appear to be an exaggeration. Before the soup was finished, however, he began to indulge in his Munchausenisms. A person at the table mentioned the existing tendency to build hotels larger and larger every year. The champion joined in the conversation by saying: ‹But it 's not a new thing, after all. As long ago as when I was a mere boy, my father built a bigger hotel in our place than anybody has ever attempted since.› ‹About how big was it?› asked one of the strangers. ‹Why,› was the answer, ‹it was two hundred and ninety-six feet high, five hundred and eighty feet long, and—› here the officer kicked his foot under the table, and he continued in a more subdued tone of voice—‹and five feet and a half wide.›» After the laughter which followed this story had ceased, the general arose from his seat, threw away the stump of his cigar, and said: «Well, I think I 'll turn in. Good night,» and retired to his sleeping-apartment. After he had gone, Rawlins remarked: «The general always likes to tell an anecdote that points a moral on the subject of lying. He hates only two kinds of people, liars and cowards. He has no patience with them, and never fails to show his aversion for them.» Ingalls added: «Such traits are so foreign to his own nature that it is not surprising that he should not tolerate them in others. As man and boy he has always been the most absolutely truthful person in the whole range of my acquaintance. I never knew him to run into the slightest exaggeration or to borrow in the least degree from his imagination in relating an occurrence.» One of the party remarked: «I was amused one day to hear an officer say that the general was ‹tediously truthful.› He explained that what he meant by that was that the general, in mentioning something that had taken place, would direct his mind so earnestly to stating unimportant details with entire accuracy that he would mar the interest of the story. For instance, after returning from a walk around camp he would say: ‹I was told so and so about the wounded by Dr. —— while we were talking this morning inside of his tent›; and a half-hour afterward he would take the trouble to come back and say, as if it were a matter of the greatest importance: ‹I was mistaken when I told you that my conversation with Dr. —— occurred inside his tent; that was not correct: it took place while we were standing in front of his tent.›» There was much truth in this comment. No one who had served any time with the general could fail to be struck with his excellent memory, and the pains he invariably took to state occurrences with positive accuracy, even in the most unimportant particulars. When he became President, an usher brought him a card one day while he was in a private room writing a message to Congress. «Shall I tell the gentleman you are not in?» asked the usher. «No,» answered the President; «you will say nothing of the kind. I don't lie myself, and I won't have any one lie for me.»

REMINISCENCES OF GRANT'S CADET LIFE.

A STAFF-OFFICER inquired of Ingalls whether General Grant, when at West Point, gave any promise of his future greatness. Ingalls replied: «Grant was such a quiet, unassuming fellow when a cadet that nobody would have picked him out as one who was destined to occupy a conspicuous place in history; and yet he had certain qualities which attracted attention and commanded the respect of all those in the corps with him. He was always frank, generous, and manly. At cavalry drill he excelled every one in his class. He used to take great delight in mounting and breaking in the most intractable of the new horses that were purchased from time to time and put in the squad. He succeeded in this, not by punishing the animal he had taken in hand, but by patience and tact, and his skill in making the creature know what he wanted to have it do. He was a particularly daring jumper. In jumping hurdles, when Grant's turn came the soldiers in attendance would, at an indication from him, raise the top bar a foot or so higher than usual, and he would generally manage to clear it. In his studies he was lazy and careless. Instead of studying a lesson, he would merely read it over once or twice; but he was so quick in his perceptions that he usually made very fair recitations even with so little preparation. His memory was not at all good in an attempt to learn anything by heart accurately, and this made his grade low in those branches of study which required a special effort of the memory. In scientific subjects he was very bright, and if he had labored hard he would have stood very high in them. Our class had sixty members the first year, but eight failed to pass the examinations, and the number was reduced to fifty-two. The second year's

course had in it the hardest mathematics; Grant's grade in that branch was number ten. The next year he stood fifteen in natural philosophy, which stumped so many of us, and in the graduating year he was sixteen in engineering, the principal study in the first-class course. He was rather slouchy and unmilitary at infantry drills, and received about the average number of demerits. The principal reputation he gained among his fellow-cadets was for common sense, good judgment, entire unselfishness, and absolute fairness in everything he did. When we would get into an excited dispute over any subject, it was a very common thing to say, ‹Well, suppose we see what Sam Grant has to say about it,› and leave it to his decision. He had been given the nickname of ‹Uncle Sam› from his initials, and this was often shortened into ‹Sam.› As I said, while he was not by any means conspicuous in the class, and never sought to be, he had enough marked characteristics to prevent him from being considered commonplace, and every one associated with him was sure to remember him and retain a high regard for him.»

GRANT ORDERS THOMAS TO MOVE AGAINST HOOD.

THE anxiety of the authorities at Washington had now become so intense regarding Thomas's delay that Grant became more anxious than ever to have prompt action taken in Tennessee. On the morning of December 7, Stanton sent a despatch to City Point, saying: « . . . Thomas seems unwilling to attack, because it is hazardous—as if all war was anything but hazardous. . . . » The government was throwing the entire responsibility upon General Grant, and really censuring him in its criticisms of Thomas. Grant telegraphed to Washington: « There is no better man to repel an attack than Thomas, but I fear he is too cautious to take the initiative.» On the 8th he sent a long despatch to General Thomas, urging him strenuously to attack, picturing the consequences which might follow longer delay, and appealing to his pride and patriotism. He wound up by saying: « Now is one of the finest opportunities ever presented of destroying one of the three armies of the enemy. If destroyed, he can never replace it. Use the means at your command, and you can do this, and cause a rejoicing that will resound from one end of the land to another.» The next morning Halleck, too, telegraphed Thomas, urging him to wait no longer, and saying that if he delayed till all the cavalry was mounted he would wait till doomsday, as the waste was equaling the supply. On the 8th Grant learned that there was still no certainty as to when an attack would be made; and he telegraphed to Halleck, though with much reluctance, saying that if Thomas had not struck yet he ought to be ordered to hand over his command to Schofield. To this Halleck replied: « If you wish General Thomas relieved, give the order. No one here will, I think, interfere. The responsibility, however, will be yours, as no one here, so far as I am informed, wishes General Thomas's removal.» Grant replied to Halleck that he would not ask to have Thomas relieved until he heard further from him. While the authorities at Washington were prodding Grant, demanding of him an immediate and vigorous movement in Tennessee, and shaping a correspondence which would have thrown all the blame on him if Hood had passed around Thomas and moved north, yet when severe measures were to be taken General Grant was promptly informed that he must assume all responsibility for any seemingly harsh treatment. He was, however, the last man to be timid about shouldering responsibilities, however disagreeable, and he was not acting upon the goadings received from Washington, but upon his own military judgment. On December 9, at 1 P. M., Thomas sent a telegram to Grant, saying: « Your despatch of 8:30 P. M. of the 8th is just received. I had nearly completed my preparations to attack the enemy to-morrow morning, but a terrible storm of freezing rain has come on to-day, which will make it impossible for our men to fight to any advantage. I am therefore compelled to wait for the storm to break, and make the attack immediately after. Admiral Lee is patrolling the river above and below the city, and, I believe, will be able to prevent the enemy from crossing. There is no doubt but that Hood's forces are considerably scattered along the river, with the view of attempting a crossing; but it has been impossible for me to organize and equip the troops for an attack at an earlier time. Major-General Halleck informs me that you are very much dissatisfied with my delay in attacking. I can only say I have done all in my power to prepare, and if you should deem it necessary to relieve me I shall submit without a murmur.»

Nothing could better illustrate the nobility of Thomas's character, and his unselfishness and devotion to duty, than the words of this despatch. It was dignified in tone, and entirely subordinate in spirit. While the gen-

eral fully appreciated the manly character of the despatch, it was nevertheless a grievous disappointment to him. He had felt that in war delays are always dangerous, and there is no telling what adverse circumstances may occur meanwhile. His worst apprehensions were now realized. The season was far into the winter, and a freezing storm had set in, which might prove a serious disadvantage to General Thomas's army. Rumors were abroad that Hood confidently expected reinforcements from the Trans-Mississippi Department, and these might now reach him before the coming battle. General Grant replied to General Thomas, at 7:30 P. M. that day: «I have as much confidence in your conducting a battle rightly as I have in any other officer; but it has seemed to me that you have been slow, and I have had no explanation of affairs to convince me otherwise. Receiving your despatch of 2 P. M. from General Halleck before I did the one to me, I telegraphed to suspend the order relieving you until we should hear further. I hope most sincerely that there will be no necessity of repeating the order, and that the facts will show that you have been right all the time.» Notwithstanding the radical difference in judgment between the general and his distinguished subordinate, he was willing to give every reasonable consideration to his views, and even to express the hope that events might prove that he was wrong and Thomas right. That night Thomas telegraphed to both Grant and Halleck, explaining his condition, and saying that the storm continued. Still no attack was made, and General Grant curbed his impatience, and hoped to hear from hour to hour that his orders would be obeyed without further urging. He forbore from further suggestions until 4 P. M. on the 11th, when he telegraphed Thomas the following: «If you delay attack longer, the mortifying spectacle will be witnessed of a rebel army moving for the Ohio River, and you will be forced to act, accepting such weather as you find. Let there be no further delay. Hood cannot stand even a drawn battle so far from his supplies of ordnance stores. If he retreats, and you follow, he must lose his material and much of his army. I am in hopes of receiving a despatch from you today announcing that you have moved. Delay no longer for weather or reinforcements.»

To add to General Grant's discomfort, Butler's expedition had not yet got off from Fort Monroe for Fort Fisher. This gave the general-in-chief anxiety for the reason that news was received this day, from the Richmond papers of the day before, that Sherman's advance was within twenty-five miles of Savannah, and that he was approaching at the rate of about eighteen miles a day. Grant felt that if the enemy were driven from Savannah, troops would be sent back to Fort Fisher, and that garrison strengthened sufficiently to make the success of any assault upon it doubtful; besides, by this delay our expedition was losing the chance of surprise. He therefore telegraphed Butler, urging him to start immediately.

The only good news received at headquarters upon this important day was the information that a movement made by Warren had been successful. He had destroyed the Weldon Railroad from Nottoway River to Hicksford, with but little loss, and his troops were now on their return to the Army of the Potomac. Grant promptly telegraphed the situation to Sheridan, and impressed upon him the importance of destroying the roads north of Richmond, in furtherance of the plan of cutting off the supplies of that city.

The next morning a reply came from Thomas to General Grant's last despatch, saying that he would obey the orders as promptly as possible, but the country was covered with a sheet of ice and sleet, and the attack would be made under every disadvantage. About four hours afterward he telegraphed again that the condition of the country was no better, and it was impossible for cavalry, or even infantry, to move in anything like order, and he thought that an attack would result only in a useless sacrifice of life. Another day of anxiety passed, and another telegram came, saying there was no change in the weather. At 12:30 P. M. on the 14th Halleck telegraphed Thomas from Washington, reiterating that it was felt that every delay on his part seriously interfered with the general plans.

The past week had been the most anxious period of Grant's entire military career, and he suffered mental torture. On the one hand, he felt that he was submitting to delays which might seriously interfere with his general plans; that he was placed in an attitude in which he was virtually incapable of having his most positive orders carried out; and that he was occupying a position of almost insubordination to the authorities at Washington. On the other hand, he realized that nothing but the most extreme case imaginable should lead him to do even a seeming injustice to a distinguished and capable commander by relieving him when he was on the eve of a decided victory; for

his military instincts convinced him that nothing but victory could follow the moment that Thomas moved, and he wished that loyal and devoted army commander to reap all the laurels of such a triumph. However, there was yet no time named for the attack, and Grant felt himself compelled to take some further steps. General John A. Logan happened to be at this time on a visit to headquarters at City Point. Logan had served under General Grant in the West, and held a high place in his estimation as a vigorous fighter. The general talked over the situation with Logan, and finally directed him to start at once for Nashville, with a view to putting him in command of the operations there, provided, upon his arrival, it was still found that no attack had been made. He gave him the requisite order in writing, to be used if necessary; and told him to say nothing about it, but to telegraph his arrival at Nashville, and if it was found that Thomas had already moved, not to deliver it or act upon it. Logan started promptly for the West. It was now December 14; and General Grant, being still more exercised in mind over the situation, determined to carry out a design which he had had in view for several days—to proceed to Nashville and take command there in person. The only thing which had prevented him from doing this earlier was the feeling which always dominated him in similar cases, and made him shrink from having even the appearance of receiving the credit of a victory the honor of which he preferred to have fall upon a subordinate. He now thought that his taking command in person would avoid the necessity of relieving Thomas, and be much less offensive to that officer than superseding him by some one else.

THOMAS CRUSHES HOOD.

GENERAL GRANT therefore started for Washington that night, the 14th. When he arrived there the next evening, as soon as the steamboat touched the wharf a despatch of the night before was shown him from Thomas to Halleck, saying that the enemy would be attacked in the morning; and also a telegram of the 15th from Van Duzer, a superintendent of the military telegraph lines, announcing that Thomas had attacked the enemy early that morning, driving him back at all points. This was an incalculable relief to the general, and lifted a heavy load from his mind. He at once telegraphed Thomas: «I was just on my way to Nashville, but receiving a despatch from Van Duzer detailing your splendid success of to-day, I shall go no farther. Push the enemy now, and give him no rest until he is entirely destroyed. Your army will cheerfully suffer many privations to break up Hood's army and render it useless for future operations. Do not stop for trains or supplies, but take them from the country, as the enemy has done. Much is now expected.»

The general had scarcely arrived at his hotel when a despatch came in from Thomas, saying: «I attacked the enemy's left this morning and drove it from the river, below the city, very nearly to the Franklin Pike, distance about eight miles. . . .» Before the general went to bed he sent a reply to Thomas, dated midnight, as follows: «Your despatch of this evening just received. I congratulate you and the army under your command for to-day's operations, and feel a conviction that to-morrow will add more fruits to your victory.» Mr. Lincoln, on hearing the news, telegraphed Thomas: «You have made a magnificent beginning. A grand consummation is within your easy reach. Do not let it slip.»

Logan had proceeded as far as Louisville when he heard the news of Thomas's first day's fight. Grant received a telegram from him there, saying: «People here jubilant over Thomas's success. Confidence seems to be restored. . . . All things going right. It would seem best that I return to join my command with Sherman.» The general sent him a reply, saying: «The news from Thomas so far is in the highest degree gratifying. You need not go farther.»

General Grant was now a much happier man than he had been for many weeks—happy not only over the victory, but because it had at last come in time to spare him from resorting to extreme measures regarding one of his most trusted lieutenants. He went from Washington to Burlington, spent a day with his family, where a general rejoicing took place over the good news from Tennessee, and then returned to City Point.

It was not until the 17th that the full details of Thomas's victory were received. His army from the very outset of the battle had charged the enemy so vigorously at all points that his lines were completely broken and his troops thrown into confusion, which, upon the second day, resulted in a panic. The most heroic defense the enemy could make did not enable him to stay the impetuosity of Thomas's troops. Battery after battery fell into the hands of our forces, and prisoners were captured by the thousand. All the

enemy's dead and wounded were abandoned on the field, and the line of his retreat was covered with abandoned wagons, gun-carriages, knapsacks, blankets, and small arms. In two days Thomas had captured over 4000 prisoners and 53 pieces of artillery, and left Hood's army a wreck. The pursuit of the enemy was continued for several days, and much additional damage inflicted. On the 18th General Grant telegraphed to Thomas: «The armies operating against Richmond have fired two hundred guns in honor of your great victory. . . .» One hundred guns had been the salute fired in honor of other victories.

Hood's army was pursued and driven south of the Tennessee River. In this campaign he had suffered ignominious defeat, with the loss of half his army. Thomas's captures amounted to more than 13,000 prisoners and 72 pieces of artillery; 2000 deserters had also given themselves up to the Union forces, and taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government. The remnant of Hood's demoralized and disorganized troops were no longer held together in one army. Some of them were furloughed and allowed to return to their homes, and the rest were transferred to the East, and joined the forces there for the purpose of opposing Sherman. Thomas's entire loss in this campaign was about 10,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing.

General Grant's predictions that Hood would turn north, and not follow Sherman when the latter cut loose from Atlanta, and that Thomas's army would crush Hood's as soon as it was led against it, were completely fulfilled. There has been so much discussion in regard to the actions of General Grant and General Thomas during the two weeks preceding the battle of Nashville that a synopsis of the correspondence between them has been given in order that the reader may form his own conclusions. General Grant has been charged with being inimical to Thomas, allowing himself to become unduly irritated over the delay of the latter, and ordering an ill-advised advance of the army, against Thomas's expressed judgment. The general-in-chief had had a larger experience with Confederate armies than any one else, and felt that the urgent orders he gave were necessary; and as he was held responsible by the government and by the country for the operations of all the armies, and the success of the coöperative movements which he had planned, he certainly exercised a perfectly proper authority in giving the orders he issued. When General Thomas did not obey the instructions repeatedly sent him, the general-in-chief did not treat the case as one of insubordination or defiance, and act hastily or arbitrarily in taking steps immediately to enforce his orders, but exercised a patience which he would not have done under other circumstances or toward any other army commander. He felt while sending his urgent despatches for an advance of the army that he was doing Thomas a positive service; for he knew better than any one else could know that as soon as Thomas launched his army against Hood's forces he would win triumphantly, and demonstrate to the country what was already known to his fellow-officers—that the «Rock of Chickamauga» was worthy of being placed in the front rank of the great commanders of the war. It was because he felt entire confidence in Thomas's ability to whip Hood that he urged Thomas to strike, and not because he doubted him. When General Grant made his report of the operations, he stated, in referring to General Thomas, substantially what he had said in conversation at headquarters after the victory of Nashville: «His final defeat of Hood was so complete that it would be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment.» On the other hand, there were those who criticized General Thomas severely for disobedience of orders of his superior officer, and manifesting a spirit of insubordination at a critical crisis of the war. Such insinuations, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, would attribute to General Thomas traits of character which were certainly foreign to his nature. He believed that he was right, and that he was acting for the best interests of the service, and evidently felt so thoroughly convinced of this that he was willing to run the risk of assuming all responsibility, and to submit to being displaced from his command, rather than yield his judgment. There is very little doubt that if any other two general officers in the service had been placed in the same trying circumstances there would have been an open rupture; but both being men of patience as well as firmness, their correspondence was conducted without acrimony, the services of both were utilized for the benefit of the country, and each was prompt to acknowledge the high qualifications of the other.

Their personal relations were not broken, as has been alleged, by this circumstance, as far as an observer could judge. General Thomas, when he came to Washington after the close of the war, dined with General Grant at his house, and at the table with

him at the houses of common friends, where I was present, and their intercourse never seemed to be marked by any lack of cordiality on either side.

SENATOR NESMITH VISITS GRANT.

UPON the return of Ingalls from another trip to Washington, he brought with him on a visit to City Point Senator Nesmith of Oregon, who had been an intimate acquaintance of Generals Grant and Ingalls when these two officers were stationed at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, in 1853. Nesmith was a great wag, and used to sit by the headquarters camp-fire in the evening, and tell no end of Pacific-coast stories. By the way in which he elaborated all the incidents, and led up with increasing humor to the climax of an anecdote, he stamped himself a true artist as a raconteur. One evening he told General Grant of a trip he had made on the Pacific coast with a number of politicians just after his election by the Democratic legislature of Oregon to the United States Senate. In the party was the Republican governor of California. Nesmith said: «The governor got to deviling me about my election, and rather got the laugh on me by inquiring: ‹Now, Nesmith, make a clean breast of it, and tell us just how much money it costs to get run into the Senate by an Oregon legislature.› To strike back at him, I replied: ‹Well, I 'll give you a little account of my experience in dealing with the boys, and leave you to judge. I found, on counting noses, that I had corraled a majority of one certain on joint ballot of the two houses; but that did n't make things quite safe, and I told my friends that we ought to have still another fellow persuaded of what was due to my eminence as a statesman; that it was altogether likely that if we relied on the one man, he would be shot, or landed in jail, or get blind drunk about the time the vote was to be taken, and we were playing too big a game to take any such chances. Well, they said there was a man that had recently come into the State from California, and had managed to get himself elected to our legislature, and they thought, from what they had heard of him, that he would n't be stubborn enough to hold on blindly to the candidate of his choice if arguments sufficiently convincing in favor of some one else were laid before him; that he was a great fellow to «coincide» if it was made an object for him to do it. You see, times were hard, and the price of everything was high. Two years before Bibles were given away free, and now jack-rabbits were selling at two dollars and a half a pair. Most men's possessions were reduced to a hair-brush and a tooth-brush, though they never had time to use either. I said: «Send the man to my hotel to-night; there 's no time to be lost. I intend to handle this rooster myself.» When he came to my room, I shoved him into a chair, locked the door, seated myself in front of him, folded my arms, looked him square in the face, and said: «See here! I want your vote. How much?» He glued his eyes on me, and remarked: «Now, pard, yer talkin' business. I don't know just what the state of the market is in Oregon, but what would you propose as a kind o' starter?» I continued: «How would a hundred and fifty dollars strike you?» He rose up out of his chair, looking as if he actually felt hurt by my evident lack of appreciation, and roared out in a tone of voice calculated to wake the dead: «A hundred and fifty hells! I paid the governor of California twice that much last year to pardon me out of the penitentiary, or else I would n't be up here in your blank old legislature to vote for anybody!»›» We were assured that after the recital of this story, which Nesmith had, of course, invented for the purpose of retaliating upon the California governor, there were no further questions from that official as to the methods pursued in Oregon elections.

«I was n't at all surprised, Nes, to see you go to the Senate,» said Ingalls; «I always believed old Vancouver could furnish talent enough to supply both the civil and military branches of the government.» «Well, you may not have been surprised, but I was,» remarked the senator. «I said to the members of our committee one day: ‹When I came here from the wilds of Oregon as senator of the United States I could n't realize it; I felt that it was a greater honor than to have been a Roman senator; I could n't help wondering how I ever got here.› ‹Well,› said Preston King of New York, ‹now that you have been here a couple of weeks, and have got the «hang of the school-house,» how do you feel about it?› My answer was, ‹Well, since I 've had time to look round and size things up, my wonder now is, how in thunder the rest of you fellows ever got here.›»

Upon this, as upon one or two other occasions, some stories were attempted which were too broad to suit the taste of the general-in-chief, but they were effectually suppressed. He believed that stories, like diamonds, are always of greater value when they are not «off color.» If reference were

made to subjects which warred against his notions of propriety, while he seldom checked them by words, he would show immediately, by the blush which mantled his cheek, and by his refusal to smile at a joke which depended for its success upon its coarseness, that such things were objectionable to him. The same evening a citizen who had come to camp with Nesmith said he would tell a story, and began by looking around significantly and saying, «I see there are no ladies present.» The general interrupted him with the remark, «No; but there are gentlemen»; and the subject was at once changed, and the story was not attempted.

The senator, after seeing the lines around Petersburg, expressed a desire to pay a visit to General Butler, and Ingalls and I volunteered to take him to that officer's headquarters by boat. Butler greeted the senator warmly, and the two soon began to discuss the war, and to banter each other on the subject of politics, one being a radical Republican, and the other a war Democrat. Nesmith drew an amusing picture of Butler's propensity for confiscation and destruction of property. In the course of the conversation Butler referred to some pranks played in his boyish days, and said: «There was a cake-peddler who used to come by our school-house every day, and during recess we would ‹play cakes› with him; that is, he would set his basket on the ground, and a boy, by paying twenty-five cents, could have the privilege of starting from a certain distance, and by a series of designated hops, skips, and jumps, trying to land in the basket and break as many cakes as he could. If he succeeded he had a right to take all the cakes he had damaged. The game was pretty difficult, and the cake-man generally came out ahead; but one day I strained every nerve to win, and succeeded in landing in the middle of the basket with both feet, and breaking every cake the fellow had.» Nesmith's comment upon this story was: «Well, that 's just like you, general; you seem to have spent all your life in trying to break other people's cakes.» The joke, which had been rather in Butler's favor up to that time, was now turned against him, but he took it all in good part. In discussing General Grant's popularity, Butler remarked: «Grant first touched the popular chord when he gained his signal victory at Donelson.» «No,» said Nesmith, who always went round with a huge joke concealed somewhere about his person; «I think he first touched the popular cord when he hauled wood from his farm and sold it at full measure in St. Louis.»

That night Nesmith told General Grant the story of the cipher correspondence he and Ingalls had carried on the year before. He said: «One day the Secretary of War sent me a message that he would like to see me at the War Department, at the earliest moment, on a matter of public importance. Well, I was rather flattered by that. I says to myself: ‹Perhaps the whole Southern Confederacy is moving on Stanton, and he has sent for a war Democrat to get between him and them and sort of whirl 'em back.› I hurried up to his office, and when I got in he closed the door, looked all around the room like a stage assassin to be sure that we were alone, then thrust a telegram under my nose, and cried, ‹Read that!› I suppose I ought to have appeared scared, and tried to find a trap-door in the floor to fall through, but I did n't. I ran my eye over the despatch, seeing that it was addressed to me and signed by Ingalls, and read: ‹Klat-a-wa ni-ka sit-kum mo-litsh weght o-coke kon-a-mox lum.› Stanton, who was glaring at me over the top of his spectacles, looking as savage as a one-eyed dog in a meat-shop, now roared out, ‹You see I have discovered everything!› I handed back the despatch, and said, ‹Well, if you 've discovered everything, what do you want with me?› He cried: ‹I 'm determined, at all hazards, to intercept every cipher despatch from officers at the front to their friends in the North, to enable them to speculate in the stock-markets upon early information as to the movements of our armies.› I said: ‹Well, I can't help but admire your pluck; but it seems to me you omitted one little matter: you forgot to read the despatch.› ‹How can I read your incomprehensible hieroglyphics?› he replied. ‹Hieroglyphics—thunder!› I said; ‹why, that's Chinook.› ‹And what's Chinook?› he asked. ‹What! you don't know Chinook? Oh, I see your early education as a linguist has been neglected,› I answered. ‹Why, Chinook is the court language of the Northwestern Indian tribes. Ingalls and I, and all the fellows that served out in Oregon, picked up that jargon. Now I 'll read it to you in English: «Send me half barrel more that same whisky.» You see, Ingalls always trusts my judgment on whisky. He thinks I can tell the quality of the liquor by feeling the head of the barrel in the dark.› That was too much for the great War Secretary, and he broke out with a laugh such as I don't believe the War Department had ever heard since he was appointed to office; but I learned afterward that he took the precaution, nevertheless, to show the despatch to an army officer

who had served in the Northwest, to get him to verify my translation.» As General Grant knew a good deal of Chinook, he was able to appreciate the joke fully, and he enjoyed the story greatly. Nesmith had served to enliven the camp for several days with his humorous reminiscences of life in the West, and when he left every one parted with him with genuine regret.

SHERMAN REACHES THE SEA-COAST.

ON December 13 Sherman reached Ossabaw Sound, southeast of Savannah, just a month after he had left Atlanta, and communicated with the fleet which had been sent to meet him. His 65,000 men and half that number of animals had been abundantly fed, and his losses had been only 103 killed, 428 wounded, and 278 missing. The destruction of the enemy's property has been estimated as high as one hundred millions of dollars. On December 15 Sherman received General Grant's letter of the 3d. In this he said, among other things: «Not liking to rejoice before the victory is assured, I abstain from congratulating you and those under your command until bottom has been struck. I have never had a fear of the result.» The next day Sherman received General Grant's orders outlining the plan of transferring the greater part of Sherman's army by sea to join the armies in front of Petersburg, and end the war. As the enemy's troops were now nearly all in Virginia, it was thought that as the railroads in the South had been pretty well destroyed, it would bring hostilities to a close quicker to move Sherman by sea than to consume the time and subject the men to the fatigue of marching by land. General Grant said this would be the plan unless Sherman saw objections to it. A prompt and enthusiastic letter was written by Sherman, saying his army could join Grant before the middle of January if sent on transports by sea, and that he expected to take Savannah meanwhile. When General Grant visited the capital he consulted as to the means of ocean transportation, and became convinced that with all the sea-going vessels that could be procured it would take two months to move Sherman's army, with its artillery and trains, to the James River; and he therefore wrote him from Washington: «I did think the best thing to do was to bring the greater part of your army here and wipe out Lee. The turn affairs now seem to be taking has shaken me in that opinion. I doubt whether you may not accomplish more toward that result where you are than if brought here, especially as I am informed since my arrival in the city [Washington] that it would take about two months to get you here, with all the other calls there are for ocean transportation. I want to get your views about what ought to be done. . . . My own opinion is that Lee is averse to going out of Virginia, and if the cause of the South is lost, he wants Richmond to be the last place surrendered. If he has such views, it may be well to indulge him until we get everything else in our hands. Congratulating you and the army again upon the splendid result of your campaign, the like of which is not read of in past history, I subscribe myself more than ever, if possible, your friend.»

Sherman now invested Savannah on the south side, but the enemy evacuated the city on the night of December 20. Sherman's army then entered, and on the 22d the general sent his famous despatch to the President, which reached him on Christmas eve: «I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton.»

BUTLER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT FISHER.

ON December 8 General Butler had come over to see General Grant at headquarters, and said that as his troops would be aboard the transports at Fort Monroe the next day, he would start in the afternoon for that place, and see that the expedition was promptly started. They had a general conversation in regard to what would be required of the expedition, which was merely a reiteration of the written orders which had been carefully prepared. It was decided that one of General Grant's staff should accompany the expedition, and Colonel Comstock was designated for that duty. Delay in taking aboard additional supplies, and severe storms, prevented the expedition from beginning operations against Fort Fisher before December 24. The navy had converted a gunboat, the *Louisiana*, into a powder-boat. She was filled with 250 tons of powder, and disguised as a blockade-runner. This vessel was run in toward the beach, anchored about five hundred yards from the fort, and exploded about 2 A.M. on the 24th. The report was not much greater than the discharge of a piece of heavy artillery; no damage was done to the enemy's earthworks, and no result accomplished. A negro on shore was afterward reported to have said when he heard the sound: «I

reckon de Yankees hab done bust one ob dah b'ilers.»

At daylight on the 24th the naval fleet of fifty vessels moved forward and began the bombardment of the fort. About noon on the 25th General Ames's division landed, and a skirmish-line was pushed to within a few yards of the fort. It was reported that the fort had not been materially damaged, and that Hoke's command had been sent south from Lee's army, and was approaching to reinforce the garrison. Butler now decided not to make an attack, and reëmbarked all of his troops, except Curtis's brigade, on the transports, and steamed back to Fort Monroe, reaching there on the 27th. Curtis's brigade also reëmbarked on the 27th, and followed the other forces. On the 28th General Butler came to headquarters, and had an interview with General Grant, in which he sought to explain the causes of the failure. General Grant expressed himself very positively on the subject. He said he considered the whole affair a gross and culpable failure, and that he proposed to make it his business to ascertain who was to blame for the want of success. The delays from storms were, of course, unavoidable. The preparation of the powder-boat had caused a loss of several weeks. It was found that the written orders which General Grant had given to General Butler to govern the movements of the expedition had not been shown to Weitzel. An important part of these instructions provided that under certain contingencies the troops were expected to intrench and hold themselves in readiness to coöperate with the navy for the reduction of the fort, instead of reëmbarking on the transports. General Grant had not positively ordered an assault, and would not have censured the commander if the failure to assault had been the only error; but he was exceedingly dissatisfied that the important part of his instructions as to gaining and holding an intrenched position had been disobeyed, and the troops withdrawn, and all further efforts abandoned.

GRANT'S CHILDREN AT CITY POINT.

MRS. GRANT, Fred, and Jesse came to City Point to spend the Christmas holidays with the general. Rawlins always called Fred the «Veteran,» for the reason that he had been with his father in the fight which took place in rear of Vicksburg the year before, when he was only thirteen years of age. One evening Rawlins said, in referring to that campaign: «Fred crossed the Mississippi with his father on the gunboat *Price*. Early in the morning the general went ashore to direct the movement of the troops, leaving the boy coiled up on the forward deck fast asleep. When he woke up the youngster insisted on following his father, but was told by a staff-officer to stay where he was and keep out of danger; but he happened just then to see some troops chasing a rabbit, and jumped ashore and joined in the fun. Thinking the men were a pretty jolly set of fellows, he followed along with the regiment in its march to the front, thinking he would meet his father somewhere on the road. The troops soon encountered the enemy, and Fred found himself suddenly participating in the battle of Port Gibson. That night he recognized a mounted orderly belonging to headquarters, and hailed him. The orderly gave him a blanket, and he rolled himself up in it and managed to get several hours' sleep. About midnight his father came across him, and his surprise may be imagined when he discovered that the boy had left the boat and turned amateur soldier. The general had crossed the river in true light marching order, for he had no incumbrances but an overcoat and a tooth-brush. A couple of horses were soon captured. The general took one, and gave the other to Fred. They were ungainly, ragged-hipped nags, and the general was greatly amused at seeing the figure the boy cut when mounted on his raw-boned war-charger. At the battle of Black River Bridge, Fred saw Lawler's brigade making its famous charge which broke the enemy's line, and rode forward and joined in the pursuit of the foe; but he had not gone far when a musket-ball struck him on the left thigh. A staff-officer rode up to him, and asked him how badly he was hurt; and Fred, not being an expert in gunshot wounds, said he rather thought his leg was cut in two. ‹Can you work your toes?› asked the officer. The boy tried, and said he could. ‹Then,› cried the officer, ‹you 're all right›; and taking him to a surgeon, it was found that the ball had only clipped out a little piece of flesh, so that he was not damaged enough to have to join the ranks of the disabled.

«Speaking of the charge of Lawler's brigade,» continued Rawlins, «while the general was watching the preparations for it an officer came up bearing a despatch from Halleck, written six days before, which had been forwarded through General Banks. It ordered General Grant to withdraw at once from where he was, march to Grand Gulf, and coöperate with Banks against Port Hudson,

and then return with the combined forces and besiege Vicksburg. The general read the communication, and just as he had finished it he saw Lawler charging through the enemy's broken lines and heard the men's cheers of victory. Turning to the officer who had brought the message, he said: «I'll have to say, in this case, what the Irishman said to the chicken that was in the egg he swallowed, and which peeped as it was going down his throat: «You spake too late.»» Then, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped off to join the advancing lines. The enemy's forces were in full retreat, hurrying on to shut themselves up in Vicksburg, and the general, under such circumstances, had no hesitation in disobeying orders six days old, and written without any knowledge of the circumstances.»

Soon after Fred's arrival at City Point he took it into his head that he must go duck-shooting. The general was no sportsman himself, and never shot or fished; but he liked to see the youngsters enjoy the Christmas holidays, and he readily gave his consent to anything they proposed in the way of amusement. He never gave a reason for not hunting, but it was evident that he felt that certain forms of it furnished a kind of sport which was too cruel to suit his tastes. He described the only bull-fight he ever attended as presenting «a most sickening sight,» and never seemed to take any pleasure in sports which caused suffering on the part of either animals or human beings. As sporting guns are not found among army supplies, Fred had to content himself with an infantry rifled musket. The general's colored servant Bill accompanied the boy. Bill was not much of a shot himself. He usually shot as many a man votes, with his eyes shut. But he was a good hand to take the place of the armor-bearer of the ancients, and carry the weapons and ammunition. Taking a boat, they paddled down the river in search of game. They had not gone far when they were brought to by the naval pickets who had been posted on the river-bank by the commander of one of the vessels. A picket-boat was sent after them, and they were promptly arrested as rebel spies, and taken aboard a gunboat. The declaration by the white prisoner, who, it was supposed, was plotting death and destruction to the Union, that he was the son of the general-in-chief, was at first deemed too absurd to be entertained by sailors, and fit only to be told to the marines; but after a time Fred succeeded in convincing the officers as to his identity, and was allowed to return to headquarters. When he arrived he wore a rueful expression of countenance at the thought of the ingratitude of republics to their «veterans.» His father was greatly amused by the account of his adventure, teased him good-naturedly, and told him how fortunate it was that he had not been hanged at the yard-arm as an enemy of the republic, and his body consigned to the waters of the Potomac.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

THE HUMAN LEGACY.

As one who, shut in long imprisonment
Behind the bars of a mysterious cell,
Finds here and there upon its wall,
In carven line or blotted scrawl,
Some brief appealing message, left to tell
The hope or the despair
Of captives dwelling there,
Who were released ere he was thither sent,
So man, upon Life's walls of time and fate,
Finds messages recorded long ago:
The sage's warning, graven clear,
The prophet's line of hope and cheer,
The poet's cry of rapture or of woe
(In his own life-blood traced),
Abiding, uneffaced,
Since those who wrote passed the Eternal Gate.

Priscilla Leonard.

AFTER BIG GAME IN AFRICA AND INDIA.

MAN being an omnivorous animal, an instinct for the chase is inherent in his nature, as in the Bengal tiger when he kills seven or eight bullocks out of a herd, though barely able to eat one. But it is not alone on this ground of natural instinct that I would endeavor to excuse myself for killing a comparatively scarce animal like the two-horned rhinoceros. With regard to the African lion, he is never seen, or certainly never at close quarters, except by the hunter; and in Somaliland at least I considered I was performing a virtuous act in killing, at different times, five, on foot and generally alone, and at an appreciable risk to my own skin in endeavoring to secure that of the lion; for these particular lions certainly subsisted chiefly on the flocks and herds of the wandering tribes, and were a continual source of loss of property and danger to human life. The justification of elephant-hunting is ivory, and the determination that the hunter possesses coolness of nerve and swiftness of hand and eye. One cannot test these qualities fully unless there is a clear possibility of the struggle ending in the death of the man.

The late Sir Samuel Baker said to me, shortly before his death, «You have seen the finest sight in Africa—the charge of the wounded African lion.» Putting personal considerations aside, however, I prefer the sight of the half-naked brown Zulu warrior rushing by my side through the forest, with his shield and spear gleaming in the sun, in pursuit of some wounded antelope, to that of a wounded lion charging with a low, swift rush differing entirely from his ordinary gallop.

MY FIRST ELEPHANTS.[1]

HEARING that elephants were frequenting a valley called Bedimbit, a short march westward of our camp at Darazo, in Somaliland, on the western shore of the Red Sea, I marched there with Dr. W. L. Smith of Worcester, Massachusetts. We took a few ponies, and some camels for the baggage; and after traveling for several hours, saw spread out below us a wide basin with converging valleys, always of the same character in conformation and vegetation, giving an impression of hopeless aridity. Yet below, in more places than one could be seen the circular fences surrounding the camps of some of the pastoral nomads of the neighborhood.

By descending a rocky pathway we reached a camping-place near some running water. The rivulet which flowed through the gorge near us was a branch of the river which we had crossed and followed upward, at intervals, for two weeks; but instead of presenting a dry, sandy bed like most Somali watercourses when not flooded by a heavy rain-storm, there was running water here and there, popping up unexpectedly from the sand where some rock-ridge across the bed intercepted its subterranean flow, and disappearing a few yards farther on in the same mysterious way. Here elephants had come to drink, and had been feeding on the roots of rushes, breaking down trees and pulling up aloes, not more than twenty-four hours before, as we could plainly deduce from the fresh appearance of the footmarks.

We had heard elephants trumpeting near camp some days previously, just before daybreak; and as the moon was at the full, we decided to watch for them at about that time. But the elephants forestalled us, and arrived about eleven o'clock, when all except the armed sentries were sleeping. When the windless calm of an African night is suddenly broken by the bugle-call of a wild elephant less than a hundred yards away, accompanied by the tearing up of aloes and the crashing of trees, the pulse no longer soberly keeps time and «beats healthful music.» One thinks the animals are coming down upon the thorn-built zareba to crush it and all that it contains.

After breakfast we went down to the rivulet, and took up the trail. Each took a horse, but not to ride; the path was so rough that it seemed wonderful that elephants could climb up it, loving as they do smooth-going or soft, marshy ground. When we reached higher ground we found that the herd had kept, as usual, to the native cattle-paths, which they had beaten quite smooth, and strewn with spiked leaves of aloe partly chewed.

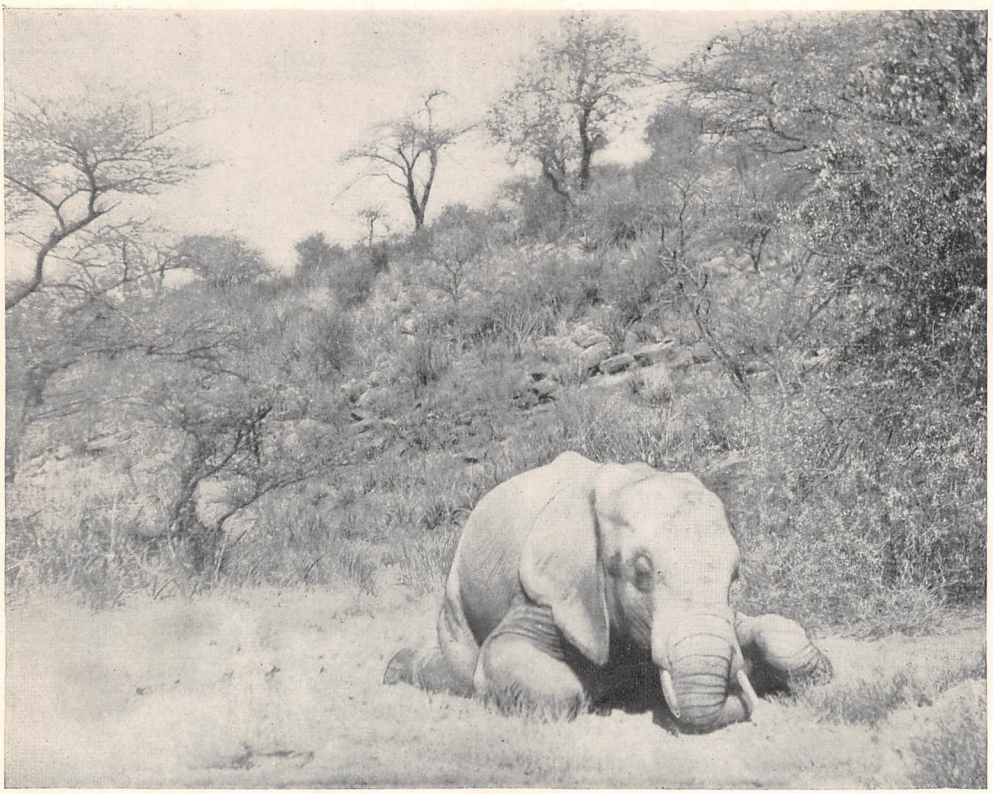
[1] In THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1893, I described my first encounters with African lions in the spring of that year.

Passing a Somali encampment about two miles farther on, we entered a narrow valley, and came upon two more zarebas, which seemed completely to block the way. We could distinguish no more tracks of elephants, and were considering whether we should not return. Fortunately for the chase, at this juncture a native informed our men that the elephants had swerved off at this point, and had climbed straight up the side of the mountain on the right, and that he would show them to us. It looked so steep that we left our ponies below in charge of the nomads; and having always been taught in India that elephants had the greatest aversion to rough and rocky ground, I thought we must indeed be in pursuit of elephantine monkeys instead of ponderous pachyderms weighing six and seven tons apiece. We both thought our guide was deceiving us, but decided to go on. This hill was a shoulder of the mountain above, and the gully beyond it joined the main valley. Posting ourselves at the exit of this gully, we sent men to beat it down toward us; but there were no elephants. The whole country was extremely rocky, and thinly covered with small thorn-bushes, so that concealment was hardly possible on our part or on that of the elephants.

Presently some of our Somalis caught sight of the herd. There they were in the valley below, serene and placid, gently fanning themselves with their enormous ears, quietly standing in the shade of some large thorn-trees, out of the burning glare of noon, sometimes slightly swinging their trunks, sometimes raising them to scent the telltale breeze. Strangest of all, within four hundred yards of where they stood, though out of sight, was a small Somali encampment, and some flocks of goats and fat-tailed sheep were grazing upon the hillside. How gray they looked, not black at all! It was our first opportunity to admire their proportions without fear of interruption. The chocolate-colored, naked rank and file would not, or could not, understand that we had not come to fight elephants and lions like gladiators in the arena, but to overcome them by superior tactics, without more risk than was necessary, and by the judicious handling of arms of precision.

THE FIRST ELEPHANT TO FALL.

The Somali loves fighting, of which we had had occasional illustrations in the caravan. It amuses him to see the wounded African lion charge down upon the white sahib, as I had experienced in the previous year. The typical Somali is an active person. He danced like a brown monkey close to our wounded elephants, which trumpeted impotently and charged the empty air, while we, carrying our heavy rifles, would have been instantly caught and crushed if they had seen us.



ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS, WHICH FELL DEAD IN A CURIOUS ATTITUDE.

Meantime we deliberated how to deliver the assault. The Somalis wished us to march straight up in the open, and attack them without more ado. This we eventually did; but first we posted ourselves in the ravine, and the men tried to make the elephants move toward us. When we were ready I gave the signal to our beaters; but the elephants refused to move, not knowing where the danger lay, hearing the shouts, but unable to smell or see their enemy.

Let me candidly confess that in this comparatively open and very rough country I did feel some trepidation in attacking them on foot. There was only one tree convenient, and from behind the stem of it, which was not over twelve inches thick, we opened fire at a distance of about thirty-five yards, my companion using a double eight-bore and a magnum express, and I a double four-bore and a double eight-bore rifle.

This instantly set the herd in motion, and without charging us, they moved rapidly up the valley, leaving an old male elephant dead, one of his tusks broken by the fall upon the rocks, and a large female wounded, with a calf by her side, which the bushes had prevented our seeing. Sweating under our heavy rifles, we followed quickly. Not far ahead the elephants were confronted by two of our yelling men mounted on ponies. This caused the elephants to turn straight up the mountainside. About half a mile up they halted, and we overtook them; they were blowing water over themselves from the mysterious reservoir that every elephant carries concealed about its person, and were very suspicious and in charging mood.

In a short time four elephants were lying dead, shot through the head or heart, never having caught sight of us at all. The remainder of the herd decamped. I think we were glad to be rid of them, for we decided that we had got all the elephants we wanted. But if we thought we were going to get off without being charged by an elephant, we were mistaken; for up the hill came twenty or twenty-five Somalis, driving a half-grown mammoth before them, which was screaming and making mimic charges at its pursuers. They urged the angry little brute straight upon us, as though they expected us to be as nimble as themselves. He selected me as his enemy, and came on with a shriek like a

locomotive. Behind the elephant followed a long line of natives with spears and shields. I put a bullet just at the root of the trunk, which brought him down, though he rose immediately, and gave more trouble before he was quieted.

The afternoon was too far advanced to begin cutting out the ivory or detaching portions of the skin. My friend remained to contemplate the «bag,» seated upon one of the dead elephants, while I went down to the large male which had been the first to fall. On reaching the narrow pathway, with rocks on each side, which led toward where we had first found the herd, as I turned a corner I met advancing from the opposite direction a very large and angry female with a young one trotting by her side; and swayed as much by prudential as by humane motives, I resolved to let her pass me without firing. My helmet was covered by a green material designed for just such an occasion as this. As I sank down beside a little thorn-bush, the great gray mass glided by within two yards of me, almost without a sound. That green helmet saved me. If I had fired without reaching the brain, I think she would have turned and killed me. My gun-bearer had vanished into the blue distance. When she had passed I noticed a spear sticking in her flank.

We sent for our four camels and the camp from Bedimbit, and camped near the water-hole at this place, named Ambassa. The whole of the following day was spent in taking out the tusks and skinning various portions of the elephants that we intended to take away as trophies, such as the ears, trunks, feet, and tails of the largest of the six, employing as many of our own men as possible, while leaving some to guard the camp, and enlisting a few of the nomads from the native encampment. We were rather short of knives, and besides using some of the enormous daggers these men wear at the waist, which were very unwieldy for the purpose, we had even to take the knives from the canteens.

The camp to which all our trophies were brought was surrounded, as usual, by a fence of thorny branches cut from neighboring thickets in order to keep away hyenas, which had now become very noisy and troublesome, as well as to prevent a sudden rush of Somali robbers if they should decide to make a night attack. About midnight I was aroused by one of the sentries, who whispered, «Shebel!» («Leopard!») The night was starlight, but dark, with no moon; and a few yards off in the sandy ravine I could distinctly hear a rustling noise, and now and then the crack of a twig broken by some animal. It happened that I had set a trap for panthers, and supposing from the sound that one of these animals was dragging away the bait, we opened the zareba and stole softly toward the sound, carrying a lantern and a shot-gun. The sounds now rapidly retreated before us up the narrow gorge. Suddenly through the night there broke a low, rumbling trumpet-sound. We stopped, and looked at each other. There was the crash of a falling tree. It was those elephants again.

MY FIRST RHINOCEROS.

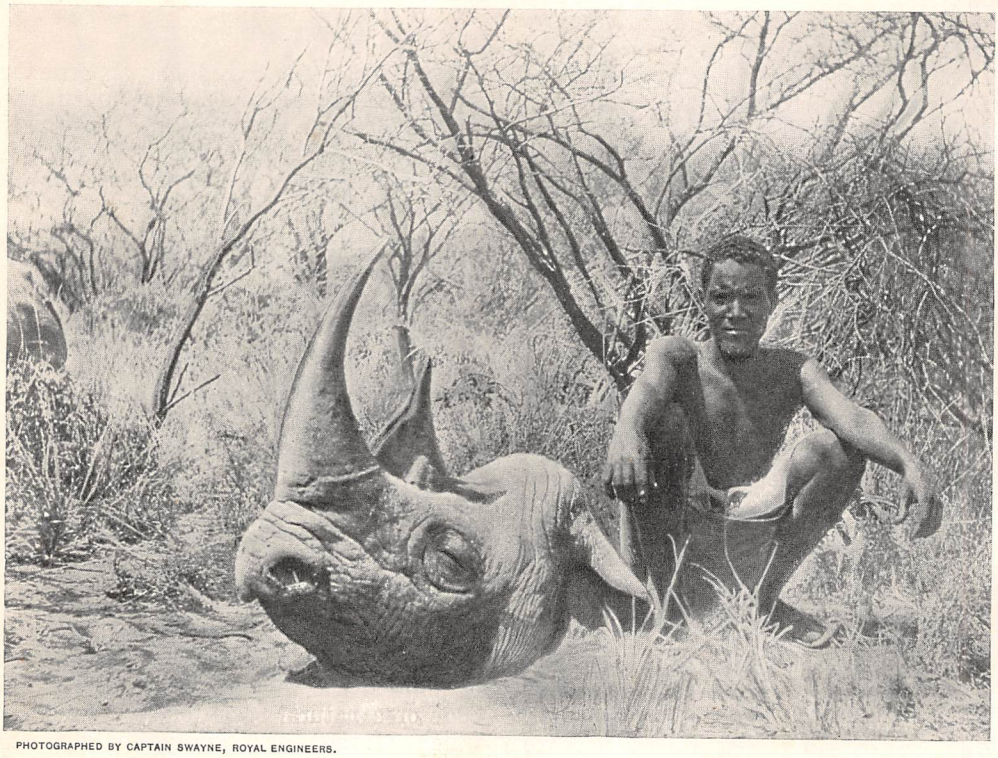
WHEN I left a point immediately opposite the British fortress of Aden, on my fourth trip into the African interior, we had a body-guard of about thirty camel-men, whom I had armed with Snider rifles. My companion was Sir Henry Tichborne, to whose ancestral property the claim of an impostor, one Arthur Orton, several years ago caused one of the costliest and most celebrated litigations of modern times. For four weeks we traveled at a speed of about twenty miles a day, being as great a distance as a caravan of loaded camels, each camel carrying about two hundred pounds, can manage. We crossed a tract of absolutely waterless, high-level plateau about six thousand feet above the Red Sea, measuring one hundred miles in width and three thousand in length, carrying a supply of water in barrels on the necessary camels, which themselves drink only about once every eight or ten days.

After crossing this great extent of arid country, our first serious halt for the purpose of hunting the wild rhinoceros was at the edge of a natural basin, or rock reservoir, which half the year is partly filled with mud and water, there being several other pools of the same nature in the neighborhood. The name of this place is Awarè. Every day we rode out in different directions in search of tracks of the giant pachyderm. I never employed professional trackers, gun-bearers, or so-called «shikarees» (a Hindustani word imported from India into Somaliland), but my companion had several on his staff. I usually restricted myself to the services of the ordinary camel-men. For some days we scoured the country in vain, until one evening, about three hours before sundown, I came across the apparently fresh tracks of two two-horned rhinoceroses. It was apparently in a part of the mimosa forest which we had omitted to search, or else the animals had recently wandered in. The forest was

full of deep, dark, shady glades and dense thickets, and the grass was growing in rank luxuriance, refreshed by the heavy nightly dews.

The wind was favorable, blowing toward us from the direction in which the animals were moving; and it was apparent, from the three-toed impressions on the fine white, sandy earth, that the great beasts which had made them were close at hand. On such perfectly flat, soft soil an almost noiseless advance was possible; and had it not been that there were dead twigs and branches lying here and there, or that now and then a hooked thorn of some acacia-tree would insert its curved point into one's clothing, even the delicate ear of the wild ass might have failed to detect our approach; for my own shoes had rubber soles, and the three men who followed like chocolate-colored shadows were carrying their sandals in their hands.

As I came round a bush I saw at the bottom of a kind of natural alley in the forest, framed in like a picture by the trees, a massive old female rhinoceros. She was facing me, and standing half in sunshine, half in shadow. From a bush protruded the hind quarters of another. Signing to the Somalis to keep back, I instantly sat down, and «drew a bead» upon her chest. The distance was about seventy yards, and although the wind was adverse to her, and we had made no noise, she must have seen us like moving shadows among the trees, and was evidently full of suspicion and distrust. If I ever took careful aim, it was at that moment, and under cover of the smoke I shifted my position as the rhinoceros came charging down upon us, giving three or four sharp whiffs like jets of steam, evidently with the intention of clearing the enemy away from the rear before making her escape toward the front against the wind. Having, as she supposed, effected this manœuver,—a very usual one on the part of the rhinoceros,—she swerved off, and the two broke away across the forest, crash after crash, dying away in the distance, marking their course as they receded. On perceiving the rhinoceros go off apparently uninjured, my Somalis gave full vent to their disappointment, making extravagant gestures, and using what sounded like bad language, yet still in half-whispers, as they knew instinctively that the animals might not have gone far, after all, especially if the one I had fired at had really received a mortal wound.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAPTAIN SWAYNE, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

HEAD OF BLACK RHINOCEROS, AND THE AUTHOR'S HUNTER, HASSAN MIDGAN.

The tracks we now followed were deep holes and furrows imprinted by the animals at full speed. We had not gone far before I again saw the larger of the two rhinoceroses standing broadside on, and quite motionless, under a bush which concealed the head. Giving my three Somalis to understand that they must remain quiet, I aimed once more at the animal's shoulder, taking care that no twig or branch was in the line of fire, knowing how easily a bullet may become deflected. My shot was followed by a couple of short, angry snorts, the stamp of heavy feet, and an appalling crashing, which advanced and then swept round toward the left. Another cautious advance on our part, and not far off I saw, near the center of an open space, the smaller of the two rhinoceroses, but not the larger one. A shot delivered standing, from the shoulder, was followed by two shrill squeaks, as the animal tottered a few paces and fell over on its side—a sound most disproportionate to the size and bulk of so large a creature, but which I instantly recognized, from Sir Samuel Baker's description, as the death-cry of the rhinoceros; and the hearing of it filled me with a hunter's joy. While I was reloading the Somalis had crept forward with their spears, relying upon their own agility in evading any charge delivered by the larger one, which I knew must surely be somewhere near at hand. After peering over a low bush they executed a war-dance upon the ground beyond, for there were the two rhinoceroses lying stone dead almost side by side. My Somalis gave way to shouts and exuberant mirth; they were transformed from scowling fiends, soured by the white man's folly, into radiant brown angels, and I allowed them to stroke my face and pat me on the back without a reprimand.

The man with my gray Somali pony, who had been keeping well behind so that the sound of the horse's steps might not disturb the game, now appeared upon the scene; and as the sun was on the point of setting, the Somalis, singing the usual song of victory, struck off in a bee-line for camp, with that instinctive knowledge of direction which is possessed in its fullness only by natives born and bred in flat and almost pathless forests.

As we approached the camp, all the Somalis came running out to meet us, together with my friend and his English servant. As the Somalis agree that «no man can serve two masters,» we had separate camps, our retainers were separately engaged, and the members of each camp felt their master's failures or successes as their own. However, not long after my friend killed a rhinoceros with even finer horns than mine.

Most of the next day I passed superintending as many of my men as could be spared from camp in taking and preparing the skins, feet, and skulls of the two rhinoceroses for transport. The man who has not seen a group of Africans divested of their clothing, dabbled with blood, and swarming over a gigantic pachyderm has missed one of the sights of Africa. About ten days later we both returned to some wells at Milmil, whence a rush across the waterless plateau is generally made, taking it at its narrowest part. On the way we killed a male lion. Having secured my rhinoceroses, I was anxious to get as quickly as possible to the coast, which I reached at the end of December, 1894. On the way I made an interesting discovery, for which I was not altogether unprepared, consisting of many thousands of paleolithic flint spear- and javelin-heads, knives, and scrapers, which were perhaps fashioned when primeval man with long, flint-headed spears chased the great woolly rhinoceros ages ago in the valley of the Somme in France. But their chief interest lies in the fact that they are the first prehistoric flint implements ever brought from tropical Africa.

HUNTING WITH AN INDIAN PRINCE.

I SAILED from Aden in the beginning of January, 1895, and arrived soon after at Calcutta. I had been so fortunate as to obtain, through Lord William Beresford, and in his place, an invitation to join the annual shooting-party of his highness the Maharaja of Kuch Behar. At this period of the year the temperature at Calcutta is almost perfect, and the social season is in full swing.

The Maharani is a daughter of the late Keshab Chandra Sen, the celebrated reformer and founder of a new religious sect. Both the Maharaja and the Maharani have a knowledge and command of the English language quite as great as, and possibly greater than, most Englishmen, and at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and on other occasions when they visited England, were much lionized. Soon after my arrival at Calcutta I had to visit the Maharaja at his country-seat near Calcutta, to receive from him a formal invitation. The camp was being prepared at a spot about forty miles from the Brahmaputra River in Assam, on the great plains which lie at the foot of the Himalayas.

Toward the end of February I joined the

Maharaja's party on a river-steamer at a place called Goalpara, and we disembarked at a small landing-place named Kholabanda, where some elephants were in waiting to convey us, with one relay half-way, more than thirty miles to a village named Simlagori, where the first camp had been prepared on the bank of a branch of the Manass River. This was a good long march for elephants, although as much as thirty-nine miles has been done by an elephant at a moderate pace, without halting. Four miles an hour is considered a fast pace for them; but as it was past noon before we started from Kholabanda, the mahouts urged the elephants along at a rate nearer five than four, and we reached camp about nine in the evening, having halted two hours on the way. At different points the neighboring villagers came forward with music, flags, and flowers to welcome the Maharaja, although it was not within his own territory.

This was the season when the grass is burned down in patches all over the grazing-districts, and fires very near the path caused some of the elephants to swerve and become unmanageable, especially the young female elephant I happened to be riding.

I had already made the acquaintance of the Maharaja's other guests, some five or six in all, who were his personal friends, titled people, and well-known sportsmen. One was the deputy commissioner of the district, Mr. McCabe, who a few weeks before had had an extremely narrow escape from a wild tusker elephant, which charged, and threw him down a ravine, thereby losing sight of him, or he would certainly have been killed. Those of us who had not been the Maharaja's guests in previous years were astonished at the extent and completeness of the camp in such an out-of-the-way place as the Assamese terai. As we approached it between the patches of cultivation round the cluster of grass huts which constituted the village of Simlagori, the fires, tents, and lights in all directions, and the dark figures of crowds of servants, made it appear like a military encampment. A native sentry kept guard over the Maharaja's tent, which was placed somewhat at one side. In the middle of the camp rose a large dining-tent, and the tents which were intended for the guests were placed in a row on each side of the camp. Each of these tents was a large, double-roofed structure of about twenty feet by eighteen, internal measurement, supported on two massive bamboo uprights and a cross-bar; a space behind, between the inner and the outer wall, formed a bath-room, which was supplied with a large tin bath and an elaborate wash-stand. The floor of my tent was covered with a thick carpet; the bedstead was of wood, with clean white pillows and sheets, colored blankets, and mosquito-net. There were convenient pockets in the gay lining of the tent, and two arm-chairs, a table, and a large lamp completed the furniture. The tents of the other guests were equally comfortable, and the name of each of us was neatly printed on a placard hung outside in order to assist us in recognizing

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

MOVING CAMP FROM SIMLAGORI.

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

WASHING THE ELEPHANTS.

our respective tents, the external appearance being exactly the same. On a carpet where a portion of the roof of the dining-tent projected so as to form a kind of open shelter, were a table with tea-service and some arm-chairs. During the three weeks that the camp continued, dinner was usually at eight, as we generally returned on the elephants from the jungle at five or six, in time for afternoon tea and a comfortable warm bath. Dinner was neatly served by a crowd of the Maharaja's barefooted, white-robed attendants. In India it is considered a mark of respect for a servant, on entering an apartment, to leave his sandals at the door.

As the «shoot» on this occasion was in Assam (being, I think, the first time that the Maharaja's annual shooting has taken place outside his own territory), no ladies were of the party. On a previous year, when the viceroy and his wife were among the invited guests, the Maharani herself came also.

Close to camp, and quite invisible until one came suddenly upon it, a small stream of clear water pursued a wonderfully circuitous course between steep banks. A stream near at hand becomes a necessity when such a large number of elephants are in camp as there were in this case—about sixty, besides others employed in keeping up communication with the mail-steamers on the Brahmaputra, and bringing supplies of ice, fresh meat, and soda-water from Calcutta. Elephants have to be bathed and washed once or twice a day. When we happened to return to camp in good time before dark, watching large numbers of the huge beasts being scrubbed with cocoanut-shells and bricks, and marking their evident enjoyment of the operation, was a source of great amusement to us all. Elephants are sometimes rather noisy during the night, trumpeting to one another; consequently they were picketed in long lines at a considerable distance from the main portion of the camp.

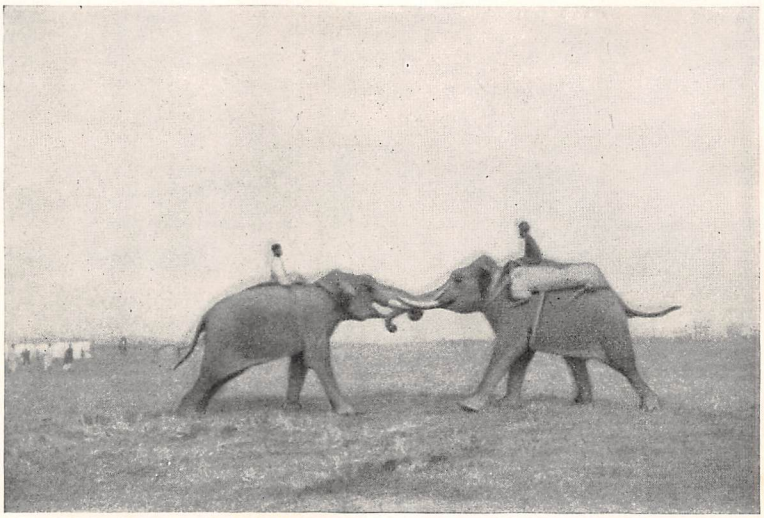
One of the first things the Maharaja did after our arrival was to hand to each guest a slip of paper on which was written the name of the elephant allotted to him for shooting purposes, which bore on its back the structure known as a «howdah,» to carry the shooter and his guns. As these elephants were necessarily large, and the howdah is high, the oscillation was much greater than if one were seated on a plain pad upon the elephant's back, or on one of the smaller elephants, which have a smoother gait. We usually, therefore, went to the cover, or jungle, upon one of the «beating,» or «pad,» elephants, which afterward during the operations of the day were employed in a long line to force the rhinoceroses and other animals out of the dense thickets in which they live.

The howdah-elephant which the Maharaja

allotted to me was named «Secunder.» Three years previously it was an uncaptured wild elephant ranging at liberty the jungles of Bengal. It was a fine female, between nine and ten feet in height at the shoulder, with short but perfect «tushes» projecting a few inches beyond the upper lip. There are other elephants in the Maharaja's stud which have been tamed more recently still. It was very gentle and obedient, and perfectly fearless, and therefore very valuable as a shooting-elephant: as, for example, on several occasions during the following three weeks it stood without flinching the charge of wounded buffalo, tiger, and rhinoceros, thus enabling me to take a steady shot. Almost all elephants show great fear of the Indian rhinoceros; there are few that will not turn tail when they scent their enemy, and fewer still that will stand the crash and short snorts that precede the charge.

About breakfast-time each morning the elephant told off for each guest was brought to the neighborhood of his tent, and the howdah placed upon it, resting upon a saddle composed of two cushions of strong sacking about six feet by two, which rested in turn upon a large cloth covering the whole of the elephant's back. The howdahs for shooting are lightly built of wood and cane-work, and contain two seats, and racks to hold six guns or rifles, three on each side. All this is lashed on by ropes passing under the elephant's neck, belly, and tail. The weight which an elephant is able to carry upon its back exceeds a ton; for short distances they have been known to carry as much as three thousand pounds, but for long marches half a ton is considered the limit. Many of the Maharaja's elephants had fine tusks, but most tusks are cut at regular intervals to prevent them from injuring one another. One or two of the fighting-elephants, however, had pointed tusks.

The country surrounding the camp, which was to be the scene of operations, being part of the great valley of the Brahmaputra, was uniformly level, and seamed by a network of small watercourses, which the elephants crossed easily enough by slowly sliding down one bank and climbing up the other, but tilting the howdahs at an alarming angle. However narrow a ditch may be, elephants almost always prefer going to the bottom and up again to stepping boldly across, for fear the banks may break under their enormous weight of about five or six or even seven tons. When one happens to be on the back of a runaway elephant, a deep ditch, or nullah, is an alarming obstacle, as also are the branches of trees. To jump off behind on these occasions is to incur the risk of a kick, and the best plan perhaps is to hang on by the ropes which pass under the elephant's tail. The Maharaja's mahouts, however, had the well-trained howdah-elephants under good control; and notwithstanding rhinoceroses and tigers, and rapidly advancing grass-fires, which were sometimes started in order to drive the game from cover, nothing untoward occurred.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

ELEPHANTS FIGHTING.

As we left the great river behind us and approached nearer to the Himalayas, the villages became less and less frequent, and now between camp and this great wall of mountains twenty miles distant the country was almost uninhabited. These mountains were only the foot-hills of the great snow-covered peaks; but range behind range, wooded to the summits, stretched in a blue line from east to west. Here and there were great reed-covered morasses, the favorite haunt of the rhinoceros and the buffalo, through which the elephants churned and plowed their way, raising bubbles of noxious

gases at every step. Here and there were open expanses of short grass which had been purposely burned early in the winter, or small clumps of trees, gradually extending as one approached the mountains, and blending with the unbroken forest which stretched along their base and sides, and which was putting on a faint tinge of green at the advent of spring. Here and there were large patches, black and freshly burned, and producing a cloud of dark, irritating dust whenever the elephants passed over them; or areas which had been burned about a month before, and where the green blades, about a foot high, showed in delightful contrast to the old blackened stems above. Morass, forest, open patches, and grass jungle in various stages, like a vast mosaic—this was the nature of the country.

When large numbers of trained elephants can be massed together, the slow plan of tracking the rhinoceros step by step is discarded, and by mere force of numbers the elephants in the beating-line, like a well-drilled regiment, closing up and keeping shoulder to shoulder, drive the big game out. According to the width of the part which is being beaten, the denseness of the jungle, and the proximity of the game to any particular point in the line, so the elephants close in or open out to keep the animals from breaking back, and send them out toward the «guns.»

The Maharaja having brought his elephants into Assam, his men were strangers to the district; but some had been sent on long before to study the nature of the jungles, and to isolate the different patches by burning, reducing them to such a size that we might be able completely to surround some, if not all.

Trackers were sent out daily into the surrounding country to locate buffalo, bison, or «rhino.» The whereabouts of a tiger was usually known by its having killed one or more head of cattle belonging to a neighboring village or hamlet. Consequently we secured more tigers at the first camps, nearer the central part of the plain, where villages were more numerous, and more of the other kinds of game as we moved nearer the mountains, where inhabitants were scarce.

At first the natives were very chary of bringing in news to the Maharaja about tigers, even though a reward was offered and they might have lost one or more of their best yoke-oxen; but after a few days they gained confidence, and news came in more rapidly. It seemed that they were afraid, if the tiger should have changed his abode meanwhile, or escaped during the beat, that the deputy commissioner or the Maharaja would punish them. This, of course, was absurd, but it shows the natural timidity and caution of the Indian native. In other parts of India, Hindu religious notions about the taking of life sometimes offer impediments to the would-be tiger-slayer; but this was not so here.

Each evening, therefore, the Maharaja was generally in possession of news of the presence of game in certain patches of jungle, and was able accordingly to make arrangements for the disposition of his forces for the next day's sport. The whole army of us would sally forth from camp after breakfast, about nine o'clock—the howdah-elephants, the beating-elephants, the elephants with the guides and trackers, and the two elephants with the lunch bringing up the rear—about sixty in all. A rendezvous would be held in the neighborhood of the patch into which the animal or animals had retreated, and the Maharaja would discuss the situation and make his plans for the disposition of the guns and beaters. The line-elephants in a body would then proceed to take up their positions preparatory to an advance when all was ready, and the shooters in their howdahs, preceded by the Maharaja, would circle round to the opposite side of the jungle as silently as possible. An elephant makes wonderfully little noise, considering his proportions. Having previously drawn lots for places, and following in single file according to the order of arrangement, each of us, at a signal from the guide, would cause our elephants to halt by leaning over and touching the mahout upon the turban, we being at a distance from each other of one or two hundred yards or less, according to circumstances, facing the jungle, and able to command any open spaces across which the game might pass. The Maharaja himself generally took a position at one end, and one or two guns were always with the line of beaters. Firing downward from such a considerable height at close range, there was little fear of a ricochet bullet; but one had to be careful, especially as the beating-line approached, in firing at longer range, and consequently more horizontally, and in knowing the exact position of the «guns» on one's right and left.

The Maharaja of Kuch Behar ever since his youth has always had a large stud of elephants, and hunted in this way; and since

PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. W. SETON-KARR.

OUR LARGEST TIGER.

big game is now comparatively scarce even in Assam, we should not have made any bag worth speaking of if we had not had the benefit of his experience. Not more than three or four beats could be accomplished in one day. Considerable distances had often to be traversed from one jungle to another, and the intervals were often long and tedious under an Indian sun; but most of us carried books and papers to read while the elephants were getting into position. When the beat had once begun, however, all one's senses were on the alert. By the men's turbans, or the white sunshade of one of the aides-de-camp bobbing up and down, one could generally distinguish over the tops of the reeds the position of the beating-line in the far distance, and hear an occasional shout and the shrill trumpet of an elephant.

In the midday stillness, broken only by the constant flapping and fanning of the elephants' huge ears, one can distinguish the approach and mark the path of most of the wild animals by the rustling in the grass and reeds. But the approach of the panther and the tiger is heralded by no such sign. By experience one's eye becomes trained to discriminate between the swaying of the reeds caused by the wind and that due to the cautious advance of an unseen beast, whether deer, boar, bear, or something bigger still. When tiger or «rhino» are known to be at home, such small fry as these are allowed to pass unharmed, for fear of turning the object of pursuit; but when the larger game are advancing at full speed, it needs no expert to distinguish their appalling crashes from the whispering of a breeze. Will he break cover in front, or will the next gun get the shot? Standing in expectation, with guns loaded and heart beating, this is the most exciting moment of the day. The howdah-elephants being thus placed at intervals, and usually out of sight of one another, one was not always able to judge by the shots fired as to what was going on; but I was unusually fortunate in the number of animals breaking cover at a point immediately opposite to me, and consequently in the chances I obtained.

I took leave of the Maharaja shortly before the breaking up of the second shooting-camp, which took place about a month later, in his own country; but the total bag included seventeen tigers, seven rhinoceroses, and nearly forty buffaloes, besides bison, bear, and panther.

The method of hunting invariably adopted was that which I have endeavored to describe, and the trophies were often secured without much danger or excitement, but the contrary was sometimes the case. In returning to camp in the evening, all the elephants usually formed one long line, and such small game as partridges even were shot; and it was very amusing to observe the extraordinary fuss some of the elephants made when told to pick up the dead birds with the end of the trunk and pass them up to the mahouts.

Our first rhinoceros was the one that gave us the greatest trouble. In the center of the long morass where he lived the mud was deep and tenacious, and the elephants sank to their bellies. Once or twice he had broken back through the line while we were posted elsewhere; but when it was evident that he had determined not to be driven from his home, the Maharaja called almost all the guns into the beating-line. After retreating before the advancing line of elephants for some time, during which we could mark his course by the waving and crashing of the reeds, and by an occasional snort, he obstinately determined to break through once more, and, with two or three short whiffs like a locomotive, came charging down blindly, straight upon my elephant Secunder, which, unlike others, treated the enraged pachyderm with silent contempt, and neither stirred nor trumpeted. This enabled me to plant two bullets into the advancing mass, and, snatching up another loaded rifle, to fire twice more as it retreated through the reeds, without having my aim disturbed by the swaying of the howdah. Then, bursting out from the jungle into full view across an open plain, it fell amid a cloud of dust. The rhinoceros was still able to bite or gore an opponent as we closed in, and was given a finishing shot, while some of the elephants, to test their courage or to train them to approach their natural foe, were coaxed into close proximity and made to push against it with the base of the trunk. After this the body was photographed, and when we moved away the Maharaja's trained skinners had already begun to remove the shields of hide from the flanks and shoulders and the head and feet.

With regard to tigers, the expectation of the animal's appearance, the waiting and watching during the brief period of the beat, formed the most interesting and stirring part of the performance. The transverse rush of a tiger, scolding the elephants and throwing the whole line into confusion, is one of the finest sights in India. Some fell at the first volley, fired at from two or more of the howdahs simultaneously. One only fell to a single shot, stone dead. Some escaped,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

PREPARING TO TRANSPORT THE GAME TO CAMP.

wounded, into a neighboring patch of jungle, and most of these charged and «got home» upon some elephant, springing in every case upon the animal's forehead, and being tossed off and shot while on the ground. Although tigers have been known to climb into the howdah, the danger to human life in this method of tiger-shooting is very small. There were elephants of various ages and sizes in the beating-line, and during the uproar that ensued when a tiger came close, some of the younger ones exhibited their fear by the oddest sounds—shrill squeaks and shrieks that seemed quite disproportionate issuing from so large an animal. When a tiger succeeded in breaking through, the line had to retire, reform, and begin again.

The bears that we got also showed a disinclination to being driven from cover. News of them was brought to camp in each case from some village near, where they had been committing depredations. The only other items in the bag which require notice are the wild buffaloes. These furnished fine trophies, many of the horns measuring about ten feet round the curve, those of the males being much more massive than those of the females. Most of them, when disturbed, blundered about through the jungle, and were tough customers, requiring many well-placed shots. Some showed great ferocity, charging and slightly goring some of the elephants, but doing no serious damage. Of the Indian bison we obtained only one.

H. W. Seton-Karr.

HUNTING THE JAGUAR IN VENEZUELA.

«SEÑOR! Señor!»

«What do you want?»

«It is half-past three.»

I rolled out of my blanket, and getting to my feet, stood shivering in the chill air of the tropical morning.

Terife Valdez, tiger-hunter, had shaken me gently by the shoulder, and my drowsy question being asked and answered, with the instinct of an old camper I tumbled up without a moment's hesitation.

«Water, Terife,» said I, stepping through the doorway of the rude hut; «cold water.»

Terife caught up a gourd of cold spring-water, and overturned it above my head.

«Caramba!» said he. «Much cold, is it not?»

«Yes, it is much cold; but it is much good.»

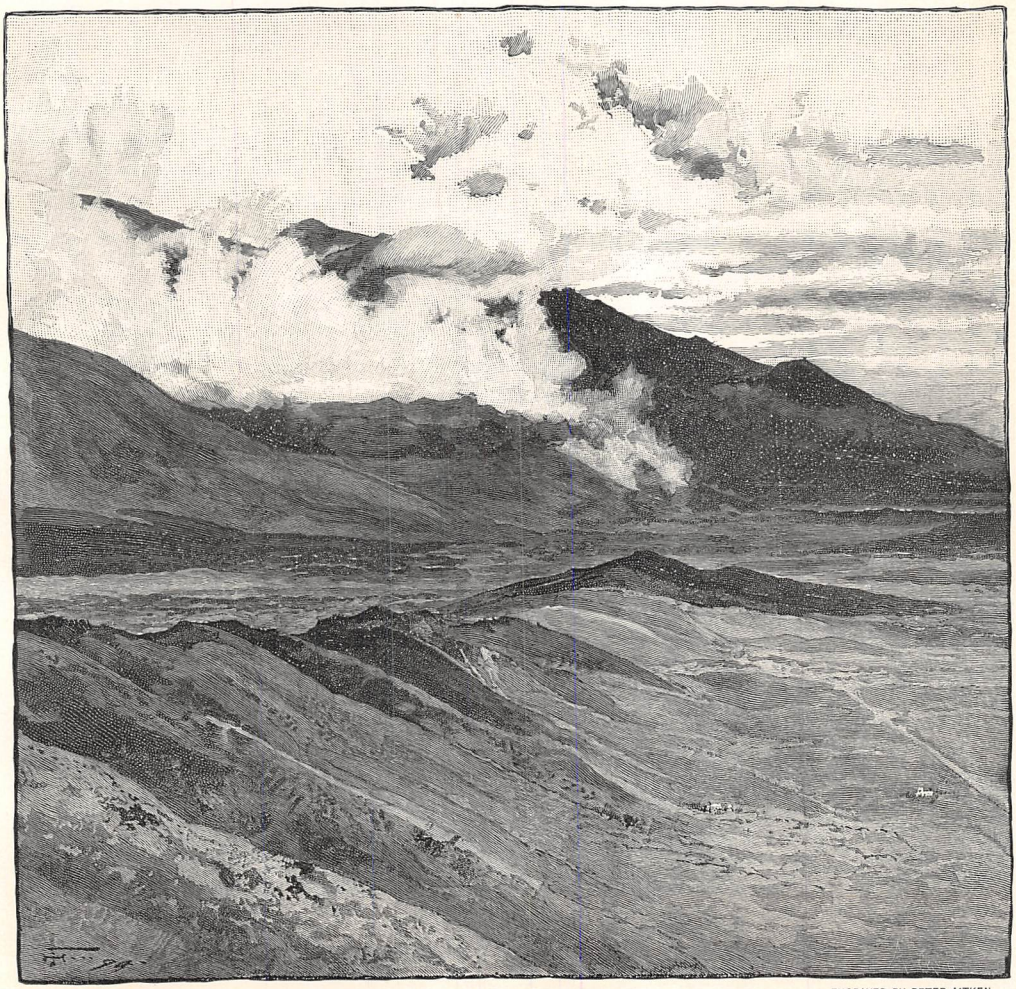
Terife allowed the faintest sort of smile to wrinkle his brownish-yellow face, which could be taken to indicate that, while this kind of thing might be good for the white skin of the American, it was hardly proper treatment for the self-respecting person of a Guaijira tiger-hunter.

By the time that the common instincts of life came back to me, Terife had coffee and cassava smoking hot beside the handful of fire in front of the hut.

It was nearly four o'clock when we took up our hunting-spears, and looked out across the wooded valley of the Rio Arauca from the crest of its northern range of hills.

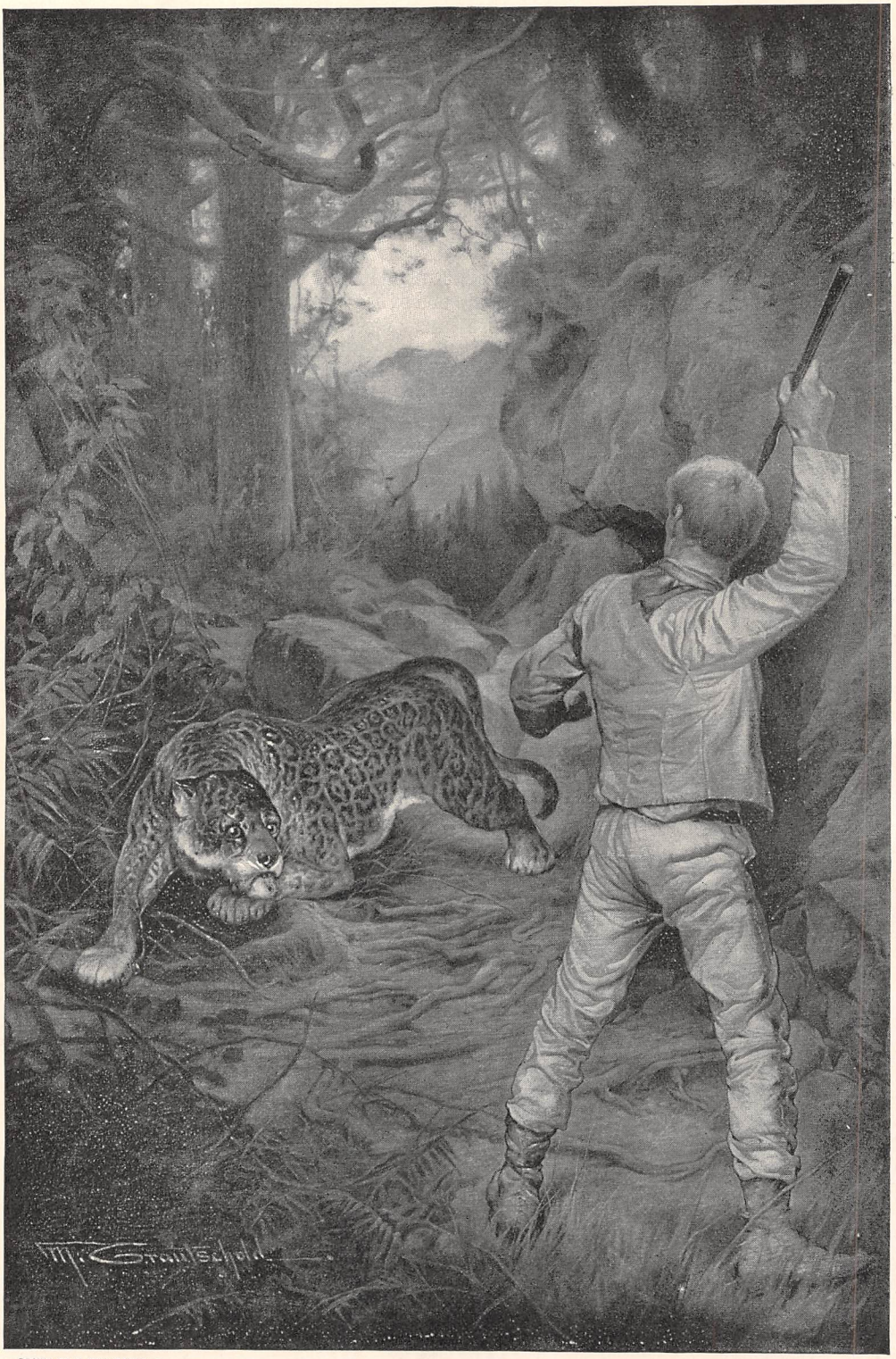
It had been a tedious journey. When I sailed from New York in the American steamship *Venezuela* I did not know how far I should journey into the wilderness, nor how long I should remain there. The sea voyage was comfortable enough, even after I left the steamship company's floating hotel at dreamy Curaçao, the island where all things are forgotten, and took the branch steamship *Maracaibo* for the Venezuelan port of Maracaibo.

At Maracaibo, city of coffee, hides, and divi-divi, the hardships of the journey began. A friend who had promised to follow me to the end of the earth, if necessary, turned back the moment that he saw iguana served at dinner in place of chicken. He declared, with what was perhaps unnecessary vehemence, that he drew the line at lizard. I reluctantly parted with him on the gang-plank of the *Maracaibo*, feeling sure, at the same time, that it was the wisest thing to do, since no man was fitted for travel in the Cordilleras who turned his back upon the great lizard of the South.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

MORNING IN THE CORDILLERAS.



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

«THE TIGER DREW NEARER, A STEP AT A TIME.»

From Maracaibo I journeyed southward the entire length of the great lake of Maracaibo, and eventually took a railway-train that landed me in the fever-flushed city of San José de Cucuta, an outpost of civilization on the border-land of Colombia.

I had a letter to a Venezuelan general who was staying temporarily in Cucuta for the benefit of his health, and the incidental protection of his neck, and through him I fell in with Terife Valdez.

During the revolution which had caused the general's retirement to Cucuta, Terife had acted as chief guide to a party of troops, and had by his loyalty, his obedience, and his skill won the genuine regard of the commanding officer, which was unusual, since Terife was only a Guajira Indian, and a half-breed at that, and the general was about as proud a man, even in defeat and exile, as one would expect to find on the frontiers of savagery.

The general regretted that an unhealed wound in his left arm would not permit him to go with me, much as he desired to; but he assured me, with something of the touch of old Castile, that he gave me a better man in the person of Terife Valdez, the most skilled tiger-hunter on the Colombian border. Possibly the general's cousin, twice removed, would have died, or his brother-in-law's father would have taken the fever, if the unhealed wound had not been convenient; so I accepted Terife with thanks, and plunged into that unknown wilderness which stretches away south to the equator, and no man knows how far beyond.

After many days of perilous and toilsome wanderings over the Cordilleras, we settled down on a ridge of the Arauca valley to wait for tigers. Certain signs told Terife that tigers crossed the valley, not far away, on their journeys from the wilderness to those isolated outcroppings of civilization which now and then gave them young animal food for the taking.

We picketed the mules in a patch of grass on the hillside, and knocked together a few boughs and tropical leaves by the side of a spring, and called it a cabin. By nightfall the little camp was finished, and I turned in just as the last glow died out of the western sky.

How Terife knew that it was half-past three when he roused me next morning I am unable to say; I can only state the fact that by my watch it was just thirty-one minutes past three. Terife had no watch, and no visible means of telling the time; yet his guesses at the hour were never more than five or ten minutes out of the way. He even went so far as to suggest that while I was with him it would be wise to stop my watch in order to save the wear and tear on the works.

«It is four; let us go,» said Terife, after our glance over the valley, and straightway disappeared.

I made the best of my way after him; but it was dark, the ground was rough, and the vines and branches were wet and suggestive of reptiles. More than once during the next half-hour Terife paused, held up a warning finger, and said, «Quiet.»

I was as quiet as I could be; yet I did not seem to come up to his ideas of quiet. I explained to him frankly that I was flesh and blood, and that I had not been accustomed to get up in the middle of the night to hunt tigers. Terife asserted that if we made so much noise we should frighten all the game as far as the head waters of the Rio Guaviare, which no white man had seen, and I admitted that we should. We compromised by agreeing to go more slowly.

We plodded along for half an hour or more, squirming uncomfortably among wet branches, and pushing with painful frequency against the needle-points of giant shrubs of the cactus family; but at length we came upon a narrow, winding trail which led obliquely across the valley. It was apparently a wild-beast trail over the mountains, a sort of common highway trodden out of the tropical undergrowth by wandering animals of the wilderness. The hunter went down on his face to examine it, and when he arose he knew that neither foot of man nor hoof of domestic animal had helped to make it. We found an overhanging rock a short distance away, and we climbed to the top of it to wait for the day. It was already past five o'clock, and the new day was at hand.

«See!» said Terife, under his breath, pointing to the eastward with the butt of his spear.

A faint, far-away tremulous line of ashen gray hung in the sky over the peaks of the mountains. A moment before the sky had been brilliant with swarms of stars. I had seen the tropical sun rise in a blood-red glare out of the Spanish main; I had watched its angry crimson chase the night from the weed-strewn Sargasso Sea: but I had never waited for the day in the voiceless solitudes of the wilderness of the South; so that if at that moment I cared less for tigers than for sunrise it was not without valid reason.

The tremulous line of gray broadened, and the stars grew pale. Only the Southern Cross, hanging low above the great hills to the south, glowed in undiminished radiance.

Then, as the ashen gray spread out like the opening of a pallid flower, a tinge of pink crept in and gave it the beginnings of life. The gray swept up from mountain peak to zenith, inviting the pink to follow. Soon, over behind the pink, a deeper tinge, with something of orange in it, swung across the horizon, and then a broad belt of crimson stood out against a far-away background of blue, a radiant herald of the king. From that insistent presence the modest gray withdrew, leaving the pink to linger timidly, as one who hopes to be overlooked.

Light clouds rose from behind the massive bulk of a shadowy mountain, and drifted drowsily across the sky, intercepting shafts of crimson and orange and gold, until the whole eastern heaven was a splashed and barred mass of riotous color.

For a few moments the revelry of tints and shades and solid colors dominated the sky and the earth beneath, until it seemed as though even the awakening beasts of the forest must pause in mute wonder. The grays and pinks faded out, to shine, with the Southern Cross, in remoter longitudes; and almost as this blazonry of royal splendor reached the climax of its pride and its strength it vanished into nothingness. A round, red ball of quenchless fire had lifted itself above the distant mountain-peaks, and it was day.

I turned from it all with a sigh, for the landscape that it left revealed had only beauty of form and outline, without that outpouring of radiance or waywardness of design.

Undulating, rolling masses of mountains lay under the fervent sun, with the bright glare of day on the ridges, and the cool shadows of morning clinging to western ravines and slopes. It was a tumultuous sea of broken earth, each uplifted bulk shrouding itself in haze more and more as it receded down the valley, and the last one merging into the blue sky with the vague suggestion that away off there might be the end of the world.

Slowly I came back to the prosaic things of life and to Terife Valdez. There were strange, almost inaudible noises in the forest, and the stoical Indian was listening and watching like a beast of prey. In some way he and his spear and his brownish-yellow face seemed to be incongruous and out of tune. I turned my spear over in my hand, and wondered at it. Was that an adequate weapon with which to hunt the ravenous animals of the wilderness? Could such a thing as that withstand the angry spring of the tiger or the quick coil of the boa-constrictor? I could not pretend to tell.

Yet Terife had found it potent enough at more than one critical moment of his eventful career, if the narratives of his friend and patron, the Venezuelan general, could be relied upon. His confidence in it was beyond question. For the purposes of tiger-hunting he would not have exchanged it for the finest gun man ever saw; for he had told me, as we journeyed over the mountains, that it was the only really reliable thing to bring to bear against the courage and marvelous agility of the tiger. A gun he had no use for. It was noisy, and dangerous to carry. Many good men came to their death, in fact, through carrying guns.

But did not many Indians, I asked, come to their death through hunting jaguars with a short spear? He admitted reluctantly that they did. But, then, it was their own fault: they did not observe the ordinary precautions through being too confident. Sometimes accidents happened. There was his own father, for instance, a most brave and worthy man; but his eyesight was not always to be relied upon. One day, just as a tiger was about to spring upon him, a bit of sand blew into his eyes.

«I got the spear,» said Terife, simply; «this is it.»

It was the crudest sort of offensive weapon. The shaft was four feet long, with the diameter of the handle of a Canadian canoe-paddle. The wood was tough and elastic, with something of the nature of hickory or ash about it. The grain ran straight and true, and there was not the suspicion of a flaw in its entire length. It was a perfect thing of its kind. In color it was nearly black, doubtless owing more to age and grime than to the natural color of the wood. The shaft was very old—just how old the Indian could not say. His arithmetic was sadly at fault when he counted above twelve. His lamented father, however, had said that the shaft had been handed down to him from a former generation of Guajira jaguar-hunters, by whom it was highly regarded as an unusually fine weapon.

The original spear-head had been of wood, like many of the lances of the llaneros of the present day. In shape it closely resembled the pointed arrowheads of the aborigines of the United States. That shape had been followed as closely as practicable in all the wooden spear-heads that succeeded it; but Terife had aspired to an iron spear-head, and had been compelled to content himself with the clumsy forging of a not altogether sober native blacksmith of Cucuta. Notches had been filed into the hilt of the spear-head, and corresponding

notches cut in the end of the shaft, and spear-head and shaft were bound together tightly with deer-thongs. Terife explained the reason for this method of binding by saying that it was more secure than an iron band, since it would not break. Iron might rust, and break at a critical moment. The point of the spear Terife kept as sharp as a dagger by means of a smooth stone. The spear with which I was armed for the hunt was of more recent construction and of less intrinsic value, but was, on the whole, a serviceable weapon. In construction it closely resembled the weapon of Terife.

In justice to Terife and his people, it should be said that not all the Indians of the jaguar districts of South America hunt with the short spear. Only the proudest and bravest of them, and notably the savage inhabitants of the Guajira peninsula, use the short spear. It would seem that they deliberately choose the most perilous way of hunting, as though to show their tribal superiority. Other Indians who hunt the jaguar with a spear use a weapon from six to seven, and sometimes eight, feet in length.

In hunting with the long spear the hunter plants the butt of the spear-shaft in the ground, holds the point toward the jaguar at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and crouches directly behind it. The jaguar springs for the hunter, but lands squarely upon the point of the spear, while the hunter dodges to one side and rolls over out of harm's way. The shaft of the spear is nearly two inches in diameter, and is made of hard and heavy wood. The point is a barb of iron.

This is the favorite method of hunting the jaguar on the Amazon in Brazil, but it has never become popular in Venezuela or Colombia. The Venezuelan Indians think it a rather poor way, since less depends upon the skill and judgment of the hunter than with the short spear. Anybody, they say, can hold a spear so that a tiger will jump on it, but only a Guajira can use the short spear.

The civilized natives of South America are less bold, for they hunt the jaguar with guns, when they hunt him at all. It is not a popular sport, for reasons that are not difficult to imagine. There is no recognized way of hunting tigers with guns. Sometimes the hunters go out on horseback, particularly in the cattle districts of the Orinoco llanos and the valley of the Amazon, with dogs and Indian servants to drive up the game. Oftener the hunter lies in wait for the tiger to approach a tethered calf.

When several hunters with guns go out together there is serious peril, as an incident I have in mind will show. A Venezuelan man of affairs, whom I know well, went to visit a friend on a coffee-plantation, and incidentally to try a new rifle. The host called in two neighbors, and arranged a hunt. When the hunting-party left in the morning the host's two young sons remained at home with three servants. Late in the afternoon, when the party returned, neither boys nor servants were to be seen. As the hunters roamed about the plantation, looking for the boys, they heard a crying in the top of a slender tree. The boys were in the tree, white with terror.

«What is the matter?» called the father. «Why are you in the tree?»

«The tiger! the tiger!» shrieked the boys. «A big female tiger is at the bottom of the tree.» The tiger had been unable to climb so slender a tree.

The father pushed his way quickly through the bushes to shoot the tiger before it should escape. His friends followed slowly. In a few moments a shot was heard, and then a wild scream. The hunters rushed forward. Their friend and a big tiger were rolling on the ground together. They fired twelve times, as rapidly as they could work their magazine-rifles, and then tiger and man lay still.

Four bullets had entered the tiger, and eight had pierced the body of the man.

With this sad tragedy vividly in mind, I was disposed to admit, as I sat on the overhanging rock turning the slender spear over and over in my hand, that Terife's argument was not wholly without foundation, after all, especially among a people who have yet to acquire the Northern habit of skill with the rifle and quick readiness with the revolver.

While my mind was yet occupied with these things, Terife slid down the face of the rock, and disappeared along the narrow trail. As I shifted my position, in the hope of keeping him in view, my foot sent a piece of bone rolling toward the edge of the rock. Looking more carefully about, I noted, with a sort of puzzled surprise, that bits of bone and tufts of hair were strewn on the top of the overhanging rock for a distance of several yards.

I did not need Terife to explain the significance of this, for it came upon me, with a chilly kind of shudder, that we had taken possession of a lookout used by tigers when lying in wait for their prey. Clearly the cunning tiger crouched on the top of this convenient rock, and sprang upon the passing deer in the path beneath, afterward dragging the body to the feasting-place above.

Having no desire to dispute possession with any casual jaguar that might claim priority of right, I swung down from the rock, and concealed myself between two limbs of a tree that leaned across the trail. The stillness, the loneliness, of the forest had something of the foreboding of evil in it, nor could the rising sun, touching peaks and topmost boughs in lavish brilliance, do more than merely lessen the savage melancholy. Even in the sunlight the solitude was all but voiceless. Only a few small birds, calling timidly from tree to tree, disturbed the gruesome quiet.

On the slope to the right the queer behavior of a redbird soon attracted my attention. I was hunter enough to know that its circlings, its dartings about in well-nigh insane frenzy, and its shrill cries of anger meant that something had alarmed it to an uncommon degree. It might be a huge snake that menaced the bird's younglings, or perhaps a wildcat had stolen in upon the domestic quiet. In a moment or two a second bird took up the crazy dance, and then a third and a fourth. This was interesting, especially as the birds seemed to be circling nearer. Other birds joined the frantic swarm, and in another moment I thought it well to look to the fastenings of my spear-head. Some creature that aroused the fury of the winged inhabitants of the forest was apparently making its way slowly along the mountain-slope. As I watched the birds circling nearer, there came a quick rush of pattering feet, and three wildly affrighted peccaries raced along the trail, and plunged headlong into the undergrowth.

If I thought regretfully of the hunting-rifle and the heavy revolver left behind in the mountain-side camp, and if the breath came a little more quickly just then, there was some reasonable excuse; for civilized man has been taught to rely upon a more potent weapon than a four-foot spear bound together with deer-thongs, and there is no more painfully anxious moment in life than when the hunter waits the coming of an unknown beast of prey. The reality at its worst is never half so trying as are uncertainty and suspense.

When I had looked again at the primitive weapon of savage man, and had turned its slender shaft over in doubt and misgiving, and had once more measured the distance from me of the circling birds, I saw Terife standing in the path, looking up at the overhanging rock.

«Here, Terife,» said I, in a whisper of relief.

The Indian allowed a smile to flicker on his stolid face a moment, as the motive for my change of position made itself clear to him. With a positive air of triumph he pointed to the agitated birds.

«What is it?» I asked.

«The tiger,» he replied, at the same time raising a warning hand—«big tiger.»

In some unexplainable way I felt relieved that it was no worse, although what could be worse in these tropical solitudes than a tiger, and a big tiger at that, I was not prepared to say. Most likely I felt relieved that the uncertainty was over.

Terife watched the birds thoughtfully, tested the point of his spear with what must have been purely a mechanical motion, adjusted a large cotton handkerchief loosely about his neck, and waited. About it all there was a touch of an ancient gladiator waiting stoically in the arena for the coming of the hungry beast which a cruel emperor had set him to fight; only in this case the cruel emperor was a curious American who had risked his own life, and the life of an honest Indian, merely that he might write the story afterward for the entertainment, not of the lords and ladies of the blood-stained Colosseum, but of kindly men and women in Christian America. Should the gladiator's spear break at the critical moment, or should native cunning fail before the monarch of the forest, it would be all the more thrilling—provided, of course, that he who was to tell the story escaped. If he did not escape—ah, well, there would be a hunting-rifle and revolver at the little camp for some roving Indian to wonder at, perhaps years afterward, and faint traces of a campfire, and that is all.

Yet, taking it at its worst, it would not be all loss; for the exquisite thrill of the nerves and the quickened action of the heart, as the tiger slowly advanced, were worth as much as one whole prosaic and uneventful life. A man of flesh and blood—a man as nature made him, without the dross and incrustations of civilization—would say that life had not been in vain.

The birds came nearer and nearer. The hunter placed himself in the middle of the path, with his spear poised above his right shoulder. The circle of birds was just beyond the last turn of the trail. The outer edge touched the tree in which I lay concealed. The critical moment was at hand. I watched the vanishing-point of the trail with painful intensity.

Ah! A flash of brown and yellow appeared for an instant through the shrubs; there was a crash and a commotion of bushes below the trail, and then silence. The Indian threw down

his spear in an ecstasy of disappointment. The tiger had escaped.

Terife examined the trail long and carefully, unable to explain the tiger's sudden panic. There were only two reasonable explanations: either the great beast had been frightened by some creature that we did not see, while his mind was intently occupied with the birds, or, having prowled about civilization until shot at, he had learned to fear man at sight. To bear out the first theory, there were fresh traces of a boa-constrictor near the place where the tiger had left the trail.

We renewed the hunt the next morning, with even less success. Although the tiger came along the mountain-side, he left the trail farther down before we had a glimpse of him.

On the third morning Terife went out alone, possibly thinking that the white man had an evil influence over the beasts of the forest. He waited beside the rock in the trail while the crimson of dawn came into the eastern sky. Then, out of the silence of the forest, there arose a sudden stir of small things, as though a giant had drawn a deep breath. Birds circled and screamed, and peccaries fled affrightedly, as before. It was the homage of the humble that is never omitted when the king walks abroad.

With regal deliberation the commotion moved along the mountain-side in the direction of the hunter. As it drew near, Terife faced about with uplifted spear, ready for what might befall.

In a moment a great brown-and-yellow beast, spotted and ringed with black, strode leisurely into view, looking upward at the screaming birds. It was the fierce and cruel jaguar, the South American tiger, king of all beasts south of the Isthmus of Darien, and matched in ferocity and courage only by the wounded grizzly bear of North America.

The monstrous creature suddenly paused, with a massive foot lifted from the ground. He had seen the hunter.

Terife was as one turned to stone, a sort of bronze image that might have stood neglected in the wilderness since the days of the Chibchas whom Quesada conquered to found the viceregal state of New Granada.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he had asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood and the inscrutable stillness of inanimate rock.

It was splendid courage that this dumb brute did not turn tail and bound away. I know of no other animal that would have stood his ground. Even the grizzly bear, more terrible to meet than the lion of Africa or the monarch of the Bengal jungle, would have growled savagely and retired.

Matchless in his calm courage, the great jaguar put down his uplifted paw and advanced a few steps, half crouching, with lowered head and neck, as a cat creeps upon its prey. Then he paused, swinging his long tail slowly from side to side. Terife stood like a stone, superior in courage even to this remarkable ruler of the forest.

Slowly, cautiously, the tiger came on again, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path. He was a beautiful creature—wonderfully beautiful in his sinewy strength and graceful curves.

As the tiger drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. Apparently he was giving way to the idea that the strange thing in the path was flesh and blood. Still, he was not quite certain, and he meant to investigate. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring little for the impending death-grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled. Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eyes searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Then the tiger crouched in the path; his giant muscles quivered in tense knots, his red tongue curled stiffly between his keen fangs, his tail thrashed viciously, and his spotted skin moved in bristling waves of anger, as a quick squall races across standing grain.

In an instant all would be over: a lonely tragedy far away in the South American wilderness—a tragedy for beast, or a tragedy for man.

The tiger gathered himself for the spring, his sinewy length all a-tremble; but just as his bunched muscles were quivering with the first

impulse of upward motion, the hunter came back to life. Terife snatched the loose handkerchief from his neck, and cast it full in the tiger's face. In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders, and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terife aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear-shaft and staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered. He died as he had lived, fierce, cruel, savage, with no abatement of his splendid courage.

Going forth in the first flush of the new day, I found Terife there, beside the vanquished jaguar; and as the shadows lifted slowly from the slopes of the ravines he told me the story with graphic detail and circumstance. When he had finished I leaned across the stiffening body of the tiger, and grasped his hand.

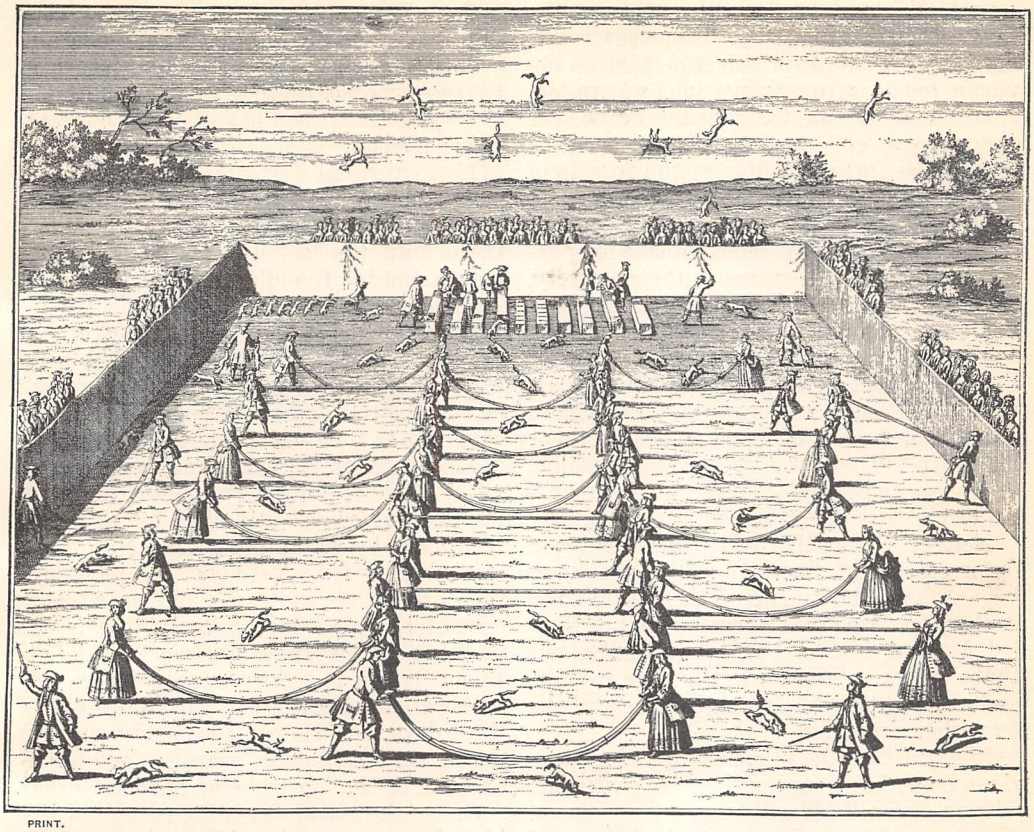
William Willard Howard.

SPORTS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE belief of the middle ages that none but those devoted to the chase could become great, or reach a green old age, was the verdict of an age in which throughout Europe warfare was the only occupation, and the chase the only pastime, of the ruling classes. Frederick the Great, that iconoclast among royalty of the last century, was the first who dared to raise his voice against this doctrine, by showing in his «Anti-Machiavel» that such famous warriors as Turenne, Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and Gustavus Adolphus not having been Nimrods, the old belief was one unworthy of the enlightened eighteenth century. That century showed in other ways that the noble art of venery had seen its best days, and that the well-being of downtrodden subjects rather than that of the antlered denizens of the forest was becoming the question of the hour.

Those wishing to gain an insight into matters appertaining to the chase at the height of its vogue must, therefore, turn to the preceding century. In England the kings and nobles were far less ardent worshipers of Diana than those of the two other countries of which we propose chiefly to speak—namely, France and Germany. The art of capturing wild animals by means of dogs, without employing arms or other devices to arrest their flight, which was the original meaning of «venery,» was of French parentage, and was unknown to the ancient races, with the exception of the Gauls. Already in the days of the Merovingian kings the stag, the boar, and the buffalo were hunted *à trait de limier* (with hounds in leash), and the sport was introduced into Britain with William the Conqueror. The French terms of the chase were used in that country for the next two centuries, as we know from William de Twici's «The Art of Venery,» which work he wrote when master of the hunt under Edward II. It was not, however, kept up with the same vigor as it was in the country of its birth; for among the numerous foreigners of distinction who visited England in the following two or three centuries a consensus of opinion appears to have prevailed that stag-hunting was a much-neglected art in Britain, and that the English chiefly excelled in hunting the hare, in falconry, and in the breeding of dogs. When De Vieilleville, the French ambassador at the court of Edward VI, returned to France, he told Henry II that the English knew more about navigating vessels than about hunting the stag. «They took me,» he reported, «to a great park full of fallow-deer and roe-deer, where I mounted a Sardinian horse, richly caparisoned; and in company of forty or fifty lords and gentlemen we hunted and killed fifteen or twenty beasts. It amused me to see the English ride at full tilt in this hunt, the hanger in their hand; and they could not have shouted louder had they been following an enemy after a hard-won victory.» This was altogether different from the French *chasse à courre*, a sport in which the French nobles had attained a mastership no other nationality could rival. It meant hunting the fleet red deer, not the lazy fallow-deer, in its wild state, following it often for two or three days consecutively before the quarry was at last brought to bay.

English hunting literature of the late middle ages is very scanty—much more so than that of France and Germany. The few works that did appear in England were not always



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THE SPORT OF «FOX-TOSSING,» A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT AT THE GERMAN COURT 200 YEARS AGO, PRINCESSES AND THEIR LADIES PARTICIPATING IN IT.

original: thus «The Maystre of Game,» attributed to the Duke of York, is only a reprint of the famous French work on sport by Gaston Phœbus; and «The Noble Art of Venery,» by George Turberville (London, 1575), is a translation of Jacques du Fouilloux's «La Venerie,» even the woodcuts illustrating the original work being used in the English adaptation, whether or not they suited the English *mise en scène*.

With the beginning of the seventeenth century stag-hunting in the French fashion suddenly became popular at the court of James I. Physically unfit as that monarch was for feats of endurance or for hard riding, this sport appealed to the love of pomp and to the vanity of a sovereign who was fully persuaded of a king's divine rights, among which was not least the royal prerogative of hunting where he listeth in the forests of his subjects. James constituted himself a patron of venery, and one of his first acts after his accession to the throne was to beg his ally, Henry IV of France, to send him the most skilful of his huntsmen, in order that «he might henceforth hunt in the forests of his realm rather than in inclosures and parks, such as was hitherto the fashion, where one hunted the stag only as long as he was in sight.» The Marquis de Vitry, one of the French king's most renowned *veneurs*, was immediately despatched to England; and soon afterward De Beaumont and De Moustier, two of Henry's officers of the hunt, with several *valets de chiens*, or kennel-men, and presently, also, the Sieur de Saint-Ravy, followed the marquis across the Channel. Saint-Ravy became permanently attached to the English court in the character of grand veneur, or master of the hunt, to James's Danish queen. Other sportsmen of renown followed suit: thus Ligniville, the author of a well-known work on venery, was sent from Lorraine to the English court to coöperate with the others in the introduction of the French chasse à courre on English soil. And there is no doubt that in consequence of the pronounced favor shown by James for French hunting institutions, a considerable number of French nobles came

over to England to sun themselves in the favor of the vain monarch. To such extremes did James drive his predilection that he imported red deer from France; and we are told that Saint-Ravy annually visited France for this purpose, collecting on a single occasion as many as forty and fifty in the forests of Fontainebleau. These stags, according to Maricourt, only the king hunted.

The sport does not seem to have long retained its French features in their entirety, for Ligniville already complains that the English were introducing the custom of killing the stag with a harquebus when the hounds had at last succeeded in bringing him to bay, while the French continued much longer to consider it a point of honor to despatch the stag with the hanger, a proceeding to which, of course, considerable danger to the unskilful or careless was attached.

Neither Cromwell's wars nor the rapid deforestation of England, which we know began about the middle of the seventeenth century, assisted in the development of English hunting institutions, which throughout that century retained a much more modest, and also less typical, aspect than those of the two other countries.

In France, on the other hand, under luxurious Louis XIV stag-hunting was carried on with an unparalleled extravagance and pomp, the chase of the wild boar and of the wolf being next in the king's estimation. Each species of quarry necessitated a separate pack of hounds, and as relays of the latter were used, as well as relays of horses, they were both counted by the hundred. An immense staff of retainers clad in gorgeous uniforms, and hundreds of officials of the chase strutting about in fantastic hunting-dress, made the *chasse royale* the most brilliant pageantry of the kind ever seen. Many of the great court ladies followed the example set in the previous century by Catharine de' Medici, and joined the hunt, riding on men's saddles, the field often consisting of five hundred cavaliers and courtiers.

Wonderfully elaborate open-air fêtes, often the scene of some mummery or *coup de théâtre* celebrating scenes in connection with venery, were frequent occurrences. Thus Louis XIV more than once held stag-hunts at night; and for that purpose the great forest of Chantilly was illuminated with torches, and the hunted stag was forced to pass through avenues lined by several thousand men holding brightly flaring flambeaux in their hands. Several of the princesses of his court were daring riders, and from the letters of one of these royal ladies, a duchess of Orléans, we learn that in four years she was present at the death of over a thousand stags. Her descriptions of the sport are most enthusiastic. «I have had twenty-six falls, but have hurt myself only once,» she says in one of her letters.

If we turn to Germany, a very different picture offers itself to our gaze. Stag-hunting in the French fashion was quite unknown there until the last decades of the seventeenth century, though game was not the less keenly pursued. Indeed, in the quantity killed the German magnates and potentates of that period were quite without rivals. The game was shot either by stalking it or by «driving,» on which latter occasions thousands of peasants had to turn out to act as beaters, and the most elaborate arrangements were made in the shape of temporary inclosures consisting of stout canvas stretched ten or twelve feet high, by which great tracts of forest were surrounded. A study of the records of the chase in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which have accumulated in the principal archives and libraries of the Continent, brings to light a mass of interesting material illustrating not only the sport of those days, but, alas! also the decline wrought during the last hundred years in the quantity and size of the big game of Europe.

One of the most interesting records of this kind is a manuscript folio volume of 370 pages, gorgeously bound in green velvet, with solid gold clasps, which is the list of game hunted and shot by John George I, Elector of Saxony, the foremost sportsman of his century. It is supposed to be mostly in his own handwriting, and forms one of the treasures of the royal library at Dresden. From this punctiliously kept shooting-diary we learn that between July 11, 1611, and the day of his death, January 12, 1656, this Nimrod and his suite bagged 110,960 head of game, made up of the unprecedented total of 47,239 red deer, 31,745 wild boars, 102 bears, 818 wolves, etc., the 29 beaver enumerated among the smaller animals making up the balance being, perhaps, the most interesting, as showing the prevalence of an animal at present almost extinct in Europe. The great weight of some of the stags, boars, and bears brought to book by the elector is as surprising as the enormous totals we have given. To-day red-deer stags of 300 pounds avoirdupois are, with the exception, perhaps, of Hungarian red deer, considered unusually fine animals; indeed, Scotch deer of that weight (clean) are to-day next to unknown. How much, therefore, must the race have

FROM AN ANCIENT ILLUMINATION.

A «DEER DRIVE» OF THE DUKE OF COBURG.

degenerated when we read of stags killed by the above sportsman scaling over 850 pounds avoirdupois, and hear that he shot 4139 stags which weighed over 450 pounds! The antlers of these animals were in proportion to their bulk. Every sportsman knows that to-day red-deer antlers bearing more than fourteen tines are exceedingly rare. How one wishes one's self back in the elector's days, when one hears of great heads with thirty tines, and peruses his summary, according to which he bagged 39 stags of twenty points and upward, and 1735 deer of fourteen and upward!

The wild boars were also gigantic animals compared with their descendants of to-day, when a tusker weighing 250 pounds is considered a very big fellow. Of the 31,745 head bagged by the elector, 1583 scaled over 300 pounds, and the heaviest of all weighed close upon 650 pounds. The bears were also, for the European species, enormous, reminding one of the grizzly. The largest was «baited,» with two other bears, on the great square at Dresden in 1630, on the occasion of a royal marriage. He weighed 850 pounds. Of the 818 wolves, 41 must have been tremendous beasts, for they scaled over 120 pounds.

What these «baitings» were like is shown by the finely illuminated frontispiece of the volume of which we are speaking. It describes a very celebrated occasion of this kind, namely, the *Jagen* held on August 7, 1617, on the Dresden square, in honor of the Emperor Matthias's visit to that town. On that occasion—one of the great days of Dresden, a town which was then a little Paris as regards pleasure and art—there were baited and hunted, within the high palisades erected in the largest square, fifteen deer, ten wild boars, eight bears, and numerous smaller animals, like badgers, foxes, etc. Twenty-two years before, a similar «baiting» was held in the same town, and on that occasion two lions, two tigers, one panther, four bears, two wolves, four stags, and six wild boars tore one another to pieces, or were similarly served by packs of fierce hounds, amid the fanfares of three separate choruses of hunting-bugles and horns, and the cries of a vast multitude.

As an instance of the quantity of game killed in the «drives,» may be mentioned one held in the year 1613, where alone 672 stags were shot. At this drive over three thousand peasants were employed for three weeks, and they had to furnish four hundred vehicles—all, of course, without receiving any recompense, and to the serious injury of their farms, particularly then, when they had to render this most detested «service of the chase» during harvest-time. The lot of the peasantry must have been a very hard one in those feudal hunting-days. Their crops were entirely at the mercy of the deer and boar, and they were not allowed to fence their fields or to employ other means of keeping the game away. During the rutting-time of the deer, when stags will often attack persons, they did not even dare to defend themselves, lest the animal might receive injury. A burgomaster of a Hessian town was once attacked by a vicious stag in the outskirts of the town. The infuriated animal had already knocked down the worthy mayor, and would have promptly gored him to death had not an onlooker with a stout cudgel come to his assistance. The stag, however, was not to be intimidated, and with one thrust of his great antlers killed the man. At this juncture a town councilor took courage, and seeing the impending fate of the mayor, approached the stag, and killed him with a firelock. Unfortunately for him, the animal carried a fine head; so when the landgrave heard of it, the councilor was cast into prison and was, besides, sentenced to a heavy fine. Poaching in those days was a capital offense, and often the most cruel punishments were inflicted even for a first offense, such as branding on the cheek, loss of one eye, or of the right hand. Not all the temporal lords were, however, as cruel as certain ecclesiasts of high degree. Thus it is known that one archbishop of Salzburg caused a peasant who had killed a stag that was in the habit of visiting his corn-field to be sewn up in the skin of the hart, and torn to pieces by the pack rendered savage by being left foodless for twenty-four hours. There is also reason to fear that more than one wretched poacher shared Mazeppa's fate by being chained to a live stag which was then hunted by the hounds.

The stag was altogether the most highly prized animal of the chase; and his antlers, if they were of great size or showed any abnormity in their growth, were the most treasured trophies of the hunt. When potentates made one another presents, these usually consisted of some famous deer-head; for these Nimrods not only vied with one another in the quantity of game they laid low, but also regarding their collections of antlers, upon which enormous sums were spent. For the famous sixty-six-tined head killed in 1696 by the Elector of Brandenburg, and which is still preserved at the castle of Moritzburg, near Dresden, it is said that the Elector of Saxony gave a company of the tallest grena-

diers in his army. For an abnormal thirty-six-point head one of the dukes of Würtemberg gave a whole village, with its inhabitants, land, houses, and church, including even the parson's prebend, as the chronicler does not forget to mention. A duke of Pomerania offered for a celebrated thirty-two-tined head which he was anxious to have for his collection a sum which would correspond to $25,000 of our present money, and, what is more, his bid was refused. Upon the spots where great stags were killed monuments were erected; and in more than one instance monasteries and cloisters were founded in such localities, as well as in those where some great Nimrod had escaped mortal danger.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges, and pillage. One of them is in Moritzburg, the King of Saxony's historical hunting-castle, near Dresden; while in the celebrated gun-gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen, in an unrivaled show, the wonderfully inlaid arms used by the elector of whose doings the interesting shooting-list from which we have largely quoted gives such accurate account.

The great banqueting-hall of the castle of Moritzburg is one of the sights with which no doubt many a traveled reader has been charmed. It is a chamber of noble proportions—sixty-six feet long by thirty-four feet wide and thirty-eight feet high. On its otherwise unadorned white walls hang seventy-one pairs of magnificent antlers, which one may describe as the most famous of their kind in the world. Not a single one carries less than twenty-four tines, or is less than two hundred years old, while some are probably double that age.

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BANQUETING-HALL IN CASTLE MORITZBURG, CONTAINING THE FINEST COLLECTION OF STAG ANTLERS EXTANT.

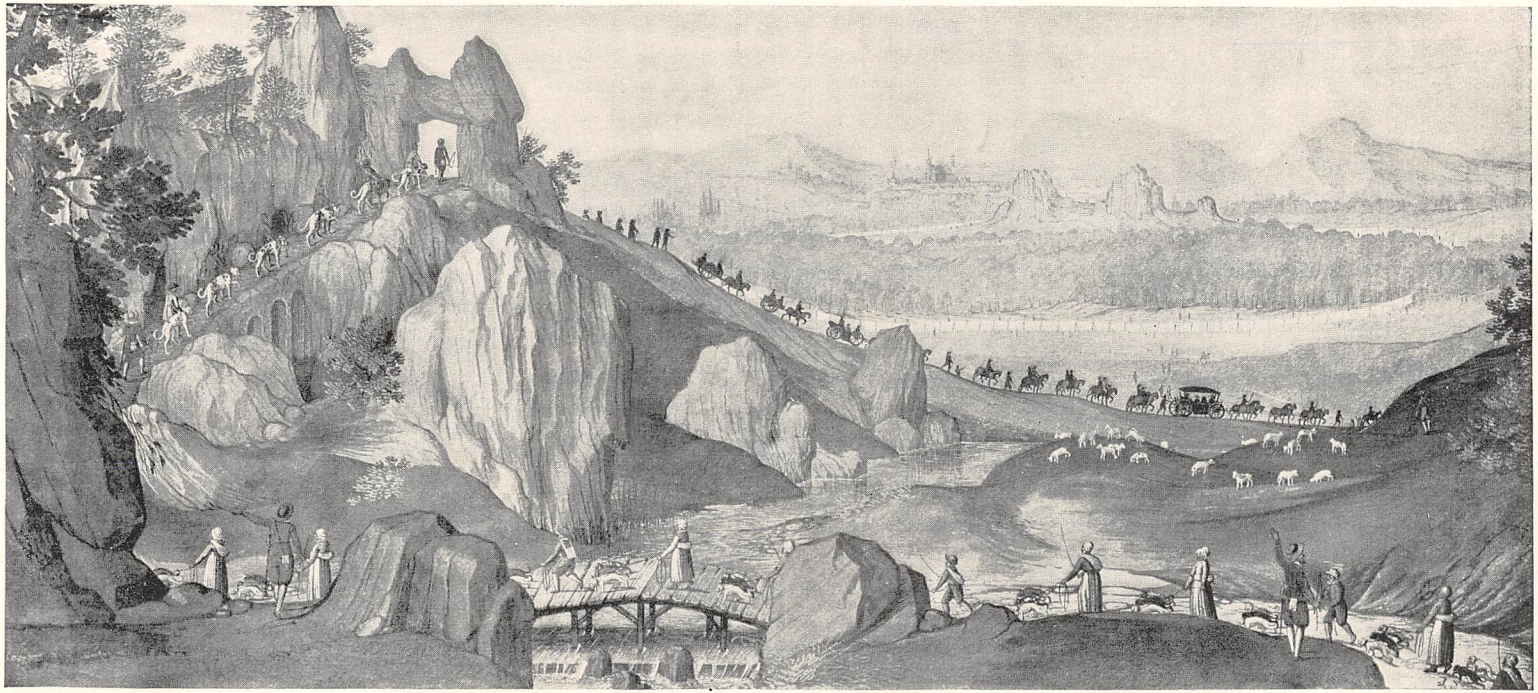
Like the ladies of the French court, many of the German ladies of high degree were passionately addicted to sport, the only difference being that instead of following the deer on horseback, they used the firelock, a cumbersome, unwieldy weapon. Several of the great heads looking down from the lofty walls of Moritzburg were brought down by fair hands. Thus one magnificent head is of a stag shot by Duchess Magdalen of Saxony in 1656, during the rutting-time. The animal weighed close upon six hundredweight; while a yet larger stag of twenty-six points, scaling 850 pounds, was killed by Princess Frederika of Saxe-Eisenach in 1693. This was, so far

as the writer's researches show, by far the heaviest stag ever brought to grass by lady's hand.

Maria of the Netherlands was a royal lady who not only could track her stag and follow him with the hound in leash in the most scientific manner, but, after shooting him, could gralloch her victim, a somewhat unusual performance for a lady's hand. After cutting open the deer and removing the intestines and stomach, the carcass had to be prepared for the ceremony of the *curée*. This was an ancient custom by which the assembled sportsmen, officials, keepers, and underlings of all degree, standing in a great circle about the slain one, paid homage to the dead monarch of the forest. Amid loud fanfares of the hunting-horns, and the ancient hunting-cries, some of which date back to heathen times, the master of the hunt approached his royal master or mistress, as the case might be, and bending on one knee, presented the right fore leg of the stag, cut off at the knee-joint. This ceremony was usually performed only over the body of the largest deer shot that day, or over the quarry bagged by an important guest. A custom which was invariably observed, and is still followed on all formal occasions at the courts of German princes, is the *Strecke*, or the parading of the game, as it might be translated. In this display of the day's bag the various animals were laid in a long line, strictly according to the rank of the sportsmen who killed them, those obtained by the highest in rank of course coming first. After the hunt was over, the assembled company, headed by the host, passed along the line, inspecting it, some minor ceremonies, to which we have no space to refer, being observed.

Wild boars, it may be mentioned, were still generally killed with the spear, a proceeding which was full of danger, and required great presence of mind and great physical strength. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this was a favorite sport, and strong and burly must have been the race that indulged in it. Of the «last knight,» as Emperor Maximilian I is often called, it is told that in the days of his lusty youth, armed only with his hanger, he used to creep on his hands and knees into the lair of the fiercest boar, and slay the animal. Of Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg it is told that once, single-handed, he killed a monster wild boar which measured seven feet three inches in length, and was five feet two inches high at the shoulder!

The hounds employed to track and bay wild boar were of the largest size; they were called English *dogges*, and had presumably a good deal of the mastiff about them, and high prices were paid for them. These hounds were furnished with regular armor made of the stoutest leather, thickly wadded, and underlaid with whalebone; but not even this always afforded protection against the formidable tusks of a great boar. Armored hounds were still used in the beginning of this century: thus at a court chasse in Würtemberg in 1812, out of a pack numbering 250 hounds, twenty, which were used only when large boars had to be bayed, were furnished with the old-fashioned armor. At the period when «closed hunts»—that is, when great masses of game were collected in inclosures—were all the fashion, it became necessary to catch these beasts in the forest, and then to transport them in covered cars to the inclosure. This often occupied hundreds of men for weeks, and the catching was accomplished by driving the boars into pits filled with water, and catching them about the neck with long tongs-shaped instruments as they tried to land. To drive the animals on such occasions only ordinary hounds were used. The quantity of game collected for a great court chasse was often enormous. At one held by Duke Charles of Würtemberg, in the last century, there were collected 6000 head of red and roe deer and 2600 wild boars. The damage done by wild boars to crops was exceedingly great, and the complaints of the peasantry of the last-mentioned country, and of the duchy of Hesse, where this species of game stood for centuries in the special regard of the rulers, betray a hardly credible condition of things. When Duke Charles Alexander, of the former duchy, died, in the first decade of the last century, the outcry about these damages was so serious, and open rebellion so imminent, that the new duke ordered that the game should be reduced. The reduction consisted in shooting 19,567 head of red deer and wild boars; but the complaints were not stopped by it, as there is ample proof in contemporary documents, where indignant surprise is expressed at the audacity of «those wretched knaves of peasants» for daring to interfere with the «good pleasure of our august sovereign»! Another hardship which pressed cruelly on the peasantry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the «service of the chase,» to which brief reference has already been made. It is easy to fancy to one's self with what intense hatred all the lower classes looked upon game and upon the degenerated



FROM AN ANCIENT ILLUMINATION.

RETURNING FROM THE CHASE.

aspect of what these splendor-loving potentates chose to call «noble sport.»

The dusty shelves of musty old archives, where the writer, after doing battle with the accumulated cobwebs of several generations, has spent many a busy day, have revealed dozens of quaint instances of devotion to the chase shown by grizzly Nimrods of olden days—instances which might be termed a regular worship of the cult of which Diana was the prescribed goddess. Thus of one hard-drinking landgrave, of whom it was said that the Evil One had stood godfather to him, and who would never let a «black coat,» or priest, approach him, we read that whenever he passed certain great heads killed by himself and hung in the corridors of his castle, he would doff his hat, and insist that all the gentlemen of his suite should pay similar homage to «God's noblest creation.» Another, Duke William the Red of Würtemberg, would order great triumphal arches, which were adorned with figures representing Diana and her attendant nymphs, to be erected in his forest, and by means of his extraordinarily efficient *équipage de chasse* the deer would be forced to run under these arches, where rosaries made of large wooden beads, and of the orthodox number, were thrown over their antlers. «Thus prepared for death,» as the account from which this is quoted says, «the stags would rush to meet it at the hand of the royal hunter.»

With men of this stamp the chase took precedence of everything else, and the most urgent affairs of state were neglected, or had to bide the time the lord could spare later. So when the deputation of great Bohemian nobles came to offer the crown of their country to Elector John George I of Saxony, the mighty Nimrod of whose prowess the enormous bags we mentioned spoke so eloquently, he sent word that if the deputation wished to see him they would have to come to his shooting-lodge; for during «the rutting-time of stags he could not well be expected to absent himself from that locality.» His answer to their offer of a king's crown was equally that of a sportsman in whose eyes the chase was the only consideration in life. He refused the offer, so one is told, because the Bohemian stags were not as large or as plentiful as his Saxon deer.

Bears were no longer very frequent in Germany in the seventeenth century. The 102 representatives which figure in the shooting-list of the Elector John George I in forty-five years were, we may well suppose, obtained only by dint of the greatest exertion and constant watchfulness on the part of an army of huntsmen. Bears' paws, we find from numerous records, were frequently sent as presents from one court to another, as they were considered the greatest delicacy. The usual manner in which bruin was hunted was to track him with hounds and have the forest surrounded by beaters. When the hounds had bayed the beast, men like Maximilian, or other fearless sportsmen, would approach their quarry in the same way that they would a wild boar—namely, with the spear; but this was not every royal hunter's business, and in most cases we may take it for granted that the firelock ended bruin's days. The old custom according to which the head of the bear and the right fore paw belonged to the duke, while the left paw was the perquisite of the priest who accompanied the hunting-party to administer the last sacrament to those injured in the fray, betokens that it was considered a fairly riskful sport. Of accidents there are, of course, numerous records; for firearms were not only clumsy, but much less effective than modern arms of precision. One of the worst accidents in bear-hunts of which record has come down to us occurred in a hunt of Henry IV of France, when a wounded bear killed seven beaters who could not get out of his way.

Bear-baiting, as has already been shown, was a very favorite amusement; the bears were often matched against other beasts, among them the lion, the rare aurochs, and wolves. When fights with the latter were arranged, a large, heavy tub filled with water was put in the middle of the arena, and into this receptacle the worried bear promptly got, and from it he defended himself by a free use of his powerful paws, affording thereby much amusement to the audience. It was not always easy to induce the bear, if he remained victor, to return to his cage. One of the means employed to bring this about was to dress up a man in the guise of a dragon, with the flames of torches issuing from mouth and eyes, and thus frighten the bear, and so induce him to retreat in the desired direction.

All great lords had bears in walled-in spaces in their castles, and in more than one this custom is kept up to this day. For instance, at the *Festung* at Coburg a family of bears occupy the four-hundred-year-old *Zwinger*, or bear-garden, with its ancient grilles and trap-doors. Predecessors of the present occupants were two hundred years ago the heroes of an amusing incident which illustrated woman's courage in unexpected

FROM AN ANCIENT ILLUMINATION.

THE PARADE OF GAME.

PAINTING BY SCHNEIDER.

THE COURAGEOUS DUCHESS OF COBURG PACIFYING THE BEARS.

emergencies. The bears had somehow got loose, and made their appearance in the banqueting-hall, where the ducal family and court were at dinner. The only person who preserved her presence of mind was the duchess, who, taking a large platter of sweetmeats, of which she knew the bears were very fond, went toward them, and thus pacified them. A large fresco in the castle hall represents the scene shown on the opposite page.

One of the most singular innovations was the sport of fox-tossing, in which the court ladies took a prominent part. This fox-tossing consisted, as our illustration shows and the name indicates, in tossing animals into the air by means of canvas or cord tossing-slings, which were narrow bands some twenty-five feet long, held at both ends by the two tossers. This game was usually played in the large courtyards of royal castles, about which a high canvas screen was stretched so as to prevent the animals escaping. As the terrified foxes or other game were running wildly about the inclosure, leaping over the slings, the center of which rested on the ground, it behooved the tossers to jerk the animals into the air as forcibly as their strength permitted. Skilled male tossers could toss a fox twenty-four feet high. To prolong the sport the ground was covered with a thick layer of sand or sawdust, so as not to kill the wretched animal at the first toss. A great number of couples—generally a lady and gentleman were partners—could participate at the same time, and the quantity of game thus slaughtered on great occasions was something almost beyond belief, the rivalry between the separate couples giving additional zest to the cruel amusement. At the Saxon court, which was then the most pleasure-loving one in Germany, Elector Frederick Augustus, who subsequently became King of Poland, and who is perhaps better known as Augustus the Strong, was the first to introduce this amusement. This monarch, while mentally one of the most vacillating of rulers, was physically one of the strongest men of any age. Considering that he could hold standing on the palm of his outstretched hand a fully equipped cavalryman, it can hardly surprise one to hear that when he engaged in fox-tossing he would hold his end of the tossing-sling with one finger, and notwithstanding that the two men who held the other end were the strongest to be found, they were no match for him. It was he, also, who introduced heavier animals, such as two-year-old wild boars and even wolves. At a famous fox-tossing in Dresden there were tossed 687 foxes, 533 hares, 34 badgers, 21 wildcats, and at the end 34 young wild boars and 3 wolves were turned into the inclosure, «to the great delectation of the cavaliers, but to the terror of the noble ladies, among whose hoop-skirts the wild boars committed great havoc, to the endless mirth of the assembled illustrious company.» That injuries on such occasions were not infrequent need hardly be mentioned, and more than one tosser was marked for life by the claws of a wildcat or the tusks of a young boar. The former animals, as one writer remarks, «do not give a pleasing kind of sport, for if they cannot bury their claws and teeth in the faces or legs of the tossers, they cling to the tossing-slings for dear life, and it is next to impossible to give one of these animals a skilful toss.»

At some of the minor German courts fox-tossing remained long in favor. Landgravine Emily of Hesse, an ancestress of the present grand-ducal house of Hesse-Cassel, was a great patroness of the sport; but it was left to Duke Louis of Brunswick to add a further element of grotesque absurdity to this amusement by inventing masked fox-tossings. Not only did the players put on bizarre costumes, dressing themselves up as Dianas, sprites of the wood, nymphs, hobgoblins, centaurs, sphinxes, and other creatures of mythology, but these master-buffoons did the same thing to the animals they tossed. By means of cardboard, bits of gaudy cloth, and tinsel, the wretched foxes and hares—these latter being the favorites for this purpose—were dressed up in the most fantastic manner imaginable, unpopular personages or political foes being represented in as lifelike a manner as possible. At the end of this farcical buffoonery, when the layer of sand in the great courtyard was sodden with the blood of the wretched hares and foxes, the whole company of courtiers, cavaliers, and noble ladies finished off the day's «sport» by a torchlight masquerade through the rambling park of the château; or they took part in some bombastic stage-play, where they represented themselves as gods and goddesses, or personified the great warriors of history or heroes of mythology. It was indeed a period meriting the name *baroque* in sport, as well as in art, manners, and customs.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

AN ARGONAUT.

UGH HOWELL lay in a hospital ward, drawing the first long breath of consciousness after the horror of a railroad accident. He remembered, just as they were surging around a curve, he had heard the sudden grinding of the brakes, then the car-wheels pounding along on the ties, followed by a numbing crash, through which he had a vague sense of quietly sinking into bottomless depths of gloom, with the sound of escaping steam gradually growing fainter in his ears. Now he was surrounded by white curtains, which the breeze from an open window fanned to and fro. He became aware, too, of a sense of woodenness as to his right side. Other than that he was comfortable, peaceful. A calm-faced nun passed quietly but swiftly along the corridor at the foot of his cot, carrying a steaming bowl. Two young men at a table near him were talking quietly. Hugh could hear them distinctly.

«We thought,» one of them said, «that he was getting along nicely, but suddenly yesterday afternoon he took a turn for the worse, and died. It was a most interesting case. The upper part of the stomach must have been completely paralyzed by the shock.»

Here Hugh tried to lift his own arm, but found it stiff and insensible to his will.

«Paralyzed,» he repeated apprehensively to himself.

«Must have been paralyzed from the first,» the young doctor went on, «while the lower part went on performing its functions. The line of demarcation could have been drawn to a hair just where the boiler fell on him. There was a well-defined discoloration eighteen inches wide at least. It was a beautiful case!»

Hugh made a slight noise, and when one of the physicians looked toward him he beckoned him with his eyes.

«Paralyzed?» he repeated. «That my fix?»

«Oh, you 're all right,» the doctor said, with his customary professional air of reassurance. «You 'll be out of this all right yet. You 're smashed up a bit, though. You 've been out of your head for a week.»

Hugh passed his hand over his brow in a troubled sort of way. He noticed then for the first time that he had the use of his left hand, and he looked at it curiously.

«Right side out of kilter?» he asked, unconsciously dropping into the physician's semi-professional tone.

«Yes,» the physician answered cheerfully.

«How long have I been here?» Hugh queried.

«Week,» the doctor said, moving away. «Want some chicken-broth?»

«How long have I got to stay here, and where am I?» Hugh queried anxiously.

«Oh,» said the doctor, as he drew out his watch and absently consulted it, «this is Newberg, California, and you 'll be out in a month unless there 's some new complication in your case. Only you must keep quiet.»

«Well, as there 's nothing else to do, I guess I ought to manage that,» Hugh commented grimly.

All his present existence seemed to him made up of the regular round of the hospital, the quiet and the restless patients, occasional groans of pain, an occasional tune hummed by a convalescent, and the movements of the kindly sisters who kept the place clean and cheerful with innately motherly touches.

Outside, the bright sunlight, the quiet square of green, and the trees, seen through the window, seemed mockery, and smote his senses with a feeling almost of physical pain.

He was thirty years old. For ten years he had been in a wholesale cloth-importing house. During this period he had married a pretty accountant who had been in the establishment before him. They had kept house in an unpretentious flat. Life had been sweet, bitter, and commonplace to them in turn, as is the experience of most. They had lost their only child, and later Hugh had lost his position through the failure of the firm for which he worked. These experiences, the most momentous of their lives, had left them with a sincere affection for each other, but with little sentiment between them. They had settled some time since into the sober approval and forbearance with each other which is often the basis of a peaceful domestic life.

Hugh had plenty of time now to dwell on these things, as he lay there with the sole immediate object of keeping still. In earlier

years he would have been vastly impatient at such a prospect, and would have telegraphed immediately for his wife to bear him company. Now he found himself wondering why he should trouble her. Besides, it would take all their little savings to bring her to him, and why should he demand such a sacrifice?

Since he had lost his position they had lived in a country place left by Bessie's parents, and she had supported them by keeping a few boarders. This had been very trying to Hugh Howell, for he was not the sort of man to live contentedly upon his wife's earnings. He had really moved all his powers toward securing another position, but luck had been against him, and now the failure had driven him westward as a last resort.

From the first of his consciousness he had known that in all probability Bessie thought him dead. A newspaper account had by some mistake printed his name among the black-lettered list of the killed. He was shocked inexpressibly at the first instant of finding it there, and his first impulse had been to send at once a message to his wife. He thought of her horror and grief at reading the account; then it occurred to him that it had all happened days before. «She must have read it long before now,» he thought. «She thinks I 'm dead. Well, better so for Bess,» he said bitterly as he thought of himself wounded and maimed, perhaps for life. In the course of the day, when the doctor came on his regular round, Hugh looked up at him eagerly.

«Doctor,» he said, «I 'm likely not to get out of this whole, eh?»

«Well, old chap,» the doctor said, «I can't promise you much use of that right side. The arm seems done for. Still, of course there 's always hope in a paralytic case.»

«All right,» Hugh said, as he leaned back heavily. The doctor thought him apathetic.

After that Hugh lay desperately planning out his future. He would send no message to Bess beyond a copy of the newspaper to make sure she should read that account of the disaster.

«If I never get over this,»—looking at his limp, useless arm,—«she 's better off as it is. If I do, I 'll make it up to her.»

When he received his discharge from the hospital he went out with a crutch and a cane, without hope of prosperity and without interest in life, except to repeat to himself, «If I ever do get straight I 'll make it up to Bess.»

He found himself in a mining country. He had always had great interest in mineralogy; that had, in part, lured him to the West. In the days of his clerkship he had read the science during his leisure hours and evenings as a diversion.

In the mountains about Newberg he prospected, hobbling about among the newly staked claims, overturning stones with his cane, peering about the roots of the pines, and looking at the ore from the great lodes and deposits of promising-looking mineral discovered about him every day.

He kept glittering bits of good ore about him to compare with the mineral he found. Finally a lone prospector like himself offered him a partnership in a «grub-stake» out of his respect for the technical knowledge of ores that Hugh possessed. They spent the summer together, the «grub-stake» guaranteed by a supply-store where the prospector worked in winter-time. One of their claims seemed particularly promising. They worked about it what little they could, but a very slight depth brought them to rock that it was necessary to blast and drill. That required money, and they had none. There was no degree of certainty about the quality of the mineral, but they believed in it. When a chance to sell their claim offered, Hugh was particularly loath to part with the bit of hole, but his partner urged the sale. That would give them a little ready money, and they had no doubt of further success if they could only blast and drill. They sold out for eight hundred dollars, with lively hope of turning this at once into thousands. Then Hugh would go home for Bess, and she should come out in a palace-car, with a new gown for every day in the week, and no more work as long as she chose to fold her little hands. That should make up to her that her husband was crippled, and should atone for all the hardship of the past.

Six weeks after they had sold their claim the new owners had sunk a hundred feet, and they held the mine at eighty thousand dollars; they actually refused half that sum for it.

But alas! for the varying fortunes of a mining-camp: at the end of the season the prospects had proved disappointing. Winter found the tents gone, and only the log cabins with their mud chimneys overlooked the myriad deep, round holes about the hillside, caverns of a thousand hopes.

The next season Hugh drifted back to the deserted camp. He worked among the mines, sometimes finding a little suggestion of pay-ore, sometimes a tiny «pocket» of the pure metal.

Every spring-time after that found him there among the ruins.

It was twenty years before he went East to look for Bess. He was not a bonanza king then—only a miner; but a modestly productive «pocket» made the journey possible. At forty-five he had outlived the paralysis, and had meant every summer since then to go East and see his wife. He longed to know if she was well and comfortable, but he hesitated to go without the reward he had planned for her, and fortune had lurked outside his grasp. Still he was not wholly poor; life would be comfortable, he thought, if Bess were only there to make his miner's home cheery. He never doubted her faithfulness to his memory. He had never been disloyal to his dream of returning for her. He found that she still lived in the little country place. She had always lived there, working hard, but keeping the place orderly, peaceful, and comfortable.

He wrote to her of his hurt, his journeying, and his long, weary toil hoping to bring home a fortune to her. He exchanged his miner's denim for a new suit of cloth, awkward and ready-made, with deep-set creases. He felt entirely strange in it; it marked the beginning of his long homeward journey.

He found Bess so round and matronly that his fancy, his memory, refused to realize that it was she. He went unannounced to the cottage, and found her with sleeves rolled up and a churning in progress in the middle of the freshly washed kitchen floor. She meant that Hugh, coming back as if from the dead, should find things decent, a fresh churning done, a baking finished. She worked intensely getting things in shape. She gave her narrow domestic mind to these things, to the exclusion of sighs or takings on, though she brushed away a tear now and then as she worked, thinking of his pathetic life. Beyond this, if she had given herself time from her work, she would have been bewildered, her life had so shaped itself to its narrow groove.

As she turned with a water-bucket in her hand, Hugh stood in the doorway. His hair was iron-gray, his face weather-beaten; she hardly knew him, but stepped back, grasping the bucket with both hands.

«Is it you, Hugh?» she gasped.

«Guess it is, Bess,» he said simply; and taking the water-bucket, he solemnly shook her by the hand. Then he said, «I'll bring the water.»

«No,» she said; «sit down, Hugh; I 'm used to it»; and regaining the bucket, she brushed him aside.

Half bewildered, he watched her as she swept quickly down the willow-bordered path.

«Just as spry as ever,» he said absently, half admiring, half wondering. A pet calf called to her from its inclosure. Chickens hurried along as though sure of her interest in them. She paused for a second, with nervous care, to tuck up a wandering spray of a blackberry-bush.

Hugh watched her intently as she bustled about putting a savory dinner on the table. At her suggestion he had drawn a chair beyond the line of her activity.

«You 'll rest quiet there,» she said in a half-motherly fashion. It seemed to her as though this pilgrim had been wandering ceaselessly all the years of his absence, and she urged pityingly that he must be weary.

After dinner was cleared away she was out bareheaded in the yard, calling to the pet calf, feeding the fowls, and keeping some greedy turkeys at bay while the small chicks ate.

Then she returned to the house and made herself especially neat. She wore a tidy wrapper, and tied about her ample waist her finest muslin apron with elaborately knitted lace. It served only on great occasions, but she was doing honor to Hugh's return.

She felt very strange. Her nervous care was evident, but she strove to seem composed and natural as she finally settled herself by an open window opposite the wanderer.

«Well, Hugh,» she said, as if waiting for him to pronounce away the strangeness of it all. He told her then of all the weary years: of his illness, his fleeting glimpse of fortune, and his final settling down in California.

«And now,» he concluded simply, «you 'd better pick up and go back with me. The claim won't get on very long without me.»

«Why, Hugh,» she said, dropping her knitting to her lap, «I can't. Why, I could n't think of it. Who would see to things here?»

He urged her to sell her home, her fowls, her pets. She shook her head sadly. She was native to the soil, and it was impossible for her to think of any such transplanting.

«No, Hugh,» she said; «here 's where I belong, and here 's where I must stay. Why, I've picked out the place, on the rise yonder, where I want to be buried.»

«Well, Bess,» he said at last, slowly, «I 'd considered a lot about having you slick up things out yonder,»—his gaze wandered admiringly but unconsciously about the decent

kitchen,—«but I reckon I 'll have to make shift without you if you will have it so.»

They were bound only by the ties of old association. Their native loyalty still held them to those ties, but beyond that they were strangers.

Hugh Howell left again for the distant gold-fields. It was beyond his imagination that he could give up his plans of life and remain an encumbrance in Bessie's home; and so again he started out, an old and weary pilgrim, to seek the chary gifts of fortune. He shook her hand almost tenderly at parting.

«Good-by, Bess,» he said. «When I strike it rich I 'll come back and—» he waved his hand about, vaguely intimating a desire to lift her out of her life of petty care.

Her hand shaded moist eyes as she watched his figure down the dusty road, for she saw that his shoulders were rounded and stooped, and that he leaned on his staff of manzanita.

Marie Frances Upton.

INHERITANCE.

WE wondered why he always turned aside
When mirth and gladness filled the brimming days.
Who else so fit as he for pleasure's ways?
Men thought him frozen by a selfish pride;
But that his voice was music none denied,
Or that his smile was like the sun's warm rays.
One day upon the sands he spoke in praise
Of swimmers who were buffeting the tide:
«The swelling waves of life they dare to meet.
I may not plunge where others safely go.
Unbidden longings in my pulses beat.»
O blind and thoughtless world! you little know
That ever round this hero's steadfast feet
Surges and tugs the dreaded undertow.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

«SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.»

NOW all the cloudy shapes that float and lie
Within this magic globe we call the brain
Fold quite away, condense, withdraw, refrain,
And show it tenantless—an empty sky.
Return, O parting visions, pass not by;
Nor leave me vacant still, with strivings vain,
Longing to grasp at your dim garment's train,
And be drawn on to sleep's immunity.
I lie and pray for fancies hovering near;
Oblivion's kindly troop, illusions blest;
Dim, trailing phantoms in a world too clear;
Soft, downy, shadowy forms, my spirit's nest;
The warp and woof of sleep; till, freed from fear,
I drift in sweet enchantment back to rest.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

VII.

ERTRAND DE POULENGY grasped the handle of a chain which hung beside the closed gates of the Augustine convent to ring for admission, when one gate-leaf opened, and Pierre d'Arc came out. Made resplendent by the dauphin as one of the household of the pucelle, in hose and tunic of new cloth, burnished cuirass, with hat and plume, with leather shoes so light that his feet seemed winged, with hatchet in girdle and sword hung at his side, Pierre's handsome figure was conspicuous on the street. The narrow Rue des Halles had received its fullness of morning light, and every round small stone of the paving shone warm and dry. There was a bright grayness about Tours even in cloudy weather, but when the sun shone out it was a dazzling city full of joyful stir.

«Eh! I was about to demand you of the friars,» said Bertrand; «everything is so forward that the troops will move to-morrow instead of next day. The pucelle is about to ride out and review them. The horses are at the door, and officers are waiting to escort her. Make haste, sluggard! You fare too soft with the churchmen.»

«I have some excuse in this half-healed cut that I still carry; but I stopped also to confession this morning,» said Pierre. «Since Brother Pasquerel has been appointed my sister's confessor—and glad I am it is that good man one can love instead of some others I have seen in this convent—he has fixed his eyes on me in a way I cannot bear. It does go against me to be righteous, Bertrand. I cannot stand up to it. How do you stand it yourself?»

«I ought to be a friar,» responded Bertrand, with irony; «a monastic life would bring out virtues that are now hid in me.»

Pierre rested his arm on his friend's shoulder as they walked. «You are not the man you were, lad; your cheek has thinned and your eye has grown deep. Sometimes I have qualms myself in this strange country. If it were not for the fighting ahead, I could wish we were all children again, watching the cattle hid in the island.»

«It is the new squire that saps my cheek. By St. Martin! I am tired of these multitudes of men. At Chinon we must have a page—one of these fellows with a quill behind his ear, but quick with his sword and his cursed tongue—you have seen the varlet; and now we have the equipage of a noble added—two heralds, two servants, a steward, a confessor, and another squire. The heralds, the servants, the steward, and the confessor I am, by prayer and fasting, able to embrace,» said Bertrand, speaking with bitter deliberation; «but damn the other squire!»

Pierre turned his laughing gray eyes affectionately on his friend's bunch of light hair. Bertrand's hair jutted heavily forward, breaking into a curled mass at the front. From crown to nape he was shorter than from forehead to chin. It was the habit of his hat to creep backward, uplifting its edge like a halo.

«Lad, I do love thee, and I invoke the saints that my sister may not reform thee as well as the troops. Concerning the following they give her, she has no desire for it. The dauphin does it to show her honor, Brother Pasquerel tells me. It is the customary suite of a person of dignity in arms. Soldiers and mercenaries might hold her in slight regard if she had less.»

«From a good knight like De Metz of Novelopont I can take commands,» pursued Bertrand; «but this squire, who is put over me because he is older, he is my chief trouble; I have no other.»

Pierre tightened his arm on Bertrand. They were not the only pair moving linked in a half-embrace. Tours was alive with roaring fellows, even at that morning hour inviting everybody to go where drinking was good, for pure joy that the troops were to march so soon. They walked in the center of the paved street, giving way to companies of

horsemen, who forced them often to the doors of overhanging house-fronts. Shouts and the clink of armor and the rattle of bits filled the town. From the direction of the river-wall came that tinkle of hammers on metal which told that all the armorers of Tours were working all hours of the day until late spring twilight, and the credit of Charles of France among their craft was unlimited. The miraculous maid was now security enough for her sovereign. She had all the strength of heaven behind her. Men ran out of their shops, and women leaned out of their windows, to see her ride by in steel armor so burnished that it was as white as light, her spirited horse, which had been given her by one of the nobles that now flocked to court, controlled by a skilled hand. Every day she practised arms and tilted at quintain, a figure so balanced that it must be struck fairly or overthrow the rider. And there was also money to pay now for the equipment of an army. Troops were gathering at Blois, the next important town between Tours and Orléans. Yolande of Sicily had found the open hand of Jacques Cœur of Bourges more generous than ever on account of the maid's fame.

At the western end of the street stood St. Martin's great church, flanked on one corner by a square gray pile called the tower of Charlemagne. Its flying buttresses framed segments of a gauzy sky. Bertrand and Pierre threaded their way around its side and beyond the western portal. Within sight was the town house of Jehan Dupuy, the seignior of Roche-Saint-Quentin,[1] whose wife had guardianship of the maid in Tours. The seignior of Roche-Saint-Quentin was Queen Yolande's man of affairs. His wife had been the playmate and friend of Marie of Anjou. The dauphin thought of no better place for his approved agent while the troops were gathering than the house of this faithful vassal.

Horses and varlets waited about the large portal. Before ascending the stairs to the upper room where Jeanne received people who came to see her, Pierre had formed what he wished to say to his friend. He had a large unconsciousness of self. Two or three days had accustomed him to military dress. His good will extended to all the human race, and the curious stare of the waiting servants passed over him without his feeling it. He bent his head closer to the other's ear; his dark-lashed eyes were serious.

«Bertrand, if you had not been with Jehannette when she left Vaucouleurs, nothing could have kept me from following her directly. I did not know the other men; but I knew you, and it made my mind quite easy. Let the dauphin put an army of squires, pages, and servants about her; who can ever be trusted as you are?»

The shorter man looked up at Pierre, his face flushing almost to tears, and whitening instantly until the skin looked drawn on his features.

«My spirit is breaking, Pierrelo. It grows worse and worse with me. I 'm glad you 've come to put some manhood into me again. When we were in Poitiers, and people yet doubted her, and she had to sit and answer all kinds of puzzling questions put by learned men, and there was a chance of her being turned back from the dauphin's service, I thought my heart would break if they refused her; but now that she has been accepted, and everybody is crowding after the pucelle, I cannot endure that. Take me to some convenient place, and knock me on the head with your ax, Pierrelo. I am a poor creature.»

«You are the best fellow I ever knew,» declared Pierre; «and when we have something to do besides waiting in lodgings for the march upon Orléans, it will be better with you.»

They entered with the freedom of attendants the large upper chamber where Jeanne was busy with officers, and the lady of Roche-Saint-Quentin sat by with her embroidery. Pierre's figure fell into the attitude of waiting. He folded his arms, and watched his sister's back and the short hair flying above her tunic. He had noticed that her language was softened, but there was change in her which life among the courtly and learned could not make in a few weeks. She was now the strangely commissioned virgin of war, whose business was larger than he could yet comprehend. Yet when he had come into Tours, sick and sore, beside Brother Pasquerel, and met her riding with the young Duc d'Alençon on a prancing horse which that nobleman had given her, shining in her burnished armor through the midst of a company like a pageant, she cried to her brother, «Oh, Pierrelo!» and spurred up close to throw her mailed arms around his neck. She was his same dear maid, but with every motion of this new spirit showing in her face. Pierre had no traffic with heaven himself, except in the heartiest and most animal way, and he felt astounded by the solid results of visions. For he had expected, at the best, little more than permission to march on foot with his sister to Orléans, and indulgence to break the head of any man who insulted a maid-at-

[1] M. Henri Destréguil, Tours.

arms; but he found her the autocrat of an army, dictating with the power of the church to old soldiers.

One of the two with whom she conferred was a courtier, a tall, thin-nosed man, who said little, but examined her with constant scrutiny. He leaned against the wall, holding his plumed cap at his side, and crossing his feet, with one long shoe resting on its point. It was his friend who talked—a short and bristling man, whose person seemed compressed lengthwise to enormous strength. This was Étienne de Vignolles, who always spoke of himself as La Hire, and never claimed his particular body and soul with the pronoun I. The two men were inseparable. In all their experience of war, it was the first time they had been moved by the thrill of a young voice declaring in their ears:

«We must clear the camps of sin. If we are to be terrible to the enemy, it must be through religion. Can God go before an army that continually blasphemes his name? When I rode among the troops yesterday, and forbade their cursing, they said, ‹If Messire La Hire will stop it, we will stop it also.›»

«The varlets felt safe in promising that,» remarked La Hire, winking aside at his tall friend. «La Hire hath the best name in France for a plump oath that fills the mouth from jowl to jowl and tongue to roof; and it doth taste as sweet as meat, pucelle.»

«La Hire would burst if he could not swear,» said the tall knight.

«Yea; Poton knows La Hire well. Reform Poton de Xantrailles. He is a mannerly man, and would repay the labor it cost to make him a Christian.»

«I often curse the bad habits I learn of La Hire,» said the tall knight.

«But he is a bride to me,» declared La Hire. «La Hire would be glad to curse for Poton and himself both, and save Poton the sin.»

«You must not swear.» Jeanne's voice was silver, but it went through hearers like iron.

«Oh, pucelle, do let La Hire swear! It is impossible—» the stout warrior threw his hands from side to side. «La Hire was born swearing, as other babes were born squalling, and he must swear.»

«You can say ‹*En nom Dé*,›» suggested Jeanne, «which is the same as a prayer in my country.»

«Oh, if La Hire began with the name of God, he would never stop while there was a saint left in the calendar. Let him swear, pucelle. He can jarnedieu an Englishman speechless, though with their poor rough language the English do swear as well as they can.»

«No; you shall not have leave even to jarnedieu in the army of God. If swear you must, swear by this rod I hold in my hand. No harm can come of swearing by a baton carried by a maid.»

«Swear by nothing but a stick when heaven is full of good, mouth-filling stuff! Oh, pucelle!» groaned the culprit. «La Hire would not lay a stick in thy way, but thou hast put one in his. Oh, by my baton!»

He turned like a bull in distress toward the two young men, grinning in wrinkles of sun-hardened flesh; and Jeanne turned also, laughing, but with a rainbow laugh made partly of tears. The entreaty swimming in her eyes, and the swelling of her innocent throat, brought La Hire to the baton as no fanatic command could have done. In his heart he did revere her as a saintly child. She moved before the troops, a mysterious presence lent for a purpose. There was at that time such brutal license in the camps of Europe as gentler races are now incapable of. «Men-at-arms,» says a chronicler, «resembled mercenaries badly paid by the king. Rape, incendiarism, assassination, cost them little; blasphemy cost them nothing.» Yet such men had their adorations. The habits of the pucelle's life were talked of among them. She would not receive or have speech with anybody after sunset, and a woman always slept in the same chamber with her. The lady of Roche-Saint-Quentin remained beside her, except when she rode out to practise horsemanship in the sight of the troops.

Jeanne's armor lay piled ready upon a table, where the sun struck it, making bosses of fire, and turning the many diminishing plates of the fingers into gauntlets of sparkles. She put herself directly in the hands of her squire to be armed, but Bertrand had not taken up a piece when she remembered to summon the men after her through a door at the end of the room. It led into one of the carved cabinets of that period, a narrow place, with one entire side of leaded glass, containing a long bench or table. On this was stretched a banner of the white linen then so uncommon in France that garments of it were considered treasures of royalty. On the surface lying uppermost was painted a figure like our Lord's, seated on a rainbow, with clouds underfoot, holding the globe in his hands. The name «Jhesus» was emblazoned in letters of gold. Jeanne lifted the banner in both hands and displayed the other side, where two kneeling angels each offered the Virgin a lily. Golden fleurs-de-lis sprinkled the white ground, and the name «Maria» shone

there. It was to be supported half its length by a rod along the top fitted into a spear.

«Here is my standard,» said Jeanne; «it has been painted exactly as it was commanded. And the daughter of Messire Paure,[1] the painter, has helped me with the needlework.»

De Xantrailles examined the work with his mocking courtier's smile, and said to her:

«It is a pity to lose hands from the tapestry that can set stitches like these.»

«There are enough women left in France to sew and spin,» answered Jeanne, seriously. «Though I thank God my mother taught me to handle needle and distaff as well as any maid in our valley.»

La Hire took between finger and thumb the sacred fringe edging the banner, which Bertrand looked at without touching; but Pierre's eyes went past it to a maid sitting at the end of the room stitching a white pennon. She was the demoiselle he had seen in the cave house at Loches.

Pierre was not bold enough to claim her notice, and she sat without lifting a glance from her needlework, small hairs above her ears stirring in the air which came through an open pane. Hid like something precious in this inner room, she held herself aloof from all the men alike; but when Jeanne approached her, the pair talked eagerly together in familiar tenderness that warmed Pierre's imagination. He was able to picture to himself their hours of stitching and talking in this nest of carved wood and glass overlooking an old garden, while the lady of Roche-Saint-Quentin sat guarding them in the outer room. How a painter who had accepted from the dauphin twenty-five livres tournois for painting this standard could be the father of a demoiselle puzzled Jeanne's brother less than it would have puzzled a courtier. For Pierre neither poverty nor rank existed. Enough to eat and to wear, hills, valleys, and cattle for a possession, and vineyards as well, had been the rule of his life. There was no superior to bow to except the curé, and one bowed to the curé for religion's sake only. The divine right of kings was then part of every man's creed, and if the dauphin had crossed his path, he would have dropped to his knees before that earthly deity; but Pierre knew his sovereign only by hearsay.

«This is Pierrelo,» said Jeanne, showing him to her friend; «he is almost cured of the wound he got in Loches.»

[1] «Her standard was executed after her instructions by a Scotch painter, James Power, resident in Tours.» —MARIUS SEPT.

It seemed to Pierre like a story of fairy work that he should meet this demoiselle in Tours, and it gave him a sense of greater things to come; for towns even in the same kingdom were then as remote from one another as continents now are. He thought about her all that day, and the few words she spoke to him as if she had forgotten feeding him bread and watered wine at Loches. The Scots were a cold people; but when he took opportunity to ask his sister more about her, riding through the camp, he found that the Scot's daughter was also French.

The Loire, the longest river in France, was then Charles's northern boundary, and Tours is on the south bank. The troops were to march along the north shore and join the main army at Blois. They had camped in the vineyard country, a good league on their way. Provisions and cattle, which Touraine was sending for the revictualing of Orléans, streamed all day along the road leading to camp; for the convoy was to move next daybreak.

Pierre loved the Loire better than any other sight in Tours. It was a stream of promise coming down from Orléans, the city of battle. The full volume of spring rolled in its bed. Scarcely a shallow was left in the wide expanse, though no river inclined more to shy around rocks, or pay its transparent silver pieces over shelves of gravel. There were meadows within its ancient barriers. An embankment along its northern shore from Blois past Tours to Angers had existed since Carlovingian times, and the mighty river was further girdled in by a range of tower-like cliffs, where house doors, seen from the city, showed as dark rabbit-holes; for in this calcareous rock people had burrowed when the Romans entered Gaul.

Pierre galloped back from the camp toward Tours about sunset, having been left by the pucelle to bring her a last word from the troops before the gates closed. The Loire was then a pink-and-yellow glory at its western disappearance. Shifting islands in the channel, gigantic compared with the channel of the Meuse, looked warm in the dispersing glow. Women in the cave houses yet appeared at their open doors, and the heads of peasants in the fields on the cliff-top sometimes showed against the sky. Nearly all the convoy had reached its destination for the night, though a few belated carts were yet to be seen, and the last straggling men were hastening on foot from Tours. As cliffs darkened and river dimmed, the cave houses closed, and became by means of their air-holes a long constellation of little stars.

Ahead of him, Pierre saw two men seizing a woman—a small creature carrying a basket on her arm, and wearing a peasant's cloak and petticoat and shoes, and couvre-chef over her head. She screamed when the men made their onset, but struggled against them without a word, a solitary creature between inhabited bluffs and lonesome river. Pierre spurred at them in such rage that he felt he should split them to the breast-bone. Something about the timid figure reminded him of Mengette. But they dropped her cloak and took to their heels in dismay, for men of the camp already began to know him.

«It is the brother of the pucelle!»

He wheeled to chase them, but thought better of it, and reined in his horse and leaped off. The woman had picked up her cloak. She threw it over her tumbled bright hair and head-cover, shuddering away from Pierre's side, while he had not a word to say, for the fading sky showed him that she was the demoiselle Power. At that moment she was the safest woman in Touraine.

The demoiselle tried to laugh, her under lip still quivering. Pierre saw how young she was. The hennin and feminine hardy-coat had given her dignity which she lacked in peasant clothes. These garments brought her close to him, as if there had been old acquaintance. His passion for this half-foreigner began then, with the Loire and the twinkling cliffs and evening sky as its witnesses.

«I am much beholden to the brother of the pucelle,» she said when she could command her breath.

«Let me lift you to the saddle,» Pierre urged; «there be other varlets on the road drunker than the last.»

«No; they will note me more on the saddle than on the ground.»

«But I will walk beside the horse's head, demoiselle.»

«In that case they would pelt me with words worse than stones.»

«En nom Dé, demoiselle, what shall I do?»

«The road was never so bad before, and I was never so late. If you can come with me to St. Martin's well, and then let me walk near the horse while you ride back to Tours, I shall be safe.»

«Let you walk while I ride? I cannot.»

«Then I shall have to beg some woman in one of these cave houses to take me in until morning, as I had already thought of doing, for the gates of Tours will be closed; but tomorrow I may meet other varlets on the road, and you will be gone with the troops.»

Pierre felt the fact shock through him—he would be gone with the troops.

«I will do your bidding, demoiselle.»

«Then let us make haste to St. Martin's fountain.»

The necessity of human company kept her not far before him as they turned their backs on fields and banks of sand which made the ancient beach of the Loire. Down a lane burrowing along the cliff-side, with trees and rocks betwixt it and the highway, Pierre and his horse followed the demoiselle. She came to an oblong of darkness in the mountain base, which could be entered by descending many rude steps. Pierre tied his horse, and descended the steps with her. She took out a key and unlocked a gate at the bottom. There was a cold pavement of rock under their feet.

When she had unlocked the gate, some perception of her own unusual conduct made her turn upon him.

«Do not enter here with me.»

«I thought you wished me to enter with you, demoiselle.»

Bareheaded, Pierre ascended the steps to wait; but she called him, a child's fear of the dark in her voice.

«I cannot go in there with you, and it is so dreadful to go into the dark alone.»

«Let me go in for you, while you remain outside.»

«No; you do not know the place, and you would walk headlong into the well. It is sheer rock, and though the pebbled bottom be white as milk and the water like crystal, it would close in darkness over your head.»

«Then it is no safe place for a young maid to venture after nightfall.»

«This is the first time I have so ventured. I have been all the afternoon hiding from noisy villains along the road from Tours. The woman who keeps the key of this gate, and opens to pilgrims, had gone up to labor in the fields over the houses, and I was obliged to follow her.»

«Why did she not come with you?»

«I do not pay her. She is kind to let me have the key, and risk its lying under a stone after I have again locked the gate.»

The demoiselle took her basket from her arm and gave it to Pierre to hold. He had not meddled with it before, and he hardly allowed himself to see what it contained. She took out four wine-flasks, all fastened by their necks to a long loop of cord, and bade him set the pannier on a step. Above them in the zenith was yellow twilight, deepening its shadows to the dusk rocks about them. Her eyes, he saw, being near them,

were black; her skin had a white pallor as she faced him.

«I do not know how to govern myself; my mother is dead. On one side is my mother's noble family, who are not dear to me; on the other side is my father, who loves me. When we were in Scotland we lived simply like peasants, but when we come back to France everything I did there seems wrong. It is very puzzling. Did you ever try to obey two laws of conduct?»

Pierre shook his head. «One law of conduct hath been more than I could master, demoiselle.»

«Yet I think,» she reflected, «that my father and my grandmother and aunt De Beuil would agree in this matter, that the pucelle's brother might lay hold on my hand to keep me from falling into the holy well of St. Martin.»

«They would certainly be agreed,» affirmed Pierre.

She relaxed, and drew a long breath of relief.

«We must therefore enter the cavern together. Please hold my hand.»

In that primal blank of darkness safety became the first human instinct. She slid her feet obliquely forward, holding his fingers with her left hand. Pierre had taken off his mailed glove. He felt with joy her reliant clutch as the small nails set themselves into his flesh. The demoiselle paused.

«I am glad you came in here with me,» she breathed, and her low voice woke sounds in the blackness. «Pilgrims have walked on this cold stone barefoot to holy St. Martin's well; but even at midday, when the place is only a chamber of gloom, I dread it. The peasants say there are seven martyrs, who all perished in one day, lying far back in this cave. They call that portion the Grotto of Seven Sleepers. But I am afraid of hearing bones rattle.»

She recoiled, and Pierre steadied her with both hands.

«I was standing on the brink.»

«Let me draw the water,» he urged; «I see the fountain.»

He was answered by the splash of the bottles, which she had already lowered. The jerking gurgle of their drinking necks could be heard until they sank, and all the time the cavern was dawning to sight, from its sky of rock to the mouth of the fountain beside the left wall. Beyond there was nothing but black negation, a huge place choked as with thick substance of night.

«They are full,» said the demoiselle, bringing her dripping bottles to hand. «Will you taste of St. Martin's well?»

«I will drink after you.»

She touched a bottle to her lips, and gave it to him. «Make haste! It is almost night, and the gates of Tours will be closed; but you will be blessed for making this pilgrimage and drinking in the cave.»

«I am blessed already,» said Pierre. «In my whole life I shall never again drink such water. If we came here every day it might make a good Christian of me.»

She stopped the bottles, and put them in her pannier, and locked the gate, hiding the key under a stone by the top step. Pierre was for carrying the pannier, but she commanded him:

«Mount, and leave the pannier to me. It is my safeguard. Ride a few steps behind me. I shall be safe if you ride near me through the city gates. They will be closed, and I may have trouble there.»

«It is a long walk.»

«The journey is nothing to me. I come twice a week, because my father is not able to make the pilgrimage, and he requires the water for a malady of the stomach.»

«Does he send you thus?»

«He does not send me at all. He thinks I pay one of these peasants to carry it to him; but we are too poor, and it is too hard for my father to get money for me to give it foolishly to peasants when I can come here myself. I have been here four or five times, and there was never danger for a woman in these clothes until the troops began to gather. My old nurse in Loches gave my father these shoes and petticoat, and I often put them on when he wished to make pictures of peasants, and so thought of wearing them to this fountain. I never had anything to wear in my life,» confided the demoiselle, «except what belonged to my mother; and grandeur is not as fit for me as these things of Marguerite's.»

In the wide dusk and among broken rocks her small figure looked very small, and her miniature face too fine for lowly carriage along the flinty road. Pierre felt that he could not mount, but she set off briskly. He noticed her sabots did not squeak as they would have done under the tread of a heavy peasant. The right one flew off, and skated along the indistinct track. He ran, and brought it to her. The demoiselle stood on one foot like a bird. She stepped into it as he placed it before her, wriggling a small inmate in a large house. «The wool is out of the toe, but do not search for it. I am so late already my father will be terrified.

«Do not speak to me,» she added, looking

back from the highway; «if I need you I will call.»

Pierre's horse was one of mettle, such as Charles had provided for all the pucelle's train. He had sold the cart-horse in Tours, and had the pieces of money sewed up in a fragment of cloth in a pouch which hung from his belt, for there might be a chance of returning it to his father. The horse strained eagerly to dash forward. He held it curveting, while the small figure ahead of him, hiding terror under darkness, flew along the level way, or dipped into hollows, or turned spurs of the hill. In all his shepherd life he had never driven to the fold so sweet a lamb. His face burned with the shame of sitting a saddle while she waded the night on a peasant's footing. The Loire, gathering all the light that remained, lay, a steel-smooth sheet, where the sun would have shown its million variations of surface. In the distance across its channel twinkled Tours, St. Martin's great basilica and towers standing up against the void.

He did not know she was running back until his heart gave a great plunge with the horse. She called him by the name she had heard his sister call him:

«Pierrelo!»

Afterward, in hand-to-hand fights, in ditches, while scaling walls, Pierre remembered her voice calling to him through the night, and it stirred him to the utmost. He was on the ground and answering her before she reached him.

«There is something in the road that struggles and groans. Perhaps a man has been wounded, and left to die.»

«Stay here until I go forward and see what it is.»

She lingered close at his elbow. He could hear the terrified beating of a maid's pulses. «Oh, if I were home with my father! I am ashamed,» she breathed.

Pierre jerked down the rearing horse. Any man who lay dying in the road deserved to die for shocking her with the fact that she was out of her place. But the object of which the horse was so afraid was nothing but a fallen ox.

«Poor fellow!» said Pierre; «he is doubtless only left until his master brings help.»

After that they met two or three horsemen, and so entered the long bridge which spanned the Loire to the walls of Tours. It was covered, like many of the bridges of that period, and threatened them, an endless tunnel of darkness starred by a few torches burning in sockets at long intervals. Pierre put his arm through the bridle, and walked close behind the demoiselle. When night was heaviest upon them she felt his grasp helping her with the basket, this visible protection being removed whenever they reached the dazzle of one of the smoky torches. Such places were the favorite haunts of cutthroats. But the bridge was fortunately cleared by the many passers who had stirred its dust that day, and sentinels at the city gates let in a belated peasant and the brother of the pucelle without question.

Candles shone through leaded panes, and a moving lantern or two could be seen, but the city had lost its day brightness.

«Good-by,» said the demoiselle, in the open space to which the street here expanded; «I have but a step to go beyond St. Julien's church.» Pierre, leading his horse, still walked behind her.

Her swift sabots drew him in silence past the sunken portal of St. Julien, and through a street which turned to the left beyond it. Here houses seemed to huddle against them as they passed, and windows were barred. It was dark and winding. They came to a house-front overhanging the street, and Pierre could see against blacker walls the head and shoulders of a man thrust past an open sash, listening to the noise they made upon the stones below.

«Madeleine?» the man spoke, his voice betraying all he had suffered; and the demoiselle answered joyfully, «Yes, father.»

«Now he has found who carries the water from St. Martin's well,» she said with regret. They stood under the overhanging front, and she felt in her basket for a key. Pierre took from his pouch the money the plow-horse had brought, and as she sought the lock he hid it in her pannier.

«Your father will never let you go to that fountain again,» said Pierre, with a breath of relief.

«No; he will sit with his hands in his hair, as he did when my grandmother's people were obliged to journey back with me from Loches. But those who will not countenance him shall not have me.»

«You love your father.»

«As I love none other, except the pucelle. She chose him to paint her standard. The cruel people of the cathedral would not accept his picture; but she chose him when she might have had another painter. For that I love her.»

The door opened from within, and, dark as the place was, Pierre could see the womanish, nervous hands which seized a belated

daughter. He turned with the horse, and drew away from touching more closely the sacred family life existing there. He mounted and spurred out of the street, knowing that he was forgotten because her father's kiss was on her cheek.

VIII.

THE last days of April were chilly in the Vosges. Old ridges of snow yet lay along the bleak hilltops, though a driving rain washed the white roads and carried yellow rivulets from the village manure-heaps. When Durand Laxart came home from the fields he no longer took pleasure in his house. His wife was in her fourth day of mourning for their dead child, and her face was relaxed and sodden with the tears which had flowed over it. His mother and the neighbors and the priest had been able to quiet her first clamors; but she did not eat, and wept in silence through the nights. Durand himself missed the baby, and felt shorn of a future by its death, having little heart to work among his sheep or sow his grain, though the country had never been so free from fear of Burgundians. But fathers seldom miss very young children as mothers miss them. With male impatience at the pain he could not relieve, he thought of beating it out of her with a stick; but, being a tender soul too easily pulled about by women, still postponed the task.

April rain stung the sashes and swept northward up the Meuse. The man, hearing it, was thankful for shelter; but the woman, dropping her face in her hands, mourned:

«It doth beat on our little Catherine's grave.»

«In God's name,» said Durand, «is not the child in paradise? I have been thinking in the fields that they are the happiest who have no children in days like these. See the widow Davide at Domremy; her Haumette hath become a scandal.»

«See my aunt Isabel Romée at Domremy,» retorted Aveline, «robbed of both her children. Nothing has gone well with us since you took it on yourself to carry Jehannette to Vaucouleurs.»

Durand looked at her without defense, for the result of his deed was yet hidden from him. No word had come to Domremy or Bury-la-Côte since the envoys from Poitiers departed. That remote march, separated from France by so much hostile country, would be the last to feel the movements of armies. Durand was sore with his responsibility.

«And if Jehannette raises sieges,» taunted Aveline, «what profit will it be to thee?»

«We be all profited, should the English be driven out.»

«But who pays for the horse she rode to Chinon?»

«Jacques hath paid for that.»

«France is nothing to me,» wailed the bereaved woman, twisting her hands, and wandering around the earthen floor. «I want the body of my child, that I may feel it in my arms; and I will have it this night,» she cried, «to hold on my breast till morning. My mind is made up. Get your shovel,» commanded Aveline, having no longer the terror of man or priest or death before her eyes. «You must come and take Catherine out of the ground.»

Durand sat still with his mouth open. It was Aveline who went and brought the shovel from another chamber. Her dumpy figure startled him to his feet with a momentum which appalled him.

«But a man is not permitted to break open a grave in consecrated ground.»

«A woman is permitted, even by heathen people, to have her own child.»

«Let me bring my mother in,» coaxed Durand; «she will give thee a posset, Aveline.»

His wife, weeping distractedly, put a covering over her head, and challenged him to slight her appeal. «I will with my own hands tear the child out of the ground. Is it so far to the churchyard? It was farther to Vaucouleurs. Oh, it is easier for a man to rob a mother than to give her back her child.»

Yielding again to the unheard-of demands made on him by the women of his family, Durand followed her out of the door. Southward, above the village, where the road turned toward the backbone of the hill, there was a cross where passers might kneel; and he vowed never to pass it again without a prayer if his patron saint would help him in this strait. He hoped the curé, going to see some sick person, would meet them, and inquire their errand, and forbid it. Yet his wife's passionate motherhood so stirred him that he rubbed moisture from his eyes with his hard knuckles.

The pair had only to cross the street in pouring rain, for the cover of great horse-chestnut-trees sheltered them quite into the churchyard. Houses in Bury-la-Côte were built in any place which suited the convenience of dwellers. Blank house-sides walled the corners of this inclosure, and here weeds of the previous summer, bent by many winds, lay half prostrate. It was not a dark night, for a moon drove somewhere overhead. When

Durand turned to look behind, he could see the thatch and the brown ridged tile of roofs showing sleek in the rain. The square-towered, low-built church stood in the center of its allotted ground. Aveline hurried along a stony walk, past wooden crosses, and the moss-grown stone cross of the crusader with carved swords overlapped on its arms. Durand followed like a thief. He now turned his mind to hoping she would be satisfied by looking at the little bed, without robbing herself of the comfort of praying there. It was close to the west wall of the church, outlined with river pebbles set by the mother's hand, and marked by a small cross of unhewed branches.

The dead then menaced a peasant's mind. They walked about him in darkness, near and familiar friends becoming silent and terrible visitors; and he dreaded them as he dreaded spells cast by witchcraft. Besides, Durand did not know what punishment he might bring upon himself by meddling with consecrated ground.

«Dig,» commanded Aveline, raking the pebbles away. She felt the brine of her own tears, but not the rushing wetness of the night.

«Attend!» cautioned Durand, listening, with his foot on the shovel. The woman listened, and beat her hands together in a spasm of haste.

«It is my child crying under the ground!» She pierced and scooped the earth with her fingers in such fierce animal frenzy as set Durand to shoveling with all his might.

«Attend!» he spoke again, his senses returning. «The cry is in the church.»

Aveline, her hands weighted with loam, unwillingly harkened also, the tone of authority in her husband's voice startling her into obedience. The cry did come from the church. She sat down, relaxing her body on the wet ground, and rolled up her eyes at Durand. Stone walls and the roar of falling rain muffled a very young child's wail. Aveline scrambled on her feet, and ran to the sunken walk at the front. The church of Bury-la-Côte faced southward. Shivering with superstitious dread, and considering what she would make him do if the door were locked, —for couvre-feu had rung,—Durand followed her a few steps. The huge latch clanked and the hinges creaked. He held his breath. Again the latch clanked, and Aveline passed him, running from the church. He ran also, leaving the shovel behind, and paused only at his own hearth, abashed and puzzled by such a sight as has puzzled many a man. His wife sat with an infant on her knees, picking daintily at its wrappings with her mud-stained fingers, plainly appeased, and ready to turn from the earthen bed which held the body of her own child to accept some other woman's cast-off burden. All her sagging muscles lifted with satisfaction, and she bade him look at the creature's black eyes.

«We have our maid Catherine back,» Aveline said, wagging her head aggressively. «Her good saint hath taken pity on me this night, for I was beside myself—that thou knowest.» She lifted the child in her arms, and kissed its broad features with devouring passion.

«It hath the look of Haumette Davide,» pronounced Durand, with disgust.

Aveline faced him down. «Never name Haumette Davide to me again. In my lifetime she hath not set foot in the church of Bury-la-Côte. The child looks like our Catherine.»

«But it is too young; our Catherine was three months old; and this, though lusty, is but a new-born babe.»

«What does a man know of the age of young children? They are all lumps of wax alike to him. I found it close by the holy-water font. A miracle hath been wrought. Oh, you can believe that blessed St. Catherine would show herself to Jehannette, but you laugh at her taking pity and restoring a child to a poor, broken-hearted mother. Jehannette herself would not laugh.»

«You do not believe that this is Catherine, or that any miracle hath been done, Aveline?»

She wavered, and cried out, «Will you take this comfort from me?» And Durand put his arm around her neck, and swore to the self-deception also, before returning to mend Catherine's disturbed grave. «You shall keep it and bring it up; and if any man says it was not laid in the church by saints, he shall feel the smack of my fist; though, on my soul, its bands and wrappings do have a look of Domremy, and the tongues of the women I cannot control.»

There was, however, only one Durand Laxart in the whole Meuse valley. Bury-la-Côte, being informed by Goussaincourt, timed the appearance of the child with the disappearance of Haumette Davide from the country. The infant's adoption might not have reached Domremy until midsummer if the story had not been winged by the miracle; but Goussaincourt promptly passed it on to Greux, and Greux could tell it to Domremy without stirring from the door-steps.

«Aveline is like a hen,» said Isabel Romée. «Give her anything to hover, and she is sat-

isfied. They will never make me believe the blessed St. Catherine, or any other saint, would stoop to handle Haumette Davide's bastard. Durand himself must be running daft; it is no wonder, in times like these, when miracles or mysterious voices or witches are in every town. It might be better for my children if more than one of them lay under a cross in this consecrated earth.»

Isabel stood with her hand over her eyes between Jeanne's little window and the churchyard; and far southwestward that same hour of the morning Jeanne waited on the south bank of the Loire, looking across at Orléans. The army of a few thousand men had marched from Tours in less than three days, crossing the bridge at Blois, where gathered forces and provisions were united. It was a religious procession, led by chanting priests. Jeanne knew nothing of the country, but her plan had been to enter Orléans by the west gate, past the English fortifications. She saw that the captains who directed the march, and who knew the approaches to Orléans, had purposely brought the army to the wrong side of the river. Making a detour to avoid posts near the bridge, which the English occupied on the south side, they halted opposite a channel betwixt two islands in the Loire. She would have attacked the bridge, but the captains would not. Besides, arches next the Orléans shore had been broken down by the besieged themselves.

The city had drawn a wide belt of ruin around itself outside the walls. Its faubourgs, or suburbs, which would certainly have been used by the enemy, had been torn down and burned by the people, who took refuge within the gates. West of this desolate strip some of the English works could be seen; but on the east side of Orléans, directly opposite the halting army, was one large bastile threatening the convoy. Trooping out against this came the citizens themselves. Their desperate attack held it on the defensive for hours, while boats carried the provisions, the promised maid, and two hundred men across the river. It was not so easy to transport the main body of the troops. Concerted action under the leadership of one mind was not yet possible to a fragmentary army with many captains. They turned and marched back to Blois, to cross the bridge there, and return to Orléans on the right bank of the Loire.

«En nom Dé!» said Jeanne to the Bastard of Orléans, who ruled the city for his kinsman, long a prisoner in England, as that young noble met her in the boats; «my counsel is safer and wiser than the counsel of men afraid to pass the English. I was told to go in boldly, and I bring you the best succor that ever knight, town, or city had—the help of the King of heaven.»

«However you may enter, you are most welcome,» he answered; «the provisions would be nothing without the maid»; and he brought her the colors of Orléans to put on over her armor—a huque, or blouse, of dark green, and above this a long-sleeved levite of crimson Brussels cloth lined with white satin, embroidered with the livery of Orléans, the nettle.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the convoy being safely received within the walls, Jeanne entered the Burgundy gate on the east side of the city. The Bastard of Orléans rode at her left hand. He was young, with a face not unlike his kinsman the dauphin, but warlike and full of action. The English made no attempt to cut off her entrance, a cautious policy of saving themselves from sorties having controlled the eight months' siege.

To Bertrand de Poulengy the pageant was like a dream of trampling among clouds. Wan from having slept in her armor in the fields, her bare head showing sweet and maidlike above the rich levite which hung over the plates of her leg-armor and covered her to the throat, Jeanne rode through seas of people. All the bells of Orléans rang, and thousands of faces wept and laughed for joy; thousands of voices shouted. The delivering maid, the mysterious, God-sent maid, had come. Women and children pressed close enough to touch her stirrup or her mailed fingers. Her eyes and voice caressed them. «Be of good cheer,» she said; «God hath sent you succor.»

Trumpeters went before her, and her little pennon, on which was displayed a dove; for her banner had been sent back in charge of Brother Pasquerel with the army to Blois. Torches streamed in the night wind. La Hire and De Xantrailles rode behind her; her brother and her squires, her household and the two hundred lances, followed. From far-off streets, where crowds were hemmed in, came an impetus of sound like the wind through the oak woods; and all this mad enthusiasm rose at sight of a mere pucelle in armor, who had yet done nothing to prove that she was a deliverer, except make a religious march with troops her name had helped to collect. Bertrand could see her profile as she turned from side to side. It mothered her dear French, and said without speech, «These are my children.» The fact lifted him in his saddle, that Jeanne had

the kind of dominion which is greater than royalty. She was king of men's minds, and the accident of sex affected this power only by adding to it the maternal instinct. He felt strangely grown from his old provincial life, and joined to all his race, marching with the great of the world, as he rode in the third rank behind her. But to have no personal rights in her became infinitely more a loss. In the cathedral of St. Croix, where the cavalcade, and as many of the people as could crowd in, returned thanks, Bertrand knelt with his face in his hands; and forever afterward the odor of incense was to him the veritable breath of sacrifice.

Jeanne was taken across the city to lodge in the treasurer's house near the west gate.

Late in the night Bertrand woke to the crash of thunder. A wild storm raged over the town. The treasurer of the Duke of Orléans had received all of Jeanne's retinue into his house, her superior followers being laid in one room along the width of a huge bed extending fifteen feet beside the wall. Pierre slept deeply, as did also the new squire; but Louis de Coutes, her page, rose up after Bertrand, and stood beside him looking out of a window. Jeanne was lodged in a secluded room on a high ground floor within the court, but this general guest-chamber overlooked the street. Sidewalks almost too narrow for the footing of one person, and tiny paving-stones, showed their minutest lines in the passing glare; and faces carved on protruding timber-ends and oak crosspieces in the cemented house-fronts opposite smote the watchers' eyes, leaving an effect of sudden blindness. Bertrand could see the bold young features beside him with vividness surpassing daylight, for lightning surprises that which hides itself from the sun.

«I cannot sleep,» said Louis de Coutes; «my conscience troubles me.»

«No wonder it broke your rest,» responded the squire; «such a thing hath not happened before in your lifetime.»

«God wot it hath not. Messire de Poulengy, I have been insolent to you.»

«And do you get up in the night to repent it? Truly the pucelle hath reformed the troops. Have no regard for my humors, Messire Louis. I have been quarrelsome two years. There will always be people who feel themselves badly used.»

«But I did use you badly, for I wished myself to be squire instead of page.»

«We are never satisfied,» said Bertrand, openly; «I am one of the pucelle's squires, but I wish to be all France to her.»

The lightning flung out its blinding scroll, showing Louis de Coutes's eyes full of tears. The stirring of their fellows on the gigantic bed, and the crash of the storm, drove them to speak nearer each other's faces. Bertrand put his hand on the page's shoulder, but Louis shook it off with a shrug. «Messire, pages do not fight. I am of good family, and the King and La Trémouille both favor me; yet I am nothing but a page. The pucelle looks on me as a boy. You can fight, on the contrary, under her very eye.»

«His conscience will yet drive him to prayer,» remarked Bertrand, gently.

«I said pages could not fight,» retorted Louis de Coutes, laughing; «but there is one page who intends to fight with the pucelle or for her.»

«You will not fight me. I never had a word of love from her in my life. See Him draw His sword,» said Bertrand, as the lightning blazed wide through Orléans, «who fills the mind of the pucelle.»

But outside the city that vivid glory was considered anything but the sword of God. In barracks built of saplings and covered with thatch its search-light passed over hundreds of blanched faces and fixed eyes. The soldier, in all ages a simple creature easily touched in his superstitions, was in that year of grace 1429 the result of much religious hysteria. He would joyfully scale a wall with his ladder, and take boiling oil or lead in the face; but the apprehension of unseen powers threw him at once into physical frenzy. «That cursed witch,» was whispered in the English camp from ear to ear, «hath stirred up this storm. The French have brought hell to their aid.»

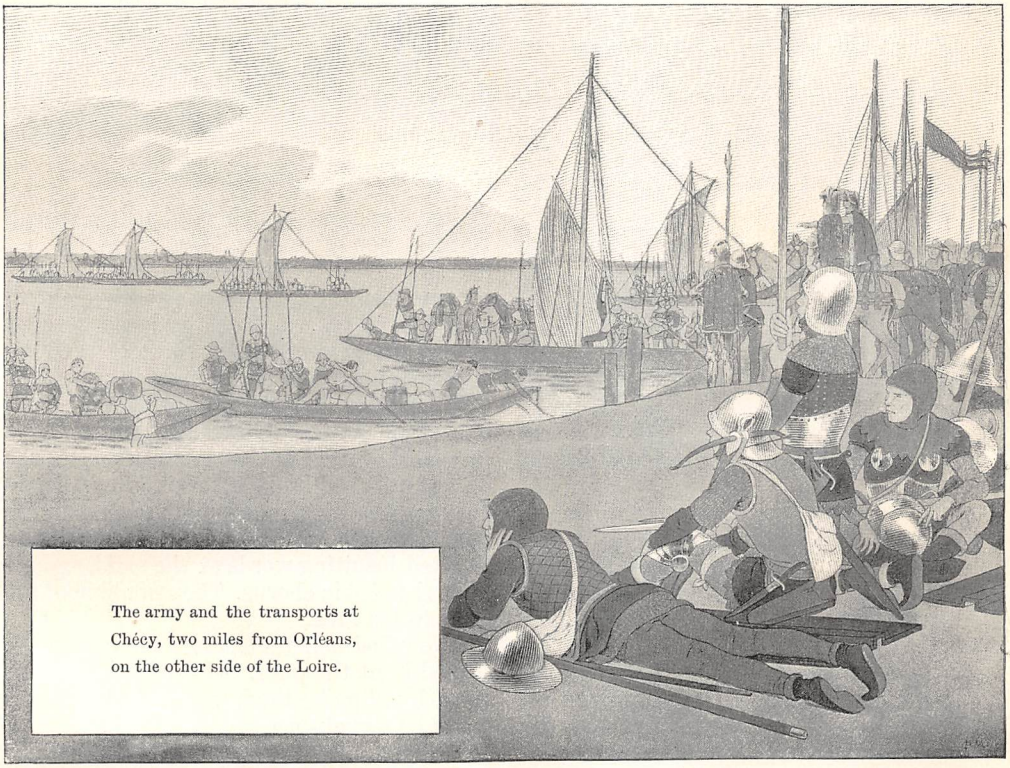
When morning dawned clean and fair, they saw this creature of their terrors, little more than a bow-shot away, ride boldly out of Porte Renart, the western gate, with a rabble of citizens at her heels—those very Orléanais who had been afraid to show a head from this part of the city, where the wall was lowest. The English watched without drawing bow or training bombard upon them. She rode entirely around Orléans, as if to draw a line of invisible defense, with a few mounted followers and the trudging common people. Necks were craned over the English breastworks, and starting eyes received the impression of her vigorous young presence. She was like an apparition mounted on a white horse, her armor shining as mirrors reflect the sun. Her course being northward, a crimson scabbard was displayed at her left side; and every man in every boulevard knew it

contained the awful sword of Fierbois, the sword of Martel, which once drove back the heathen, the sword which had leaped out of a church wall for the new salvation of France. «It is a sword of the devil,» muttered the English; «she put it in the church wall by magic.»

And, having never seen a woman in mail, they tried to discern her curious armor, with its swell of bust and hip, and that inward tapering between, where her girdle was clasped for the support of weapons. Instead of a vizored helmet she wore on her head a blue hat turned up with gold lacings, and the soft woman hair, cut short, flew about her ears, framing her face, for she looked at the English.

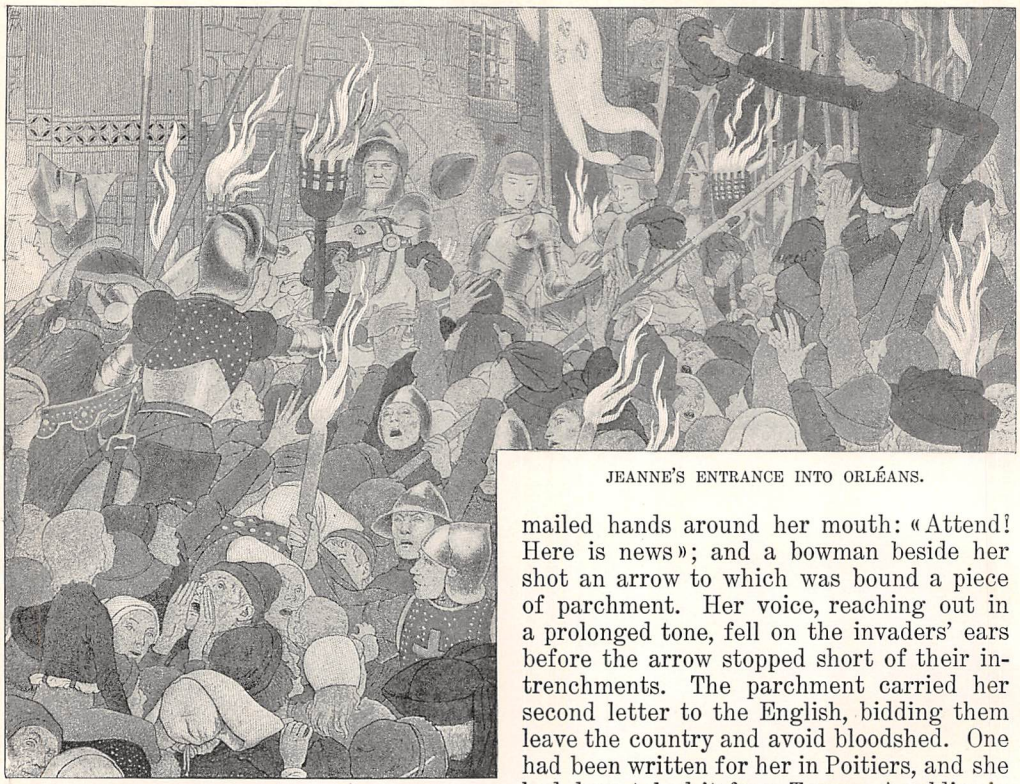
Orléans at that time was almost a parallelogram, though the northwest corner formed an acute angle, and the west wall rounded into an outward curve. There were five gates: two on the north, Bernière and Parisis; one, Burgundy, or St. Aignan, on the east; St. Catherine at the entry of the bridge on the south; and, on the west side, Porte Renart.

Jeanne had never seen any fortifications except those permanent defenses drawn around old cities. The walls of Orléans were from seven to nine feet thick, and from twenty-two to thirty feet high, set with thirty-nine towers. No parapet guarded the top, but a temporary barrier of wood had been carried around. The towers were from two to three hundred feet apart, except at the gates, which were flanked by them. They were built three stories high, garnished with dormer openings and machicolations, a kind of jutting galleried top with open spaces below for shooting missiles or pouring down boiling lead on assailants. The walls of Orléans were in good condition. What Jeanne tried to comprehend with prehensile reach and grasp of mind was the blockade the English had drawn around them. And so swift were her military impressions that she has been called a tactician of the first order.



The army and the transports at Chécy, two miles from Orléans, on the other side of the Loire.

The English had one bastile and four great boulevards extending from the faubourg opposite the northwest gate to the Loire. In midstream, on a little island, was another boulevard, and on the south shore another. The Tournelles, a fort with a drawbridge, guarded the south end of the bridge, and on the bank fronting that was a boulevard which was itself protected by a bastile. One



JEANNE'S ENTRANCE INTO ORLÉANS.

more bastile was planted eastward on the south shore; and on the north shore, east of the city, built around the ruin of a church, was that large bastile, called St. Loup, which the citizens had held at bay when the maid entered Orléans. This commanded the road to Jargeau, from which the English drew many of their supplies, and was one of their strongest forts. The five works on the west side were connected by covered trenches. Jeanne learned that a bastile was a fortress of wood or stone with double ditches or moats, while boulevards were earthworks consisting of single moats drawn around an inclosure.[1] Isolated, or placed before a gate or around a bastile, the boulevards bristled over the crest with a ruff of iron-tipped spikes called chevaux-de-frise. Both kinds of English fortifications were rectangular, with a belt of moats at the four corners. The principal English camp was west of the city.

When Jeanne had made the entire circuit outside the walls, and returned to the Renart gate, she called to the English, with her mailed hands around her mouth: «Attend! Here is news»; and a bowman beside her shot an arrow to which was bound a piece of parchment. Her voice, reaching out in a prolonged tone, fell on the invaders' ears before the arrow stopped short of their intrenchments. The parchment carried her second letter to the English, bidding them leave the country and avoid bloodshed. One had been written for her in Poitiers, and she had despatched it from Tours. A soldier in hose and tunic and long, pointed footwear ran out and picked up the weighted arrow. He shouted insulting words at the maid, and his mates howled in chorus. They would hoot the devil to his face.

«Now God help them,» said Jeanne, as she turned in at the gate. «If they will not be gone, I will make them such a ha-hu as will never be forgotten.»

In these days of enormous populations the armies that fought battles of far-reaching consequences in the past seem incredibly small.[2] Existing rolls of the English soldiery prove that less than six thousand men were camped around Orléans; and the army gathered to Jeanne's standard, including the garrison, amounted to about the same number. There were, however, many pages, bow- and arrow-makers, and laborers, as well as camp-followers and parasites, which always infest troops, on both sides. And Orléans lacked even this small army until four days after the maid's entrance. The Bastard set out secretly in the night, and went to Blois to hasten the

[1] Barthélemy de Beauregard.

[2] «Abundance of precious metals, the facilities of transportation, the accumulated works of generations, knowledge of how to utilize the resources of nature, and increase of populations, have given to great states to-day an assemblage of forces out of all proportion with former times.»—«L'Armée Anglaise vaincu par Jeanne d'Arc.» MM. De Molandon et Baron de Beaucorps.

return of the troops by the north shore of the Loire. He found all the captains quarreling, and about to disband. La Trémouille, the dauphin's favorite, had come to Blois, and openly ridiculed a campaign under a woman. The Bastard of Orléans, desperate with the needs of his city, rallied the men, and led them himself on the road.

When they were distantly seen from the walls of Orléans, and Jeanne rode out to meet them with five hundred of the garrison mounted to attend her, the strangest thing happened that has ever been recorded against the courage of a great nation. It seems that the English might have made a sortie, and taken her as she passed betwixt their silent boulevards; but not a soldier stirred. As they saw her near at hand they cowered below the earthworks—great-limbed Britons, whose name has been a terror in the earth for a thousand years, whose stubborn valor has passed into a proverb of our time. Some of the maid's followers eyed this silent and motionless panic with distrust; but Bertrand de Poulengy remembered the dumb terror that held numb and unable to move the men who wanted to throw her into the river at Bar-sur-Aube.

The English commander Talbot had borne part in many campaigns. He had pushed the line of fortifications around Orléans. No more sagacious soldier had been sent across the Channel; and the Duke of Bedford, Regent of England and general of this invasion of France, had then his headquarters not far away at Chartres. Neither martial skill nor awe of regal power moved the soldiers from their trenches. A reinforcement was expected under Sir John Fastolf; but what could increase of numbers do for men who felt themselves unable to move while the maid led her troops into Orléans?

Artillery as it is now understood was then a power unknown. Orléans had mounted upon its walls, or on wheeled platforms which could be pushed outside the gates, seventy-one mouths of fire, all made of copper, as a chronicler has told us, some of the cannon being lent by a neighboring town. The English fortifications were armed with better artillery. Gunpowder, though a factor of war since the battle of Crécy, was not used at all as an explosive. This siege was not made a subterranean war, yet the English had miners with them, and large vases of water were kept filled within the walls, and men watched for the wrinkles which would betray any displacement of earth underneath. The western part of the city, on account of its low wall, was most exposed to bombardment; but nobody fled from it, and the pucelle had been lodged there.

Knowledge of many things was crushed into Jeanne's mind at once. These days were one colossal dream, in which she grasped to herself, swift minute after swift minute, the facts and utensils of war. She had heard of ballistæ and catapults, ponderous machinery for throwing stones, great beams of which yet cumbered the walls; but gunpowder artillery delighted her. There were bombards on wheels, and stationary cannon, both loaded with balls of stone through the mouth, and smaller culverins discharging bullets of lead. Fusees and fire-lances were also projected to set in a blaze the enemy's works. Some of the stone cannon-balls weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. The noise of this powder warfare was great, but it had not the force to breach walls, though, like all the fighting of the middle ages, it was destructive to human life.

In the warm May afternoon of the day the troops entered, Bertrand stood in the courtyard polishing Jeanne's armor.

«They shall call it white as long as I am her squire,» he said to Pierre, who sat on a bench watching him; «this new D'Aulon hopes to be knighted sooner than I do. I will say this for Messire d'Aulon—he can buckle the parts together with speed, and he will make a fair knight, but never lead retinue like De Metz of Novelopont.»

«I wish we had more knights among us like De Metz,» said Pierre, letting his eyes move to the stables on the opposite side of the court. Pierre was yet armed, and Bertrand had removed only his gauntlets to handle the steel plates. «A council has just been held without my sister, and my lord the Bastard had much trouble to pacify one knight, who was for giving up his standard and withdrawing. ‹I will fight with your maid,› saith he; ‹but I will never fight under her. What doth a peasant wench know of war? Let her go home and milk her cows.›»

The little curtains of chain-mail which hung below Jeanne's body-armor swept with a clank against the bench as Bertrand shifted the leg on which he rested it. His blue eyes spoke for him to Pierre.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF. OWNED BY W. T. EVANS. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

«ROMOLA.» PAINTED BY SARAH C. SEARS.

THE CHURCHES OF POITIERS AND CAEN.[1]

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

POITIERS, like Angoulême, is a city set on a low and rugged hill, but its hill is fashioned in a different way. Some one has compared it to a tea-cup inverted in a saucer, for a valley encircles it, threaded by two joining streams, and the opposite slopes rise steeply, with broad faces or tall pinnacles of rock. The top of the hill is less level than at Angoulême, and its sides are less precipitous, and are largely clothed with buildings. Thus everywhere the streets of Poitiers climb and twist; they are mostly narrow streets of antiquated aspect, and they lead to several irregular little squares, to four or five Romanesque churches remarkable for their local character and yet for their diversity among themselves, to a well-preserved Gothic château, and to many quaint old dwellings. In its temper the city of to-day seems busier, brisker, livelier than either Périgueux or Angoulême, but in its body it has a more truly medieval air than they. Seen from without or seen from within, Poitiers is not very boldly picturesque; nevertheless, few towns in France more constantly gratify the eye of the artist, and very few so variously stimulate the mind of the lover of ancient names and tales.

I.

UNTIL the year 1857, when they were sold for the building of a market, you might have seen in Poitiers the remains of a Roman amphitheater larger than the one at Nîmes, almost as large as the one at Arles. The fragments of a Roman bath may still be seen there, and on the heights across the valley a curious place of tombs, partly pagan in its origin, and partly early Christian. History also testifies that the stronghold which the Romans called Limonum was of considerable account, and that even before their day it had been the capital of a Gallic tribe whose name is embalmed in its modern title, and who worshiped around the druidical dolmen now called the Pierre-Levée. This is a stone which can boast not merely of prehistoric origin, but of legendary and literary fame. All the world once believed that St. Radegonde, the patron saint and great benefactress of Poitiers, miraculously carried it hither on her head, bearing its supports meanwhile in her muslin apron; that one of these supports unmiraculously dropped through the apron; and that this was why the great oblong block reposed upon three rude legs instead of four. And then Rabelais unfolded a very different explanation. He declared that Pantagruel had set up the stone as a rallying-point for the students of Poitiers in their idle hours—as a picnic-table upon which they might banquet with «*force flaccons, jambons et pastés.*»

St. Hilary the Great, famed as the champion of Catholicism against its Arian enemies, was born in Poitiers, and filled its episcopal chair during a part of the fourth century. From Poitiers, early in the sixth century, Alaric II, king of the Visigoths, went forth to be slain by Clovis in the battle which established the supremacy of the Franks; and not far away, on the road to Tours, in the year 732 was fought the still more famous battle in which another Frankish leader, Charles Martel, won his title of «the Hammer,» saving Europe from Mohammedan dominion. In later times Poitiers, with its province of Poitou, was included in the duchy of Aquitaine. Eleanor of Aquitaine (or of Guienne, as the English said) brought it under the English crown when she married Henry II; King John lost it, and Philippe Auguste united it to the crown of France. In 1356, during the Hundred Years' War, was fought the third great battle of Poitiers, when even the potent ghosts of Clovis and Charles Martel could not prevent the overthrow of their descendants, and «the shame of Crécy» was doubled, not wiped away. But sixteen years later Duguesclin won back the city for the French; and after the time of Charles VII, in the following century, it was a permanent part of the royal domain.

Many were the scenes of high or strange historic interest that Poitiers beheld during these belligerent centuries; and many were the notable folk who nobly, wickedly, or strangely played their parts therein. We

[1] See «The Churches of Périgueux and Angoulême,» THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, April, 1896.

know little about St. Hilary's godly deeds in the fourth century; but Gregory of Tours says much about St. Radegonde's in the sixth, telling how she fled from her husband, Clotaire I, the son of Clovis and king of all the Franks, and from his semi-pagan court and his other and less holy wives, to found a convent for women in Poitiers, and churches more than one; and a hundred records recite the countless miracles performed at the tombs of these two famous saints in the sanctuaries which still retain their names. Three queens of England variously distinguished themselves at Poitiers: Emma the Norman, wife of Ethelred and then of Canute, and mother of Edward the Confessor, rebuilt the choir of the church of St. Hilary when urged by Canute to gain ecclesiastical favor abroad as well as at home; Eleanor the Aquitanian often revisited the land of her birth, and she and her husband Henry founded the present cathedral of Poitiers; and Isabeau of Angoulême, first the wife of King John of England, and then of Hugues de Lusignan, brought much trouble upon her second spouse by setting fire to her lodging just to show how heartily she despised it and the insignificant Countess of Poitiers who had thought it good enough for a lady once a queen. Early in the fourteenth century Pope Clement V, not yet established at Avignon, tarried long in the capital of Poitou; and here he was forced by Philip the Fair to summon the Knights Templars as though for ecclesiastical business, and then to despatch their leaders to their murdering in Paris. Here Charles VII was proclaimed king of France while most of France was in the hands of the English. Hither he transferred his parliament from Paris; and to be questioned by this parliament he sent Jeanne d'Arc, newly announcing her mission —to be questioned and tested, and asked for a miracle, and splendidly to answer that she would attempt no miracle but the deliverance of Orléans. Here Calvin preached the Reform in the sixteenth century, gathering his proselytes in a suburban grotto which still keeps his name; and here, as at Angoulême, Protestants and Catholics repeatedly besieged and resisted, Coligny once bombarding the town for seven weeks in vain while Guise and Turenne defended it. And these are only a few of the topmost peaks of interest in the long chain of stirring events which happened at Poitiers, now possessing a world-wide importance and again a significant local savor.

The student of medieval architecture may go back in Poitiers to its embryonic stage. Here stands one of the most ancient of post-classical structures. Perhaps, indeed, it is the very oldest that exists in France, yet none is in better preservation. It is a simple little rectangular building with an apse of later date, and is called the Temple of St. John. This hybrid popular name alone might prove its great antiquity, recording the belief that before it was a Christian baptistery it had been a pagan tomb; and its station speaks with a similar voice—the street levels about it have gradually risen, so that now it stands in a deep hollow like many of the monuments of Athens and of Rome. It is not a piece of true classic work, but neither is it Romanesque. It is transitional between the two. Whether built for pagan or for Christian use, it represents the early-Christian stage of art. The arcade, which became so characteristic of Romanesque art, is but rudely conceived, and its supports are Corinthian pilasters. The cornice is Roman, and the sharply pointed pediment shows, on a small scale, the finish of Roman basilican fronts; while, on the other hand, the round windows, like the one in the more pronouncedly classical porch at Avignon,[1] are innovations upon classic practice.

The Temple of St. John was undoubtedly built in the fourth century. St. Hilary may have used it; Gregory of Tours must have known it well; but by the time that the porch at Avignon was built, in the eleventh century, a new and more vital form of art had developed in this western province.

II.

FORTUNATELY, one of the most individual and delightful of the minor churches of France still remains in excellent preservation to show us the form which, by the end of the eleventh century, the Poitevin branch of Romanesque art had assumed. Its name—Notre Dame la Grande—sounds very self-assertive, but merely means that a still smaller church, likewise dedicated to the Virgin, once stood not far away. Notre Dame la Grande is itself but a little church, —its façade is only fifty feet in breadth,—and now it is isolated in the middle of a market-place. But the market-place is also small, and the buildings about it are appropriate in scale. Rarely shall we see a happier concord between a medieval church and an environment that has been opened out in modern times; and never shall we see them enlivened by more entertaining figures than

[1] See «The Churches of Provence,» THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1894.

swarm here during market-hours. A great mushroom-field of blue umbrellas and white-and-red awnings then spreads around Notre Dame, most thickly planted under the protection of its walls. The women wear the traditional great white caps of the district, and, as everywhere in provincial France, soft-toned blue cotton predominates in the other garments of men and women both. Awkward little rustic carts are tipped up in rows, while donkeys placidly wait for their reharnessing. And the Poitevin housewife must be very strongly bent upon buying her viands alive, for I am sure that so populous and clamorous a menagerie cannot figure as a market in any other town. The turkeys, the ducks, and the geese, the chickens and the rabbits, are past counting in their baskets and boxes and coops, and past imagining for the noise they make—all but the rabbits, of course, and these look sad of face because they cannot blow the trumpet of their toothsomeness. Yet the inarticulate hubbub is almost drowned by human chatter, and the August sun itself does not shine more brightly than the smiles on the faces of seller and buyer. If ever you have to live by commerce in «garden sass,» take out your license in Poitiers—you would dwell among such cheerful folk, in the midst of such a pretty picture, and under the shadow of such a sumptuous and ornate, yet such a friendly-looking, little church.

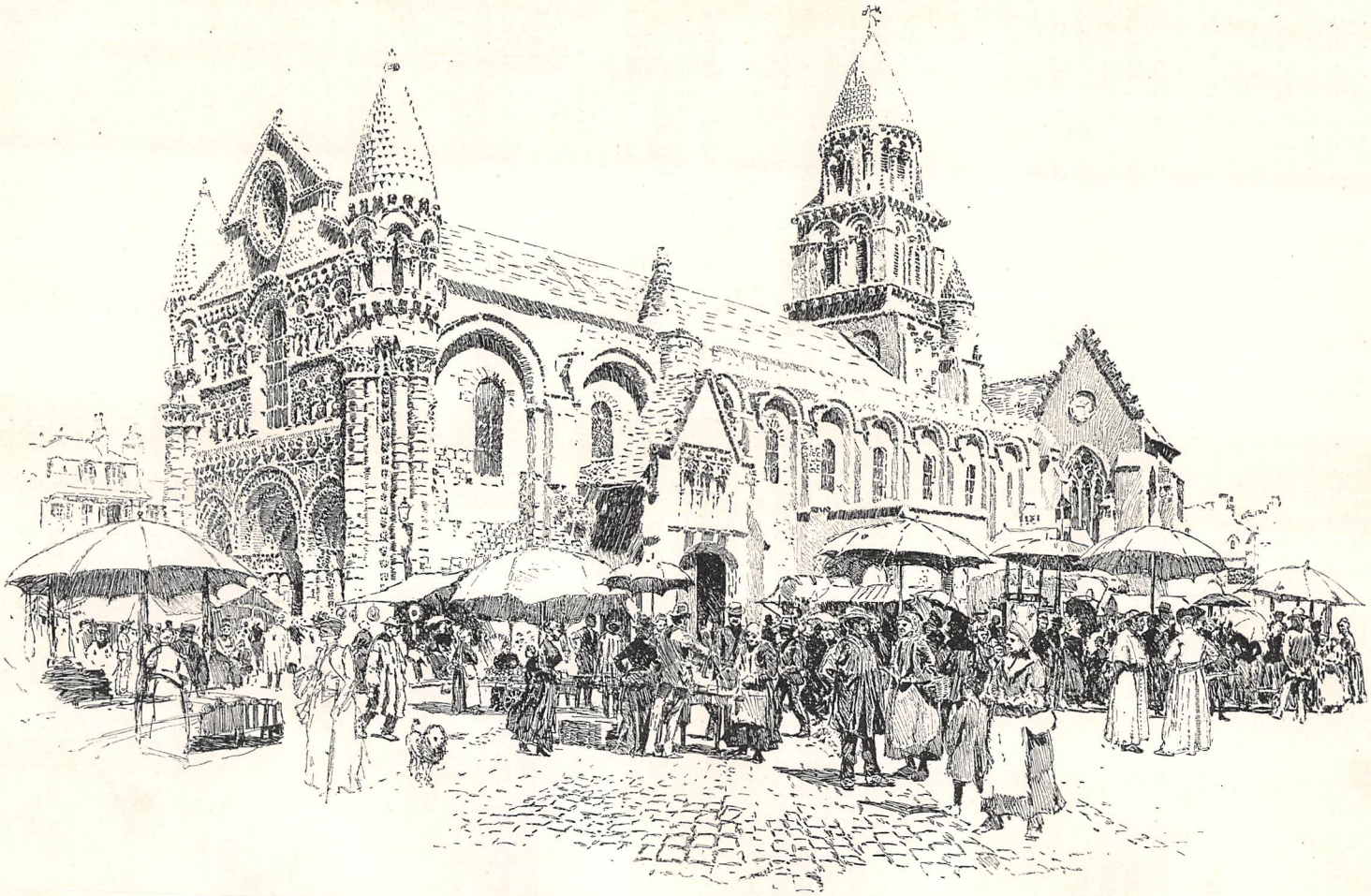
A gay and pleasant church indeed is Notre Dame la Grande,—I had almost written a very jolly little church,—much decayed in some of its parts, and restored in others, but not yet ruined and not yet rebuilt, harmonious still, exceptionally pictorial, endlessly attractive. Doubtless, as the years are going by it is being renovated more and more. I am glad that I saw it while its tower and large portions of its walls still showed a cheese-like crumbliness of texture, and a wonderful blending of strong yellow and brown and blackish tones.

Local tradition says that the Emperor Constantine founded the first church on this site, and that St. Radegonde rebuilt it and dedicated it to the Virgin. Some fragments of very early masonry are now incorporated in its southern wall; but the record of a disastrous fire in the year 1085 assures us that its present body dates from the end of the eleventh century; and the façade and its sculptures were finished about the year 1150.

This façade is the best existing example of the type you have already seen less well achieved at Angoulême; and it clearly explains itself as a natural development from such Gallo-Roman ideas as are represented by the crudely designed façade of the Temple of St. John. Originally its window was circular, not breaking the line of the lower arcade, and its richness was enhanced by color and gold applied to all its parts. Nevertheless, even to-day, when the paint has turned to blackish stains and many of the figures and details are modern restorations, its effect is not seriously impaired, and it teaches well an important architectural lesson. Like the Norman churches of England, it shows that the smaller his composition, the more an architect may rely upon ornament for his architectural effect. The constructional features of this façade are very few—a single doorway, a single window, two turrets, and a gable. Everything else is decoration, and decoration is everywhere, for even the uncarved field of the gable is filled with mosaic patterns. Yet the general effect is as serene and dignified as it is incredibly rich, and it is thoroughly architectural too. Enlarge such a scheme, and we should have architectural weakness with decorative redundancy; we could hardly expect to have anything better than the façade of the cathedral of Angoulême.

It might easily take you a week to decipher the meaning of all the sculptures on the front of Notre Dame la Grande; but when you had finished you would probably know more about the Bible than you do now, and more about later hagiologies than you are likely to learn in any other way. It is not, in feet and inches, so ambitious a lithic volume as the front of Angoulême; but its historical texts are better arranged and seem even more numerous, and at every step they are enriched by symbolical figures and emblems. And then, in the oval of the gable, isolated as in the heavens above the earth, Christ in Glory stands amid the signs of the four evangelists, surrounded by a choir of angels. This, as I have said before, was the usual custom: the story of humanity's struggles was crowned and emphasized by a prophecy of the judgment-day.

Examine the minor ornaments of this façade, and you will find many of a sort you have not seen in more southerly lands, except, less conspicuously used, in the analogous work at Angoulême. These are grotesque devices with oddly conceived, non-naturalistic beast-like and bird-like forms, contorted into decorative patterns, and accompanied by complex arrangements of intertwisted lines. Neither Gallo-Roman art nor Byzantine art had transmitted details like these. They were used in Norman Romanesque, and



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE, POITIERS.

long before the Normans built churches they were still more characteristic of the work that the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish and Scottish Celts produced in their island realm, and the Scandinavian ancestors of the Normans in their peninsula—in carvings on stone and wood and metal, and in illuminated manuscript borders and initials. But these peoples had no architecture of their own, and in early days architecture was literally the mother of all the arts. Where, then, did they learn such elaborate, well-balanced, imaginative patterns, or whence did they borrow them? They neither learned nor borrowed them; they had inherited them. The general idea of these decorative devices must have been among the shreds of culture which the immigrants who settled northern Europe brought from their homes in central Asia. They are the offspring of ancient Indo-European devices. We realize the fact when we study the details of the old Hindu temples of northern India.

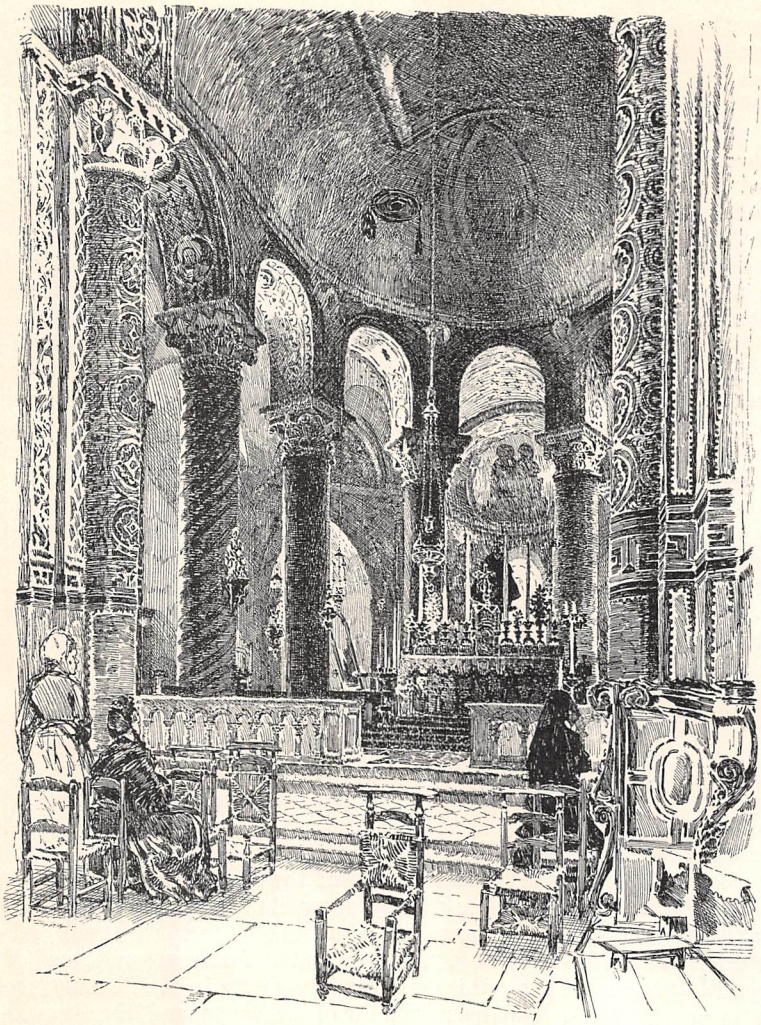
But the Poitevin sculptor also used Byzantine and Gallo-Roman elements in his decorations, and in his figures he showed much personality of impulse. There are heads on the façade of Notre Dame la Grande which, in their realism, their fresh, distinctive, local character, seem like the creations of experienced artists. Instead, their sculptors were beginners. But they were independent artists. They had no such profusion of Roman relics to guide them as had their brethren of Provence. For this reason the general character of early Poitevin sculpture is more naïve than that of early Provençal sculpture—more barbaric in conception and arrangement, less skilful in line and grouping. But for the same reason it rose to heights of personal expressiveness, of naturalistic portraiture, to which the docile students of antique precedent could not climb.

Mr. Pennell's drawings show you also the southern side and the eastern end of Notre Dame. I hope that you will particularly like the way in which, from the latter point of view, the conical and the triangular roofs build themselves up; and therefore I am sorry that Mr. Pennell thought best, in the picture on page 427, to omit the capping of the tower. It is greatly needed to complete and justify the lines beneath it. Here, and in the picture of the southern side, you will see that Gothic years did not leave this Romanesque church in peace, but in more places than the western front broke through its walls for the enlargement of its windows. And if we had a drawing of the northern side you would see that a range of sepulchral chapels, dating from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and showing the change from Gothic to early Renaissance art, were thrown out beyond the aisle. Their gables may be distinguished in the picture on page 427.

III.

Notre Dame la Grande is not among the churches, so frequent in the western part of France, which were inspired at first or second hand by the great Byzantine church at Périgueux. Yet it deviates conspicuously from the lines of the early-Christian basilicas of the West. It has no transept. Four chapels radiate from the short choir. The tower shows Byzantine influence, although not the influence of St. Front of Périgueux; like the towers on the churches of Provence, it rises above the junction of nave and choir, and its lower part is treated as a domical lantern. Provençal churches are again suggested by the very narrow aisles, almost as tall as the nave itself, and buttressing its continuous barrel-vault with their intersecting vaults. But in a typical Provençal church the nave-walls rise sufficiently high above the aisle-roofs to admit of a small clearstory, while in Notre Dame la Grande there is neither a triforium nor a clearstory stage. Light enters only through the central lantern and the windows of the aisles, and the nave is dark and gloomy, its shadows growing very dense indeed up under the curve of the ceiling. Again, pointed forms are not used in this ceiling as they were in the Romanesque barrel-vaults of Provence and the Romanesque domical vaults of Périgord and Angoumois; the vaults of Notre Dame are semicircular in section, like those of more northerly districts. Therefore it seems all the more remarkable that, outside, the great blank arches which accompany the doorway should be pointed. In this case facility in construction cannot supply a reason for the choice of the broken curve. We must suppose that the architect chose it simply to secure good relative proportions in the height and breadth of his three great arches within the given breadth of his façade.

From the beginning the interior of Notre Dame seems to have been covered with painted color. Some fragments of early frescoed figures still exist on the ceiling of the choir, and in recent years they have been supplemented by a fresh and all-embracing garment of paint. One can imagine, from the picture on page 426, how greatly such a gar-



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE. CHOIR.

ment, if harmoniously wrought, adds to the beauty, the richness, the dignity of a church where the architectural forms are simple and the sculptured decorations few. But, alas! the present color-scheme of Notre Dame looks its best when thus translated into black and white, for it is very far indeed from being harmonious. Nowhere in our own new and untrained Western land have I seen a church interior defaced by tints so violently vulgar in themselves, or so unfortunately combined.

Alike in its constructional scheme and in the design and the lavish adornment of its front, Notre Dame la Grande represents that indigenous Romanesque art of Poitou which was developed from Gallo-Roman through early-Christian art, modified by native inventiveness, and indirectly affected by Byzantine influence. But in two at least of the larger churches of Poitiers we can trace the more potent influence of the great Byzantine church of St. Front at Périgueux.

This influence seems to have been transmitted, not straight from Périgord, but by way of the province of Anjou. As Périgord lies south and Anjou north of Poitou, the fact seems strange until we remember the political condition of these western districts during the period we have now in mind. Henry II, the first of the Plantagenet rulers of England, was king of England and duke of Normandy by right of maternal descent; but he inherited wide domains from his father, the Count of Anjou, and before and above all was an Angevin in deed and feeling; and through his wife he obtained control of other broad domains to the southward, including the Poitevin land. If we remember this and realize how architectural facts always reflect political and social facts, we are not surprised to learn that the Angevin, or so-called Plantagenet, style affected the art of Poitou.

It would be interesting, of course, to glance at the great churches of Angers, the headquarters of this style. But by staying instead for a moment longer in Poitiers we can see a church in which the final word of Plantagenet art, the final word of the Romanesque art of western France, was most beautifully spoken. This is St. Peter's, the cathedral church of Poitiers. Before we look at it, the very large and once magnificent,

but now deplorably injured, church of St. Radegonde demands a word.

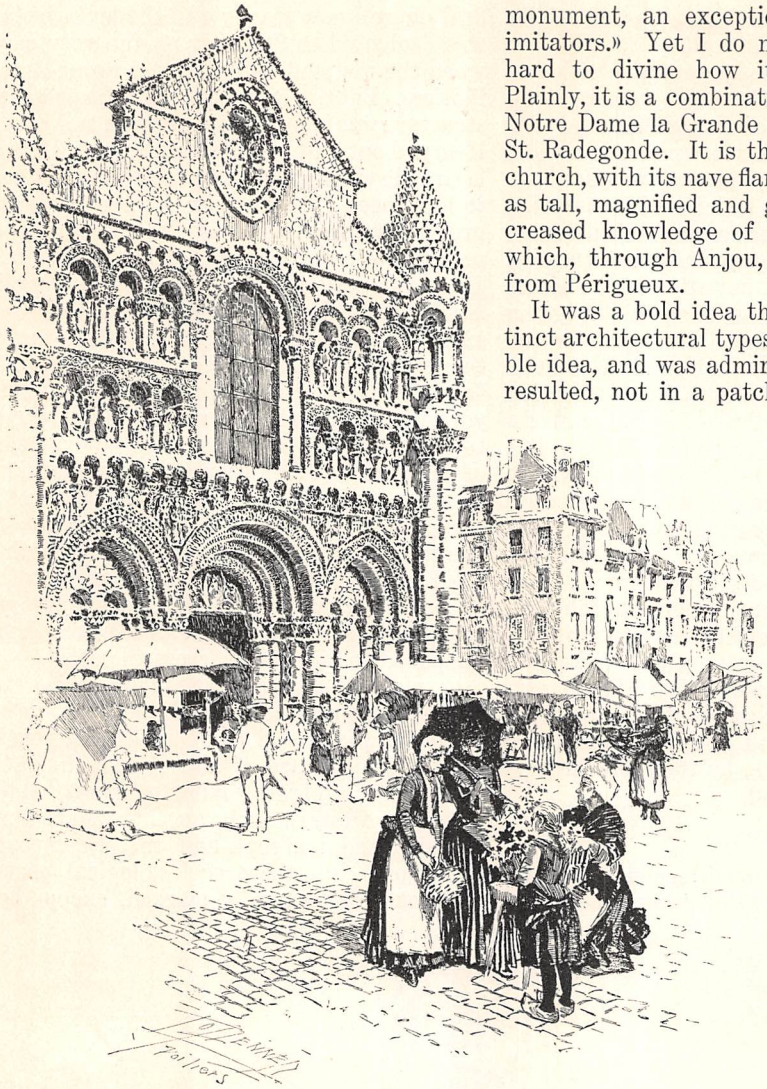
Here we do not find again the aisles of Notre Dame la Grande. The western limb, as in the cathedral of Angoulême and also in the typical churches of Anjou, is a wide, simple space; high-placed windows rise above the tall blank arcades which enrich the walls, and the ceiling is a series of domical vaults. But these vaults were not built, like those of Angoulême, in direct imitation of the domes of St. Front. They showed the Angevin manner, which we shall find again in the cathedral ceiling. St. Radegonde is a little younger than Notre Dame. The dedication of its choir, almost always the first part of a church to be finished, took place in 1099. But this slight difference in date does not explain the great difference in plan and construction between these neighboring churches. Their relative dimensions must be taken into account. The builders of St. Radegonde, wishing to construct a much larger church than Notre Dame, and knowing how hard it was to support a barrel-vault even above an area as narrow as the nave of Notre Dame, naturally turned for help to the expedients successfully employed in recent years, and on a very large scale, by their brethren in districts near at hand.

IV.

If you are willing to read legend as history, you may like to know that where the cathedral church now stands a Christian basilica was dedicated to St. Peter on the very day when the news of his death was brought to Poitiers. But the corner-stone of the present structure was laid by Queen Eleanor and King Henry about eighty years after Notre Dame la Grande was begun. The precise date seems to have been 1162, the year in which Henry's great adversary, Thomas Becket, was appointed to the primacy of his English realm. The construction of choir and nave was well advanced by the time of Eleanor's death in 1204. Little work, however, was done upon the façade until the fourteenth century, and for this reason (because our concern is not yet with Gothic art) I did not ask Mr. Pennell to draw it. Nor, indeed, is it a fine example of a Gothic façade, although its very defects give it a certain interest as seeming to reveal the influence of English art. In the body of the church, on the other hand, there is nothing English whatsoever. It is characteristic of the people among whom Eleanor and Henry really belonged, not of those over whom they happened to bear sway across the sea.

A plan of this church shows aisles as broad as the nave itself, and a flat east end; while the picture on page 430 explains that nave and aisles are of almost equal height. Four of the eight similar compartments form the western limb, another makes the crossing and transept, and three compose the choir. But these ecclesiological parts are not architecturally marked, except by

NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE. EAST END.



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE. WEST FRONT.

the slight projection of the transept as two small chapel-like arms. The whole great interior strikes the eye as a single broad and very lofty space, beautifully roofed with many dome-like vaults borne on tall, pointed arches by two longitudinal ranges of richly featured compound piers. The effect is not that of an aisled church at all. It is the effect of a church like Angoulême or St. Radegonde enlarged to such a degree that intermediate supports for the vaulting were required between the walls.

There is no other church of this kind in the city of Poitiers or the province of Poitou, and there is none in Anjou or any part of France. Viollet-le-Duc calls it «a strange monument, an exception which found no imitators.» Yet I do not think that it is hard to divine how it came into being. Plainly, it is a combination of the scheme of Notre Dame la Grande with the scheme of St. Radegonde. It is the local Romanesque church, with its nave flanked by aisles almost as tall, magnified and glorified by that increased knowledge of vaulting expedients which, through Anjou, had been gathered from Périgueux.

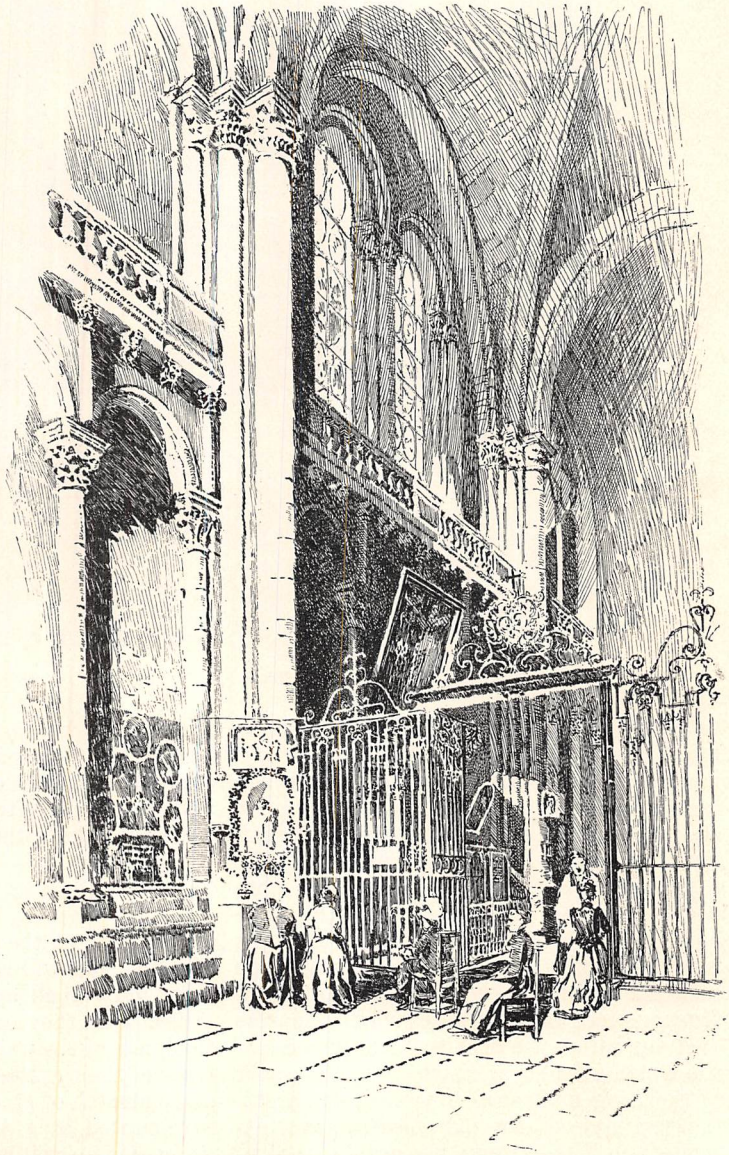
It was a bold idea thus to blend two distinct architectural types, but it was a sensible idea, and was admirably carried out. It resulted, not in a patchwork of discordant elements, but in a new, logical, and charming type of church interior. The effect of St. Peter's is much richer and more interesting than that of any aisleless church; and as the walls are so high that the windows are very large, and as the aisles are so wide that the curve of the vaults does not darken the nave, there is none of the heaviness, the somberness, which the absence of a clearstory gives to a church like Notre Dame la Grande. The illumination of St. Peter's is everywhere strong and equal; its expression is very spacious, open, airy, luminous. Vigorous yet slender in its fashioning, and exquisite in the design and treatment of its sculptured adornments, it is also a majestic and superb interior, with an elegance, a serenity, that recall the cathedral of Angoulême, but with a much more buoyant, cheerful, hospitable air. Without its ecclesiastical fittings it might look less like a church than like a wonderfully fine great secular hall. With these fittings the ecclesiastical accent is sufficiently strong, although, it must be confessed, St. Peter's of Poitiers appeals to a more simply human side of our appreciation than the churches of the North. It is

very beautiful, very admirable; but it has not the impressive, awe-inspiring aspect which, from earliest Romanesque to latest Gothic days, marked those tall, arcaded, galleried, and windowed naves, and those lower, duskier aisles more directly inspired by the basilican scheme of early-Christian days.

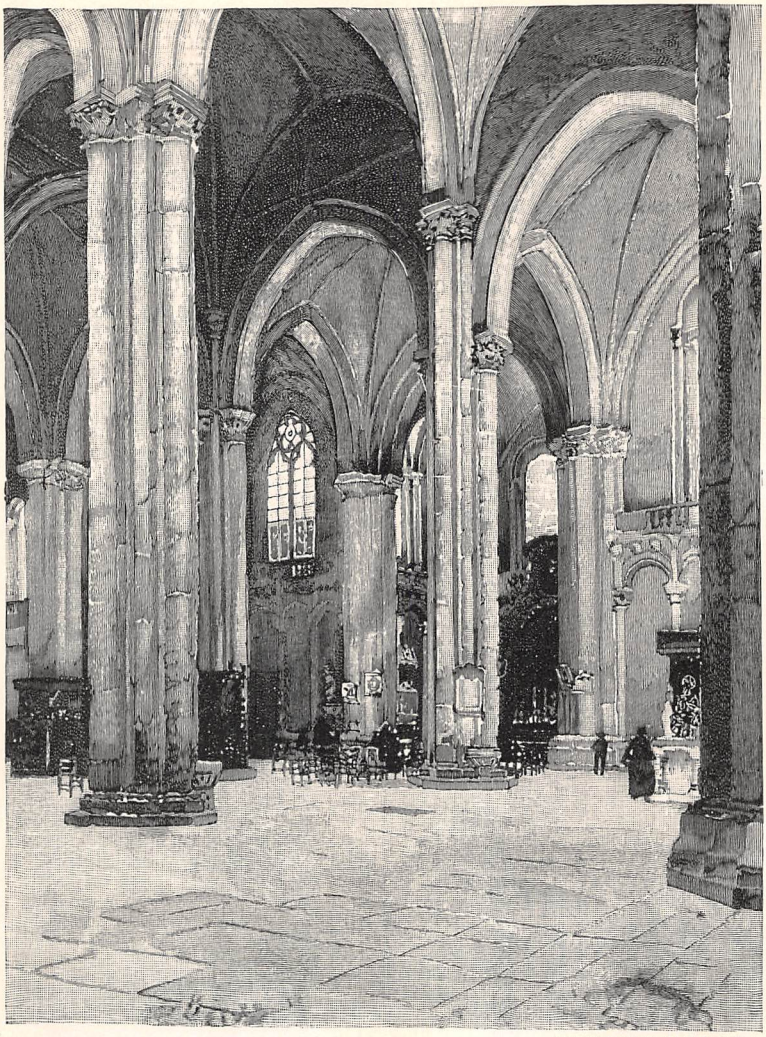
In the vaults of this cathedral the influence of Anjou is most distinctly read. Our pictures show that, in spite of their domical shape, they are very unlike the domes which cover the cathedral of Angoulême. There the spherical upper portion is supported by pendentives of a different curvature. Here it seems as though the pendentives themselves had been continued upward to form the cupolas; these are polygonal, not spherical, and are ribbed along the arrises; and as their curves are somewhat sharply pointed, they have a certain Gothic look. But a study of their construction has shown that their ribs are merely ornamental; and of course their shape is not really that of the typical early-Gothic groined vault, as it was developing, just at this time, in Burgundy, Champagne, and the Ile-de-France. In short, we may most accurately call these vaults ribbed domes of pointed section. They are plainly descended from the true domes of St. Front, and yet they as plainly confess indebtedness to those districts where domes were never used, but where Gothic art was born.

Even before the approach of this art Angevin architects had studied the ribbed intersecting Romanesque vaults of these districts—vaults which had been developed, not from Byzantine precedents, but from the unribbed intersecting vault of the Romans; and the structural ideas which they thus discovered they amalgamated with those revealed by the Byzantine domes of St. Front. Thus the Angevin, or Plantagenet, type of vaulting was evolved, and, copied at once in Poitiers in the purely Romanesque church of St. Radegonde, it grew into the beautiful ceiling which covers the cathedral church.

This cathedral church is by no means a purely Romanesque building. Not only in its vaults, but elsewhere, the pointed arch is conspicuously employed. Yet the round arch is



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, POITIERS.



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER.

not banished, and the decoration shows an intermingling of traditional motives with those, inspired by living flowers and leafage, which were characteristic of Gothic sculpture. In short, the cathedral of Poitiers is a Transitional building. It marks the passage of the Romanesque into the Gothic style; or, more exactly, it would do this if a true Gothic style had ever developed in Poitou. But St. Peter's is not merely the last word of the Romanesque art of the province: it is the last word of its indigenous art. After its day provincial impulse died out before the architectural prowess of the conquering royal district. As the power of the King of France extended, the architectural style of the old *domaine royal* extended too. For example, the great cathedral of Limoges, which is within the Poitevin country, might stand in Paris and not appear exotic; and it was begun about 1260, a century later than the cathedral of Poitiers, and half a century after Philippe Auguste had united Poitou to the crown of France.

V.

If you look at the plan of the cathedral of Poitiers, you will see that to the eastward three very small apses finish the nave and aisles. But they are mere recesses in the thickness of the wall. Outside, this shows no trace of their existence; it is merely an enormous stretch of stone, almost entirely plain, surmounted by a huge plain gable. Local Romanesque architecture, as we know it, supplies no precedent for an east end like

this, nor does the architecture of Anjou; and it cannot be associated with the profusely windowed flat east ends of England, which, indeed, did not replace the Anglo-Norman apse until a somewhat later day. Unless we go very far back and connect it with the east ends of early-Christian churches, which we know had very small apses, we must call it one more peculiarity of this very peculiar church. It looks as though the architect, who proved himself so boldly and splendidly inventive in the design of the body of St. Peter's, could not manage a true apsidal termination of so great a height, and therefore, giving up the attempt really to solve the problem he had set himself, closed the east end of his church as simply as he could. Outside, the effect of a plain wall of this extent, combined with the vast single roof which sweeps over the whole breadth of the church, is prosaic, barn-like, and uncouth. But there is reason to believe that the architect meant to surmount his transept-arms with towers like those of Angoulême, and probably to build a turreted façade like that of Notre Dame la Grande. And inside the church the vast field of eastern wall has a dignified and restful look, offsetting by its serious simplicity the light and varied character of the great space where, as we change from one point of view to another, the many elaborate piers and arches perpetually fall into combinations of a novel charm.

Very beautiful are the choir-stalls of St. Peter's, carved in the thirteenth century, and the oldest anywhere preserved in France; and very interesting, outside the church, is the station of its façade. Well below the level of the street it opens on a parvis—a rectangular court encircled by a balustrade. Such inclosures, sometimes sunken as here and sometimes raised, and inherited from the atrium of the Roman basilica, often stretched in front of medieval churches, but centuries of changing customs have left few of them intact. They were designed for the celebration of certain outdoor ceremonials, but especially for the administration of justice. Here lay penitents of various kinds made public confession of their sins, and ecclesiastics, safe from the secular arm, were pilloried or otherwise disciplined by the arm of the Church herself.

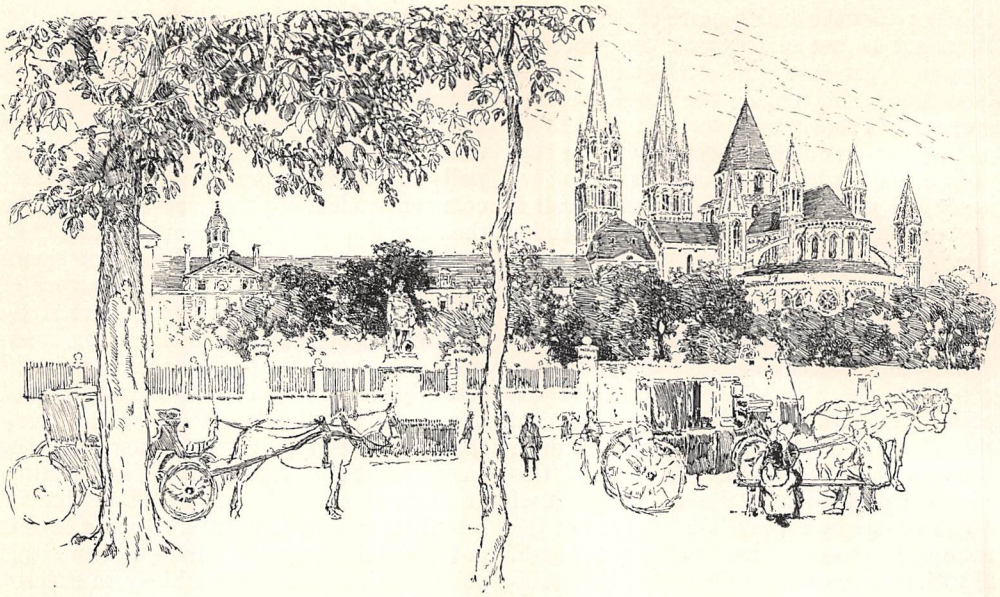
Looking still again at the plan of St. Peter's, you will see that the walls of the choir trend gradually inward toward the east. But you were not meant to notice this fact when you stand within the church itself, or to notice that each successive vaulting compartment of the choir, in the central alley and in the aisles as well, drops a little below the one to the westward of it, so that height and breadth diminish together. The intention was simply to augment the natural action of the laws of perspective: to force the lines of walls and ceiling more quickly toward their common vanishing-point, and thus to make the church seem larger than it is. This curious method of architectural juggling seems to have been imitated from one or more of the great churches of Anjou. If you study it standing in the choir and looking westward, the ingenuity of its construction will scarcely reconcile you to the awkwardness of its effect. But this is not the point of view that you were meant to take, and from the nave the architect's mendacities certainly produce, to some degree, the effect that he intended, while the beauty of his ceiling is not palpably impaired. Indeed, from this point of view you are not likely to suspect the existence of any mendacities at all.

I should like to show you some of the beautiful Romanesque church towers for which the land of Poitou is renowned; but it is more important now to set a Northern type of Romanesque church in contrast with the Southern types among which we have thus far traveled. So we will cross the Loire and the land of Anjou, and enter the country of the Normans.

VI.

A NEW race meets us in Normandy; a new ethnographical influence shows in its art. Here, as everywhere in Gaul, the Celt, the Roman, and the Teutonic Frank mingled their diverse strains of blood. But these northern regions were not so thoroughly Romanized, or so well endowed with classic works of art, as more southerly ones; and later the Franks settled less numerously in the northwestern than in the northeastern parts of their new Gallic domain. Therefore, in Normandy the rebirth of civilization was accomplished even more slowly than elsewhere, and history tells us little of the times which preceded the arrival of the race to which its modern name is due.

For a century these Scandinavian marauders had been desolating the shores of the Gallic lands, and carrying slaughter and pillage even into their central portions, when, in the year 912, one of their leaders, Rolf, was formally granted possession of a rich northern tract, with Rouen as its capital, which he already held by force of arms. And soon all the northerly districts as far as



ST. STEPHEN'S—ABBAYE-AUX-HOMMES, CAEN. EAST END.

Brittany were annexed to this new Norman duchy, while the ownership of Brittany itself was claimed.

But rapidly the Northmen were conquered by the people whom they had subdued. Their old religion was abandoned, their Teutonic tongue was utterly forgotten, their laws and customs and manners were assimilated to those of their neighbors. The barbaric Northman disappeared, the civilized Norman took his place; and this Norman became thoroughly a Frenchman. Yet he was a definite, peculiar kind of Frenchman. The individuality of the fresh, strong strain of Northern blood did not die out, and it speaks from architectural no less than from political history.

The Northmen brought no architectural traditions with them in their high-peaked galleys; but they quickly learned all that more civilized folk could teach, gave it an impress of their own, and became the most energetic and ambitious builders of the Romanesque time. From that early-Christian form of art which was virtually the same in all parts of western Europe, they developed in Normandy a Romanesque style of pronounced personality and extraordinary force. This they carried into England, using it there even more splendidly than at home; and when they turned southward and conquered Sicily they amalgamated it with the Saracenic style, and along this novel path worked as boldly, and individually, as at the North.

As an architectural district the true Norman land extends from the Seine westward beyond the borders of Brittany, and from the North Sea and the Channel southward to the borders of Anjou; and its most instructive Romanesque monuments stand in William the Conqueror's city of Caen.

By comparison with Arles and Avignon, or even with Périgueux and Poitiers, Caen is a modern town. Romans may have lived upon its site, but we know nothing about them, and it was merely a bit of a village when its name was first recorded, in the year 1006. It was really created by the great William half a century later. He made it his favorite residence and the second capital of Normandy, and in its outskirts he and his wife Matilda founded the two monasteries, one for monks and one for nuns, which the pope commanded them to build in expiation of the sin they had committed by marrying within the degrees of kinship forbidden by the church.

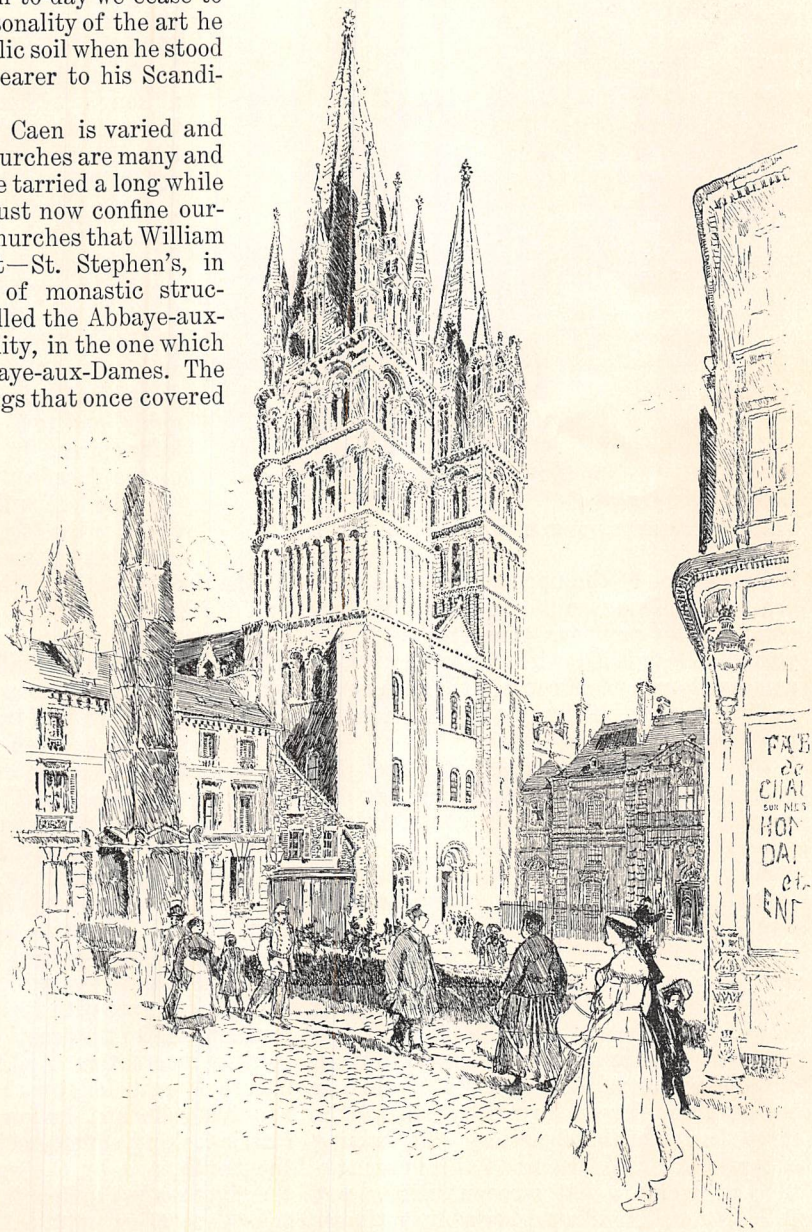
Caen lies snugly and prettily in the heart of that lovely, green and rolling, English-looking Norman land which is better known to Americans than any other part of France. Within its borders three small streams unite to form the river Orne, and spacious basins, with a wide canal running to the coast, make it an inland port of considerable importance. It has only some forty thousand indwellers—about ten thousand more than the towns we have recently seen; yet somehow it appears much larger, more consequential, less provincial and remote. Its principal streets

look quite sumptuously modern; for their chief secular buildings, many in number and often very fine in kind, date from Renaissance days. And as we walk any of the streets of Caen we realize how persistent are race characteristics. Even to-day the Norman is not like other Frenchmen. He is bigger and blonder and ruddier; he is more reserved, more steady, less impulsive, less voluble; and by nature he is a seafarer still. In truth, he is still largely a Northman, and when we know him to-day we cease to wonder at the personality of the art he produced upon Gallic soil when he stood eight centuries nearer to his Scandinavian home.

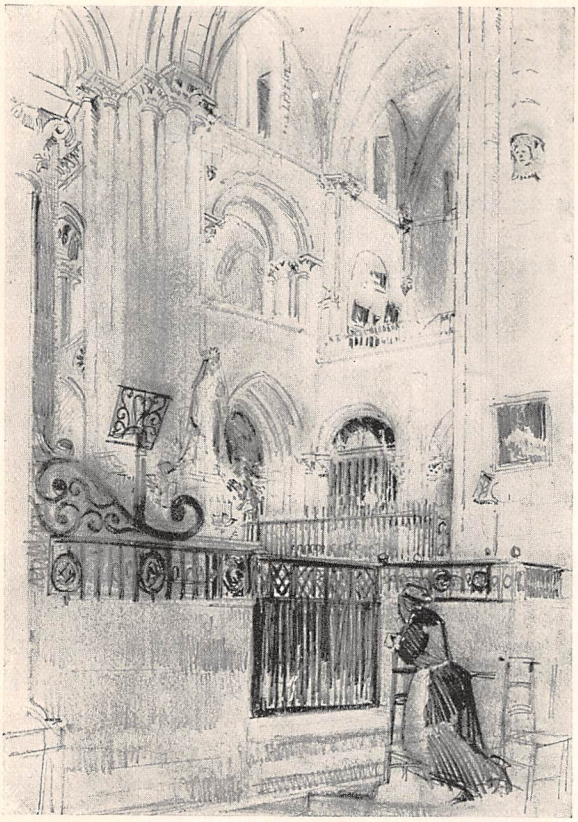
The history of Caen is varied and stirring, and its churches are many and delightful. But we tarried a long while in Poitiers, and must now confine ourselves to the two churches that William and Matilda built—St. Stephen's, in the great group of monastic structures which he called the Abbaye-aux-Hommes, and Trinity, in the one which she called the Abbaye-aux-Dames. The conventual buildings that once covered acres of ground, walled in and fortified like separate little towns, have utterly disappeared; but the churches still stand entire, although by no means altogether as their first creators left them.

VII.

I HAVE previously said that the true Romanesque styles did not develop from early-Christian art until the advent of that great political, intellectual, and moral renaissance which followed upon the year 1000. And even then the development was a little tardy in the province that Scandinavian settlers had made their own. Norman architecture was hardly born before the middle of the eleventh century, and the two great abbey-churches of Caen are among its earliest large monuments. They were begun about the year 1063, and Matilda's was dedicated in 1066, two months before William sailed for the conquest of England. But only its choir was then complete, and the rest of the work upon it lagged behind the work on St. Stephen's; for, with



ST. STEPHEN'S. WEST FRONT.



ST. STEPHEN'S. TOMB OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

the exception of the upper part of the western towers, this was finished when William arranged its pompous consecration in the year 1077—finished with a rapidity which amazes us even when recorded of such amazingly energetic builders as the Normans always were.

Byzantine influence did not affect the ground-plan of Norman churches, or the general character of their constructional scheme. They took from the early-Christian basilica its Latin-cross plan, its low aisles, its large triforium, and its tall clearstory amply lighting the broad nave. Under Northern skies this was a much better scheme than one which relied for illumination upon aisle-windows and a central lantern only. But its retention meant that until the twelfth century merely the apse and the aisles of Norman churches were vaulted with stone, while in the nave the pier-shafts usually ran straight up to the top of the clearstory wall, forming supports for cross-beams to the lower surface of which a flat wooden ceiling was nailed. A ceiling like this, or an open timber roof, could be supported by the tall nave-walls, but a barrel-vault of stone needed the buttressing supplied by high-placed aisle-vaults such as those that we have seen in the Romanesque churches of Provence and in Notre Dame la Grande at Poitiers; and even thus it was difficult to build it securely on any extended scale.

But the Norman Romanesque church showed points where the early-Christian basilican scheme was expanded or improved upon. The choir was lengthened, and its semicircular apse was enlarged, although without the addition of the radiating chapels common in the Romanesque work of many other districts; the projecting narthex, or porch, was replaced by a great vestibule incorporated with the western front. And in this front we find, very simply and plainly treated, the type afterward so gloriously developed by Gothic architects—three portals, a windowed wall supporting a central gable, and two great towers with lofty spires. In the nude severity of the façade of St. Stephen's at Caen lie latent the serene magnificence of the façade of Notre Dame in Paris, and the elaborate splendor of the fronts of the cathedrals of Amiens and of Rheims.

Nor was the Norman architect wholly unaffected by Byzantine influence. The fact that he always built a massive tower over the crossing of his nave and transept, and always left its lower stage open to the church beneath as a windowed lantern, tells, of course, of his acquaintance with the domical lanterns of southerly districts; and the stuffs and carvings of the Orient furnished him with many ornamental motives.

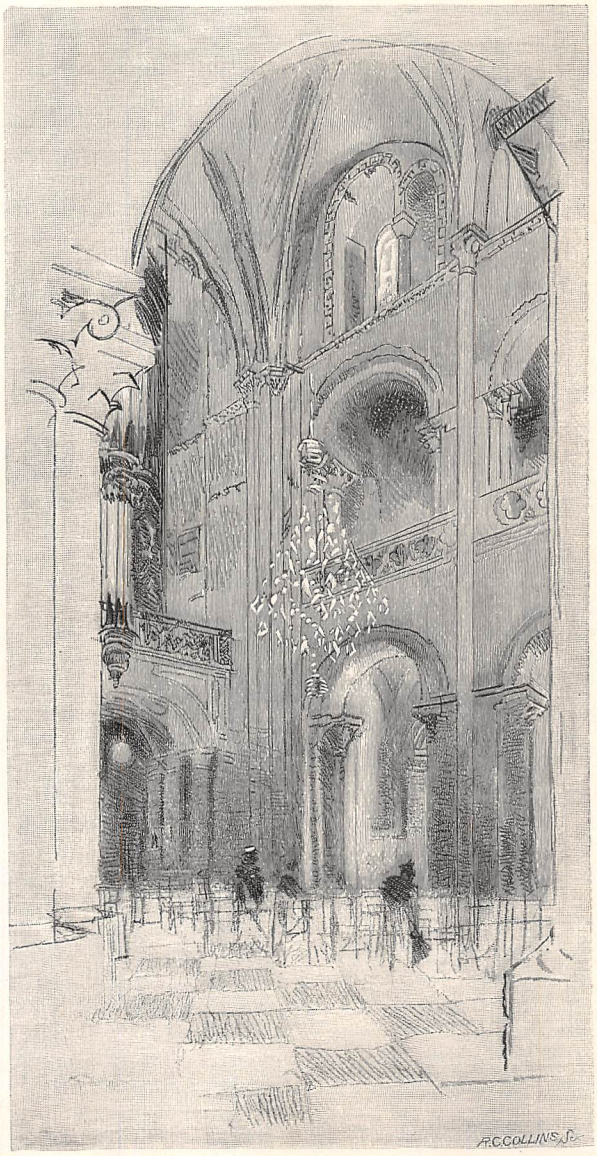
Let us look first at William's church, St. Stephen's. It is not as large as many Norman churches afterward built in England. Nevertheless, it is very big. Its massiveness is commensurate with its size. Its beautiful masonry tells of the practical, thoroughgoing spirit of its creators. And their strong, stern nature is revealed by the substitution of massive rolls and hollows for the simple, classic-looking, square-sectioned moldings of the South, and by the sparse amount and the vigorous yet unimaginative character of their decorative work.

Classic remains did not teach figure-sculp-

ture on this far-away soil, and the Normans never developed an aptitude for it, although they had the same help which sufficed for the sculptors of the domaine royal and the central districts of France—the help of the figures on Byzantine manuscripts and portable carvings. Norman sculptured figures are very small, and form an integral part of the decorative patterns; and even leafage motives are sparingly employed. Norman ornaments are almost altogether geometrical. At first they were of the simplest sort—zigzags, billets, nail-heads, rolls, and coarse imitations of the Greek fret. Nor was there any of the delicate refinement of Southern manipulation; the patterns were heavily designed, boldly, deeply, and even rudely cut. Later there was more delicacy and more richness, but still along geometrical lines, Byzantine motives mingling with those grotesque interlacings which, as I have said, were the only real contribution of the far North to medieval art. The favorite early forms for capitals were a cushion form, unknown in the districts we have hitherto seen, and a crudely voluted form—barbaric translations of the Doric and Ionic capitals of classic times; and when more elaborate types were evolved their effect was somewhat barbaric still.

The great vaults which now cover the nave of St. Stephen's were built early in the twelfth century to replace the original flat wooden ceiling, and the balustrade of the triforium gallery is still later in date. In many other features, too, the nave has been retouched or reconstructed; yet it still fairly represents the one that William built, and the transept is in a similar case. But late in the twelfth century the choir was rebuilt, most likely to do honor to William's sepulcher. The style had then become early Gothic, yet of a distinctively Norman kind. The triforium preserves its old Romanesque importance and the semicircular shape of the arch; the rectangular chapels which flank the choir proper, and the semicircular ones which surround the apse, are all included under a single stretch of roof, as you may see from the drawing on page 432; and only in a Norman design would you find the slender turrets which spring above this roof. The ornate spires of the western towers also date from the twelfth century, while the central tower, reconstructed in the thirteenth century, was again renewed in Renaissance times—singularly enough, in imitation of its medieval aspect.

Matilda's church has been less conspicuously altered. Here the choir is still the one that was consecrated in 1066. It has no true aisle or triforium gallery, but its apse is en-



ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

ST. STEPHEN'S. NAVE.

circled by a two-storied colonnade, with richly conceived yet rudely executed capitals, forming a sort of narrow passage around the wall. Beneath lies a five-aisled crypt, with low vaults borne by ranges of stumpy columns, which seems like a crude prophecy of the rich and slender late-Norman Galilee Chapel in Durham Cathedral.

The choir of Trinity is now the place of worship for a house of nuns who tend a great modern hospital, while the nave is used as a parish church. Therefore the one is now completely walled off from the other, and Mr. Pennell was permitted to make no drawings in the choir. On page 438, however, he shows you Trinity's nave. Later than the choir, and later than St. Stephen's nave, —probably not finished until after the year 1100,—it is also more exceptional in design. St. Stephen's shows the usual Norman type of triforium. The nearest approach to Trinity's type of which I know is the early-Gothic nave of Wells Cathedral in England.[1]

A spire of wood much taller than the present one originally covered the central tower of Trinity, and the pointed windows of its upper stage were inserted during the thirteenth century. The cappings on the western towers date only from the eighteenth century; the old ones, with the spires above them, were destroyed by Duguesclin, for strategical reasons, while he was warring against the English. Otherwise the façade of Trinity reveals the original design, although with numerous restorations. Being later and more richly developed than St. Stephen's, it is still more interesting, for its unlikeness to the contemporary façades of Southern districts is just as apparent, while its prophecy of the splendors of Gothic fronts is more distinct.

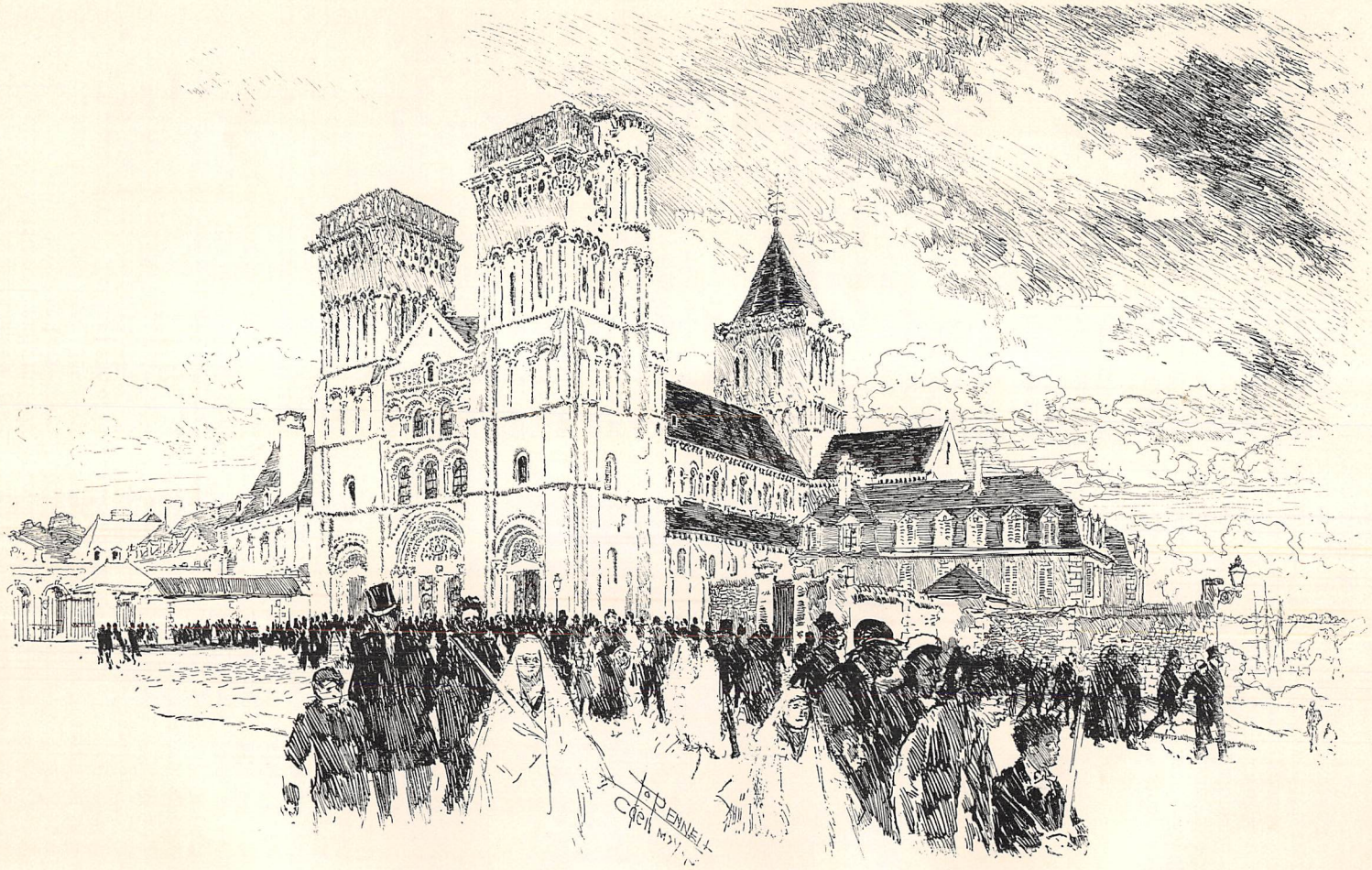
The exterior of a typical Norman church won a special grandeur from the number, the importance, and the rich character of its towers. No other province learned so soon to build such fine ones, and no other retained the central one so long. Elsewhere it disappeared or dwindled to a spirelet as the body of the church grew tall in Gothic times; but when the Norman borrowed Gothic schemes and forms from his neighbors of the domaine royal, he was less enamoured of very lofty interiors, and therefore could preserve his central towers. We know how they persisted in England, where the whole course of architectural history was determined by Norman beginnings—growing, indeed, more and more majestic as Gothic art developed, until at last, in the Perpendicular period, they throned immensely over cathedral churches which bore no western towers at all. And the Gothic cathedral at Coutances, the finest in Normandy itself, shows a group of three great towers as distinctively Norman as the group on St. Stephen's at Caen. Such words as might be used of the people of Normandy describe the temper of its medieval art as well: after a period of semi-independence it became part and parcel of the national art of the great kingdom of France, yet always, to a very marked degree, it remained provincial in the best and proudest meaning of the term.

These Norman Romanesque churches are grander and more virile than their contemporaries of the South. And if you think them less interesting because less peculiar, this merely means that they form a more integral part of that long chain of architectural development which, beginning with the simple pagan basilica, ended in the Gothic magnificence of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Therefore historical interest is greater in Normandy than at the South, and it is augmented by the fact that few important Romanesque churches remain in the true French district. During the Romanesque period the King of France was engaged in such a bitter struggle with many rebellious fiefs and rival sovereignties that architectural energy could not be fostered within his personal domains as it could upon the lands of some of his opponents. And, on the other hand, when his banners triumphed from sea to sea, this energy developed with such splendid enthusiasm and power that, while great French Gothic churches sprang up in every conquered district,—absolutely French, as at Limoges, or modified, as at Coutances,—almost all the earlier work which existed on his ancestral soil was swept away to make room for finer things. Therefore we must turn elsewhere to get a good idea of the Romanesque art from which Gothic art developed; and Normandy is very important from this point of view. Its Romanesque work was akin to that of the Ile-de-France: it was lavishly produced on a splendid scale; and much of it has been very well preserved.

VIII.

In the year 1083 Queen Matilda was magnificently entombed in the choir of her conven-

[1] This analogy is noticed in my book on «English Cathedrals»; and there I have explained the controlling influence of Norman Romanesque upon English Gothic art more fully than is possible or desirable here.



TRINITY—ABBAYE-AUX-DAMES, CAEN.

tual church. In 1562 Protestant hands pillaged her resting-place. Reinterred and, in 1709, placed in a new sepulcher, her bones were again profaned in 1793; and now they lie in a still more modern tomb. Yet into one of its sides is built a slab from the first tomb of all, bearing the original epitaph in stately Latin hexameters.

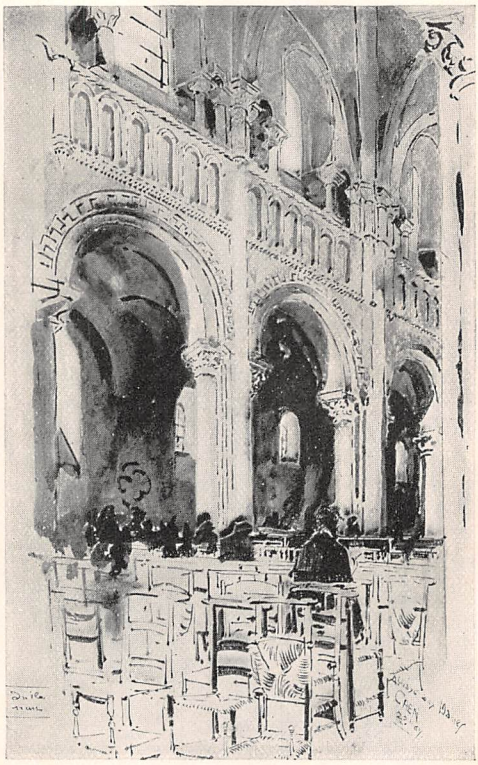
In the choir of William's church you may also read his epitaph, likewise in Latin, but as modern hands have written it:

HERE IS SEPULTURED THE INVINCIBLE WILLIAM, CONQUEROR, DUKE OF NORMANDY AND KING OF ENGLAND, OF THIS HOUSE THE FOUNDER, WHO DIED IN THE YEAR 1087.

As you read these words, as you look around upon William's great and massive house, as you remember the still more tremendous houses of God which he made it possible for his kith and kin to build in a new realm across the sea, as you think of all the enemies he subdued and all the friends and allies he controlled, of all the terrible evil and all the excellent good he wrought, his image, against the background of the hoary stones he placed, defines, solidifies, and explains itself. You recognize the image of one of the chief among men, of one whose personal seal was set, not upon his own time only, but, in two great countries, upon times that have not yet expired. It is indeed a mighty and imposing shape. Solemn and soul-subduing,—a traveler from another planet, not knowing the character of ours, would confidently say,—reverential and nobly tragical, must have been the closing scenes when this man's spirit returned to the Maker whom his lips had so loudly professed to honor, and his body was committed to the keeping of the earth which his feet had so magnificently trod.

But there is nothing for which an eye that does know our planet can less confidently look than for appropriate endings to the lives of men. Least of all can it expect them when great rulers are in question: it has read too often of an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Henry of Navarre, a William of Orange, a Lincoln. No one drew fatal daggers against William of Normandy, and no one was able to fetter and confine him. But you have heard how the sons of his own body turned against him, and once even his beloved Matilda; how deadly weakness assailed his giant frame, and the mere misstep of a horse was its destruction; how, when he died in Rouen, the great men and the small who had thronged to his chamber fled, each man his own way, to make sure of personal profit; and how his body was left for a time abandoned, and only a single knight with a few men-at-arms at last consented to bear it to its burial in Caen.

As his funeral passed through the streets of Caen, toward the portal of St. Stephen's, a great fire broke out in the town, and the procession scattered in terror—all but the faithful servitors of the Church. Then, when these pronounced their eulogy while William lay uncovered before the high altar, and called upon their hearers to forgive any sin he might have committed against them, the voice of a burgher cried out in protest: the



TRINITY. NAVE.

land upon which St. Stephen's stood was his—William had never paid for it—William should not rest within it until payment had been made. The service was stopped, sixty shillings were given as the price of the grave itself, and a larger sum was promised for the remainder of the site. But even this was not all: the stone coffin had been made too narrow; the huge and bloated corpse burst under the pressure of impatient hands, and despite the clouds of sweet incense in the church, William's horrified subjects fled a third time

from his posthumous presence. It seems almost trivial to add that when Matilda's grave was desecrated by the Protestants, William's was desecrated too, and that his bones were lost, with the exception of a single leg-bone, which now lies under the proud epitaph, and, an old writer has recorded, is «longer by the length of about four fingers than those of a very big man.»

A pitiful, a pitiable, a dreadful story! Why cannot one forget it in the great church of William the Great? Perhaps you may when it comes your turn to stand there. But I could not. It was too curiously, too dramatically suggested by the atmosphere and the aspect of the place in the hour when I first saw it.

It was a late October twilight hour, but clearly gray in the streets and squares, and we were glad to find the doors of William's abbey-church still open. Inside its massiveness, however, there was a gray and somber gloom—such broad, thick shadows, and such narrow gleams of pallid light, that the vast spaces looked as though filled with vapor or smoke. Many interiors would have been obliterated by this duskiness, and we should merely have wished that we might see them better. But these huge, plain piers, these simple and titanic arches, were but greater, grander, more tremendous than in vivid daylight, defining themselves in spite of the obscurity, as though built by more than mortal hands. Half concealed, yet colossally apparent, they seemed to form a church for ghosts to pray in—for ghosts imperial, like that of a duke who had won himself a kingdom across a foreign sea. No steps but ours profaned the gigantic solitude; no other eyes explored it. The silence was as dense as the gloom, and, like the gloom, it seemed to grow denser as each moment passed. And then, when we entered the choir, behold! it was all hung with black draperies bordered with glimmering bands of white; and behind the high altar towered a great catafalque, with its white-edged sable covers widely sweeping the floor. There were no watchers and no candles, and so we knew that the body for which this bier had been prepared was not yet upon it. But the effect was all the more awesome. One could fancy a preparation, not for the material body of some mere modern man, some prosaic little burgher of the modern town of Caen, but for the ghostly corpse of the long-dead warrior who created Caen. More and more the whole place seemed like a place in a terrific dream, growing momentarily darker, stiller, indistincter—fading away as a dream fades, but into thick blackness, not thin and luminous air. And more and more the spirit of William, the Conqueror whom death disgraced, seemed to pervade it—coming to show that even death in such a form had not subdued him, coming to be consoled in this enormous and majestic solitude, on this peaceful, shadowy bier, for the hideous turmoil and contumely of his actual interment eight hundred years before.

This was my first impression of the Conqueror's church, carried hastily, almost in terror, through its portal into the glooming street. And I hardly remember how St. Stephen's looked in after days and brighter hours.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

«I HAVE CALLED THEE MANY A NIGHT.»

I HAVE called thee many a night,
While the rest were sleeping;
Thou wert deaf to all I said,
Heedless of my weeping.

Wilt thou never hear again,
Howsoe'er I pray thee?
Then must I go forth to seek,
On thy way waylay thee.

Shall I find, beyond the sun,
Some Celestial Garden?
Shall I kneel there at thy feet,
Clamor for thy pardon?

Nay; how can I wait so long?
Wilt thou not draw near me?
Wingèd winds are steeds of thine—
Let them hither bear thee.

Long my ear waits for thy words.
How can I forego thee?
Ah! for one brief hour come back,
Let me see and know thee.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

«HELLO, TOM! D' YOU KNOW ME?»

THE DEFENSE BY RESURRECTION.

UPTON was, and still is, a dull little town, the county-seat of an extremely bucolic county in the mid-uplands of Alabama, just where the great Sand Mountain range begins to break into romantic hills and valleys, gorges and fells, that soon in turn soften down and blend together, forming that broad billowy plain, between the mountains and the sea, so famous for its cotton, its quail-shooting, and its corn.

A low but roomy brick house on a hill overlooking a ravine through which the two or three straggling and ill-kept streets of Upton found a common outlet into the country by way of a bumpy red-clay road, was the only picturesque feature of the place; and even it wore a forlorn aspect as its small windows peered out between the trees and vines toward the stony slope beyond the rivulet, which, blue and dreamy, was fresh from tumbling down a rock-fanged mountain gorge, the same in which a notorious «moonshine» distillery so long baffled the government officers.

The Horton family was, in deference to Alabama custom, an old one, and had been rich. When Colonel Horton built the house he felt he was setting up a monument of architectural grandeur, and all the people of Upton and the surrounding country frankly shared his optimistic impression. The house itself seemed to be aware of its importance. That was a long time ago, in the days of slavery, when even the mountain villages had their aristocrats.

The war was just ended when Colonel Horton died, leaving to his widow, his son, and his daughter a heavy financial trouble to mingle their grief withal. Mrs. Horton was an invalid; Tom, the son, had fallen into a sorry way of life, which led post-haste toward destruction; and so the responsibility of managing the involved estate fell to the share of Grace, a girl just turning her twentieth year, and without the slightest knowledge of business affairs.

An almost briefless young lawyer in Upton, Henry Purvis by name, and also by the testimony of a crazy-looking sign hanging aslant by one corner beside his office door, had been employed to help the family deeper into legal entanglements: at least that was what Judge Tolliver was heard to remark when he found that the young man and not himself was to be retained.

«If there 's enough of Colonel Horton's estate left to buy a drink of liquor for Tom, by the time that jackleg cyarpet-bagger Purvis gets done with it, I 'll be mightily surprised,» the judge added; «for what he knows about law would n't solemnize a constable's affidavit in Indiana.»

What was supposed to make this remark especially crisp lurked in a direct allusion to the fact that Purvis had recently come from the Hoosier State. Judge Tolliver had supreme contempt for Western lawyers in general, but for his feeling toward Indiana lawyers contempt was too mild a word, and he always used some phrases of withering defamation in speaking of them. The secret lay in the memory of an experience in Kokomo, the far-famed Indiana town, whither Judge Tolliver had once gone on important legal business for a client, and had been put out of court on demurrer by a little red-headed lawyer who chewed tobacco and spoke through his nose.

«I say, sah, they don't know ‹b› from a bull's foot about law up there,» and the judge took some whisky by way of emphasis. «Why, that illiterate little copperas-haired cuss pronounced *duces tecum* duckis tickem, blame if he did n't! Kokomo! Lord, sah, what a bah!» and he grimaced as if the liquor had burned his throat.

Purvis, although he did not feel called upon to make good the claims of the Kokomo bar, he having come from the southern part of Indiana, was nevertheless not altogether proof against the judge's toplofty humor, and could not help letting wag his own caustic tongue. The two men rarely spoke to each other further than stiffly to exchange formalities on the street or in the dingy little court-room; but there was an indirect cross-firing which, in that climate and at that time, was dangerous. It presently came to threats on the part of the judge, and defiance bold and unqualified from Purvis—a state of affairs not likely to escape public notice in a town like Upton.

«The jedge 'll cyarve 'im inter shoe-strings, or shoot 'im plumb full o' holes, and that 'll be the eend o' Mr. Purvis,» was the prophetic announcement made by Sandy Lucas, the bartender and owner of the Crossed Bottles saloon, who was a great friend and partizan of Tolliver's.

On the ground that Purvis was a «cyarpet-

bag Hoosier,» and the judge a thoroughbred and registered Alabamian, this foresay by Lucas was gratefully accepted by all Upton and its dependents far and near. Nobody thought that Purvis had any fight in him, he was so loquacious and good-humored; but it was plain that he was taking all sorts of chances with the judge. Indeed, he could not be fairly criticized, or even roughly measured, by the Sand Mountain standard. His Western democratic levity, which at need shaded off so quickly into a sort of jocund stubbornness, set him apart as *sui generis* in a community whose blending of stiff dignity and artificial suavity was a mere hereditament worn as one wears an old-time brooch or ring descended from one's remotest known ancestor. It was a foregone conclusion that Judge Tolliver would one of these days make him «eat what he 's been a-sayin' or take to the woods or fight,» as Sandy Lucas expressed it, and most people thought that to fight the judge was equivalent to suicide. Therefore, when Purvis fell into the habit of inquiring for the cemetery in which the judge's victims had been laid to rest, everybody knew that an interesting event was close at hand.

The clash came; it was pistols in the principal street of the town, on a rainy day midmost of a long wet season, and Judge Tolliver fired two shots, after which his seven-shooter, an old-style percussion-cap weapon, heavy and deadly, began to snap without igniting the remaining five charges.

Sandy Lucas popped out of his saloon to see what was going on. He liked sport of that sort.

Purvis, who was not hit, had deliberately repocketed his own revolver without firing or even cocking it; and there he stood actually grinning almost jocosely at the set and grimly resolute face of the judge, who was doing his part with evident view to tragedy.

«You are a great one, I must say, Judge Tolliver,» the young man exclaimed, «to depend upon an old rickety pistol like that! It looks more like a sausage-stuffer than a deadly weapon. Why, judge, you could n't hit a barn-door with it. Run and get a better one; I 'll wait for you. I 'm in no hurry at all. Or, here, take mine; I don't need it.»

All this time «snap,» «snap,» «snap,» went the hammer of the ponderous and steadily aimed weapon, as its owner mechanically and with almost stony firmness cocked and recocked it, and as many times pulled the trigger. Sandy Lucas winked both eyes, and grimaced violently at each ineffectual fall of the crazy hammer on the frayed and rusty nipple.

Purvis looked right into the gloomy bore of the barrel, and kept on grinning in the manner of one vexed, yet greatly amused. He held his arms slightly akimbo, as though expecting something comical to happen; but his eyes were very steady.

«It 's no use, judge,» he presently added; «she won't fire; those caps are wet. Put on some dry ones; if you kill me I want you to do it without any element of accident. Besides, I think you 'll hurt yourself with that old machine.»

«You do, do you?» growled the judge, taking two more careful snaps, and then hurling his pistol at Purvis with might and main. «Um, take that!»

Purvis stepped aside so that the rude oak awning-post behind him caught the whirling weapon, which struck butt foremost, the muzzle pointing toward the judge, and the concussion caused it to fire with an almost deafening roar. The bullet hissed past Purvis's head, and, by one of those inexplicable ironies of accident, hit the judge, making a harmless but burning crease just above his left ear and whisking away a lock of gray hair.

«She did conclude to go off at last,» remarked Purvis, with a droll, dry accent. «If you 'll pick her up now maybe she 'll work all right.»

Then, seeing the judge jerk his head, wince, stagger, turn ashen pale, and fling up his hand, he immediately went toward him, with a sudden look of sympathy and regret.

«Why, judge, are you hurt? Did it hit you?» he inquired, his voice softening and taking on a fine suggestion of hearty and spontaneous good-fellowship. «I hope no harm 's done.»

There they stood, those two, the people collecting about them in the thick gray mist of rain: the judge tall, aquiline, grizzly; Purvis shorter, stouter, ruddy, quite comfortable-looking in every way. Lucas could scarcely contain himself, he was so excited. He spat out his quid of tobacco, and swore.

The judge evidently thought that the bullet had gone straight through his head; his eyes betrayed this, but he said, with an evident effort to be heroic:

«No, sah; it 's only a scratch, sah.»

«Humph!» ejaculated Purvis, for the first time showing a sign of impatience; and then, resuming his good-natured smile, he added drawlingly, «If I were you, and wanted to scratch my head, I 'd use my fingers.»

In spite of the rain, now driven along almost level by a sudden wind, the bystanders, excited and gaping as they were, looked at

one another appreciatively, each turning a shoulder to the current, and chuckled dryly. It was a fighting community, but the sort of grit shown by this Indiana man got the best of the present representatives. The humorous phase of chivalry was something that had never before disclosed itself to them.

After that the judge and Purvis were close friends; indeed, the former was often heard saying:

«If any man would delight to have me climb right up to his collah and amputate his windpipe, just let him say that my young friend Henry Purvis ain't dead game to the backbone. Yes, sah; I 'll 'commodate that man right away. I 'll be uncommonly generous to him.»

In the matter of attending to Colonel Horton's estate Purvis came under the influence of Miss Grace Horton, who was a charming girl in both person and temper; but Tom Horton was what people call «a case»—that is, he could not be classified as good, bad, or indifferent, being all three in one, with a liberal element of the indescribable thrown in to fill out and heap up the measure. Miss Grace almost idolized this scamp of a brother, as good and true sisters so often persist in doing; and, like many another lost man, Tom loved Grace heroically, while he went on accomplishing almost everything in his power to disgrace the family name, dissipate the remnant of their fortune, and bring them all down to the lees of misery.

Purvis had little difficulty in making fair weather with the people of Upton and its environments after winning his way into Judge Tolliver's heart. Even Sandy Lucas was inclined to be generously friendly toward him, occasionally offering him the freedom of the Crossed Bottles bar, which Purvis genially declined.

Everybody saw that the young lawyer regarded Grace as the most important item of the Horton estate, and seemed to take more interest in her welfare than in extending his practice. He was magnetic,—at least Judge Tolliver said he was,—full of the fine vigor and bloom of health due to honest ancestry and a clean life. He was massive, if not tall, and a certain calm self-confidence directed the glances of his rather large gray-blue eyes.

Grace, as is the way of young girls whose lives are passed in lonely country towns, was a lover of romance. She took immediate cognizance of Purvis's victory over Judge Tolliver, and proceeded to make a hero of him in her imagination. He felt that he richly deserved this distinction on higher ground; but was unspeakably glad to have it on any that Grace might choose. Moreover, he was far from underestimating the emphasis with which local sentiment had magnified his prowess and bravery, and he was perfectly aware of the importance of following up an advantage so honestly come by. He let no time pass idly. Grace helped him to unravel the knotty places in her father's affairs, and at the same time confused his legal vision by filling his eyes with a love-mist.

It was the same old story. The world never tires of it or desires any change in its main features. A man and a maid, in city, town, or village—they meet, they speak, they love.

Every day, and sometimes twice a day, Purvis went up to the mansion. He was smiling when he entered the gate; he was still smiling when he came out.

One afternoon, as Purvis and Grace, after examining together some papers and old accounts, were sitting on the veranda of the mansion in a haze of idleness, they heard three pistol-shots, sharp and rapid, in the direction of the Crossed Bottles saloon.

«That was Tom's pistol—oh!» Grace spoke as one does who has been hard hit in battle, and laid her hand on Purvis's arm with an involuntary clutch.

Her brother had a gallery behind the house, and she had heard his weapon so often that its sound was like a familiar voice to her ear.

Purvis had been thinking rapidly; now he rose, and saying, «Keep the papers; I 'll come back,» went down-town.

He knew that she was right. He had seen Tom Horton lately going in and out with a hard gambler, a newcomer to Upton, who looked bad enough to do anything; a heavy-set fellow with a cast in one eye and a villainous smile that kept his face in a constant ripple of wrinkles; a furtive, shadowy night-bird whose victims were not likely to escape him.

And, sure enough, Tom had killed this man; shot him three times through the breast before he could fall to the floor. It was a bad affair. Tom had won the fellow's money, and some words following brought on the killing, which looked like outright murder.

Unfortunately, Tom's character was against him, notwithstanding the vileness of the man who had been his target, and he was locked up without bail in the dingy little prison at Upton. Judge Tolliver and Henry Purvis were employed to defend him; but it was yet four months before the court would sit. Moreover, there appeared to be not the ghost of a defense in Tom's behalf.

Judge Tolliver's whole intellect turned at once to the invention of a defense; but there appeared to be no foothold for any of his many and ingenious creations. He could not make out even a skeleton of romantic self-defense, of alibi, of extreme provocation, or of previous threats. «Set your Yankee wits to work,» he said to Purvis,—for to him all persons not Southerners were Yankees,—«set your Yankee wits to work, and worm out something to hang oratory on. It 's oratory, sah, that raises a reasonable doubt in the jury's haht, but whah 's oratory when you 've got nothing to hang it on?»

Purvis could see no hope, and frankly said so.

The judge was excited from morning till night. He walked his office floor, and stroked his gray beard, what time he was not seeking comfort at the Crossed Bottles bar. Pretty soon something came to pass which added greatly to his nervous strain.

The murdered gambler's name was Timothy Lane, and he had been decently buried in an old cemetery just outside of town. Three days later it was discovered that his body had been «snatched,» and the grave left open and empty.

«That 's unfortunate,» said Judge Tolliver to Purvis; «it 'll work against our defense.»

«How?» inquired the young lawyer.

«Oh, just on general human principles. You know juries are superstitious.»

«I don't see your point.»

«Well, I don't say that I have any; but I know it 's so; a mystery in a murder case is always against the accused.»

«That 's probably true.»

«And we 've got no margin in this case at best.»

«Not enough for a foot-note.»

It was hard to realize that Tom Horton, bad as he certainly had been, was a murderer. Grace could not believe it, and Purvis could not fling off from his mind a film of dimness, so to call it, whenever he tried to think over the unfortunate affair. Evidently the people of Upton were affected in the same way; for the remark was current that nobody remembered much about Lane, that the killing seemed not to have left any sharp lines of impression on the minds of the two or three who saw it. Purvis, whose memory was remarkably powerful, tried in vain to call up a distinct recollection of the gambler; but all he could do was to make out a devilish smile, a defective eye, and a sinister countenance generally, which evaded distinct recognition in detail. Everybody seemed caught in this difficulty to a degree that caused even Sandy Lucas to philosophize about it.

«That air Lane were a myster'us bein', an' es shy es er detective. Hit gits me yit how he seemed ter kinder keep outen a body's mind when he were right afore 'im. He were a gen'us, that man were. A gen'us gits ther' every time.»

Doubtless there is always an adequate explanation in the simple nature of things for a seeming departure from the normal in events that attract general public attention. Possibly it was the mere fact of Lane's body being resurrected which generated this film of unreality. The man was at best a stranger and mysterious, as wandering gamblers almost always are, and then this body-snatching was a horror heretofore unknown to Upton. At all events, what soon happened fitted quite naturally into this state of things.

One morning Purvis brought a letter for Grace to read—a letter that had puzzled him. It purported to be from Tom's victim, was signed «Timothy Lane,» and was postmarked at a little mountain town of eastern Kentucky bearing the sylvan name of Possumtrot. Judge Tolliver being absent in Mobile, Purvis had no one to consult with on the strange contents of this preposterous missive:

MR. HENRY PURVIS, Lawyer.

DEAR SIR: I have been informed that you are defending Tom Horton for killing me. As I am not dead yet, but alive and well, I don't see any use in hanging Tom Horton. If you will make it interesting to me, I will come back to Upton and show myself. All that I want is the money that Tom Horton beat me out of. Yours truly,

TIMOTHY LANE.

«It 's a ghastly hoax, of course,» said Purvis, after Grace finished reading, and looked up pale and quivering, with a flare of bewildered imagination in her eyes.

«But maybe—» she began. Her voice was like a flash of hope.

He promptly interrupted her.

«Impossible, dear; did n't I see him as dead as a door-nail, and was n't I there when they buried him? I 'd like to believe anything that would lift one cloud from your mind, but I should feel like a brute to let you take heart from so preposterous a source. No; it 's a miserable hoax.»

Her hand fell with the letter into her lap, and she looked wan and helpless, as if the few moments of vague hope had left her exhausted.

«Yes; but then you remember,» she caught breath to say, «how the—the grave was—»

«Yes, yes; medical students, I know. That was nothing uncommon at all; they 're always up to such things. We won't discuss the ugly subject.»

«But people have been buried alive.»

«Not with three thirty-eight-caliber bullets through their bodies like that.»

«Oh, Henry, hush!»

«Yes, dear, I beg a thousand pardons; only I wanted you to feel how atrociously impossible this letter is.»

«Then why did you bring it to me?» she inquired, with just a hint of resentment in her voice.

Purvis began to stammer; but he quickly caught his words.

«You know, dear, that I must share everything with you now, and I thought maybe you 'd be able to—»

«Oh, yes, I see; it 's good of you, Henry—you are always good. But what can it mean? It certainly is that man's handwriting. I *know* it is.»

Purvis started.

«How do you know?» he demanded with almost rough bluntness. Her emphatic tone made a sudden strange impression upon him.

She went into the house and brought some scraps of paper, notes written by Lane to Tom during those dreadful gambling days.

Purvis made the comparison, and without a doubt there was great similarity.

«It 's enough to make a fellow superstitious,» he presently ventured, still gazing at the peculiar penmanship. «Doggone if—»

«Henry!»

«I was going on to remark, when you checked my eloquence, that it might not do any harm to answer the letter.»

«You *must* answer it, Henry.»

«Then I will.» What he penned to Mr. Timothy Lane, Possumtrot P. O., Kentucky, ran as follows:

DEAR SIR: Your wishes will be promptly and honorably complied with, if you indeed show that you are still alive. Frankly, however, I must say that I look upon you as a very dead man—dead and dissected in fact; but at the same time I recognize your claim to being the one best qualified to demonstrate any slip which may have occurred in the course of Tom Horton's pistol-work, and in the proceedings of the medical students while carving you afterward in the interest of science. I say this, however, on the honor of a gentleman, that if you prove to be what you write that you are,—a sound, live man,—you shall, upon proper profert of yourself, be reimbursed as you have demanded. Very truly yours,

HENRY PURVIS.

When Judge Tolliver returned he expressed his regret that Purvis had written.

«It 's some trick of the prosecution,» he insisted; «and just as apt as any way, sah, they 'll have your letter to read in evidence to show that we 've been trying to—»

«Fiddlesticks! judge; let them try it. I wrote nothing that can be used in that way.»

«All the same, it 's a queer proceeding.» And the judge drummed with an abstracted air on the office table. Then he went over to the Crossed Bottles.

During the course of twenty-five years' practice at the bar of Upton, Judge Tolliver had never lost a murder case. This was his boast modestly made. He felt bound to save Tom Horton at all hazards within legal limits, and everybody expected him to do it. Sandy Lucas was not in favor of any limits whatever, and told him so.

«Ye can't efford ter go back on yer record, jedge. This yer case calls fer gen'us, an' yer frien's 'spect ye ter come up ter the ole high-water mark. Ye 've got ter git ther', jedge, ef it is Sunday.»

A few days later another letter from Lane arrived. In it the writer appreciated Purvis's position, and admitted that to one not deeply initiated into the mysteries of gambling life it would naturally seem impossible that he (Timothy Lane) could at present be alive and well; still, it was true. «I 'll be on hand in due time,» the letter proceeded, «if you will let me know the exact date set for the trial. All I want, as I said before, is the money; it was $416 that Tom Horton beat me out of. He just as good as stole the money from me.»

Judge Tolliver compared the signature with that of Timothy Lane on the register of the Upton hotel, and came away, evidently a trifle excited, to remark confidentially in the ear of Purvis that it did look «devilish like it,» or words of the same import.

The clerk at the hotel noticed that the judge, after turning back in the register, compared a newly written letter with the old signature of the dead gambler. Hence a rumor went forth to the effect that something was on foot in the murder case. Moreover, after a while it was hinted around that Timothy Lane's friends, coming by stealth at night, had dug him out of the ground, and that he was alive! Of course everybody made fun of the absurd story, and after running its ten days' course it gave place to some other bit of gossip. Only now and again, when Judge Tolliver would be seen going along the street toward his office with his Roman

features set in grizzly perplexity, a hanger-on at the Crossed Bottles saloon might say:

«Yender 's ole Tolliver a-surmisin' what kind er rope he 'll buy fer Tom Horton, pervidin' he cayn't git no continooance at co't.»

And another, leaning against the bar, might add:

«An' a-pervidin' 'at Tim Lane kin be proved entirely an' onriserrectably dead.»

As the day for the trial drew near, Grace was almost broken with the burden that she had to bear. Mrs. Horton was already confined to her bed, as much on account of the hysteria of anticipated and unspeakable horror as by the progress of actual disease. The judge faithfully assisted Purvis in trying every summonable apparition of hope and cheerfulness; but it was heartbreaking to see Grace eagerly clutch at the merest shadow of promise, and then shrink back again into a deeper gloom of despair.

When court was in session the presiding officer of justice took a room at the hotel. He was a short, asthmatic, corpulent man, kindly-eyed and jolly. Grace found courage to seek a private interview with him, and she painfully embarrassed him by a voluble and tearful appeal in behalf of her brother. She had not told Judge Tolliver or Purvis that she intended doing this daring and improper thing, and when they found it out they lost absolutely all hope. Tolliver, indeed, walked his office floor, and swore in a whining falsetto voice which robbed him of every shred of dignity. If he had but known, however, what an effect Grace's contempt of court had made upon the tender heart of the presiding judge, he might have taken quite another view of the matter.

In those days Upton had neither railroad nor telegraph, and only twice a week did the stage, or what they called the «hack,» come in with its meager cargo of bundles and boxes and its few forlorn-looking passengers, apparently shipped for ballast. The lawyer who prosecuted the pleas of the State was standing on the dilapidated veranda of the hotel when this hack arrived. It was late in the evening of the day before that set for Tom Horton's trial. The proprietor of the Crossed Bottles came across the street to see if any dry person might be aboard.

Out stepped a smiling, crooked-eyed man, and looked about him as if expecting to be greeted.

The saloon-keeper started and then glared.

The man saw this, and smiled more profusely, at the same time squinting with his distorted eye. Then he reached for Lucas's hand.

«How 're ye, old feller!» he exclaimed, with a hearty chuckle. «Was n't expectin' me, eh?»

Lucas took the hand, and uttered a strong phrase of astonishment. They stood eying each other half credulously, half in grotesque curiosity.

«Well, let 's have a drink!» went on the newcomer, pulling Lucas toward the saloon; «it 's about my time o' day.»

The State 's prosecutor observed this little scene, but not being a resident of Upton, he knew neither Lucas nor the other man; still, in some oblique and strange way he was impressed by their manner of meeting, and he watched them till they entered the door over the way.

Next morning a report was flying that Tim Lane was in town; he had come by the hack, people were saying under their breath, and had spent a few minutes at Lucas's saloon. Nobody knew where he went from there; but at least three persons had seen him and recognized him, although nobody else could believe it, much as the natural human bent toward suspicion aided the romance.

A great crowd came to town to attend the trial, as they would have done in the matter of a hanging, arriving early in the morning. The streets were lively with country folk when Purvis, just at sunrise, went to the jail to have a last consultation with poor Tom Horton, who was fast asleep when he entered the dingy cell.

«Tom, Tom, wake up, old fellow!» he said, gently shaking him; «I want to talk with you.»

Now for the first time he told the prisoner the story of the Kentucky correspondence, and added what he had just heard on the street, that a report was all over town, with some startling evidence of its possible truth, that Tim Lane had really come back alive and well.

«Of course there can't be anything in it,» Purvis said; «but we may raise a reasonable doubt with it.»

Tom Horton sat half dressed on his low couch, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand. He was wan and haggard, his eyes downcast, his body and limbs pitifully emaciated.

«I just can't realize that I ever killed that man,» he muttered, a doleful, doubtful hollowness in his voice. «It 's like a dream. I—I—maybe he *has* come back.»

Purvis felt sick at heart, and was glad to get out again into the fresh mountain air. He lifted his almost rosy Northern face, and

took in a deep breath. The first man that he met in the street was Sandy Lucas, whom he stopped to ask about the rumor.

«It 's jest es straight es a gun,» said the saloon-keeper, who was red and excited. «Tim Lane was in my place, an' I tuck a drink with 'im at my own bar last night. He 's jest es live es you are.»

Purvis felt his knees getting strangely weak.

«And where is he now?» he demanded, trying to be calm.

«That 's it. He got out'n the hack at the hotel, an' grabbed my hand, jes so, an' called me by name. I knowed 'im soon es I sized 'im up. No mistake. ‹Let 's liquor,› says he, an' we went in an' did; then he said he had biz, an' would be back d'rec'ly, an' went out. It 's straight goods; no foolin' 'bout it.»

Purvis was staggered; for, despite the man's low calling, Sandy Lucas was not a liar; his word was as good as any man's, and the story came from his lips with every appearance of that half-hysterical, superstitious bewilderment which an adventure so uncanny would most naturally induce. The lawyer began:

«If it *was* Lane, I—»

«Ef *'t was* him! Don't ye reckon 'at I kin see? They is no efs about it, I tell ye.»

Sandy added certain violent expletives, and even showed bellicose symptoms, attracting some loungers to the spot.

Two or three other men had seen Tim Lane, or claimed that they had, and everybody was mouthing the report.

«He air up in Jedge Tolliver's office now,» said an old mountaineer to Purvis. «I seed 'im go up ther'.»

The now thoroughly mystified young lawyer almost ran in his haste to reach the judge's room. He leaped up the creaky stairway three steps at a jump, and burst in, all out of breath. Tolliver looked up from a volume of Supreme Court reports, and saw Purvis mopping his excited and congested face.

«What the devil now!» he exclaimed.

«Where 's Tim Lane?» demanded Purvis.

The judge was evidently disgusted; he looked the young man over from head to foot with a glance of rebuke and inquiry.

«Are you drunk and disorderly, or is it one of your spells?» he presently condescended to ask. «It 's time to work, sah, not to fool.»

Just then the voice of the sheriff rang out loud and clear from the court-house door announcing that the court was in session, and demanding that everybody take heed thereof.

The judge looked at his watch, raked up an armful of books, put on his hat, and said:

«Come along, Purvis; we 've got a tough job on hands. I 've sent for Miss Grace.»

THAT was a memorable trial. The little court-room was packed to a squeeze with a nondescript crowd of crackers and mountaineers. Inside of the bar were the jury, long-faced and solemn, a dozen lawyers, the presiding judge and other court officers, besides the prisoner and his pale and beautiful sister. Although it was the beginning of winter, the doors and windows of the court-house were wide open to let a balmy ripple of wind flow through, and the sun shone dreamily out of a cloudless sky.

The preliminaries were few, for a wonder. Both the State and the defendant accepted the jury without a challenge. They were looked upon as «good and true,» those cadaverous mountaineers there solemnly impaneled, and they gazed at Grace more than at the prisoner. The presiding judge did the same. Indeed, it was enough to melt the heart of a bucaneer to see the girl's sweet, mournful, shadowy face. Her beauty had gained a strange power from the terrible ordeal that she had been undergoing.

«Let the trial proceed,» said the court.

After a whispered consultation with Judge Tolliver, Purvis arose.

«If your honor please,» he began, «I have a matter to present. I am told that Timothy Lane, for killing whom the prisoner at the bar is here arraigned, is now in town, alive and well.

The lawyers for the prosecution, who had heard the ridiculous story, and were expecting something of this sort, laughed, and the court gazed at Purvis with eyes of pity. There was a great stir in the audience, however, for the unsophisticated onlookers were more susceptible to the romance of the proposition.

«Your statement,» said the court, severely, «is absurd, impossible, and ridiculous.» He, too, had had one ear open to the street rumor.

Then Grace arose, pale and agitated.

«I saw him myself,» she said falteringly and tearfully; «he came to our house this morning, and I gave him some money. He promised me to come here.»

She looked around with an expression of bewilderment and expectancy in her face.

Purvis was astonished; Tolliver gaped as if in utter amazement, and dropped his eyeglasses: but he was always suspected of acting a part for effect in a case of this sort.

«Your honor,» said the State's prosecutor, after a moment of dismay, «this is preposterous!»

The presiding judge made a motion with his hand, and bade the attorney sit down. Then he added gravely:

«The court does not care to hear argument. There is nothing before the court. Proceed with the trial.»

It was now Judge Tolliver's turn to be heard. He stood up, and fixed his eagle eyes on the court. When he spoke his voice boomed solemnly:

«If your honor please, one word. I say to you that Timothy Lane, the so-called murdered man in this case, is alive and in this town, and will be in this court-room before I have done speaking. I am informed that—»

«I object, your honor,» broke in the prosecuting attorney. «This is a mere trick—»

«'T ain't, nuther,» cried a voice which every person recognized as Sandy Lucas's. «Tim Lane 's here; I seen 'im, an' tuck a drink with 'im! There 'e comes now! Look!»

Just then a man came down the rude aisle from the front door, and walked into the inclosure of the bar. He carried his hat in his hand, and held his head up as if in defiance.

«Hello, Tom! d' you know me?» he cried, standing in front of the prisoner. «Thought I was gone for good, eh? Right glad to see me, ain't you?»

«Well, I 'll be—» began Tolliver; then he made a gesture to the court, and assumed a tragic air.

It was Timothy Lane in flesh and blood. He smiled the same old devilish smile, and his bad eye twinkled among its wrinkles. Tom Horton was near fainting; he could neither move nor speak. He glared like a maniac, and gasped forth some inarticulate noises.

«I 'm here,» said the apparition, turning to the dumfounded court, «just to let you people know that I can't be killed by every amatoor with a pop-gun. Here I am, judge; look at me. Am I a dead man?» He slapped his substantial thigh. «Not by a long jump, I ain't! When they kill Tim Lane they kill a good one, and don't you forget it!»

«That 's him!» cried fifty voices.

The sheriff muttered the same to the judge. It was a strange scene altogether. Timothy Lane shook hands with some of the lawyers, among them Judge Tolliver and Purvis. He bore himself as one who feels his own heroism.

«You suppose that I was going to die of those pea-pop scratches? Why, they never left even a scar!» he was saying, as he smiled and leered.

Of course the court proceedings ended suddenly. Judge Tolliver kept his head, however, and insisted upon having the record show a trial and a verdict of not guilty. The court saw no other way out of the emergency.

Timothy Lane lounged about town for an hour or two, the hero of all eyes, then suddenly disappeared, and was never again seen in Upton. Tom Horton went to Texas, but, I am sorry to say, did not reform; he was killed in a drunken fight at Waco.

Grace and Purvis were married the following spring, and went on a wedding-tour through the North. At Louisville, on their way home, they were detained a week because of some damage to the railroad bridges by high water. It was in the billiard-room of the Galt House that, while Purvis stood watching a game, some one tapped him on the arm. He turned and faced Tim Lane, who was grinning as usual, and ogling with that crooked eye of his. The scoundrel was flashily dressed, and wore a flaming mock-diamond scarf-pin. The atrocity of his facial expression was accentuated by the backward tilt of his tall silk hat.

«I 'm still alive and doin' well,» he exclaimed, after some pretense of formal greeting had been exchanged. «And how 's Tom?»

There was very little conversation between them, scarcely a word on the part of Purvis, who was bled for a small amount in the way of a loan, and then Lane took it upon himself to explain.

«I did n't tell any lie,» he said; «I am Timothy R. Lane. My brother, that Tom Horton killed, was Timothy P. Lane. We were twins, and as much alike as two black-eyed peas; nobody ever could tell which was which. You tumble, don't you?»

When Purvis told Grace about this interview, she remarked plaintively and naïvely:

«Well, Tom said to me, the next day after the trial, that he knew for sure that the man was not what he claimed to be.»

«How did he know?» inquired Purvis.

«Because Timothy Lane had lost the first joint of his left thumb, and this man's thumbs were both perfect.»

It afterward transpired that Judge Tolliver and Sandy Lucas were cheek by jowl in the matter. Moreover, a good many lawyers even now consider that defense by resurrection one of the most remarkable instances of originality, tact, and boldness to be found in the records of criminal cases.

Maurice Thompson.

THREE SONGS.

I.

«WHEN FIRST I SAW.»

WHEN first I saw her, at the stroke
The heart of nature in me spoke;
The very landscape smiled more sweet,
Lit by her eyes, pressed by her feet;
She made the stars of heaven more bright
By sleeping under them at night;
And fairer made the flowers of May
By being lovelier than they.

Softly down where the sunshine spread,
Dark in the grass I laid my head;
And let the lights of heaven depart
To find her image in my heart;
While through my being came and went
Tones of some heavenly instrument,
As if where its blind motions roll
This world should wake and be a soul.

II.

THE GIFT.

So fair the world about me lies,
  So pure is heaven above,
Ere so much beauty dies
  I would give a gift to my love;
Now ere the long day close,
  That has been so full of bliss,
I will send to my love the rose,
  In its leaves I will shut a kiss;
A rose in the night to perish,
A kiss through life to cherish;
Now ere the night-wind blows,
I will send unto her the rose.

III.

DIVINE AWE.

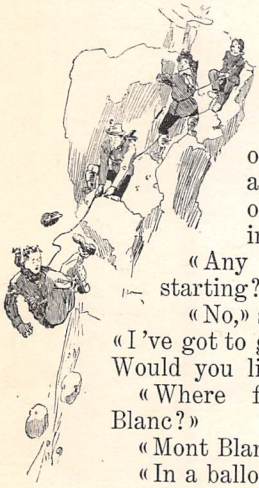
To tremble, when I touch her hands,
With awe that no man understands;
To feel soft reverence arise
When, lover-sweet, I meet her eyes;
To see her beauty grow and shine
When most I feel this awe divine,—
Whate'er befall me, this is mine;
And where about the room she moves,
My spirit follows her, and loves.

G. E. Woodberry.

UP THE MATTERHORN IN A BOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «A DAY IN TOPHET,» «A JUDICIAL ERROR,» ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT.



«I AM going up there, but not à la present mode — strung on a rope with guides and porters like beads on a string. I shall go in a balloon.»

«Any time scheduled for starting?»

«No,» said Hill, reflectively; «I 've got to go back to Paris first. Would you like to join me?»

«Where for—Paris or Mont Blanc?»

«Mont Blanc.»

«In a balloon?»

«Yes; or a sky-boat.»

«Safe?»

«As climbing.»

«All right; let me know in time, and I 'll go.»

There the matter ended—at least, I supposed it did, for I had not taken it seriously at all. We had been sitting on the hotel veranda, smoking, and looking at the mountains. I expected to visit Mont Blanc in a sky-boat about as much as I did Mars in a similar craft; but I was astonished to hear from my chance friend Hill a few weeks afterward, and to be reminded of the above conversation. There were some newspaper clippings in his letter, and from them I gleaned that Hill was an aëronaut and experimenter generally. This he had never even hinted to me, and I liked him all the better now for his reticence. He said little, but what he did say was generally worth hearing; and the ninth letter of our alphabet would never have been worn flat and smooth in a few hours by him, provided it was in type. I accepted the clippings as a sort of introduction to the skill of the man, and I felt that they were not offered in a spirit of vainglorious pride, much as it might have been justified by the flattering tone of the paragraphs. He knew, naturally, that I would hardly want to go sky-boating without knowing something about the qualifications of the pilot, who would probably be captain and crew, too, like the survivor of the «good ship *Nancy Bell*.» Looked at in this way, the clippings were eminently satisfactory as references; so I accepted the invitation, and started back for Chamonix.

I arrived there two days before the time specified by Hill, and on the evening of the second I was again sitting on the veranda where we had held our previous conversation. It was summer, and according to the papers it was pretty warm in Europe. There was a full moon, and as I looked at its round face peering over the ghostly summits of the eternal snows, I wondered how nature contrived to get up any heat to speak of in the same house with what might be called that tremendous cold-storage system. And as I sat there smoking, and meditating on Hill and mountain, there came a great creaking and hallooing up the street; and presently two carts appeared, attended by a fair following of youth and age, and a good exhibit of French vocabulary. The whole outfit stopped before the hotel, and a dozen men at once began to drag from the second vehicle a limp and shapeless wad of something that bulged in places, and caved in in others, and sagged everywhere like a big net full of the season's best catch. This extraordinary spectacle was what had evidently drawn the multitude, and its significance at once dawned upon me. Here was the sky-boat! I got down to the street just as Hill came hurrying up.

«Hallo!» said he; «on time, eh? Here, you; no fooling with that boat until I show you how.» He had started to shake hands with me, but broke off the action as abruptly as he did the verbal salutation. The next minute he was around on the other side of the first vehicle, repeating his instructions in French.

I examined the craft before me as well as I could in the moonlight, and discovered that it was made of metal,—aluminium, I afterward learned,—pointed at both ends like a whale-boat, but very much broader and shorter. It was as deep in proportion as a life-boat, and, used as a water-craft, would have seated six or eight people comfortably without any crowding, although there was a floor, or a sort of lower deck, built midway

across it, forming a tiny hold below. Chains were attached where the oar-locks should have been, and also at prow and stern, while directly beneath each of these, lying flat along the sides and at both ends,—those at the ends somewhat resembling rudders, only they also lay as flat and as close to the boat as possible,—were six curious contrivances, looking precisely like folding fans, riveted on at the handles. These I rightly concluded to be connected with the steering-gear. But what chiefly aroused my wonderment was a small, fat cannon, or mortar, lying on the bottom of the boat, like the stump of a big cigar. This appeared to be of the same material as the boat itself, and putting my hand down on the rim in order to turn it over, I was surprised to find it fitted with a glass cover. On further inspection I discovered that this glass was a lens, and that back of it were other lenses, or else some brilliant, sparkling stuff, half filling the body of the cone.

«What is this machine?» I asked. «It looks like a mortar for throwing shell, barring the glass lid; but I suppose it is n't a gun.»

«Yes, it is,» replied Hill, coming around to my side for a minute, and taking it out of my hands. «This is a light-gun. We attach a fuse to it, as it were; we put the finger of electricity on the trigger,—although we can use a tallow dip in case of necessity,—and then we aim it at whatever we can't see. Usually, you know, you aim a gun at something you can see; but this is a combination of camera, telescope, cannon, and magic-lantern. You just train this chap on nothing in the dark, and watch him fire big shells of light at it. I tell you, it 's great!»

«I should think it might be,» said I; «but what are these?» and I laid my hand on one of the big fans folded along the rail.

«Oh, those are our fins. We simply spread them in order to tack. They run by electricity, and help us to swim—in the air.»

Before I could make any comment he dropped the light-gun back into the boat, and hurriedly detached himself from the conversation. It was useless to ask him any more questions then, but I had my doubts about the feasibility of using gas in those high altitudes; and after the boat and the balloon were stowed away for the night, and Hill had his mind back to earth again temporarily, I asked:

«What is the temperature up around Mont Blanc?»

«Well,» said he, slowly, «it 's pretty cold. I expect it needs a spirit-thermometer to register up there at some seasons.»

«That 's what I thought,» said I. «It seems reasonable to suppose that those old noses of the Alps are about the coldest spots we have on this mundane sphere. What 's to hinder the gas in the balloon from congealing when you get up several thousand feet?»

«Electricity.»

«Oh?»

«Yes. But if it should freeze, you just figure out how much more congealed gas

«TWO CARTS APPEARED.»

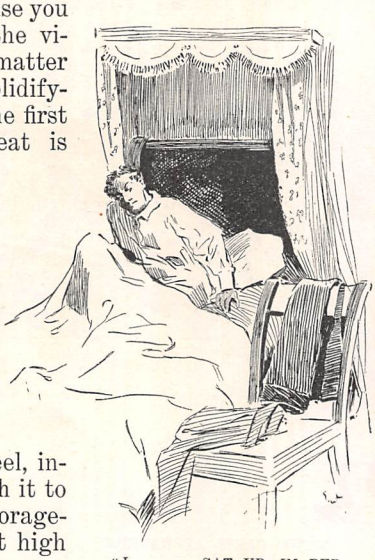
weighs than the uncongealed variety. Is a pound of ice heavier than a pound of water?» There was a regular Yankee twinkle in his eyes for a minute, but presently he continued seriously: «As to the gas congealing, I suppose there might be a risk of that were it not for the fact that we shall counteract the influence of the cold by motion. Do you know anything about the dynamical theory of heat?»

«Not much,» said I, modestly.

«Well, you don't have to know much to comprehend that when you leave the water running in the faucet on a cold night you prevent its freezing because you set it in motion. It 's the vibration of particles of matter that keeps them from solidifying, because motion is the first principle of heat, or heat is motion, as you please. Is that clear?»

«Perfectly.»

«Very well; that is the dynamical theory of heat. Don't you see that all we have got to do is to keep the gas in that balloon churned up? We are going to accomplish that with the aid of a little wheel, like a paddle-wheel, inside the balloon. I attach it to the current from the storage-battery as soon as we get high enough to need it; and, you may depend upon it, the gas is not sitting down and congealing, or frosting its airy toes, so long as it 's kept on the move by the paddle.»



«I . . . SAT UP IN BED WITH A JUMP.»

«That sounds all right,» said I; «but where does the dynamical theory of heat come in with an ice-cream freezer? You keep that churned up, and it freezes right along just the same.»

«That 's a different application of energy,» said he. «According to my theory, we run no risk so long as we keep paddling.» I could say no more, but inwardly I hoped he had tested his theory before starting; for I felt that the atmosphere would be a pretty thin element to stand on with any exploded notions. «You see,» he went on, changing the subject, «while our quarters are rather small,—big as an English railway-compartment, though, and with better facilities for heating,—we are going to be pretty comfortable. In fact, the American does n't travel unless he is. But, to begin with, as I said, we have electricity. We have the light-gun to fire ahead and see if the air is clear of rocks, and we shall cook by electricity. If you can catch any fish as we sail, I 'll drop them right into the skillet; or if we run down any game, we can keep it frozen by hanging it over our stern, where it 's handy to cut off a slice now and then as we need it. It will be an economical way of housekeeping—no ice-bills, no trouble with refrigerators and plumbers, no water-bugs, no cockroaches.» He smiled as he spoke. «I have laid in a supply of canned goods, enough to last us six days, good liberal rations for appetites with an edge on them; and all I ask of you is to bring yourself and flannels, instead of yourself and friends—although if anything should go wrong with our machinery, your flannels might be your best friends, after all.»

«When do you expect to get off?»

«Oh, about Thursday morning.» It was then Tuesday night. «I 've nothing to do now but make the gas. We ought to get the *Cloud Queen* inflated in twenty-four hours, and then, hail to the unknown—to the unfound, but findable, realms of space! For those are the ports we sail for.»

BEING in a community where they make avalanches a specialty is a great deal like being in a cyclone district or an earthquake country. So far as my personal experience goes,—it is all one whether I am asleep or awake in the Alps neighborhood or in Japan,—the sound of a roar and a rumble always has the same effect upon me: it produces an earnest desire to stand from under. For this reason I awoke suddenly the next morning, and sat up in bed with a jump. Then I made ocean-greyhound time over to the window, expecting to see the nearest mountain sliding sociably Chamonix-ward; but everything in nature was calm and serene. Art was at work under my window, though, with a whizz and a whir-r-r, and a sort of crescendo zee-e-e-e—the most diabolical row that human ears ever listened to. There was Hill standing over some sort of machine that was making the same noise in proportion to its size that a bluebottle fly does in proportion to his; and about him variously were jars

and bottles and the balloon, the latter looking in the dim light not unlike a collapsed circus-tent at the end of the season. The machine was attached to the balloon, and was evidently generating gas after some novel method of Hill's own invention; for the old rag of a bag bulged and bubbled in a splotchy sort of dry-boiling. By this time heads were popping out of every window in sight, two or three in some—heads in nightcaps, and heads without, but every one with a facial frontage of astonishment, and every one talking, by the look of the mouths. They might have been so many gnats in a sawmill, though, for all the satisfaction they got out of that.

I dressed, and descended to the yard; but as soon as I met Hill, he seized me by the arm and drew me into the hotel.

«How did you sleep?» he inquired when the door was closed and he could be heard.

«First-class,» said I, «until you started that row in the yard. What, in the name of chaos, is *that* machine?»

I fancied there was rather a crafty gleam in his eyes, but he responded with seeming frankness:

«That? Oh, that is the generator.»

«What does it do for a living? What is it—a motor?»

He looked at me for a minute after this compound question before he answered in a disgusted voice:

«A motor—that? Did you ever hear a motor sing like that chap?» He paused, and listened admiringly, as a fond father might to the lusty squalling of his first-born. «Nothing the matter with those lungs, eh?» I was forced to admit that they sounded healthy. «The motor we are to take along is n't any bigger than your hat, and it might as well be asleep for all the noise it ever makes; but the generator—listen to it!»

I could n't help but listen, being in the vicinity. «It seems to sing in several different keys at the same time,» I ventured to say; but Hill ignored my remark. He tightened his grasp on my arm, and said confidentially:

«That is an atmospheric engine—that is to say, partly. It 's a chemical engine, too. Now I 've no doubt but you have heard people say all your life that atmospheric engines were the pet chimeras of cranks, have n't you?—cranks who were stalking perpetual motion? It has always been contended by science that no practical application of ordinary atmospheric power could ever be made; that every scheme was bound to be a failure.» He dropped his voice to a solemn key. «Does that sound like a failure?»

«If noise is any criterion to go by, it sounds like a howling success,» said I; «but what is it doing?»

«Why, it 's filling the balloon.»

«With what—gas?»

«Yes; ammonia gas, largely; that and—something else—something that floats all right.»

«HEADS WERE POPPING OUT OF EVERY WINDOW.»

By this time we had reached the breakfast-room, where waiters were running distractedly about, trying to serve guests and keep track of the performance outside at the same time. As for the innkeeper himself, never had he been blessed with so precious a guest; never had his back rooms been so eagerly sought. The crowd in front drew visitors like a magnet, and the buzz and whir in the yard roared novelty to heaven. I heard him entreating Hill to make the show a permanent attraction, or at least to prolong the agony of inflating the *Cloud Queen* to a fortnight *à tout prix;* but Hill was obdurate, and the bag in the back-yard passed slowly through the mud-geyser period of bubbling, and began to puff out symmetrically and show signs of floating on its own responsibility, like a scandal or a wild-cat speculation scheme. As the day advanced, and the wrinkles and crumples in the gown of the recumbent queen were smoothed out over the gas, it became apparent that what had appeared to be a badly mussed and dull-colored old fabric was in reality a changeable red-and-

blue silk stuff of some tough weave. About noon I helped Hill carefully to unwrap a long roll containing a fine network of aluminium, a sort of chain-mail on a large scale, which we proceeded to draw over the top of the balloon as it lay billowing upon the ground in easy reach. The effect of these glittering chains over the softly luminous silk was wonderfully beautiful; and as the *Cloud Queen* began to take shape and substance, swaying gracefully from side to side as if to catch the sunbeams on her gorgeous robes, and ever rising gently heavenward, all the enthusiastic onlookers paid tribute to the royal lady by giving her a round of hearty applause. We all stood in admiring attention. Hill backed off, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the back of his head.

«Looks just like a Yankee girl, eh?» he presently yelled at me. «Best of the kind made!»

I nodded. «I guess she has got a little drop of French blood in her.»

«Not a bit! Her pa was yanked right out of Yankeedom; but, like all good American papas, he lets her buy her clothes in Paris.»

He went over and touched a button or did something to the machine, and the noise suddenly ceased—so suddenly that it left everybody screaming something at everybody else in a pitch nicely adjusted to the previous uproar. Then he said to me:

«I 'll leave my man on duty, and we 'll go out and look at some of the places we are going to visit.»

We found a young fellow comfortably seated at the hotel door, collecting a franc from each arrival, while the urbane innkeeper washed his hands in the atmosphere before him, and enlarged upon the magnificence of the spectacle to be witnessed for the small price of admission. A man whose house helped to make one side of the square, and whose rear windows looked into the yard, was letting his view at so much a head. This was canny enough to be Scotch. As we got well away, after elbowing a passage through the crowd, and looked back, we could see the top of the balloon swaying over the roofs of adjacent houses, like a great silver-veined poppy-bud rocking on its stem in the grass.

«COLLECTING A FRANC FROM EACH ARRIVAL.»

«It ought not to take over two hours more,» said Hill, «to fill her, and then we are off. I should think we ought to get away by eight in the morning. We could have left all right to-night, but I like to have the inflation stand for a few hours before sailing. If there is any weakness in the fabric, it develops before we start, and can be attended to. Feel nervous?»

«No, not exactly; I have a sort of pioneering sensation, though.»

«Well, that 's appropriate. Now I am not going to talk shop to you, or try to explain the scientific whys and wherefores of things that a post-graduate course could not altogether elucidate; besides, I have n't the gift of expounding a twenty-years' grind of study in fifteen minutes; but what I want to say is this: to all practical intents and purposes, we are going to be just as safe in my sky-ship as we would be on any seaworthy water-craft. I consider the *Cloud Queen* to be perfectly air-worthy. I 've got a lot of inventions that make her so, and we are not exposed to any more dangers afloat on the atmosphere than we are when afloat on the water. In fact, they are pretty much the same kind of dangers. For instance, if we spring a leak we sink. But we have life-preservers for the thin element as well as for the thicker. All you will have to do in such an event will be to keep your head and spread a parachute. Of course when you land you will have to take your chances—as you would at sea. I can't guarantee that you will descend on the roof of a first-class hotel with hot and cold water, gas, and all modern improvements at a reasonable rate—(no extra charge for candles.) If I could, I should be as infallible as the promise of dividends on a life insurance. Now you 've got your pointer on springing a leak. The next danger we might be exposed to is another of the same sort you meet at sea, with

modifications. We might run into something; but I calculate there is not more than one chance in ninety-nine million of our running into anything of our own size and kind, so there we have a decided advantage over steamers. Of course we may strike a snag or a crag, but there again we have a remedy. All we 've got to do in that event is to throw out a grappling-iron and catch on. There 's bound to be something to hold on to the moment we leave the air. You can't get a good hold on air, although it 's just as satisfying as trying to get a good firm grip on water, so there again you are just as well off as if you were at sea. And here is another advantage: in case of collision we have n't a big, crazy crew to swarm up from below deck and cut off our only chance to escape. There will be just you and I, and we 'll go halves on any chance that we may have to use.»

(We were not reckoning on our third passenger then.)

«How about storms?» I asked.

«Have to take our chances. If we get into a gale, I don't know any reason why we could n't sail along with it; in fact, we would have to. Of course we depend upon air-currents largely, but not entirely. We can tack with our fins and machinery better than the average sailing-vessel can. But you will see all these things demonstrated. A demonstration beats a dictionary any day for fixing an idea.»

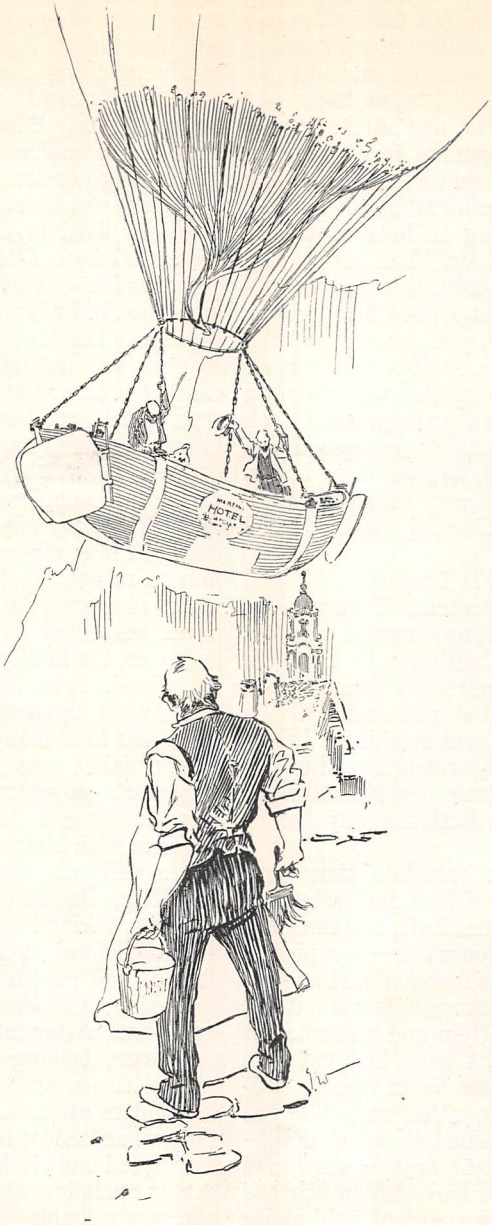
We were ready on schedule time next morning. Our supply of food and water was stowed away in a bulkhead aft, and the buzzing machine—the generator—occupied a similar bulkhead in the forecastle. I use the words fore and aft, because it seems natural for a boat to have a stem and a stern; but the *Cloud Queen* might have had two afts or two fores, for I was never able to discover any difference in either end. She was built on the same principle as a crab—either way was forward or backward, and nobody knew from her looks which way she was going. There was a sort of hold under our feet, as I have said; and in this the motor and batteries and all mechanisms were packed away as compactly as the works in a watch. These operated by switches and buttons arranged on a switchboard or sort of keyboard in front of Hill, who sat where the rudder ought to have been.

«I have been to a great deal of trouble,» he said, «to get my engineering department ranged in small space like this, and it 's all on your account. I had buttons here and there, like buttons on a coat, wherever they were needed, and switches hung up like birch rods in a school-room; but I knew if I got any one else in the boat we might be inadvertently touching three or four of them at once, and trying to do as many things all at the same time. Efforts of that nature would have led to endless complications, so I concluded to be on the safe side anyhow.»

All the townspeople—in fact, every one who ever lived in that vicinity, except the dead and the bedridden and those who had emigrated to Canada (the United States are not so markedly French-colonial as Canada is)—were on hand to see us off. We were ready to cast the last stay-lines loose, and the *Cloud Queen* was struggling and pulling to free herself, as if eager to set forth for her kingdom, when I happened to think of Jabez, my dog. Now Jabez was not a valuable animal in the kennel sense of the word. He had no pedigree, no sire of high degree with a string of blue ribbons over his oak entitling him to respect in the canine world. If he ever had a grandfather of any degree, Jabez never suspected it. Judging from his appearance, his family connections were good, but mixed. It would have puzzled an expert to tell what breed he belonged to, he seemed to be heir to so many races. To sum him up briefly, Jabez was just plain dog; but he was smart—so smart that I had found myself forced at times in his presence to spell words I did not wish him to understand, as one does with a child who exhibits signs of too much precocity. He had cost me considerable, first and last, taking him about the country with me, and, looked at in that way, he was valuable. I had paid fifty cents for him in the beginning, and every one considered that extortion. After adding dog-tax yearly for ten years, bribing him out of the pound several times, and offering four rewards of five dollars each on the four separate occasions when he lost himself, to say nothing of having fed and clothed him, and bought dog patent medicine when required, I regarded him as a valuable animal; and as he grew in commercial value I found myself more and more unable to break off the attachment existing between us. So I now bethought myself of my most faithful friend, and shouted to the innkeeper to look after him until my return. But that worthy was shouting at us with equal energy: «Monsieur Hill, Monsieur Hill! *Un moment—un moment!*» He rushed into the house, and the next moment appeared with what seemed to be a bottle in his hand. Kind soul! he was going to ask us to drink his health in the clouds. But

an unexpected diversion occurred. There was a short bark, a flying leap, and Jabez landed in the boat. I had neglected to spell my instructions.

«Cast off! cast off!» shouted Hill, looking anxiously up. I reached my arm over the edge, and by making an effort—we sat so low in the body of the boat that only our heads were visible to any one on a level with us—leaned over to take the bottle. The next instant we shot up, amid cheers and shouts of laughter. Looking down, with my chin on the taffrail, I discovered the innkeeper's uplifted face, with an unmistakable expression of triumph on it as he regarded us. His head was cocked to one side, and there was a distinctly artistic glitter in his eye, which seemed to be focused appreciatively upon one particular spot. There was a brush in one hand and a paste-pot in the other. He had put a hotel paster on the *Cloud Queen*.



«HE HAD PUT A HOTEL PASTER ON THE 'CLOUD QUEEN.'»

Our first sensation was similar to that one can experience any day by going down town in New York and taking passage on the elevator in one of the new sky-scrapers there. The salvos of applause from beneath grew fainter and fainter. Jabez barked excitedly, and as Hill and I rose and leaned over the side of the craft, he jumped and leaped in his efforts to lean over too.

«Jabez,» I said, «you don't know it now, and you probably would not know it then, but if you jump overboard at this point you are booked to land right in eternity, with no accompanying funeral.» I restrained him with one hand, while I waved a handkerchief with the other.

The scene we now looked upon was a curious one. The people we had left a moment before grew smaller and smaller; the upturned faces shrank to the size of daisies in a field—of the petals of a daisy—of nothing. Like Chinamen after misdemeanors, they had all «lost their faces.» We saw insects crawling about that were presumably horses and cattle. Roofs began to look like chips, and presently the whole town bunched together until it resembled a little pile of pebbles. By using our field-glasses we could discern what appeared to be a colony of very small two-legged ants running excitedly about in the yard we had left.

«They 've lost the leg of that last beetle,» said Hill, with a grin. «Now let us look at something bigger.»

I cannot convey to you any adequate idea of my sensations when, for the first time, I beheld the wrinkled old face of the earth. We use the term «the face of nature» ill-advisedly. Now and then from some mountain-top we get a glimpse of an eyebrow, or a corner of the chin, or a bit of cheek; but at the best these glimpses are only fragmentary exhibitions of epidermis. We never see the face of anything, any more than a fly crawling over a printed page sees anything but the individual letters as he travels over them one by one. But when you begin to get a perspective on the earth, when you get a mile or so away, then things change. The dominant race of it begins to look the least

of it. We saw here and there long, dark streaks crawling over the glaciers like caterpillars—the herds of the valley of Chamonix being driven across the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace to summer pasturage on the mountains beyond.

«Imagine,» said Hill, «that yonder lean herds are the troops of the first Napoleon, and think that all Europe marveled at such a feat. It does not look much of a trick at this height, does it? And think, too, up here, that a midge of a man made all Europe quake as well as marvel! Warfare looks pretty small now, eh? About as serious as a shadow gliding over a field of rye. And you could not tell a Hannibal or a Napoleon from a Sam Smith or a John Jones from here, if you had them ranged up side by side. It all depends on the point of view. Things you look up to seem a great deal bigger and more difficult than the things you look down at—no difference whether it 's the Alps or an object of ambition. You have to readjust your ideas as well as your glasses to make them fit distance. For instance, look at the valley we slept in last night. You see there are other little piles of pebbles here and there that we know are other towns. And there is a little white thread tangled around them—about number sixty, from its looks. That is the river Arve. And now you see the whole valley is only a faint wrinkle in the great face we are looking at. If the inhabitants were slaying each other in battle at this moment, and all the air ached with the sounds of anguish and was thick with the smell of blood, we should n't know it. Get away from the rip and roar of bullets, and all the world 's at peace.»

The balloon, in close trim, had risen rapidly through the denser atmosphere near the earth, and now, in the higher altitude of lighter air, was going easier. We had exchanged summer heat for a brisk autumn-day temperature, with a touch of frost tempering the sunshine. The instrument for recording altitudes registered nine thousand feet.

«The only kind of warfare,» appended Hill, holding down a button and heating a small disk from which we lighted cigars, «that we could appreciate here would be to see two or three thousand balloons lined up in battle array, shooting fire and profanity at each other, and calling bad names. That would be worth seeing. The fellow who could n't make his balloon dodge the shot he saw coming through the air would be pretty apt to see it shrivel up over his craft, and to take a header into the nearest landscape. Men will have to get into the air to fight their battles before long. They will have land and water bristling with guns so big that no one will dare to go to war in the twentieth century. Then, as man will never agree with man on all subjects, he will have to adjust his differences in the only available territory at hand, which will be the air. I consider the *Cloud Queen* to be the forerunner of those battle-ships.»

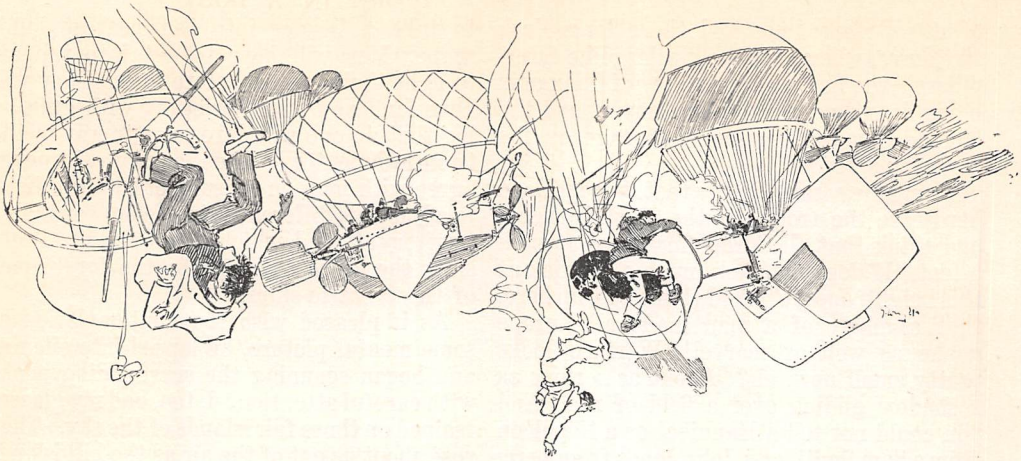
As if pleased with the contemplation of some mental picture, he lapsed into silence, and began scanning the surrounding peaks with careful attention. I, too, had my glasses trained on those fair islands of the sky. They rose about us out of the air as the hill islands around Hong-Kong or Rio de Janeiro rise out of the water—submerged mountain-peaks cast down, perhaps, from regions of eternal snows by some unrecorded quaking of the earth ages ago. Jabez was at first under the impression that our field-glasses were some sort of double-barreled modern guns with which he was unfamiliar but willing to accept on evidence. He looked and listened eagerly for game, or something to justify such unnecessarily long aims; but as no explosion followed, he concluded the invention was a failure, and devoted himself to the suppression of insurrection in his flea colony. Hill twisted around on his bench until he succeeded in getting his glasses trained on what he wanted, and then he consulted various compasses and instruments that were under glass before him. He was as silent as a fog for a few minutes, but presently he said:

«Did you ever see a fish swim?»

«A few,» said I.

«Well, then, you know that he fans himself along in the water, and steers with his tail and his spinal column. If I could make a craft on the principle of these jointed wooden snakes you find in toy-shops, I could use fins precisely as a fish does; but as that did not seem practicable, I did the next best thing, and rigged up the boat with two tails. Between the boat and the two of them we have a limited sort of backbone, but it 's better than a splint, as you might say. I want to go over to that mountain, for instance,»—he pointed to one on the starboard side,—«and in order to do it we will set the fins going.»

This being done, I was both amazed and amused to see that the action of the two fans at the ends of the boat was not unlike the movements of a fish's head and tail, while the



« A HEADER INTO THE NEAREST LANDSCAPE.»

side fins, acting as paddles, fanned together, or on one side alone, according as Hill moved the switches before him. I could see without consulting the instruments that our course was changed, for our aërial landmarks came round before us as the shore does before a ship entering a harbor. Presently Hill said:

« Now I am going to give you an exhibition of the *Cloud Queen's* ability to descend at my will, without loss of gas. You know, most balloons carry sand-bags for ballast, and when they want to ascend they throw these bags out. Also, they can come down only by allowing gas to escape. That is a waste of floating energy that has been altogether obviated by an invention of mine. The generator with which we aided the manufacture of our motive power is capable of performing a variety of functions by different adjustments of the machinery. For instance, a full reversal produces an exactly opposite force from that you saw at work. I can make this reversal of energy more intelligible to you by likening it to a suction-pump; for the generator displaces the atmospheric air by which we are surrounded by sucking it up, thereby creating a decreased pressure beneath us, a sort of vacuum into which we naturally sink. Now,»—here he moved a switch, and there was a succession of sharp clicks below,—« if you could look overboard you would see that I have lowered some false sides to the boat that you had noticed below the fins, and these, fitting together in telescopic fashion, form a funnel. If you were outside you would perceive that the top of each panel is biforated with transverse slits, through which the atmospheric air escapes after it is drawn into the funnel by the pump. Mind not to hang a hand inadvertently over the edge while we go down. I explain this at length beforehand, because the process is rather noisy—so much so, in fact, that it renders conversation difficult.»

« Rather noisy! » The next minute we were in the midst of a revelry of chaotic sound beside which the noise made by the generator in the hotel courtyard was as the gentle sighings of May zephyrs compared with the roar of a cyclone. Talk about conversation being difficult! We could not have heard a steamer's fog-horn two rods away; and the worst of it was that the noise was of such an awful nature. In addition to the thud and whir of what might have been a steam-yacht's pistons displaced under our feet, the vibration of which made the flesh shake on our bones, there was a most demoniac whistling going on around our edges. The atmosphere escaped through those biforated panels with yells and shrieks of agony. A gale whistling and shrilling through cordage is an uncanny sound to hear, but that assailing our ears was indescribable. I could liken it only to several hundred big steam-whistles and -sirens being let off together a few feet away. The combination was something appalling, and it would not have surprised me to see the stars rattling out of heaven. Jabez scratched frantically at the bottom of the boat, where his deadliest enemy seemed to be located; then tried to put his paws over his ears; and at last, in desperation, sprang into my lap and jammed his head under my arm. A moment after he wriggled down, pointed his nose heavenward, and shut his eyes. I knew from the workings of his countenance that he believed himself to be howling. His nose bubbled with his efforts and anxiety; but with his head between my knees I was aware

that he was making no more noise than a water-lily. Now and then he opened his eyes, and I saw in them an expression of surprised inquiry. He was going through all the howling formula, but where was the howl? I pitied him, for I knew that Jabez was as badly off as the man who was too deaf to hear himself think.

Hill took an envelop out of his pocket, tore it up, and tossed the pieces overboard. They whisked up out of sight so fast that our eyes could hardly follow them. He nodded in a satisfied way, got out his glasses again, and looked at his instruments. Then he threw the switch back, and the noise ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Jabez heard his own howl, and seemed pleased with it, for he repeated it. Then he writhed around on his back and tried to scratch what was left of the noise out of his ear.

«How was that?» asked Hill. «We came down at the rate of about five hundred feet per second.»

«It 's not bad for speed,» said I; «but for noise it beats anything I ever heard. Have we got to do that again in order to get back to terra firma?»

«Perhaps. Why?»

«Because,» said I, with feeling, «I think Jabez and I will take the quieter route overboard instead. Talk about modern guns! They 're not in it; and I would rather take the chances of cracking my ear-drums on a man-of-war in action than trust to the voice of the generator.» Jabez was trying his hearing by twisting his head from side to side and shaking it violently at intervals. He thought the trouble had all been in his ears.

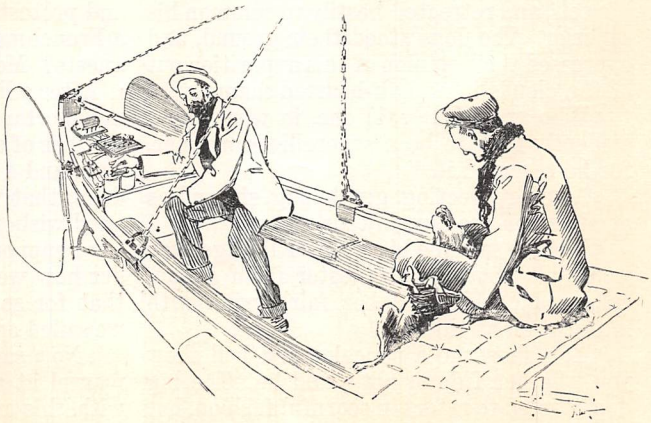
«Yes,» said Hill; «it does make an awful row. I've always contended that we hear too much in this noisy old world. We are obliged to notice sounds with which we have no concern, but that nevertheless distract us, and prevent the best and most effective concentration of faculty. But you see, with our atmosphere, things crash together like cymbals. A wheel smites a pavement, a foot acts on the earth, like a blow on a sounding-board. And then, think of the hammers, and what effect they have on the air and, through it, on our ears! On the other hand, did you ever think what a lot of things we do not hear? Our senses are too dull to catch the little fine chorus underground where the roots work. We hear the leaves rustle, and we know that the corn sings, and the tall grass. Under proper conditions of development we ought to hear the flowers bloom. I have no doubt that there are solos and choruses and psalms in the gardens and fields that are not produced by birds. If the morning stars sang together, why should not the roses sing as they blossom? We are mostly undeveloped —for the higher harmonies, anyhow. Why, look at that dog. What his tongue lacks his nose gains. He has three senses where we have two. Does he accept the evidence of his eyes alone, or of his eyes and ears together? Not he. He says: ‹Now, nose, you umpire this game. Eyes say so and so; ears say so and so. Which is it?› He does n't know much, but he knows better than to trust to one faculty alone, as we do when we say, ‹Seeing is believing›; don't you, Jabez?»

Jabez wagged assent, and lolled at the compliment.

«Now,» continued my curious friend, «to come back to practical things, we have taken a tack in altitude in order to give you a chance to see a celebrated spot on the map.» He rose to his feet, placed his hands trumpet-fashion around his mouth in true seaman style, and shouted through them:

«Hospice, ahoy!»

This astonishing performance in mid-air struck me as being much more curious than it really was; for I did not then realize that we were capable of traversing space in our craft at a much faster rate than the average train of cars. I looked over the side of the boat, and beheld the walls of the great St. Bernard. But I had no sooner seen them than they were blotted from my view as if



«HE WAS MAKING NO MORE NOISE THAN A WATER-LILY.»

by utter annihilation. A cloud had suddenly swept down and enveloped us like a blanket. Through this we could hear surprised voices questioning one another. I translate as nearly as I may from memory.

«Heardest thou the voice? There must be some one coming up the pass.»

«Nay; were the pass above us, that might be, but the voice I heard came from the clouds.»

«Holy Mother! thus I thought also; but what think you it can be?»

«I know not; but listen—perhaps it may come again.»

Hill looked at me through the mist, and nodded; then again he hailed. There was a hurried consultation, a scurrying of sandals on the stones, and then a different voice, one with authority and an accent of culture—the abbot's, probably:

«Loose the dogs. If it be as thou sayest, a traveler climbing the mountain may lose his way, and perish by falling from a height.»

Now, whether it was the sound of the word «dog,» the meaning of which Jabez knew as well as I did, or the unusual aspect of things, or what, I do not know, but at this moment our canine companion fell to barking with might and main. At this all the big dogs in the convent kennels responded, and there rose about us a chorus of deep «Woof! woof! woofs!» led by Jabez in high tenor. This continued for several minutes, and during that time it would have been impossible for any one to locate a sound with any degree of certainty. In the midst of it the cloud lifted as swiftly as it had swept down upon us, disclosing to view the convent yards and roofs. All the brothers save one had departed upon their business; and this one, as Hill hailed him again, gave us a frightened look, crossed himself, and retreated hastily to summon his superior. The dogs stood their ground, and expressed their opinion of this apparition out of the clouds in no half-hearted manner.

«Who are you?» said one, in what Jabez evidently took to be a supercilious manner, for he resented it.

«A self-respecting, gentle dog, sir, and as good as you are any day, sir.»

«Woof!» said the big dog; «I'll wager you would n't know a paternoster from a pancake.» I could see Jabez fairly wink with indignation at this.

«You show me a pancake, and I 'll show you whether I do or not,» said he. The big dog started to retort in scornful fashion, but was interrupted by another dog of gentler manners and more Christian disposition.

«Do you want to be rescued?» this one inquired kindly.

«Not that I know of, just now, thank you,» said Jabez, mollified at once.

«Because if you do, I was just wondering how we were going to manage it,» said the second dog. «I have had some experience getting people out of the snow in winter, but I never hauled a rescue in from the air.»

The conversation was interrupted here by the appearance of the abbot, followed by the lay brother who had first discovered us. He was a simple fellow evidently, for he crossed himself, and blinked apprehensively at us. Other monks came dribbling out of doors here and there, each filled with wonder and curiosity. The abbot greeted us very cordially.

«Welcome, messieurs!» he exclaimed; «welcome! Will you not descend? Do you come from Paris? Ah,»—not waiting for an answer to either of his questions,—«I trust you have solved the problem of aëronautics! Not since the siege of '70 have I seen a balloon. I was in Paris then. I saw Gambetta depart by balloon for Tours. Ah, what a sight! What enthusiasm—*mon Dieu!* Messieurs are French, perhaps?»

«Next door to it,» answered Hill; «Americans.»

«*Oui, oui,*» said the abbot, waving his hand politely; «the greatest nation in the world. Its enterprise, its growth,»—he made a comprehensive gesture with both arms,—«marvelous! *Oui,* monsieur; nothing short of marvelous. America first, France second, among all the nations of the world in progress and enlightenment.»

«Reverse the positions, reverend father,» said Hill, not to be outdone in politeness, «and then we shall agree.»

But the abbot shook his head vigorously, and protested. It was as if he said: «What! a Frenchman, well born, and impolite to his guests? Monstrous! not to be thought of!»

After a little further conversation of equal unimportance, we departed with the benedictions of all the brotherhood ringing in our ears, and a tremendous expression from the dogs, that we took to be the assurance of good wishes and *bon voyage* at least.

«I suppose it did n't occur to you to wonder how we hung motionless in the air like that for so long a time,» remarked Hill, as we sailed away.

«No,» said I; «it did not. If I stopped to marvel at all the wonderful things you do with this machine, I should spend my days at it.»

«Well,» said Hill, «I threw out an electric

anchor, or a grappling-iron—that's the best term for it. Our electricity was holding on to a boulder just outside the convent walls. Otherwise we should not have had so much time to visit.»

«Oh,» said I, «I 'm getting calloused to marvels, keeping company with them right along. I look upon the whole machine as a miracle anyhow. You could n't surprise me if you tried.»

But I spoke airily and without foundation for my remarks. I was to be very much surprised before we were through with that excursion.

After leaving the convent we ascended very rapidly, and it was getting colder and colder. Our breath began to be visible, and we donned top-coats; but still we were chilled. As we arose we took note of the phenomena which puzzle balloonists. We saw the earth beneath us arched like a reversed sky—we were over a great gulf of air, deepest in the middle, and with cliff-like shores of Alpine ranges. Instead of the convex curve one would expect to see, sloping away on the sides and highest in the middle, following the supposed curve of the earth, we saw the land beneath us hollowed like a saucer, with a rim rising heavenward, just as the inverted arch of the sky appears to fit over the world like a lid when one looks up. We were in the sky, but a strange sky of intense Prussian blue. Clouds formed below us, the evaporization taking place from snow-peaks warming under the sun; but above and about us was that deep, uncanny sea of metallic blue, marvelous in its luminous depth.

«There are various causes assigned for this effect,» said Hill. «Some scientists claim that the reflection from vesicles of water occasions this change of color. Now I differ. The polarizing angle of the air is forty-five degrees. It is impossible that there should be moisture at this height. Ascending particles have long since frozen and fallen in the form of snow upon the mountains. We have got to consider air as a soluble fluid—that is, the atmosphere; and we must also take into consideration the fact that up here we get a perspective on it, and it is bluer than the deep sea. On the surface of the earth it seems thin and impalpable, and we cannot look at it—there is nothing to see. But it is dense in large quantities, and, like a glass of sea-water, it does not look blue in the glass. Here's another curious thing, too,» he went on. «Have you noticed that, except when we had the fins going, or the suction-pump,—in one case we were cutting across currents, and in the other through them,—it has been impossible to determine whether we were going fast or slow, or, for the matter of that, whether we were going at all? That is the beauty of being carried by the air. There is no friction, and to all appearances the balloon may be as motionless as Mohammed's coffin, when in fact it is covering space at the rate of a mile a minute.»

Presently, having consulted various clocks and watches and instruments, he said:

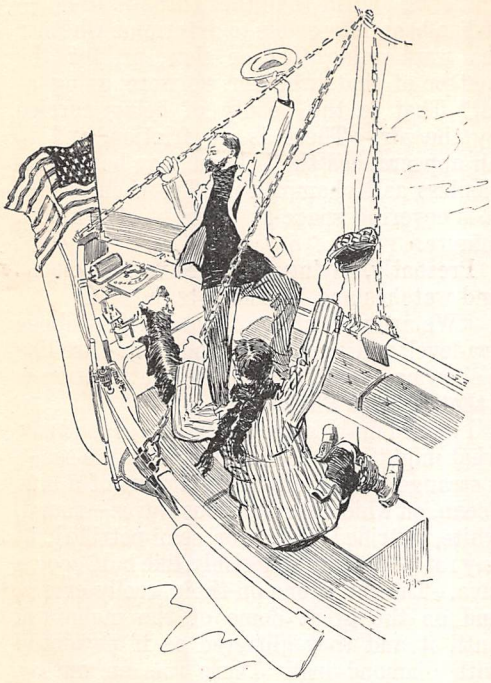
«We are now fifteen thousand feet above sea-level, and that»—he made a gesture like a showman exhibiting his chief attraction—«that is Mont Blanc.»

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw what might have been an island in the sea—a strange, chalky island rising out of a blue ocean, on which were curious waves—round, white, petrified waves, or semi-petrified, at any rate—moving sluggishly, like half-cooled lava. The sun shone on their woolly crests, and on the great dome of the mountain, until it and they glittered as if powdered with diamond-dust. There was an unreal, theatrical glamour about the whole scene that was fascinating in the extreme when one considered that what seemed so unreal was the crowning reality of Europe. Hill trained his glass on the mountain, and then made some calculations with his pencil. Presently he said:

«That reminds me, it 's time for lunch—past time by two hours. Why did n't you say so?»

I took stock of my sensations, and concluded that I had been too much excited to realize that I was hungry. Now that the subject was mentioned, I felt a certain deficiency in the program, not taken note of before; so we ate, with the approval and assistance of Jabez, and Hill formulated his plans for the day.

«You see,» said he, «I want to make our maximum ascent to-day. In the first place, the gas is in prime condition; in the next place, if we waited until to-morrow we should find that the balloon would fall perceptibly, owing to the action of the sun's heat after a night of cold. Being extremely sensitive, it would at once begin to radiate heat into space, cooling itself rapidly by that process, and becoming heavier. Naturally it would descend. Now I have never before attempted going up in proximity to snow-mountains, and I am not positive what the effect will be upon the ascension properties of the *Cloud Queen*. I know we can do it all right now, and we



«THE BEST FLAG . . . ON EARTH!»

still have time enough and to spare before we lose the sun. What do you say? Shall we try it?»

«By all means,» said I.

«Then prepare,» replied Hill, «to be carried farther away from the earth than any mortal has ever been before. There is a record of thirty-seven thousand feet—seven miles—made by Glaisher and Coxwell, that I am going to break. It 's time to get out our bunting, old man.» He proceeded with great gravity to stick a small silken flag in a socket at one end, and the *Cloud Queen* unfurled the stars and stripes. «That,» said Hill, regarding it affectionately, «is a sight for men and angels. Here 's to it! We are going to smash the record, or something, all for the glory of the United States of America. Come, now, with a will—hip, hip, hurrah! Hurrah for the best country, and the best flag, and the best balloon on earth!»

We gave it with a will, assisted by Jabez, who was patriotic to the core, and independent even in the clouds; and then we settled back comfortably with our pipes, while the *Cloud Queen* rose majestically toward skies unknown.

(To be continued.)

Marion Manville Pope.

BEFORE A CLOSED DOOR.

IF to none other doth her love confess
  The joy that mortal passion holds in store,
Then can I bear to have her love me less
  In finding warrant there to love her more;
And if God will that she should love me less
  Than heart's desire, then shall desire be spent
To learn that love which never doth possess,
  But, loving truly, is in truth content.

O knowledge ultimate, be mine to-day;
  For once anticipate eternity.
This much, grown little then, may pass away,
  And much this little grow: she cared for me.
Help me to be my best self in my place,
  Although my heart lies dead here at her feet;
Help me to say, «God give this woman grace
  Who closed love's door to make my life complete!»

John Bennett.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

THE LATE HENRY L. PIERCE.

WHEN the Hon. Henry L. Pierce was mayor of Boston, Wendell Phillips said: «If Diogenes were to come to Boston in search of an honest man, he would find him in the mayor's chair.» The mayor of Boston is nearly always an honest man; but neither the modern Diogenes nor the ancient one meant that kind of honesty. There is the honesty of the street and the exchange, the conventional honesty of society and of the day, the honesty that flows from good training and environment; but it was not for this that Diogenes searched Athens with a lantern.

There is also the honesty that comes from the way in which a man is put together—every part framed for the specific purpose of securing honesty; conscience, intellect, tastes, all so shaped and combined and informed that the constant action and expression of his nature is honesty as the natural and necessary product of the man. If he is a man of force, the force will be recognized not as energy, but as honesty. If he is a man of feeling, his honesty will be a passion that nothing can overcome. If he is a man of both force and feeling, you have the man whom Diogenes could not find, but Wendell Phillips did.

During the past year three such men have died in Massachusetts—Ex-Governor William E. Russell, General Francis A. Walker, and the Hon. Henry L. Pierce. The first, «dead ere his prime,» but showed what he was: a man built on this model of honesty. The second was a great publicist in whom the soldier, the scholar, and the fearless thinker were united on the groundwork of native, thoroughgoing honesty. The last lacked some things that graced and strengthened the others; but he had in even greater degree what might be called a genius for honesty. When he died last December, at the age of seventy-two, he surprised Boston by leaving a will which distributed well-nigh a million dollars among the leading institutions and charities of that city. Mr. Pierce had not been in the public service for several years; his later life was devoted to a narrow circle of friends, and to his business as a manufacturer of chocolate under a well-known name. The business was known to be large and remunerative, but it was unattended by those startling signs common to wealth at the present day. Age had crept upon him, and so it happened that to the present generation he was but slightly known, and his bequests left the impression with most that he was simply a generous man of wealth who had given back to the public in wise ways what he had drawn from it.

The opinion is a meager one, and in that respect unjust. His bequests, indeed, revealed his generosity; but they did not reveal the proportions or the leading characteristics of the man. They were more than generous, and more than wise in the prudential sense: they were full of love and pity and justice. More than three millions were devised; and if the gifts were to be classified according to their objects, they would bear witness to a character of uncommon breadth and rare nobility. Great sums were bequeathed to relatives, for the blood in his veins was thicker than water; large sums were given as a tribute to friendship, and like sums to all those who had coöperated with him in conducting his business—gifts of love, after all claims of justice had been more than satisfied year by year. Most indicative of all was the distribution of fifty thousand dollars among his five hundred employees, so that not one was left without a token of friendship, which, however, had always been shown by generous wages and by the utmost consideration for individual needs. It is true that the business had been profitable, and could afford unusual generosity in the treatment of agents and workmen; but it was profitable because he drew all the intelligence of his associates into oneness with his own, and so multiplied himself in every department of it. This generosity, however, was not a price paid for fidelity, but was a natural expression of a generous and just heart, and was felt to be such. On both sides the business was conducted on principles considerably above those which are termed the laws of the business world. The student of economics may scoff, but when five hundred men in these days bury an employer with tears and universal sorrow, it shows that something more than the law of demand and supply had entered into the relation between them. There were three factors that contributed to this success, and the last is not least: a broad and thorough knowledge

of business, a cherished preference to «make a good article rather than to make money,» and a profound and practical sympathy with every person in his service.

The bequests made to public institutions reveal another side of his character. The sums are not surprisingly great, but the objects are of such a nature, and the amounts are so graded, as to indicate not only the proportions of his character, but, taken together, they reveal the strong points in it. Beginning logically with Harvard University as lying at the base of true civic life, they are distributed among twenty institutions that fairly represent the humanity, culture, and civilization of modern society. There are no signs of partiality, but only of breadth and comprehensiveness. The bequests made to six churches in his immediate neighborhood, ranging from Roman Catholic to Unitarian, indicate his unwillingness to discriminate between them, and his sense of the value of instituted religion in municipal life. The estate of four hundred acres at the foot of the Blue Hills, his resting-place and playground for nearly half a century, ultimately goes to the city as a park. He never married, but ten of his bequests are to institutions for the homeless and for children. The residue of his estate is to be divided between education, art, and hospitals—knowledge, truth, and mercy, the trinity of civic faith, in which he fully believed. The city to which these bequests are made will not fail to see in them the marks of a large-hearted and wise citizen; and the more discerning will find in his business career proofs that the relations between employer and employed can add humanity to a law of wages, and profit thereby.

But these estimates do scant justice to the man. The prime trait of Mr. Pierce was the heroic character of his honesty in civic affairs. He was trained in that school of public life which regarded slavery not only in the light of humanity, but of political order. When still a young man he bore a part in forming the Free-soil party; and from that day to the close of his life his record was one of absolute incorruptibility and continual protest against political dishonesty. In Congress and out, in the mayor's chair and as a private citizen (when his influence was not less than while in office), he was the unceasing enemy of all jobbery and dickering and barter of principles for party success. He was not rated a good party man, and yet he was the best. He was loyal to party, and yet was superior to it. He held principles as first, and measures as under them; when they seemed to conflict he instantly asserted «the divine right to bolt.» He was a citizen of the higher order, and of that type in which conscience is supreme. He believed in Burke's great word, that «justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society, and any departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.»

It is refreshing in these days, when one man owns a legislature whose majority hold their seats by the most degrading form of bribery ever devised, and have prostituted government into a machine that rules by blackmail, to turn our eyes for a moment from such a sight to a man who would not delegate his conscience nor his manhood to another; who could not be led by friendship, nor by party, nor by abuse to countenance injustice; a man who could not be frightened or deceived or bought by any sort of price, but stood, as if one with it, on the rock of simple honesty. There are few men of the day who could so well use the words of the Homeric hero: «I hate as the gates of hell the man who says one thing with his lips and hides another in his heart» —an inscription which we commend as fit to be placed over the gates of all cities, either those to be built, or those undergoing the process of reorganization.

T. T. Munger.

«AT REST.»

UPON a hillside where the sea
Enfolds a rocky Northern isle,
Her lone grave nestles in the lee
Of sunset's vague, withdrawing smile.

The late wild roses bend to frame
Their sleeping sister's last bequest—
Only her simple woman's name:
The legend on her stone, «At Rest.»

The gull's wild welcome to the dawn,
The wren's near song, encircle her;
White ships troop noiseless and are gone;
Deep falls the shadow of the fir.

How oft 'mid toil and mockery,
Long leagues from that assurance blest,
Envy and pity strive with me
For her transporting fate, «At Rest!»

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

ARE THE BOSSES STRONGER THAN THE PEOPLE?

NOTHING can be clearer than that boss government, as it is administered in several of our States to-day, is destructive of popular government. It concentrates in one man, as soon as it reaches perfection, all the powers of the State, executive, legislative, and judicial, and this man is not chosen by the people for the position. He is an autocrat, or despot, by self-election. He obtains his power by means which are not only not authorized by the people, but have been declared by them in their laws to be criminal. He rules by money corruptly raised and corruptly used. He extorts blackmail from corporations which fear his power, and with it he solidifies and extends that power. He goes with his money into the primaries and nominating conventions, and buys away from the people the selection of candidates for office, thus corrupting popular government at its source. His favor and his money are powerful enough to elect his candidates to office, and powerful enough to prevent the nomination of all whom he dislikes. He thus fills the public service with men whom he has bought to serve him rather than the State; and they seldom or never fail him, for a man who is willing to accept a nomination for office under such conditions is not likely to be squeamish about his official conduct after election.

The system acts, in fact, as a complete bar to men of character for the public service, and as a magnet for those of dull or lax morality. The blackmail revenue of a boss has done for the latter what their own ability and energy would never have accomplished, and they look naturally to him and his resources as the true source of power, and the only one to be feared. This accounts for the extraordinary indifference of a boss-controlled legislature to public opinion. Its members know that they owe their positions entirely to the boss; that the people who are objecting to their conduct would never have chosen them for office; and that their continuance in public life depends upon the continuance of the boss's favor. They know that when the time for a renomination comes round their critics will have little or no voice in the primaries, and that the blackmail of the boss will be the deciding force. Every aspirant for political honors, be it for a membership of the legislature, or for a governorship or a judgeship, knows that without the favor of the boss he has no hope; and he cannot obtain that favor without giving assurances that, when elected, he will follow the wishes of the boss. Slowly but surely the boss extends his system till he gets possession of all the functions of the government. He gets control of the executive and the legislative first, and later of the judiciary, and then his deadly clutch upon popular sovereignty is complete. We have had instances in more than one State, during the past year, of the fatal advance upon this final stronghold. Not only has the boss been able to make the legislature and the governor do his bidding in the face of all opposition, while committing assaults upon the people in denying them their right to a voice in the conduct of their own affairs, but he has been able to get from the courts, because of new accessions to their benches of men whose nomination has been due to his favor, opinions which have sustained him in some of his most deadly attacks upon constitutional government. If the bench shall really fall into the clutches of the blackmailing boss, popular government will cease to exist in the State over which he rules.

Why are the bosses so much more open and audacious in their doings than they used to be, and why are the people so submissive? The answer to both these questions is the same. There is in most boss-ridden States to-day no longer a desirable alternative for the people. Both parties have bosses, and when the people overthrow one they fall into the clutches of another who is no better, and may be worse. Then, too, the bosses have come to the conclusion that they cannot afford to let reformers get into power, because honest administration of public office is death to the boss system of government, and they now join hands for mutual protection whenever an attack is made upon one of them. The weaker will help the stronger to get into power rather than allow reformers to succeed. This has been the most notable development of the past year. The spoilsmen, or boss followers, of both great political parties have reached the conclusion that

they have been paying too much attention to the demands of reformers, especially in regard to civil-service reform, and they are combining not only for mutual welfare in the future, but to undo, if possible, the harm to their interests which has been caused by concessions in the past. This is, of course, the old «deal,» which has been familiar in all our large cities for many years, but it is now applied on a larger scale than ever before. It was applied several years ago in an election in Philadelphia, when the spoilsmen of both parties united on a select band of rascals among their two sets of candidates, and elected them as a «dose for the high-toners,» or reformers. If the spoilsmen had divided on party lines the reform ticket would have won. Something of the same sort has been done in New York State in more than one Presidential election, and it was done also in the last election in Chicago. Wherever this combination of the opponents of good government is made, it is found of late to be nearly or quite irresistible, and hence its growing popularity with the bosses. If they can show that the reformers can be defied with safety, they will defy them as constantly in future as they have in several States during the past year.

The main purpose of this boss combination is to regain possession of the offices by either repealing or nullifying the civil-service reform laws. All bosses have discovered that without the offices it is difficult to keep their machines in good running order, even with large amounts of blackmail money. They do not enjoy possession of the government unless they can fill its service with their own men. They believe that they made an unnecessary blunder when they allowed the civil-service reform laws to pass. As everybody knows, these laws were, in nearly every instance, passed by one party for the purpose of putting the other party «in a hole.» Then, too, neither party believed at the time of their passage that the laws would ever be rigidly enforced. Neither did they foresee the advent of a man like President Cleveland, who would extend the system to such comprehensive limits. They now see that in trying to injure each other they have lost possession of what both desire most of all, and they are determined to recover the loss if possible. Whatever else they do in future, they are determined not to allow desire to spite each other to lead them into concessions to reformers. We can exist, they say, under a spoils government which either one of us may conduct; but neither of us can long maintain power if the principle of honest administration, or the principle of the merit system, becomes firmly and thoroughly established. It is true also that the swift alternations of political power from one party to another during recent years has created among the spoilsmen of both parties a disposition «to make hay while the sun shines,» to look only to present advantage, without regard to future consequences. We are in power now, they say; let us get as much as possible out of it, and trust to luck about the future. No boss really cares for the perpetuation of his party, or for its continued triumph. What absorbs him is his personal advantage, and that of his family and favorites. If he can get rich himself, or enable his sons and relatives to get rich, with a few years of power, he cares very little about what becomes of his party. The lack of an alternative for reformers in the opposite party sustains him in this policy. He knows that if he is put out of power the bad conduct of his rival boss will bring him back again to power within a few years. The only really vital point to him is to keep the spoils system of government from destruction.

Will the American people consent to allow this condition of things to become permanent? Will they permit government by blackmail and corruption to be substituted for government by the people? «There is one thing which is worse than corruption,» says Lecky, in his «Democracy and Liberty,» «and that is acquiescence in corruption. No feature of American life strikes a stranger so powerfully as the extraordinary indifference, partly cynicism and partly good nature, with which notorious frauds and notorious corruption in the sphere of politics are viewed by American public opinion.» So long as this indifference of public opinion continues, just so long will the bosses rule. The cause of all the trouble is neglect of the duties of citizenship. It is this which enables the bosses to gain possession of the government, and it is this which enables them to continue in possession after the corrupt source of their power has been revealed. There is only one remedy, and that is resumption of the duties of citizenship. If we desire to have our public affairs managed in an honest and intelligent manner, we must take the trouble to bear our part in their management. The bosses will not conduct them as we wish them to, save on compulsion, and we have been too indifferent or too indolent to exert that compulsion. Occasionally we pass a law designed to put

an end to some of the worst forms of corruption, and then sit back and wait for it to enforce itself. When it does not do this we despair of popular government, and doubt whether it is really worth while to attempt to do anything to save it.

When the Australian ballot system was adopted, its advocates had great hopes of the usefulness of the privilege of making nominations by petition which was embodied in all the new laws. It was thought that as a menace over the regular party primaries this would have an excellent effect upon the character of nominations. So it would have had, had it been made use of; but public opinion has been so indolent that very little use has been made of it. When the corrupt-practice laws were passed in fifteen or more of our States, it was thought that they would have great influence in restraining and exposing corruption in elections. So they would, had they been enforced; but public opinion has allowed them in nearly all cases to remain virtually inoperative upon the statute-books. It is useless to hope for better things until we can get a more vigilant and alert public opinion in operation than we have had in recent years. The bosses show us the way. They combine and work unceasingly for bad government. The friends, not merely of good government, but of free government, in all political parties must combine and work with equal zeal and persistence for what they desire.

The large cities afford the best field for work of this kind, and in them beginnings of the right kind have been made. The most effective method is the enrolment of all voters who favor good city government without regard to party considerations. This should secure in every voting district a compact body of men who should be of great service in many ways. They should hold themselves in readiness to make nominations by petition of men who will regard city interests above national party interests. They should make it their duty to enforce all corrupt-practice laws, and to get those laws strengthened wherever they are defective. They would thus become an engine for good government which would awaken and educate public opinion, and make it a growing power before which the boss system would steadily and surely crumble away.

This is a commonplace and laborious remedy, but it is the only one. There is only one way by which we can get good government, and that is to work for it, not only one year, but every year, and to work for it harder than the bosses and their followers do. All remedies which have been devised for the cure of the ills which flow from neglect of the duties of citizenship have failed, and all those which may be devised hereafter will fail also. If our patriotism, our faith in popular government, and our desire for its success be not sufficient to induce us to bear our part in the work of carrying it forward properly, then it will fail, and the blame for its failure will rest no more upon the blackmailing bosses than upon ourselves.

Joseph B. Bishop.

THE SUNRISE OF THE POOR.

A DARKENED hut, outlined against the sky,
A forward-sloping field, some cedar trees,
Gaunt grasses, stirred by the awaking breeze,
And nearer, where the grayer shadows lie,
Within a small, paled square, one may descry
The beds wherein the poor first taste of ease,
Where dewy rose-vines shed their spicy lees
Above the dreamless ashes, silently.

A lonely woman leans there, bent and gray,
Outlined in part against the shadowed hill,
In part against the sky, in which the day
Begins to blaze—O earth, so sweet, so still!
The woman sighs, and draws a long, deep breath:
It is the call to labor, not to death.

Robert Burns Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

«The City for the People!»

AMERICA, in its «Greater New York,» will on the first of next January present the spectacle of a municipality in size next to the very first among all the cities of the earth. On the preceding November the inhabitants of this great new municipality will decide as to the character of the men who shall govern it, and the influences that will control these men. The free institutions of America cannot escape being judged anew before the whole world in connection with the decision to be then made by the voters of the various boroughs of New York. It is no wonder that the millions of inhabitants of this imperial municipality are beginning to be stirred by the contemplation of the fateful experiment about to be entered upon, and that the disinterested citizens of the metropolis are not content to let corrupt machines and blackmailing bosses choose all the candidates and quietly take possession of the city's offices and the city's revenues.

Citizens' movements have been successful in New York before this, and their success now and in the future would be more assured were it not that the people have unfortunately become so used to seeing city politics run in many of its details by men of disreputable character and associations that the sight of decent men taking an interest in local government savors of impertinence in many minds. The corrupt machine-men play upon this prejudice, and endeavor to effect by ridicule what they cannot accomplish by reason.

Of course, as a matter of fact, if there is anything humorous in the situation, it is the preposterous pretense of the corruptionists that *they* are the true statesmen, the disinterested patriots, the only citizens to be trusted with the direction of public affairs, and that other citizens become ridiculous by simply doing their manifest duty in connection with local government. It must be, after all, a weak sort of brain that can be influenced in the interests of the boodlers, bosses, and bribers by ridicule of this kind.

The idea is indeed absurd that the complicated machinery and gigantic business interests of the newly constituted metropolis are safer, on the one side, in the hands of the set of men who are at the present moment disgracing the name of a great political party in their conduct of the affairs of the State by appointments among the most shameless ever made in this commonwealth, and by hypocritical and treacherous attacks upon the merit system in the civil service, or, on the other side, in the hands of that local organization the very name of which stands throughout the civilized world as a synonym for civic corruption, rather than in the hands of a genuine Citizens' Union of the most public-spirited and disinterested elements of the entire community—capitalists and day-laborers, men of all parties, of all creeds, of all conditions in life, believing in home rule, in honest, constructive, and progressive city government, and united upon a platform which has been well epitomized in the phrase, «The city for the people!»

He must think ill of the intelligence and honesty of the people of the metropolis who deems it hopeless to hold up to them higher ideals. Is New York to be the only one of the world's great cities that is to be perpetually menaced by, or actually in the possession of, political adventurers? The way out for us, and the way to stay out, lies in such movements as that so successful in Birmingham, as described by United States Consul Parker in THE CENTURY for last November. The conspicuous success there, said Mr. Parker, was not achieved in a day, or maintained without effort. «The men who began the work learned everything possible about the needs of their community, and proceeded by speech and writing to explain them, and to demonstrate the necessity and policy of undertaking reforms. One class has not transacted the public business, leaving to another the management of charitable, religious, and educational institutions; *all has been treated as part of the civic life that must be carried on.*»

As to the new city of New York, Dr. Albert Shaw, whose studies of municipal problems are well known to the readers of THE CENTURY, declares, as an expert, that the new charter in its very nature, more than any other framework of municipal government that he has ever known, calls imperatively for non-partizan administration and for the conduct of municipal elections upon strictly municipal issues.

In the winter just passed, our own local history, and our municipal problems of every kind, have been studied and debated—in «the borough of Manhattan,» at least—as never before. The City Club and the Good Government Clubs, the Public Education Association, the League for Political Education, the City History Club, the City Lectures Committee, the public-school evening lecture courses, the Reform Club and the Social Reform Club, the various «Settlements,» and other organizations, have all been at work. The church clubs have also taken up civic subjects.

There has been, to some extent, a revival of civic patriotism. The constitutional separation of the municipal from State and national elections is the opportunity of the honest and patriotic citizens of the Greater New York. The whole civilized world will look on at the progress of this municipal campaign, and await with keen expectation its momentous result.

The Pleasures of Yachting.

IT is not many years since a popular prejudice associated the pleasures of yachting with idleness and wealth, hardly to be thought of except as a questionable luxury. Did not the mariner and the fisherman likewise spread

their white wings above the treacherous waters, and did they not solely and wisely find joy in the fact that they were ashore again, thank God! and with some profit? But the idea has made way among the American people that yachting and the other outdoor sports, aside from being the most rational diversions of people of leisure, are the natural solace of active minds, the means by which the physical balance, disturbed by the demands of civilized life, is most efficaciously restored. There is no more warrant for the sedentary recreation of him who labors with his muscles than for the wasteful gambols on sea and land of the mind-worker when his hour of rest has come. And it is a fact that the surprising growth of yachting, tennis, golf, bicycle, and other athletic clubs throughout the land, is not indicative of increasing distaste for serious employment on the part of educated and well-to-do people, but rather of a more wholesome view of the relation of play to work. Indeed, the most active members of these organizations are as often as not the busiest men in professional life and in commerce. Not only are the present votaries of outdoor sports the rank and file of industry, but they are the cause of new and vast expansions in the industrial life of the world. Even the superannuated have been lured by the present taste back into the ranks of quasi-active life, for graybeards are no longer forced to the solemn inertia of an Eastern kadi as a necessary adjunct of personal dignity.

With the exception of the bicycle-trade, yacht-building has perhaps led in the expansion of industry to meet the demands of outdoor pleasure. Refinements of science and mechanics have added to the cost of the larger yachts, and, at the other end of the scale, have produced better boats for a smaller outlay. But coöperation may divide the cost, and it is not unusual even for the «twenty-one-footer» to be built by a «syndicate» corresponding numerically to the necessary crew. Yet there is no great bar of expense to the field of yachting pleasures. The little craft that is a rowboat in calm and a smart, able cat-boat in breeze or blow was never so popular as at present; many a schooner or big single-sticker carries at the davits an open boat provided with centerboard and easily adjusted canvas, and which, if the truth were told, confers on the owner more of the characteristic delights of sailing than the expensive craft handled by a professional crew.

While there is an equableness of temper and a briny sparkle in the salt-water yachting-grounds which render them superior for the sport to the inland lakes and rivers, the pleasures of yachting are no longer monopolized by the dwellers on our coasts. On many a lakelet of the West may be found fleets of spry craft representing the skill of the most famous builders of the world, while the larger bodies of fresh water in summer teem with a nautical life somewhat modified from that of the sea-coast to suit the whimsicalness of interior winds, and waters of a tamer aspect, yet more disquieting when aroused. The Eastern yachtsman strolling on the lake front at Chicago may well wonder to see the sloops close-reefed in a breeze which at home would invite him to carry topsail, when, if he were at the tiller in that flawy and vicious breeze, he might now and then realize that he had lost some of his nerve with a change of sky.

Not that the pleasures of yachting are to be had only at a risk to life in excess of the dangers that lurk in other outdoor sports. Holiday revelers who go out in boats ostensibly to fish or sail, but really for the unrestrained companionship of flask and jug, are responsible for nine tenths of the reputation for danger to life that is attached in the popular fancy to boating. On the contrary, yachting is one of the safest of sports, because sailing is a plain science, easily learned by any person of practical faculty and ordinary discretion and common sense. It is true that many persons ride horses year after year without accident who might not attain to perfect control of a sail-boat. This is because the intelligence of the horse comes to their aid and keeps them in the road. On the other hand, many lives are sacrificed every year to the timidity or viciousness of the horse; whereas in a sail-boat the steerer has only his own disposition to deal with, and in greater measure may anticipate the changes to which his environment is subject. Science has placed at his disposal simple means of adjustment; it is necessary only that he should be able to think clearly and methodically, and should not be foolhardy. Even the golf-field has its dangers, derived from the careless and the inapt. Some degree of danger resides in every sport the cultivation of which adds to the sureness of human faculties; but it may be safely said that no sport, properly taught, is safer than that of yachting, or more productive of calm judgment and physical self-reliance.

Until amateur aëronauts shall sail here and there through the upper spaces, «horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air,» those who know that the greatest spice to physical exercise is freedom and self-reliance will skim the salty blue or the turquoise lake, with one hand on the tiller and the other within reach of the main-sheet. Here is activity with restfulness, excitement with quiet, energy without weariness; the vitalities of wind, wave, and tide course, as it were, through the sensory nerves of the yachtsman; mind and muscle joy in their cunning dominion over the giant forces of the elements; and the soul, if it please, expands to the wider horizon of the eye, and calmly roves into the beauty-land lying in the kaleidoscopic angle between water and sky.

Language before Literature.

THE recent visit to the United States of the distinguished French critic M. Brunetière has naturally revived the discussion of the relations of language to literature,—relations nowhere more intimate or more evident than in Paris,—and leads one to ponder on the differences between a literary country like France and a country like the United States, where books are read rather than considered—indeed, where there seems to be a marked diminution even of reading. This statement may be met with facts and figures showing the establishment of new libraries, the multiplication of university extension, etc.; but, without derogation of these excellent influences, it must be perceived on second thought that they make for scholarship or erudition rather than for literature; for they rarely go deeply into what is now the fundamental lack in American education—knowledge of our own language. After all, what makes one book a piece of literature, while another is not, is the presence of that subtle and yet tangible quality called style; and what is

style but the knowledge of how to use language, plus the individual element of personality necessary to all art? If, then, one asks, How are we to hasten the day of a greater American literature? the answer is, first, that it cannot much be hastened, except through good writers; secondly, that in the main good writers grow out of a literary soil; and, thirdly, that the tillage must begin at the root—namely, in the cultivation of language.

By the cultivation of language we do not mean the achievement of philological or rhetorical profundity, in which respects we are no doubt further advanced than we were fifty years ago. Science, with its academic methods, cannot create literature. The falling off of notable production and the deterioration of public taste in literature may be coincident with great advances on the pedagogic side. Nor are individual great writers to be counted on as a crop to be sowed with a certain seed; genius groweth where it listeth. We are now speaking of the less exceptional but still desirable high average of authorship. What is needed as the basis of a broad national literature is a high standard of speech, a high regard for language as a fine art, such as one finds everywhere in France, which has an atmosphere in which letters flourish naturally. The French are justly accused of insularity and chauvinism, but they are not to be accused of neglecting their own literary art. They understand their literature, and know how to express themselves in correspondence and conversation, in writing and oratory. It is curious, by the way, that at the very time that M. Brunetière is laying stress on oratory as a force of current life, in America, for dearth of great speakers, it seems to be losing its hold. Perhaps in another decade the present revival of debating by the universities will restore the vogue of the orator. But in any art — and we are now pleading for literature as a fine art — finesse of expression must go with force of thought. In France boys are taught the niceties of their own tongue by rigid criticism, by the best examples of their own literature, and by the exactions of an educated public sentiment. In the United States a boy may go from the kindergarten to a university degree without even learning the use of «shall» and «will,» or «may» and «can.» If he has failed in the lower grades, his chance of learning what can be taught of his own language is fairly gone; his shortcomings seem to be accepted as part of his matriculation at college. There he gets meager individual attention. It occurs to nobody that his defects on the literary side should be treated as a doctor treats the ailments of a patient. Not one boy in twenty in the college preparatory schools can speak his own language with tolerable accent, enunciation, and correctness, and not one parent in fifty knows or cares whether he does. In the family, manners are usually taught, but rarely speech. Probably there are not in Congress at the present time a dozen speakers of literary distinction, and the low standard runs through every other profession, the bar and the clergy not excepted. The hopeful aspect of this condition of affairs is that, under strictures of recent years, and in response to the exactions of at least one university, the preparatory schools are showing signs of improvement.

These defects are not wholly to be corrected in youth even by the reading of the best books, which, without direction, may become languid and aimless. Yet it is mainly to the reading of the best literature that we must look for a cure of our slipshod American habits of speech. Our own brief period abounds in examples of high-bred and distinguished writers and orators,—Hawthorne, Webster, Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Curtis, Lowell, and others,—men who, for the most part, came out of the best literary atmosphere we have had—that of New England in the second quarter of the century. The traditions of that time ought to inspire us to resist the tendency which, it must be confessed, the popular literature of the day is exerting to take us farther and farther from our former dignified and virile literary standard.

As an adjunct of this cultivation of good language, we need a severer school of criticism. The larger influences of criticism upon literature have been well stated by M. Brunetière in this passage in one of his American lectures. Speaking of criticism, he says:

«It has other utilities more immediate also. Some day it will be of singular use to the artists themselves. The artist does not repel criticism which leaves him free to be himself, to manifest his own temperament, but embraces it eagerly. A second use has been illustrated in the past, and will doubtless be again in the future. Criticism has been creative. It has more than once caused a great literature. In the sixteenth century the criticism of the school of Ronsard created classicism, and when their ideal had been worn out, another was created by Lessing and Herder, the veritable creators of the German literature which followed them. A third use is that when criticism has probity it reëstablishes the distinctions which fashion and mutual praise are so ready to wipe out. Whatever pleasantries may be directed against it, criticism is sure to flourish more and more, because as we become more and more democratic it becomes more and more necessary to have the competent few perform these services in the general confusion of ideas; and if criticism should disappear, it would be the artists and the public who would suffer.»

All that M. Brunetière has here said of the whole range of the function of criticism applies pertinently and cogently to that part which has to do with the cultivation of the fine art of literary expression. One of the best services that criticism can perform is constantly to remind us that there is a standard of good speech, and to measure every new performance thereby.

Greece.

A BOOK just issued in Paris, «Souvenirs d'Amérique et de Grèce,» by the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, brings vividly to mind, by contrast, the tragic days through which Greece has passed since the hour of her triumph at the time of the revival of the Olympian games, only a year ago last spring—a time of renewed national pride, of joyous hopefulness, of world-wide recognition and approbation. It must have seemed to the Greeks themselves that all the world had come to the splendid fête made complete by the generosity of their own countrymen in the appointments of the occasion, and by the creditable part taken by the Greeks themselves in two of the contests.

No one who witnessed the giving by King George of the prizes can ever forget the inspiring scene under the Attic sky in the immense Stadion—the triumphal procession, the cheers, the noble music, the whole inspiring spectacle.

The winning by the young native peasant of the Marathon race (graphically described by Coubertin, the originator of the games, in the book, as well as in THE CENTURY for last November) helped to arouse the national pride and a spirit of emulation in the entire people. For weeks after the games, wherever one went one saw impromptu contests. Not only the athletic, but also the heroic and the national spirit of the country was aroused, and it may be that the excitement was not without its effect upon the minds of the masses in precipitating the desperately unequal struggle with the Turks.

Alas! poor Greece! Alas! as says Coubertin, the stupidity of Europe, which, having consented to make a kingdom of Greece, made it too little and too poor to exist, though still it does exist by its own indomitable spirit!

OPEN LETTERS

Dangers and Benefits of the Bicycle.

DANGERS.

IT is easy to understand that anything has its merit which entices into the open air a people too devoted to pen, ink, and printed paper, and too sedentary in habit. It is also obvious that any muscular exercise not too severe or too prolonged must increase circulation and respiration, and indirectly promote the nutritive processes that lead to health.

On the other hand, it needs no elaborate argument to carry the conviction that the young hoodlum who spends his Sundays and the greater part of his shorter periods of leisure in straining his immature muscles, including his heart, in demonstrating how far and how fast he can propel his «bike,» is liable to shorten his life and sacrifice possibilities of usefulness unseen by those who despise his present vulgarity and curse him as a common nuisance of the highway. Equally evident is it that the elderly man or woman whose heart is no longer a perfect pump, whose blood-vessels are somewhat brittle, and whose other organs are more or less the worse for wear, runs the danger of speedy death from heart-failure (properly so called), apoplexy of the brain, or a similar hemorrhage into another organ, or from some other result of overstraining an enfeebled system.

As to the development of nervous diseases, eye-strain, the harmful results of improper saddles,—and none is altogether satisfactory,—the average reader of medical and semi-medical articles probably concludes that there is some truth and some exaggeration in the words of warning so eloquently and so repeatedly uttered.

No recourse to statistics is needed to prove that risk of accident is far greater for one engaged in muscular exercise than for the stay-at-home, for the man going ten miles an hour than for the one who is content with a three-mile gait, for one threading his way among horses, wagons, and electric cars than for one jostling his own kind on the sidewalk. Except for the increased number of bicycles, the wheelman is safer now than he was ten years ago. Not only is his vehicle better built, and the danger from falls minimized by lowering the center of gravity and placing it far behind the front axle, but he rides over better roads, and accidents due to the selfish indifference or diabolical malice of drivers of horses are becoming less and less frequent as the latter learn the needs and the rights of wheelmen, and as the bicycle becomes more and more the vehicle of the masses.

SPINSTERS IN THE THIRTIES.

THE benefits of the bicycle are to be noted particularly in the case of women who have passed the heyday of youth and have not yet reached the calm of middle life, but who are passing through a period of mental fermentation and physical irritability of varying degree according to their social sphere, temperament, and habits. The matron with engrossing and for the most part pleasant cares may slip from youth to middle age with scarcely a realization that the glamour of the former is waning, and without the physical reflection of a purely mental disturbance. In some respects she is more prone to actual organic disease than her unmarried sister, but it is the latter who is especially liable to mourn over the lost gaieties of younger days, to feel herself becoming less essential to active life, and, in turn, life becoming less endurable to her. The spinster who is an integral part of some pleasant household, or who is born to that class of society which has money and leisure for making a business of pleasure, may also find growing old a tolerable, if not actually agreeable, process. But it is the solitary female, the one who commands the gaieties of life only so long as she can keep white hairs and wrinkles from appearing, who has not the prosaic but necessary basis of philanthropy, of social activity, or the various phases of new-womanism, who somewhere in the third decade of life realizes that the evil days have come, and the years when she is forced to say, «I have no pleasure in them.» Teacher, stenographer, seamstress, wage-earner in whatever field, or the unwilling parasite on some struggling relative, she becomes the prey of mental yearning and dissatisfaction, and it is little wonder that actual disease follows. Life, irksome enough in health, becomes doubly so now; and the two factors, mental and physical suffering, act and react on each other in a vicious circle. The manifestation of the nervous state of such a woman may localize itself in some one organ or apparatus; some special form of neuralgia may set in, or the supply of nerve-power to the stomach may be so deficient that, without organic

change, a serious dyspepsia ensues, or any one of a number of other organs may be similarly depressed in function, singly or in association. Such women are particularly apt to fall into the hands of the quack who assiduously circulates a list of questions suggesting complaints which the victim will imagine, if she does not already possess them. Even if the patient consults a regular physician, the result is not satisfactory to either. The particular symptom complained of may be relieved, but a relapse occurs as soon as medicine is discontinued. General tonics are tried, but the patient fails to reach the point of permanent good health. Something is lacking, and the wise physician very soon realizes that the lack cannot be supplied from the drug-store. To such patients the bicycle is a blessing. The woman who would not—yes, could not—muster courage to walk a mile in familiar and uninteresting streets, will gladly put forth the same amount of energy in pedaling three miles to reach a park or the real country; and once there, the temptation to further exercise is irresistible.

It may be an open question whether the bicycle is destined, as some enthusiasts claim, to revolutionize the social life of our people; there is no doubt that it can furnish an excellent substitute for ordinary social occupations in the class of women referred to as lacking in this element of worldly pleasure. The bicycle is more than a vehicle: it is almost as much of a companion as a horse or a dog, while the exhilaration of rapid motion, the accessibility of charming bits of nature, the mastery of time and space, afforded by this steed of steel, more than atone for social companionship which depends on no deep-seated affection.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the bicycle is the much-needed mental and nerve tonic of the poor woman alone. There is an opposite class of patients who, not being obliged to work, are simply too lazy to be well, and who fall into the loathsome habit of invalidism. Some—by no means all—of this class can be appealed to through the bicycle, and restored to a natural and healthy interest in life.

THE BICYCLE AND THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

FEW men have urgent need either of a new machine for enforcing exercise or occupying the mind; yet there is many a middle-aged or elderly professional man who is exchanging flabby fat for firm muscle, is increasing his breathing-space, toning up his circulation, and putting old age five or ten years farther ahead, by discarding the carriage, buggy, or street-car for the bicycle. The wheel is also effecting a radical change in the lives of many poor artisans. A second-hand wheel can be paid for from the car-fare which would be spent in a year, and the ten or twenty cents a day saved during the wheeling seasons of the next year or two may mean added health as well as comfort. Or it may be that the bicycle allows the workingman to reach home for a good warm dinner during a nooning too brief, otherwise, for anything but the appetite-destroying dinner-pail or the dyspepsia-breeding cheap lunch, which, after all, is twice as expensive as a plain, wholesome meal cooked at home. Again, the bicycle, by annihilating distance, makes it possible to seek a home in the suburbs, or at least in a thinly populated portion of the city, remote from the noise, dust, and crowding of the business center. Thus the hygienic as well as the economic and social level of the workingman's family is raised. It is no exaggeration to say that the bicycle is making self-respecting householders and property-owners of men who would otherwise become the victims of tenement life, necessarily dependent on the charity of the city physician,—for the poor have an enormously high susceptibility to disease,—and destined to succumb to a progressive pauperism which leads to dependence on one form of charity after another, till the professional dead-beat and beggar is evolved. Yet the simple explanation of this miracle is the centripetal tendency of all city valuations, the rent of the ill-ventilated three-room suite of the tenement, with its utter lack of indoor privacy and outdoor freedom, being the same as that of a five-room cottage a few miles distant, with good ventilation, sanitary plumbing, the possibility of at least a small garden, and the certainty of an atmosphere not only of pure air, but of independence.

MARKED MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT NOT THE SEAL OF RUGGED HEALTH.

IT may surprise many of the readers of this article to be informed that marked muscular development is not the seal of rugged health that they have imagined it to be. Given, on the one hand, a professional or business man, whose fists are useless as weapons, whose chest expansion is only two inches and a half, and who is abundantly satisfied with a three-mile walk or a ten-mile bicycle ride, and, on the other hand, a trained athlete who can expand his chest to the extent of five inches, and who can trust either to his fists or legs for safety, and supposing them to be otherwise fair representatives of their respective types, the chances of life and freedom from disease are greatly in favor of the former. Remarkable muscular development is seldom attained save at the expense of some serious organic lesion. The ideal of the hygienist, therefore, is a man of moderate and symmetrical muscular development. Moderation excludes the factor of competition, which is the basis of all athletic sports. Symmetry is obtained from no one natural form of exercise or athletic amusement, but requires careful anthropometric study of the individual, and a tedious attention to the prescribed exercises at elaborate training machinery. This, in turn, means the sacrifice of the element of *fun*—a very important hygienic consideration—and of outdoor exercise, unless one has almost unlimited leisure for physical training. Hence, for the civilized man who earns his bread by mental acumen or muscular skill rather than by actual perspiring toil, and who trusts to a general regard for law and order rather than to his natural weapons, comparatively slight muscular development is necessary; nor is it worth his while to tax his leisure or curtail his enjoyment of outdoor sports in the attempt at symmetry. The tendency of all civilized athletics is to develop the locomotor power of the body rather than the capacity for stationary work; and so far as the health of the vital organs is concerned, experience teaches that walking or any other leg exercise in the open air is sufficient.

EFFECTS ON CLOTHING AND MORALS.

THE bicycle seems destined to effect a reform in clothing. Sensible shoes, and neckwear that will not inter-

fere with the poise of the head nor compress the great blood-vessels, have already become popular. Otherwise the ordinary attire of men has no specially objectionable features, though breeches are certainly more comfortable than trousers during hot weather, for bicycling or any other purpose. The wheeling-costumes thus far devised for women have shown a realization of the unfitness of ordinary dress rather than an appreciation of the changes needed. The one hygienic result that has been achieved by all efforts in this direction is the elimination of the long skirt which sweeps the filth and infection of the highway into the homes of civilized man, and doubtless is the cause of many an inexplicable case of contagious disease. If the fashion would only extend to other street dress, we could forgive the many offenses of wheeling-costumes against modesty, good taste, and comfort.

If the bicycle were responsible simply for distracting the attention of thousands of young men and women from artificial fashions in dress, and for creating an honest though sometimes mistaken effort at dress-reform, a great good would have been accomplished. But it is doing much more than this. It is establishing an ideal of physical health, and making deservedly unpopular the sickly heroine of less than a generation ago. The wheel is affording a wholesome outlet for energies that would otherwise be wasted in frivolity or actual dissipation, and in elevating the physical is also raising the moral tone of the youth of our land. The half-grown boy who formerly thought it manly to fuddle his brain with liquor or weaken his heart with tobacco, has changed his ideal to the not very lofty but certainly more innocent one of maintaining a reputation for speed or endurance, and while in training he proudly foregoes bad habits that he would be ashamed to abandon as a mere matter of principle. The use of strong liquors among the class of young men from whom cyclists are largely drawn is on the wane, and even «soft drinks» are used with increasing discretion.

All of this means not that the bicycle is to be used by everybody, nor that it is to be the physical and moral salvation of the age, but that it is aiding in a tangible manner in the solution of many problems, social, economic, moral, and hygienic.

A. L. Benedict, M. D.

How Napoleon Impressed a Foe at St. Helena.

THE letter which follows, from Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn to Sir Alexander Campbell, comes to us from H. A. Wetherall, Esq., of Hill Crest, Addleston, Surrey, England, who found it among the papers of his grandfather, Sir George Wetherall, who was military secretary to Sir Alexander, and his executor, in which latter capacity he is supposed to have come into possession of the letter. Sir George Wetherall, who died in 1868, was also at one time adjutant-general of the English army. It is believed that this letter, which is here printed from the original manuscript, has never before appeared. In THE CENTURY for October and November, 1893, will be found an account by John R. Glover, secretary to the admiral, of the voyage with Napoleon to St. Helena. Sir George was relieved by Sir Hudson Lowe the day after this letter was written.

EDITOR.

ST. HELENA, 14th April, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR ALEXANDER Accept I pray you my best thanks for your very friendly Letter of the 20 Jany last and for the good things of Mauritius which accompanied it. Major Fluker was so obliging as to deliver them to me safe and I was sorry his stay here was so short as to put it out of my Power to shew him any other attention than merely giving him a Passport to see our *great Lion*, the which in fact almost cost him his Passage as his Ship was only here a few Hours & was under way waiting for him before he returned from Long Wood.

I should indeed feel very much Interest as well as Pleasure in visiting you at the Isle of France but under the existing Circumstances there is little or no chance of my having such gratification, as I am very particularly enjoined to continue at this place for the better insuring the Security of Bonaparte until the Admiral destined to remain upon this Station *during Peace*, & Sir Hudson Lowe destined to take charge of Bonaparte shall arrive, when of course I am to return straight to England as I only consented to bring the arch-Fiend of Europe to this Place & to keep charge of him here until the ulterior arrangements for the Island and the Peace Establishments for the Station should be fixed & completed, and indeed I have already been here much longer than I expected when I sailed, as I was given to understand in London that I might look for being relieved about the Middle of Jany last, *our Friends* the present Ministers however, as you probably know, are not given to hurry themselves much where they do not feel themselves much interested & therefore here I am still & without any positive Information as to Sir H. Lowe or my relieving Admiral but of course living in daily or I may say hourly hopes of seeing them, a long Sojourn here not being very enviable. After this Explanation you will not be surprised to learn that I never for a moment thought of bringing Lady Cockburn with me, but I am sure she will feel much flattered & pleased by Lady Campbell's & your kind Recollection & Invitation, of which I shall inform her in my next Letters, she was very well by my last accounts which were to the end of December and gave me Reason to hope that long ere this my Family may have been increased.

I perfectly agree with you with respect to the Indian naval Command & have not the most distant Idea of taking it or any other whilst Peace continues or is likely to continue.

I have got on here better upon the whole than I expected, My *Prisoner Extraordinary* is most securely lodged, *at last*, and with the Regulations now established here I do not hesitate in saying it is quite impossible for him to escape, he & I are not quite such good Friends as we have been, he having lately made some Requests which I did not deem it prudent or proper to acquiesce in, and unaccustomed as he has so long been to have his Wishes or his Whims controuled in any manner this made him mighty angry, & he has since shewn very distant & sulky with me, but as you may suppose his Sulks or his Smiles have equally little avail with my Determinations. I have given him as much Latitude as I think consistent with his safety, & you may rest assured he will obtain no more, until I hand him over to those destined to have the future charge of him. Were I to attempt to give you my opinion of him, it

would I fear appear too much like trampling upon a fallen foe but in a few Words I will say to you, the more I see of him & know of him the less do I like or admire him, his conduct is far more like that of a spoiled child thwarted than of a Great Man under Misfortune, and (what will perhaps surprise you as much as it has me) his Manners are particularly low & bad and nothing can exceed the apparent capriciousness & overbearing ill nature with which he treats those French Persons who have shewn their attachment to him by accompanying him hither & who continue to flatter him & cringe to him in a way that is neither to be understood nor seen without feelings of disgust & contempt by Englishmen.

Adieu My dear Sir Alexander. I am sorry to say this Miserable Rock offers nothing likely to prove acceptable to you but if I can serve you in aught when I return to *Cavendish Square* pray believe the Pleasure I should have in executing your Commands.

I beg my best Respects & Regards to Lady Campbell and that you will believe the real Esteem with which I ever am, My dear General

Most faithfully & truly yours

G. COCKBURN.

This will be conveyed to you by the *Icarus* Brig of War, which Vessel I send to remain with you until a better Vessel may arrive from England to take your part of the Station—the Commander of the *Icarus* has (certainly very improperly) brought his Wife with him from England & she cruizes with him in the Brig as however the fault is not hers poor Woman, and she appears to be very quiet and respectable I venture to ask of Lady Campbell & yourself to shew her any Countenance or Civilities which may be in your power without inconvenience.

General Grant's Veto of the «Inflation Bill.»

THE brief note by Ex-Minister John A. Kasson, in the April CENTURY, touching General Grant's veto of the «Inflation Bill,» has called to my mind a statement of some importance made to me upon the same subject by the Hon. John A. J. Creswell of Maryland. I had not supposed that the incident referred to was unfamiliar to historical students. If it is, General Creswell's statement will certainly throw some additional light upon it. It will be remembered that General Creswell was Postmaster-General at the time, and it may be added that among his many high gifts marked ability as a lawyer and strength as a financier were included. I chanced to come into familiar acquaintance with him through the fact that he was the general counsel for the government before the court of Alabama claims, of which I was a member. His statement, which I think must be taken as altogether reliable, is somewhat at variance, but not strangely so, with Mr. Kasson's statement of what General Grant said.

General Creswell informed me that while President Grant did not submit the «Inflation Bill» to the consideration of the cabinet as a body, he did talk with the different members about it. At the close of one of the meetings the President requested General Creswell to remain. When they were alone the bill was discussed, the President saying that although he had thought much upon the subject, he had been unable to come to a conclusion as to the true line of his duty. General Creswell urged him to veto the bill. The President replied that he was inclined to do so, but the pressure for approval of the measure, on the ground of party necessity, was greater than he had ever before experienced. He said that all but two members of his cabinet advised him to find reasons for signing the bill, and urged that a veto would imperil the prosperity of the country and perhaps wreck the party which had twice elected him. After considerable discussion the President said that his disposition of the measure would doubtless be the most important act of his administration; that in the midst of all the various contentions it was apparent that he must decide the matter for himself; that his judgment was opposed to the bill, and he thought he would veto it, although the weight of official recommendation was in its favor. He said he would have to see what he could do in the way of writing a message before the next cabinet meeting, and requested the Postmaster-General to come to him an hour in advance of the next meeting to see what he should produce.

When General Creswell called prior to the next meeting, the President took from his desk and read a very carefully written memorandum setting forth the considerations which had led him reluctantly to determine to sign the bill, and asked the cabinet officer how he liked it, and if he did not think that, all things considered, he had reached the wisest conclusion. Upon being met with expressions of surprise and regret, he took from his desk another paper and read it. It was the since famous veto message. General Creswell said with enthusiasm: «Mr. President, if you will use that, it will put the substantial sense of the country under lasting obligations to you.» «No matter what it does,» was the reply, «it is the only thing I can write upon the subject and satisfy my judgment and conscience, and I shall adhere to it.» He then explained that he had sometimes found that he could come to the safest conclusions by writing for himself the strongest possible paper on each side of controverted questions, and that he had worked until late into the previous night applying that test to the «Inflation Bill.» He said that at first he had given himself up to the thought that he would sign the bill and file with it an explanatory memorandum. He had made this as strong and logical as he could. Then he turned to the other side, and set to work to write the most convincing veto message of which he was capable. The result left no doubt in his mind as to which side had the weight of reason and argument. He felt sure of the right course, and, regardless of clamor and abuse, he would have pleasure in pursuing it.

This doubtless shows the operation of General Grant's mind, and the facts as to what he did in this connection, more fully than his statement to Mr. Kasson. It also shows that Mr. Kasson is in error in supposing that he destroyed the one document before preparing the other, and that he prepared and kept them *for comparison*, which seems to me to be the point of the whole matter, and that he showed both to at least one person. Indeed, both documents may yet be in existence. The difference between the two statements is not great, however, and is easily explained.

All who remember General Grant's manner of speech may readily believe that when he said the veto message was «the only thing I can write upon the subject and satisfy my judgment and conscience,» it was not necessary for him to add, «and I shall adhere to it,» before the matter was completely determined so far as his administration was concerned. His countrymen know much of *General* Grant, but I surmise they have much yet to learn concerning the singular purity and balance of mind, the independence and wisdom of judgment, and the quiet force of character of *President* Grant.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS. *Andrew S. Draper.*

Anecdotes of Lincoln and Grant.

I. LINCOLN'S READINESS.

I HAVE not hitherto happened to read or hear of the following relating to Lincoln. It seems very characteristic, and worthy of preservation. I give it just as it was told to me by one who was present and heard Lincoln at the time.

In March, 1860, after his famous Cooper Union speech, Lincoln spoke in the town hall at Meriden, Connecticut. The hall was packed with people. Men were there from New Haven, where he had spoken the evening before, among them, on the front row, being President Woolsey of Yale. Discussion as to whether, if elected, a Republican could be inaugurated had been current. During the speech at Meriden a man seated on one of the window-sills at the side of the hall, in a piping voice interrupted Lincoln with: «Do you believe, Mr. Lincoln, that if the Republicans should elect a President they would be able to inaugurate him?» For an instant it was as if a blight had fallen on the audience; then there was a storm of hisses, and cries of «Put him out!» etc. They did n't want to face that situation. But Lincoln, straightening himself to his full height, and pointing to the man, soon showed that he wanted to take care of him; and the crowd observed absolute silence as Lincoln, beginning calmly, and with a bit of the Western drawl unique to his audience, but closing with the fire and force that matched the cut of his words and the strength of his logic, answered:

«I reckon, friend, that if there are *votes* enough to elect a Republican President, there 'll be *men* enough *to put him in.*» The audience literally «rose to its feet,» cheering and shouting; and none jumped quicker or higher than President Woolsey. That settled that question once for all in Meriden; and it is said that not a man who then heard Lincoln but was determined not only to vote for him, but to help «put him in,» if necessary.

John P. Bartlett.

II. GENERAL GRANT'S CIGAR.

SHORTLY after General Grant took command of all the armies of the United States he was in Washington. Dr. Daniel Simmons, of 97 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, was then in the army, serving as corporal in Company A of the First Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, having been transferred from the 83d Regiment New York Volunteers, and was on duty at Washington. He was in command of the guard stationed at the headquarters of General Halleck.

Smoking was very offensive to General Halleck, and he ordered Corporal Simmons to instruct the guard on duty not to allow any one who was smoking to enter. The guard was so instructed. Very soon after the order was issued, General Grant visited General Halleck's office, and the soldier on duty informed him of the order, and said he could not enter while smoking, and General Grant threw away his cigar.

General Grant no doubt mentioned this incident to General Halleck, for he at once sent for Corporal Simmons, and as he entered the room General Halleck said:

«Do you know this gentleman?» looking toward General Grant.

Corporal Simmons replied, «No.»

General Halleck then said that he was General Grant, and that the soldier on duty in the hall had compelled him to throw away his cigar before he would allow him to enter.

Corporal Simmons replied that that was according to the orders from that office to him, and that he gave that order to the guard.

General Halleck then said that the order, so far as it would affect General Grant, must be countermanded.

General Grant at once said:

«No; there is no good reason why General Grant should not comply with orders, and the man on duty did just right.» He then said, directing his remarks to General Halleck: «I hope you will not change your order.»

Corporal Simmons says the order was not changed, and that he afterward saw General Grant visit the office on several occasions, always without his cigar.

B.

The Social Menace of Specialism.

UNDER the stress of a competition unequaled anywhere else, the everlasting American desire to «get ahead,» success has come to mean an ability to do a limited kind of work better than any one else can do it. The price of that success is constant, all-absorbing devotion to that one kind of work, in most cases to the exclusion of all other kinds and of all other subjects of interest, except in rare moments of relaxation, grudgingly self-conceded. The result is often atrophy of the unused faculties, as Darwin, through exclusive devotion to scientific investigation, lost, as he himself confesses, his early appreciation for poetry.

Specialism does not stop when one has become a specialist. For one must, as a corollary of its principal proposition, «call in a specialist,» whether it be a matter of theological dogma, art criticism, sanitary reform, advertising method, or even amusement—from baseball to dining. Thus it is that when we give a private dinner we often call in some professional purveyor of amusement—a singer, or dancer, or reader, or magician—to add the lacking touch of completeness; and when we give a public or club dinner, we do not do our own talking, but fall back upon a specialist to talk to us and for us—a professional «after-dinner orator,» who makes a business of providing for such occasions the maximum of humor (or «good stories») and the minimum of instruction (or serious eloquence). What an aptly descriptive term, as marking the status of the modern elaborate dinner, is the phrase, so common in large cities: «Why, he 's a professional diner-out!» And what an aggrega-

tion of bores will be the dinner-party of a not remote future, when specialism shall have done its perfect work! It is no great stretch of the imagination to picture the coming man as tongueless and earless, so far as the higher purposes of human intercourse are concerned. For his tongue will talk only the language of his own specialty, while his ears will be closed to the language of his neighbor's specialty.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

SARAH C. SEARS.

WHEN, in 1893, it was announced that the W. T. Evans prize for the «most meritorious water-color painted in this country by an American artist» in the Water-Color Society exhibition had been awarded to Sarah C. Sears (Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears), those familiar with art matters wondered who the newcomer could be, and a good deal of curiosity was awakened in regard to a work by an unknown artist of such merit as to be judged the most worthy by the consensus of the aquarellists. Happily, when seen, the verdict of the jury was indorsed by the knowing, who were unanimous that the intentions of the founder of the prize had on this occasion been fully met. The picture, «Romola» (of which a reproduction, engraved on wood by Henry Wolf, is printed on page 420), was also awarded a medal at the World's Fair in Chicago. It showed a firm grasp of the essentials of picture-making, and a virility of handling unusual in the medium employed. It transpired that Mrs. Sears was among those whom fortune has permitted to handle the brush and palette without thought of reward other than the *succès d'estime*—one of that class, each year more numerous in the art-world, who, possessing the talent and the training of the professional artist, do not enter the lists with him in bread-winning, and yet to whom the word «amateur» in its ordinary sense does not apply.

Mrs. Sears's career since that time has been such that it will not be disputed that as an aquarellist she is the peer of her professional brethren.

Sarah C. Sears is of New England origin, having been born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her present home is in Boston.

She has been the pupil by turn of Ross Turner, Joseph de Camp, the late Dennis M. Bunker, Edmund C. Tarbell, and George de Forest Brush. She is a member of the New York Water-Color Club.

Mrs. Sears's principal works are «Romola» and portraits of Mrs. Bunker and of Mrs. Templeman.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mis' Dance's Buryin'.

WE three were still at the breakfast-table when some one knocked at the dining-room door. No one responded to our «Come in.» Presently the knock was repeated; it was one that sounded as if knuckles had no part in it, but as if some heavy-handed person had thumped the door with the open flat of his hand.

«Go see who that is, Mason.» Mason was the yellow boy who broke our dishes for twenty dollars a month. Without stirring from his place by the sideboard, he announced, «It 's some of them outdo' niggers wants to see Miss Flaunce.»

«How does he know?» I asked, whereupon Mason looked smart, but maintained a discreet silence until ‹Miss Flaunce› asked him directly: «How do you know who it is, Mason?»

«I know it 's outdo' nigger, 'cause no cullud pusson what lives in a fambly don't knock that a-way; en he come to see Miss Flaunce 'cause he knows better 'n 'sturb 'e boss at breakfuss.» Having proved his acumen, Mason shifted the weight of himself and his brain-power from one leg to the other, and smiled a smile of conscious brightness.

«Perhaps it 's Jim Raincrow from the stable to see about the new mules,» I suggested.

«No; he means it is one of the wood-choppers—do you, Mason?»

«Ya-s-s-s, Miss Flaunce,» assented that young person, with much elegance; his soul was happy when he was included, however incidentally, in the conversation. Then, with a pleased wriggle, he continued, «It 's Billy Sinkholes; he 's been awaitin' yo' convenience in the pantry.»

«We 've finished breakfast; tell him to come in.»

«In heah, Miss Flaunce? Not wishin' to cut off yo' disco'se, he 's right raggedy, Miss Flaunce, en—»

«And you can take away the breakfast, Mason.» After which implied rebuke nothing was left him but to usher in Billy Sinkholes, not without first making himself obnoxious to the «outdo' nigger» by imperious cautions as to his boots.

Finally the old man appeared, standing in an apologetic attitude outside the threshold, and making so low a reverence that the old felt hat in his hand swept the floor.

«Mornin', Miss Flaunce; mornin', boss.»

«Come in, Billy.»

«Inside de do'?»—looking around for a mat on which to make assurance doubly sure as to his boots. Finding none, Billy tapped the toe of each delicately against the jamb, dropped his hat outside the door, and took one step into the room.

«You right well, Miss Flaunce?»

«Very well, thank you, Billy.»

«En 'e boss, he well too?»

«Yes; we are all well,»—comprehensively. «How are things down at the clearing?»

«Well, they 's doin' right well, Miss Flaunce; yassum, right well, considerin'.»

«No one sick, is there?»

«Well—not to say sick, Miss Flaunce. You know that Jim Dance, you know—that there boy o' Big Nancy's, what come down from the city to do choppin' along of not havin' no wu'k in town? Well, he ain' been right well fuh nigh a week.»

«Yes, I know. Is he worse?»

«No, Miss Flaunce; he ain' no wuss—he 's daid.»

«Not dead! Oh, that 's dreadful! Why, he was chopping yesterday, was n't he?»

«Yassum; but he got took with a suggestin' chill las' night, 'bout 'le'm 'clock, en 'fore they could break it on him hit kilt him, sure enough.»

«Did Dr. Withrow say it was a congestive chill?»

«Naum; he did n't say. He wa'n't thaeh.»

«Do you mean to say that no one went for him?»

«No, Miss Flaunce; did n' nobody go fuh doctuh. Big Nancy 'lowed 't wa'n't no use; scritch-owl flewed in they house las' week, en it lit on Jim's hat hanging upside the wall, en she say she knowed then it his tu'n next.» A pause; Billy was evidently getting a sentence into shape. Finally, «She sent me tuh mek her compliments, and say she 'lowed to have the buryin' about Sadday or Sunday, en she hopes you can favior hit wid yo' comp'ny.»

«Tell her we will, and tell her also that we shall be down in about an hour to see what we can do.»

«Yassum; I des go tell her right now. I meks my 'knowledgments to you all.» And with another large bow, made up of three small ones, Billy took himself apologetically out of the door. We could hear him on the other side of it, grating his horny hands over the carpet as he groped for his hat.

We found Mis' Dance—under ordinary circumstances called Big Nancy—the center of a rather large gathering. All the other wood-choppers' wives had gathered at her cabin to «set up,» which ceremony consisted in about equal parts of eating canned goods and relating religious experiences. When we arrived the attention of all present was being given to a woman named Mary Off, who, seated with her back to the open door, did not notice our entrance. She was saying:

«Next to las' time I got dry 'ligion; I 'sperienced that Methodustin' 'ligion, en never took no babtizin'—not to amount to nothin'. Did n' do me no good 't all, en so this heah las' time' I des went in fuh reg'lar Babtis' 'ligion, en I could des feel hit strikin' in ev'y step I took into the creek. I stayed in tell I was soaked th'oo and th'oo, en it med my soul happy, hit did; yes, Lawd»—this with a rising, quavering inflection, ending in an abrupt cry that was taken up by the other women, one of them leading with:

«Yes, Lawd; oh-h, yes! Come down, Lawd, right now, Lawd, en bless this wakenin' hour! Yes, my soul! Oh-h, Lawd! en bless ouh 'flicted sister, en don' tu'n away from her in this here hour uv her deep needments.»

At this invocation, Mis' Dance, who had been moving about composedly enough, stopped short in the middle of the room, flung her arms above her head, and burst into a silent agony of tears. Her tall, spare figure rocked to and fro, her breast heaved, great tears ran down her face, and not one sound escaped her. The convulsion of sorrow passed as quickly as it came. Mis' Dance drew one long arm, from the elbow down, across her face, and came forward without a trace of any expression on her face beyond one of self-important complacency. «I ain' no ways fixed up fur the buryin'—not yet,» she said. «It all come so kinder sudden-like.»

«Yes, Nancy; it is terrible. I can't tell you how dreadful it seems to me to think that you had n't a doctor, or did n't send up to the house for help; you know I would have come.»

«'T would n't er done no good, Miss Flaunce; Jim's tu'n done come. I seen all 'e signs, en' dremp all 'e dreams—won' yuh set down? You Pearl! git offen that cheer! I 'll wear you out, settin' yo'self up on a cheer; you act like you ain't had no raisin'. I 'll raise you—wid a plank! Go fetch 'nuther cheer fuh the yother lady.»

«Ain' no more cheer, maw; we ain' got on'y 'cep' one.»

«You—cleah yourse'f! You des lemme get by yuh; you 'll wished I had n't!» Then, with much dignity, «I go fetch cheer myself.»

But this was a manifest impossibility, and we compromised on an old keg, to which I was assisted with considerable state.

«Well, Nancy, what is there we can do?»

«I cain't tell des yet, Miss Flaunce; I ain' right shore ef I ken give the buryin' Sadday or Sunday. I done sont to Ine Mount'n fuh the coffin. I boun' to have it by Sadday, I tole 'em; but I don' know ez Pappy Cartwright ken be heah 'fo' Sunday.»

«Is n't Billy Sinkholes a preacher?»

«Yassum; but Pappy Cartwright always done all my buryin' fuh me, en I laid off to hev him come down.» This with an air of experience.

«How many chillen is you buried, Sis' Dance?» inquired one of the women, in the tone that people use when they know the answer to their question, but like to be told again.

«Ten, goin' on 'leven, now,» said Mis' Dance, with evident pride. An appreciative silence followed the announcement.

«You will need some money, Nancy; here.»

«Yassum; thank you, 'm; I do need hit. Jim's s'ciety what he b'longed to allows twelve dollars fuh buryin'; but what 's twelve dollars todes buryin' a man of Jim's size?»

«You won't have as many expenses as if you were in the city, will you?»

«Pretty near; this here 's on'y Wednesday, en»—lowering her voice confidentially—«all this settin' up cosses right smart. I got my mo'nin' borrowed, en Mary Off en Sis' Turner 's done volunteered fuh the shroud; they in the yuther room sewin' on it now—you Pearl! take some mo' tea en sardines in to 'em.»

«I will tell Jim Raincrow to have the wagon at the station so as to bring the coffin over here, Nancy; what else can I attend to for you?»

«Well, I wuz des studyin' about a hearse; can't have no hearse, en I laid off to see if you could n' loan me en Jim that there huntin'-wagon of the boss—the one without ary top kiver.»

«Yes; of course I will.»

«En, Miss Flaunce, ken Jim Raincrow hitch up a team

of horses instead of them mules? I got a notion 'bout mules not bein' suitable like.»

«Yes, Nancy; you can have anything of that sort you want.»

«I wish I could give ez good a buryin' ez I did to my oldes' gal. She wuz consumpted, she wuz; en when her han's wuz crossted on her breas' she look like she wuz restin' good. En they wuz right pale, 'most like white 'oman's han's, Miss Flaunce, en soft; en I know hit wuz er sign to me that she done her work, en gone where the weary is at rest.»

«How long ago did she die, Nancy?»

«I don' know 'zackly, Miss Flaunce; naum, not 'zackly. I was n't never any han' at such figgers. She had a mighty pretty shroud, Lalla Rookh had, all sheered down the front in white satin, like that ball-dress o' yourn. En I put a pair of shore-'nough white kid gloves 'longside her han's, all ready. You know, Miss Flaunce, it wuz mighty strange 'bout the way she died. Long ez she could say anythin' at all, she kept sayin' that plain little ole prayer 'bout (If I should die before I wake, pray the Lawd my soul to take.) En, shore 'nough, she did n' wake up neither. She just kep' on sleepin', en she 's a white angel this minute, a-takin' Jim roun' the golden streets. En he don't feel lonesome like he would by hisself. I reckon he 's mighty glad hit 's all over en done.»

Mary Off had come in from the other room in time to catch the last few sentences, and now began singing, the others catching up the tune at the second or third word:

I have some friends in glory, I sometimes wish to see;
And there 's others on their journey, but they won't wait
for me.

The mother joined in with the rest for the first line, but as we turned to go we saw her wring her hands, then hastily throw the corner of the ragged apron she was wearing over her head, and stand with covered face, rocking silently to and fro, while the hymn went on.

On Saturday, when Jim Raincrow drove the hunting-wagon out of the stable-yard toward Mis' Dance's cabin, we started over to the abandoned graveyard in which Jim's grave had been dug, and arrived there in time to see the funeral procession come slowly along the muddy road and up the little hillside. First came Pappy Cartwright and Billy Sinkholes; then Mis' Dance, alone, wearing a long crape veil, a purple calico dress, and a most vivid plaid shawl; some distance behind walked the pall-bearers; then came the entire colony of wood-choppers, two and two; and lastly the hunting-wagon, containing not only poor Jim in his coffin, but as many of the negro children as could be crowded into it, perfectly delighted with riding in «white folks' carriage.» Mason, in the most citified of clothes and hat, brought up the rear in magnificent solitude. The procession halted at some distance from the grave: the negroes separated into two lines, one on each side of the road, and the pall-bearers faced about, marched back to where the wagon was standing, and after lifting out the children that were sitting on it, took the coffin and bore it to the head of the line. In this order they came to the grave, where, with Pappy Cartwright and Billy Sinkholes at the head, Mis' Dance at the foot, and the others grouped irregularly at one side, the services seemed about to begin. A pause ensued, which we could not account for until Uncle Billy, seeing that we were ignorant of the etiquette of the occasion, stepped up and informed us that Mis' Dance had «deserved that side for you-all; yessum.» When we had taken our places, Pappy Cartwright lined out the hymn, «Hark! from the Tombs»; but as he knew it, so to speak, by ear, the first couplet was given:

Hark! from the tombs a doleful soun'
Does now pollute my ears,

and upon this being sung with all the fervor and sweetness of the negro voices, he continued:

You livin' men, come gather roun',
En trimble for yo' fears.

In spite of this remarkable version, the singing was impressive. The earnestness of expression, the rising of the voices into a volume of melody, stopping short as the singers reached the end of the line, and the succeeding silence broken only by the solemn voice of the old man, all created an impression deeper than any studied formality. As the last strain died away, he turned to Billy Sinkholes and said, «Brother in the Lawd, will you lead our sperrits in pra'r?» Uncle Billy looked at Mis' Dance, she in turn glanced at us, at the mud underfoot, and then made a motion toward the pall-bearers, three of whom came forward and dropped their hats at our feet. On these we knelt, while the negroes knelt on the bare ground wherever they happened to be, and Billy Sinkholes, dropping his head upon his breast, began in almost a whisper his prayer:

«I ain't prayin' for Jim, Lawd; he 's done wid all the onsartain, shif'less scenes of life; his sands is run out on the sea-shore of eternity; but I am prayin' for our 'flicted sister, her that 's left all alone in her cabin excepting for her youngest chile and her religion. She done give you nigh all she had, Lawd; 'leven chillen o' hern done gone before they mammy; you got 'em, Lawd, and all she axes in their place is that you give her yo' blessed comfort.»

Up to this point Mis' Dance had been standing silent at the foot of the grave; now she broke into low, smothered sobbing, and Billy Sinkholes went on:

«She ain't cryin' 'cause they gone, Lawd; she cryin' 'cause she 's left behind; she 's mighty lonesome, O Lawd, and we can't help her; none of her fr'en's can't help her, Lawd Gawd, excepting you; en when we done put away her ol'es' boy, ez we shall do now, en she goes back to her cabin, en yearns for her first-born 'cause he is not, then you 'll go in that cabin too, merciful Lawd, en help her bear her lonesomeness. We axes hit for the First-born of Christianity. Amen.»

Then, still kneeling, they sang another hymn; the pall-bearers lowered the coffin into the grave, took off their coats, and picking up the shovels lying near, waited. Mis' Dance advanced slowly from the foot of the grave to the side where the earth was lying, picked up a handful of it, then, lowering the veil over her face, dropped the clods on the coffin.

«Yearth to yearth,» said Pappy Cartwright. Another pause.

«Where 's Pearl?» inquired Mis' Dance.

«She in the hearse,» said Mason; «I 'll go make her come.» And presently he came, carrying Pearl, whom he set down by the mother.

«Put in your handful, Pearl,» directed Mis' Dance.

«I 'm scairt of graves; I don' wanter, maw.»

«You got it to do.»

«Please don't make me, mammy.»

«Honey, 't won' hurt you. Pick up your handful.»

Pearl finally did, her mother picked her up in her arms, and the child dropped the clod on her brother's coffin.

«Dust to dust,» said Pappy Cartwright; then, stooping for the third handful, he finished as he dropped it in, «and ashes to ashes.»

While the grave was being filled the negroes sang, «How Firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,» Mis' Dance joining in, but stopping now and again to give directions to the pall-bearers. When the singing was finished she stepped up to Billy Sinkholes and gave some order. And Billy, approaching us, said, with his usual low bow:

«Mis' Dance mek her 'knowledgments to you-all for comin' to her buryin'. And she say, it 's a good way back to your house—you want to ride back in the hearse?»

Florence Hayward.

Rapid Transit Realized.

Time: 1907. Place: *A train on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road.* Characters: *Miss A.* and *Miss B.*

(They start a conversation when the train leaves Battery Place station, and keep it up, with frequent interruptions by the guard, who calls out the names of the stations in a loud, clear tone. The speed of the train may be gathered from the frequency of the interruptions.)

Miss A.: «Did n't you know that Ellen had married John Strong? They were married last Thursday evening at seven. Our—» («*Rector!*») «—performed the ceremony.»

Miss B.: «Well, I am surprised, and delighted too. Where are they going to live?»

Miss A.: «Oh, have n't you heard? At—» («*Cortlandt!*»)

Miss B.: «Why, have they friends or relatives there?»

Miss A.: «I believe he has a mother or something. They 're going to occupy a part of the old—» («*Park Place!*»)

Miss B.: «You don't tell me! That quaint old house?»

Miss A.: «Yes; they've rented the upper—» («*Chambers!*») «—and they 'll be real cozily situated, I 'm sure, for she 's a born home-maker.»

Miss B.: «But how will they heat the rooms in that barn of a house?»

Miss A.: «Oh, they 'll probably use a—» («*Franklin!*») «—heater.»

Miss B.: «By the way, what is his business?»

Miss A.: «He 's a lawyer now, but you know he began life as a driver on the Erie—» («*Canal!*»)

Miss B.: «You don't mean it! And she 's such a cultivated girl! How could she ever have him after that?»

Miss A.: «Why, that 's just why she took him. Said he was like Garfield. Thought it was—» («*Grand!*»)

Miss B.: «Well, I can't imagine a more cheerless—what you might call a—» («*Bleecker!*») «—life than that of a tow-boy. And now he 's a lawyer. What a jump! He must be an athlete. When did you say they were married?»

Miss A.: «On the—» («*Eighth!*») «He settled the day, although she opposed it.»

Miss B.: «And she gave in? How foolish! He 'll take it as a precedent.»

Miss A.: «That 's what I told her, but she only laughed. She wanted it to be on the—» («*Fourteenth!*») «—because he met her on St. Valentine's day, and so that date in any month is sacred to her. She is awfully romantic. But was n't it a coincidence? It was her—» («*Eighteenth!*») «—birthday.»

Miss B.: «Why, how funny! I think that was awfully nice. He was her birthday present.»

Miss A.: «And she his, for it was also his—» («*Twenty-third!*») «—birthday.»

Miss B.: «Why, is n't that perfectly astonishing! And of course when they celebrate their tin wedding it will be another coincidence, because it will be her—» («*Twenty-eighth!*») «—birthday.»

Miss A.: Why, of course, goosey! Once a coincidence, always a coincidence, when it 's of that kind. By the same token, it will be his—» («*Thirty-third!*») «—birthday. You might go on forever that way. What station are you going to get out at?»

Miss B.: «Fourteenth street. I 've got a lot of shopping to do, and I 'm in a tearing hurry. Where do you get out?»

Miss A.: «At Eighteenth. Where are we now?»

Guard: «*Forty-second!*»

Both together: «Good gracious!»

(They flutter out hastily.)

CURTAIN.

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Watcher.

My heart is like an empty house,
The hostess being gone;
The halls are laughterless at noon,
The beds are cold at dawn.

My heart is like an empty house,
That has no revel there,
With ashes on the hearth at night,
And winds upon the stair.

The glasses on the buffet stand,
Unused for many a day;
The brazen fire-dogs grin and grin
A new forsaken way;

The spiders weave along the wall
The sunbeams in a thread;
The echoes of old times drift by
Like shadows of the dead.

My heart is like an empty house,
With all the windows down,
Save one high in the cupola
That looks beyond the town.

And ever at the window there
My soul looks out to see
If Phyllida, my heart's desire,
Is coming back to me.

When she comes back the fires will light,
The guests will all return,
The wine will fill the cups, all night
The scented candles burn;

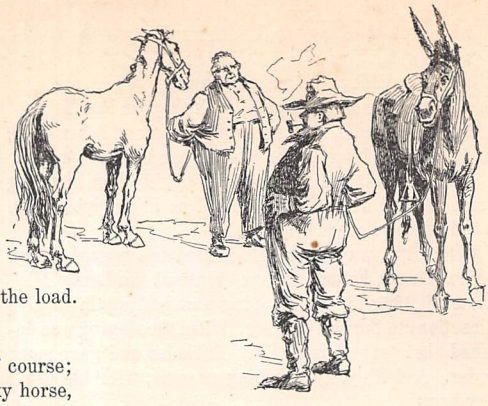
The halls will glow with light o' love,
The shadows slip away;
At noon our laughter will outring
Across the golden day.

Theodore Roberts.

Why Sammy left the Farm.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANK VERBECK.

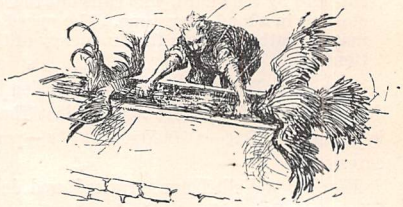
NOPE, I reckon 't ain't no problem why our Sammy went away:
Farmin' ain't no great inducement fer a' active boy to stay;
There 's a pack o' pesky troubles scattered all along the road,
And a feller gets roun'-shouldered sorter pickin' up the load.



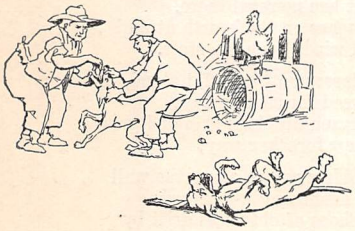
Poets sing the «independence of a farmer's life,» of course;
But the bulk o' them there poets never drove a balky horse,
Never tried to cure his habit with some new-discovered rule,
Ner to break the brute from kickin', ner to trade him fer a mule.

I 'd jest like to see a poet come a-strayin' up this road
Some day when ol' Bill is balkin' an' we 're pitchin' off the load;
He might make me up some meters thet 'u'd start the cuss; an' then
He c'u'd try his hand at stanzies thet 'u'd break a settin' hen,—

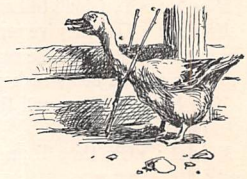
Somethin' better than a banner of red flannel to her tail,—
Er an ode to stop her scratchin' when ol' stockin'-feet 'u'd fail.
He might borry inspiration fer a' epic, an' indite
Somethin' better than a hoss-trough to break up a rooster fight.



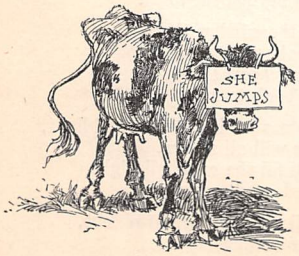
He c'u'd write a master sonnet that 'u'd keep the tramps away;
He might cure the cow of jumpin' with some never-failin' lay,
Er her tarnal tail from switchin' when it comes to milkin'-time;
Er discourage hawks and varmints with some new an' fatal rhyme.



I would set him to composin' in the «pearly dews of morn»
Somethin' better than a scarecrow to pertect the early corn,
Er a goose-yoke fer the medders, er than rings fer rootin' hogs,
Somethin' hotter than red pepper ez
a cure fer suck-aig dogs.



Mebbe he c'u'd stop a freshet with
his stanzies, an' again,
In the scorchin' drouth of August he
might fetch a soakin' rain;
An' we 'd welcome that there poet with a most rejoicin' shout
If he 'd make us up some po'try that 'u'd knock the chinch-bugs out.

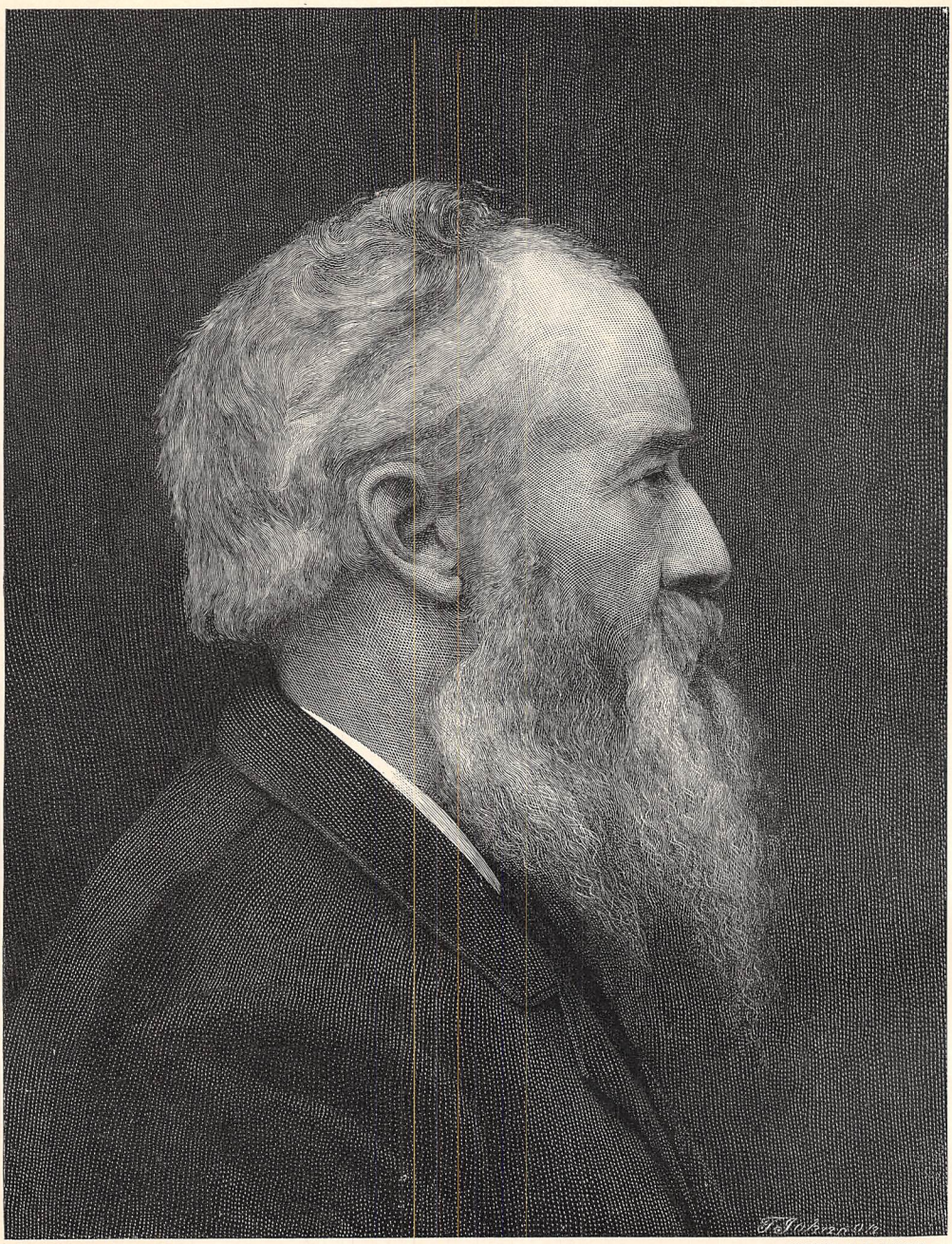


Nope, it ain't no special problem why our Sammy went away:
Boys thet 's seen the things I 've spoke of ain't a-hankerin' to stay;
An' we 're not a-blamin' Sammy, after all is said an' done,
Fer he got chock-full o' po'try 'fore he got to twenty-one.

Ner fer takin' it to market to dispose of it, you see;
An' he 's printin' it in papers, which he 's sendin' home to me;
An' when mother sets and reads 'em out, I tell her, with a laugh,
That I wish he 'd write a poem thet 'u'd break our suckin' calf.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Sincerely Yours

John Burroughs

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIV. AUGUST, 1897. No. 4.

«THE LORDLY HUDSON.»

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
  The lordly Hudson marching to the main,
And say what bard, in any land of old,
  Had such a river to inspire his strain.

T. W. PARSONS.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE Hudson River valley, and the aspect of the river itself, have passed through many changes since the eye of fifty years and over first knew them. The old manorial estates, the many-acred «places» derived from grants, or by purchase when land was worth but little money, were then in the full flower of their hospitable occupancy, and, with the exception of a few market-towns, themselves of small importance,—Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Newburg,—over all the region else between Albany and New York there brooded a sleepy, pastoral peace, not to be broken until the demon of steam should come with ear-splitting scream and thundering tread, asserting its right of eminent domain. At the sound of that unruly voice the white-winged brood of sloops and sailing-vessels of all kinds disappeared, never to return—a loss ill supplied by the splendid steamboats which, ablaze with lights like so many Aaron's breastplates, plow their way through the hills, sending their magic search-lights from shore to shore. The generation that knew and loved the valley in this pastoral time is rapidly passing away, and the newcomers who are remaking the land are in large measure of a different race; or, at least, it may be said there has been so strong an infusion of new peoples that the surface complexion of the towns and villages has been strangely altered. Where, in this still-remembered time, the names of the inhabitants betrayed, for the most part, a remote Dutch or German origin, with a scattering contingent of English and Huguenot strain, our rural postmasters find the labor of having every few years to learn the names of even the older residents enormously increased by the necessity of answering the calls for their letters of a swarm of outlandish folk—Bohemians, Hungarians, Italians, Syrians. In the town where the writer lives, a Pole, who for several years was the only man of an origin more removed from the common than the one or two villagers of pure German birth, plied the peaceful trade of a shoemaker, sitting with his one apprentice by his wide window, distinguished, as became his birth, from his matter-of-fact neighbors by always having about him some pots of plants in full flower—his gloxinias, I remember, were of the finest. But all of a sudden the picturesque window and its occupant disappeared, the lap-stone and bench were discarded, and our shoemaker reap-

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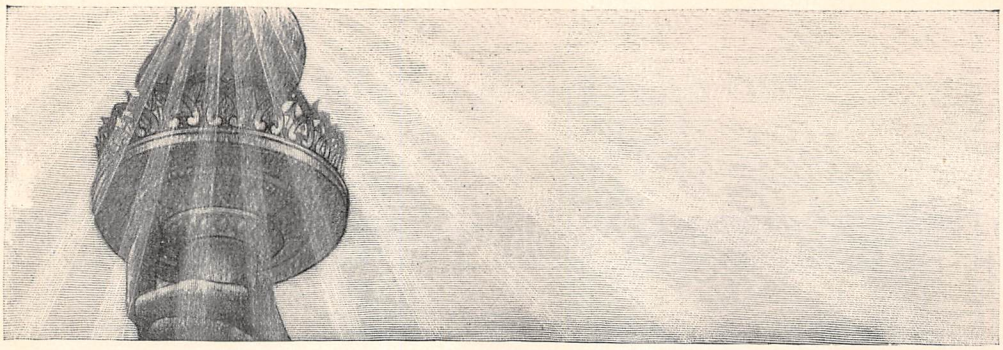
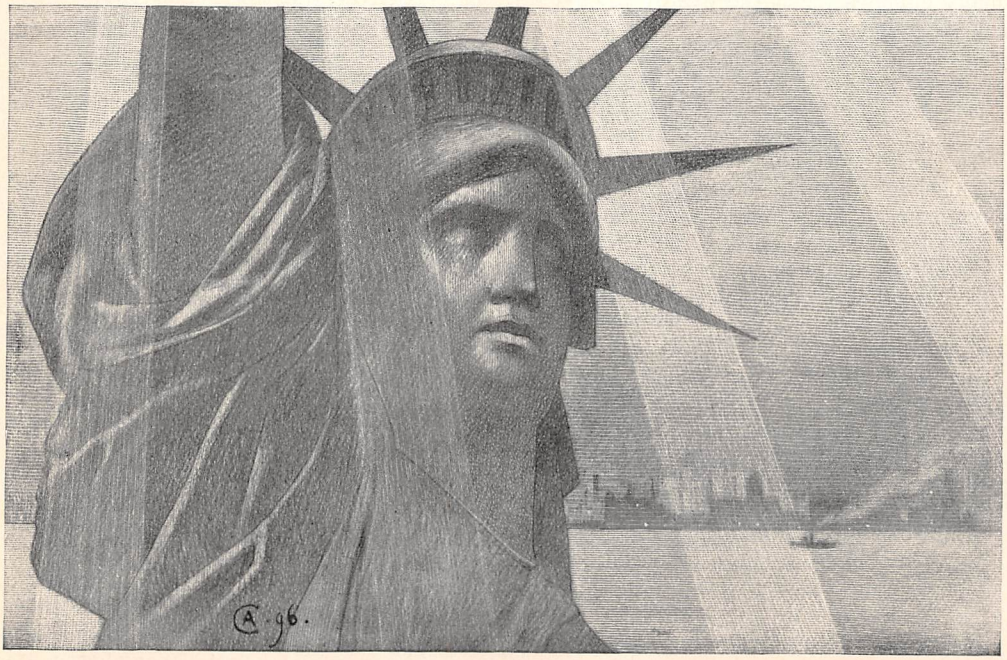
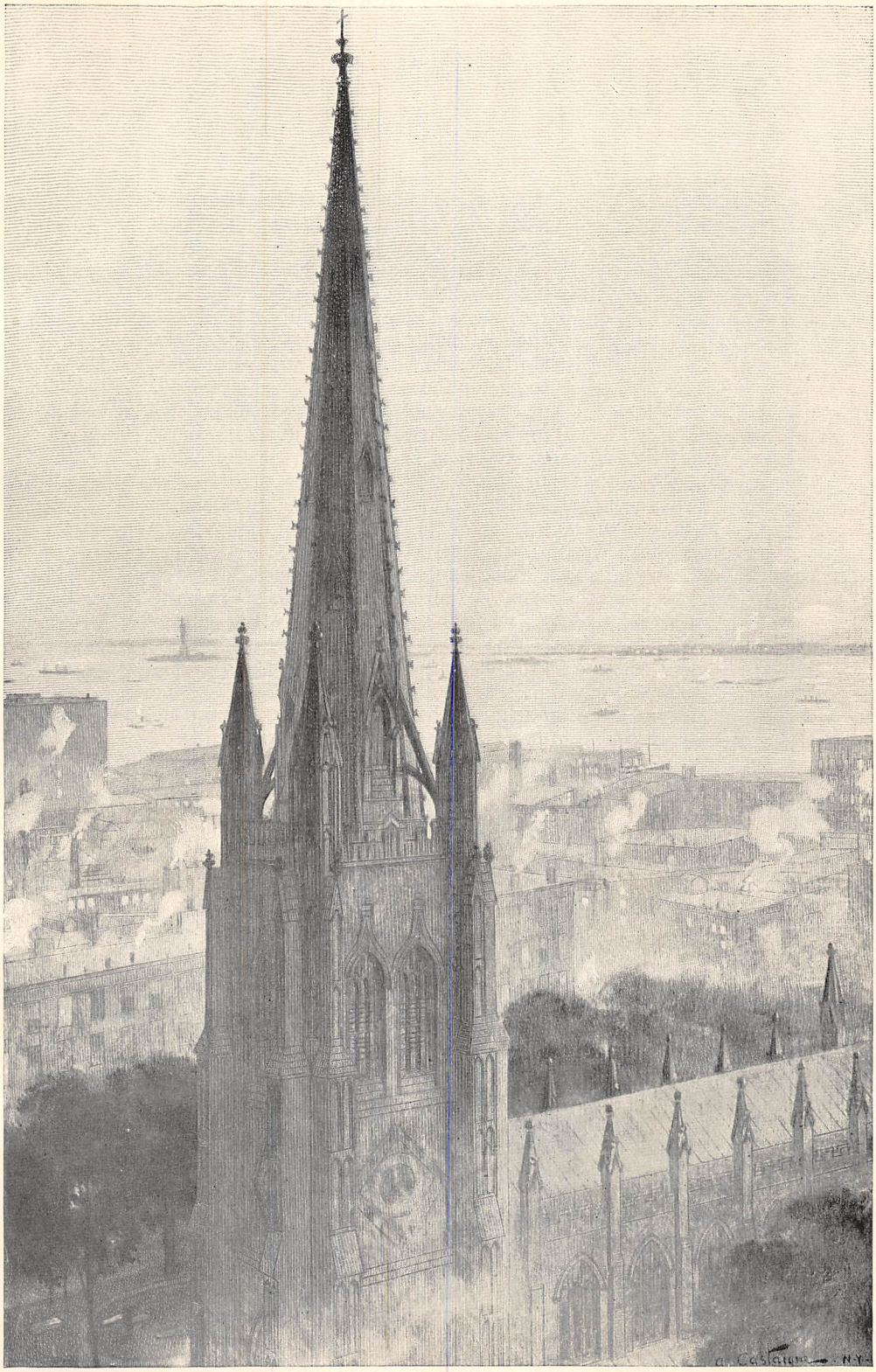


peared in another quarter, transformed into an agent for the huddling swarm of Slavic brickyarders and railroad-menders, who find in him a most helpful and efficient letter-writer, letter-reader, and money-changer. His circular in half a dozen dialects, printed side by side like a six-text edition of Chaucer, astonishes the native villagers, hardly skilled in the management of one birthright tongue. And so, all through the once homogeneous valley, the old order is changing, giving place to new.

And not the inhabitants alone are slipping away from the past. The old country-seats, the many-acred farms with their generous houses, built for use, not show, and the hospitality of which was, so to speak, in their blood, not a borrowed fashion—these are fast disappearing, if, indeed, there be any anywhere left. Our writers of magazine stories, with their rather wearisome iteration of the idealized glories of a vanished South, might have found subjects quite as suggestive in the histories of some of these old Hudson River places, while the ordinary life of their occupants was, as many still live to bear witness, as capable of poetic interpretation as any that has been immortalized by the genius of a Sand, an Eliot, or a Tolstoi. What individualities of character were nursed in these solitudes; what curious tragedies, not of bleeding bodies, but of hearts, were enacted on these rustic stages, with no reporters at the keyhole to dress them up, and no illustrated newspaper to distort them, for the grinning delight of the mob! What likely



THE ENTRANCE OF



THE HUDSON.

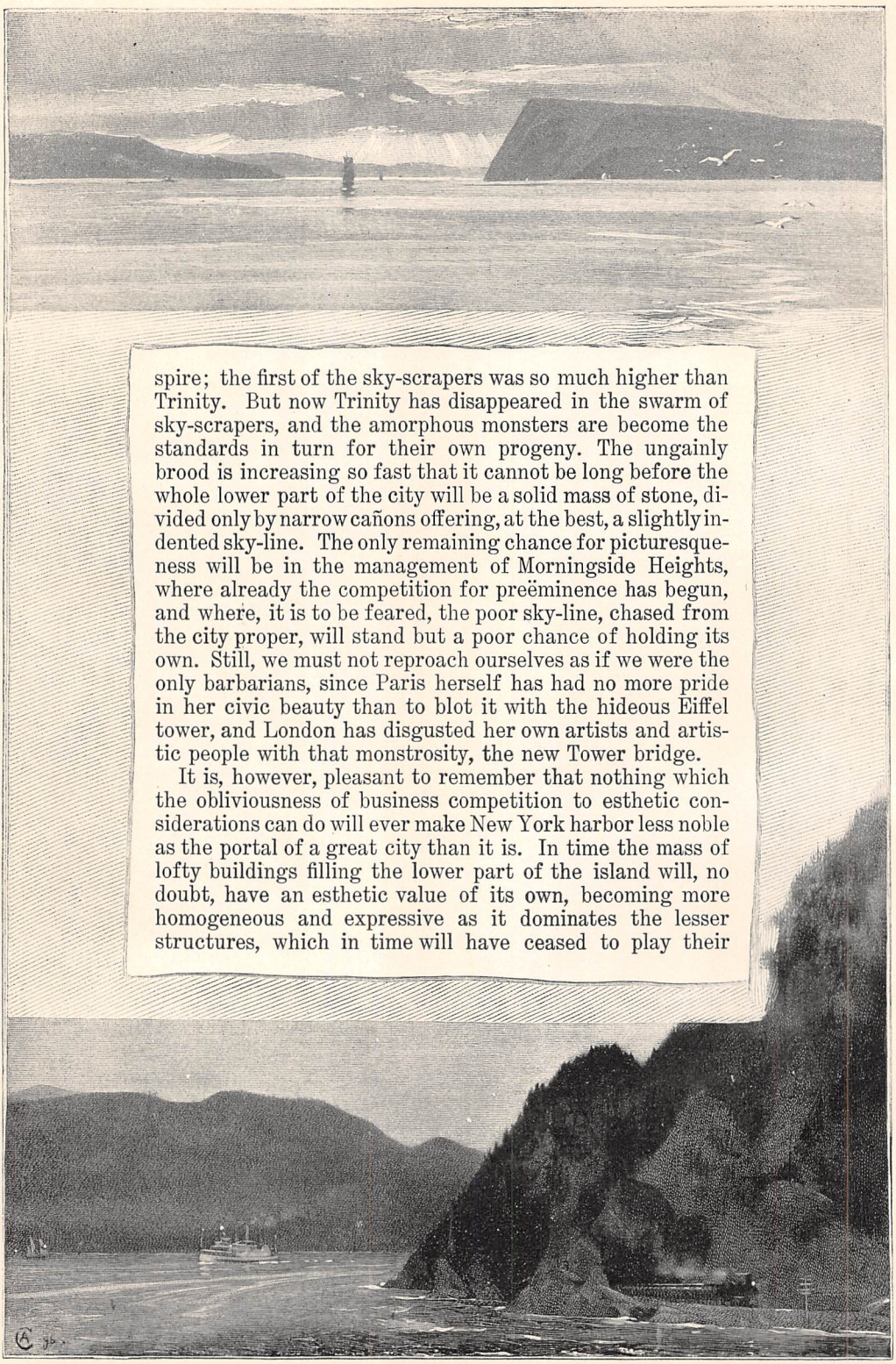
material, not merely for an Edgeworth or a Jane Austen, but for a Balzac or a Thackeray, budded and blossomed in these seeming quiet places—the white lily and its poison-yellow sister rising from the surface of the same tranquil water! The time is fast slipping away when these stories can be recorded with verisimilitude; for those who lived them are dead, and those who heard them from the living are old, and the new generation are, healthily, no doubt, absorbed in their own time of other manners, other thoughts.

The recent jubilee festival of Trinity parish is a reminder of the day when the shapely spire was rising. The building was watched with lively interest by those of the new generation who, in the dull monotony of house and shop, were glad of even the crumbs of architecture dropped from the Old-World table, and who pleased themselves with the lath-and-plaster simulacrum of the much-read-of «high-embowèd roof,» and the cheap substitutes for the «storied windows, richly dight,» without too much questioning of the reality of the esthetic gift. The outline of the city was then very agreeable to the eye as seen from the river, accented by the Wren-like spires of St. John's and St. Paul's, and by the more correct and logical, but less genuine, lines of Trinity. Trinity was, in fact, for a long time used not only as a standard of taste, but as a standard of measure. The statue of Liberty was so much higher than Trinity's

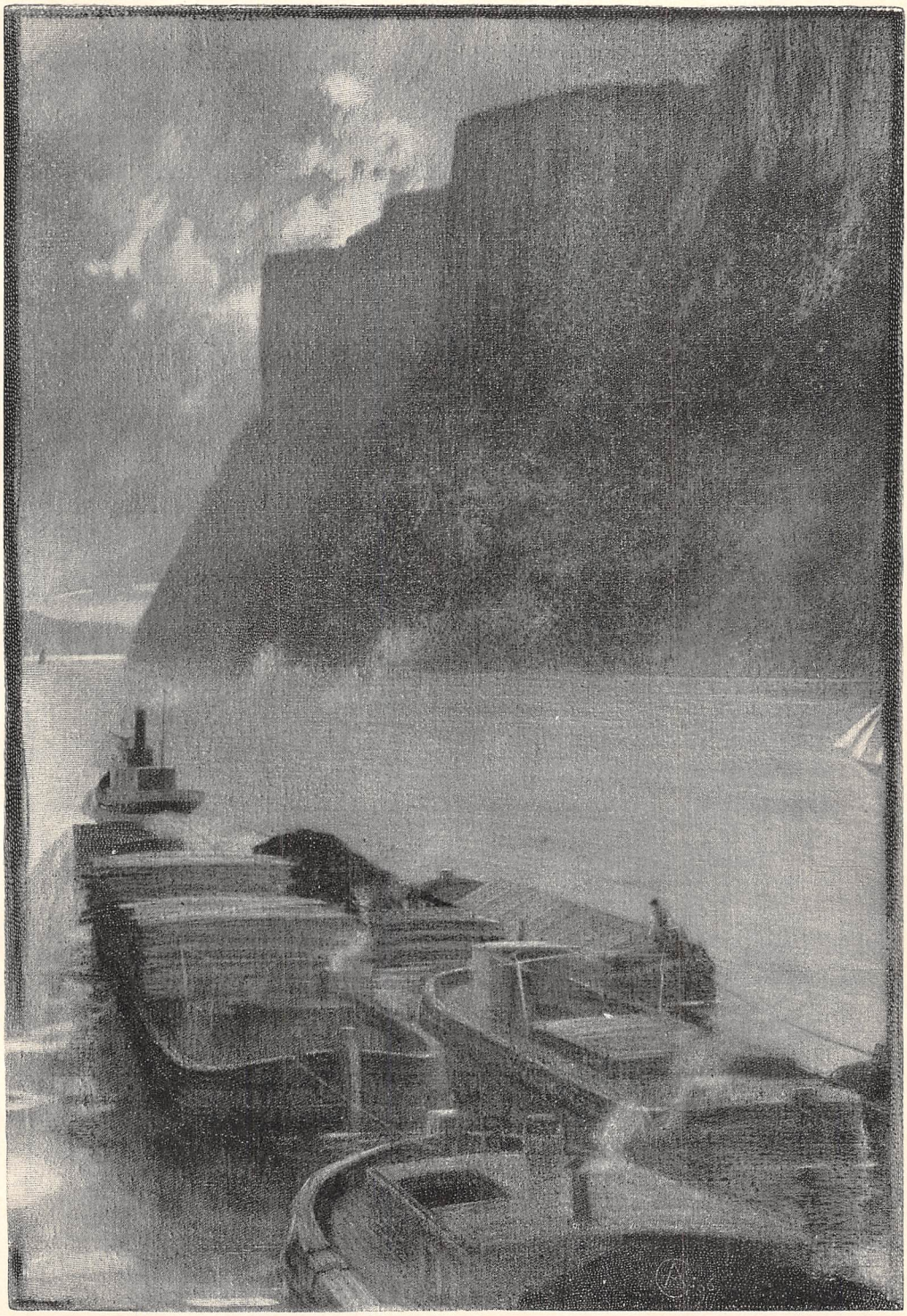
MAUSOLEUM.

spire; the first of the sky-scrapers was so much higher than Trinity. But now Trinity has disappeared in the swarm of sky-scrapers, and the amorphous monsters are become the standards in turn for their own progeny. The ungainly brood is increasing so fast that it cannot be long before the whole lower part of the city will be a solid mass of stone, divided only by narrow cañons offering, at the best, a slightly indented sky-line. The only remaining chance for picturesqueness will be in the management of Morningside Heights, where already the competition for preëminence has begun, and where, it is to be feared, the poor sky-line, chased from the city proper, will stand but a poor chance of holding its own. Still, we must not reproach ourselves as if we were the only barbarians, since Paris herself has had no more pride in her civic beauty than to blot it with the hideous Eiffel tower, and London has disgusted her own artists and artistic people with that monstrosity, the new Tower bridge.

It is, however, pleasant to remember that nothing which the obliviousness of business competition to esthetic considerations can do will ever make New York harbor less noble as the portal of a great city than it is. In time the mass of lofty buildings filling the lower part of the island will, no doubt, have an esthetic value of its own, becoming more homogeneous and expressive as it dominates the lesser structures, which in time will have ceased to play their



TAPPAN ZEE AND ANTHONY'S NOSE.

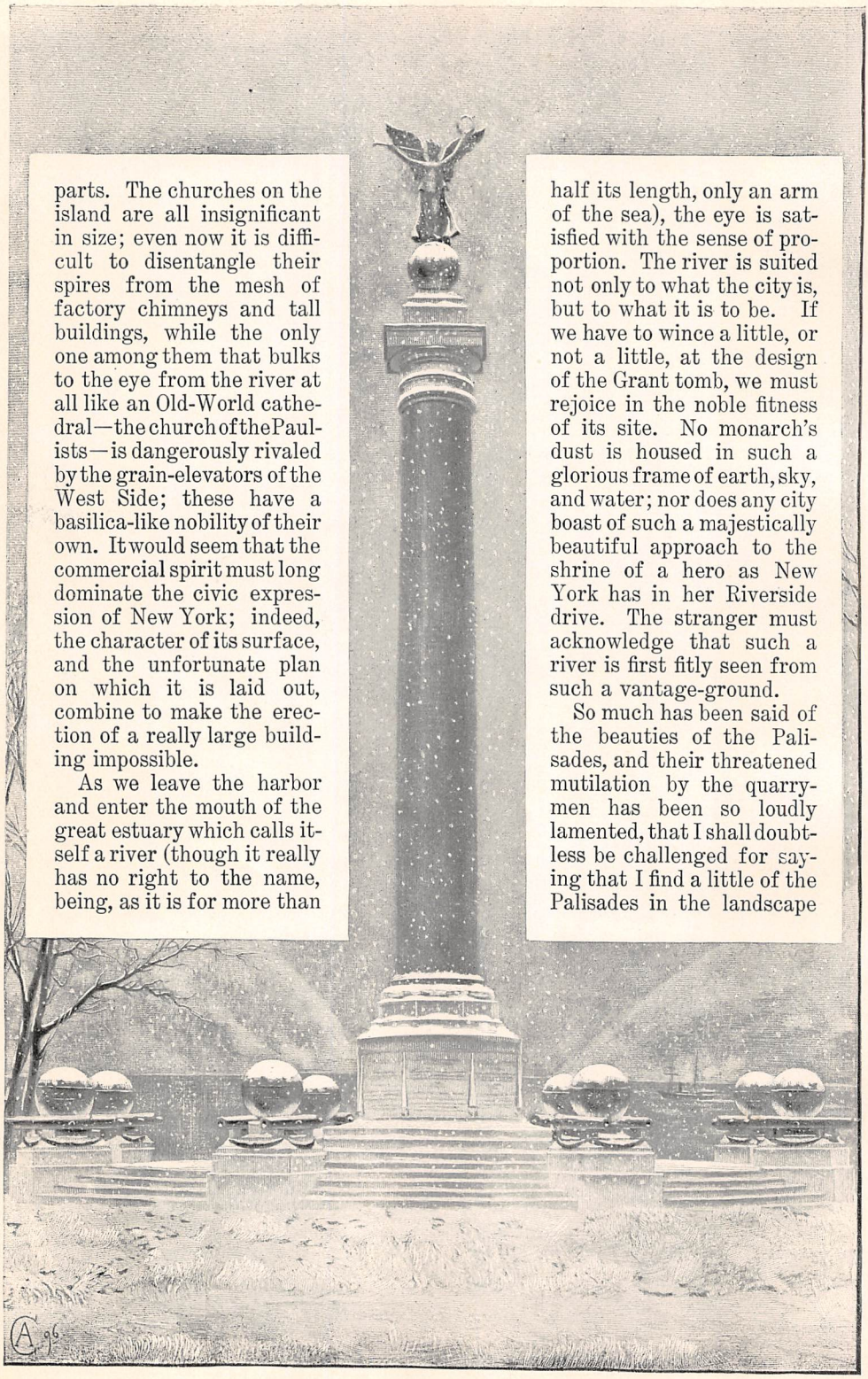


THE PALISADES—INDIAN HEAD.

parts. The churches on the island are all insignificant in size; even now it is difficult to disentangle their spires from the mesh of factory chimneys and tall buildings, while the only one among them that bulks to the eye from the river at all like an Old-World cathedral—the church of the Paulists—is dangerously rivaled by the grain-elevators of the West Side; these have a basilica-like nobility of their own. It would seem that the commercial spirit must long dominate the civic expression of New York; indeed, the character of its surface, and the unfortunate plan on which it is laid out, combine to make the erection of a really large building impossible.

As we leave the harbor and enter the mouth of the great estuary which calls itself a river (though it really has no right to the name, being, as it is for more than half its length, only an arm of the sea), the eye is satisfied with the sense of proportion. The river is suited not only to what the city is, but to what it is to be. If we have to wince a little, or not a little, at the design of the Grant tomb, we must rejoice in the noble fitness of its site. No monarch's dust is housed in such a glorious frame of earth, sky, and water; nor does any city boast of such a majestically beautiful approach to the shrine of a hero as New York has in her Riverside drive. The stranger must acknowledge that such a river is first fitly seen from such a vantage-ground.

So much has been said of the beauties of the Palisades, and their threatened mutilation by the quarrymen has been so loudly lamented, that I shall doubtless be challenged for saying that I find a little of the Palisades in the landscape



BATTLE MONUMENT, WEST POINT.

THE CATSKILLS.

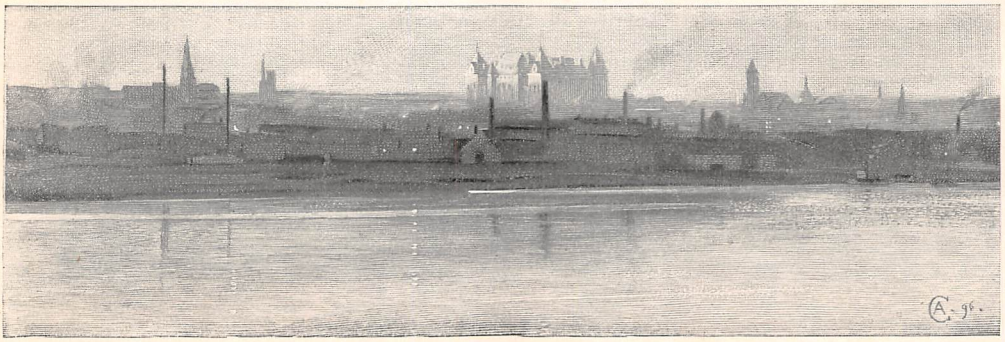
goes a great way! They begin well at the north, and they die away gracefully enough at the southern end; but between these two extremities they seem to me, after fifty-odd years of familiarity, rather forbidding than grand, rather mannered than graceful. How they may look after another half-century, when their heights shall be crowned by buildings,—cottages and palaces, churches and monasteries,—their now rude and threatening sides hung with terraced gardens and made accessible by roads of Roman build, we may please ourselves by fancying. Mr. Castaigne, with an artist's instinct, has shown them in perspective, not in full face, and so enables them to do themselves more than justice.

It is true that to people who are familiar with the really great mountains of the world the Hudson River Highlands are but foot-hills; but looked at for themselves, and in relation to their own domain, they deserve all the praises they receive. Their lines are of noble beauty, and their mass is in due proportion to the width of the stream, neither belittling it by their own too great height nor belittled by its too great width, while the almost vertical plunge to the water of the lines of Butter Hill and Sugar Loaf threaten a depth not to be despised.

If it must be admitted that the Hudson River, once we are well past the Highlands and the Catskills, becomes tame and featureless, and rather a weariness to the traveler, it must also be allowed that the beauties of the country-side, either in the Highlands or on the shores of the great bay that widens above the mountain pass, more than atone for the dullness of the upper region. Yet much depends on atmospheric conditions. The wall of the Catskills, or even the lesser height of the Shawangunk Mountains, has as many moods as there are hours in the day, and no doubt are loved as much by those that live among them as we who live by the Highland mountains learn to love their hourly changes; to watch honest Butter Hill put on and off her robe of mist, or Skunnymunk fade from his solid base and become «a cloud that taketh shape.»

The Highland region is the home of many a legend of the Revolutionary war, and we take it as a matter of course when the plowman brings in cannon-balls sent from British guns, or old copper coins, or even an enamel medallion of George Washington, carelessly dropped from some lady's dress in the old time. Then there are earthworks for defending the mountain passes, and names like those of South Beacon and North Beacon in the Fishkill range, to tell of military signaling by bonfires, while people still puzzle out by which window in the old church at Fishkill Cooper's «spy» made his escape. And on the Newburg side of the river, beside the historic Hasbrouck house, the soldiers' camping-ground is seen, with the ruined foundation walls and hearths of their huts. But history looks back further still to the Indian whose arrow-heads and pestles are still plowed up in the fields, and to the ranging mammoth whose bones exhumed were the foundation of Peale's Museum. These are familiar matters, but the wonder is that so few have as yet made it their pleasant task to glean and garner in the less-known field of adventure and discovery, of heroic endurance, of humor, of romance, lying fair before us in the Hudson River valley, and only waiting its poet and historian. It might have had its «sacred poet» in Irving, who found one old-world legend surviving in these mountains, and, making it his own, shows what he could have done had he been less influenced by the literary fashions of his time. The pleasant quest is left for others.

Clarence Cook.



AT ALBANY.

ENLARGED FACSIMILE OF A SILVER COIN OF THE CHALKIDIC CONFEDERACY, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. OBVERSE, LAUREL-CROWNED HEAD OF APOLLO. REVERSE, KITHARA.

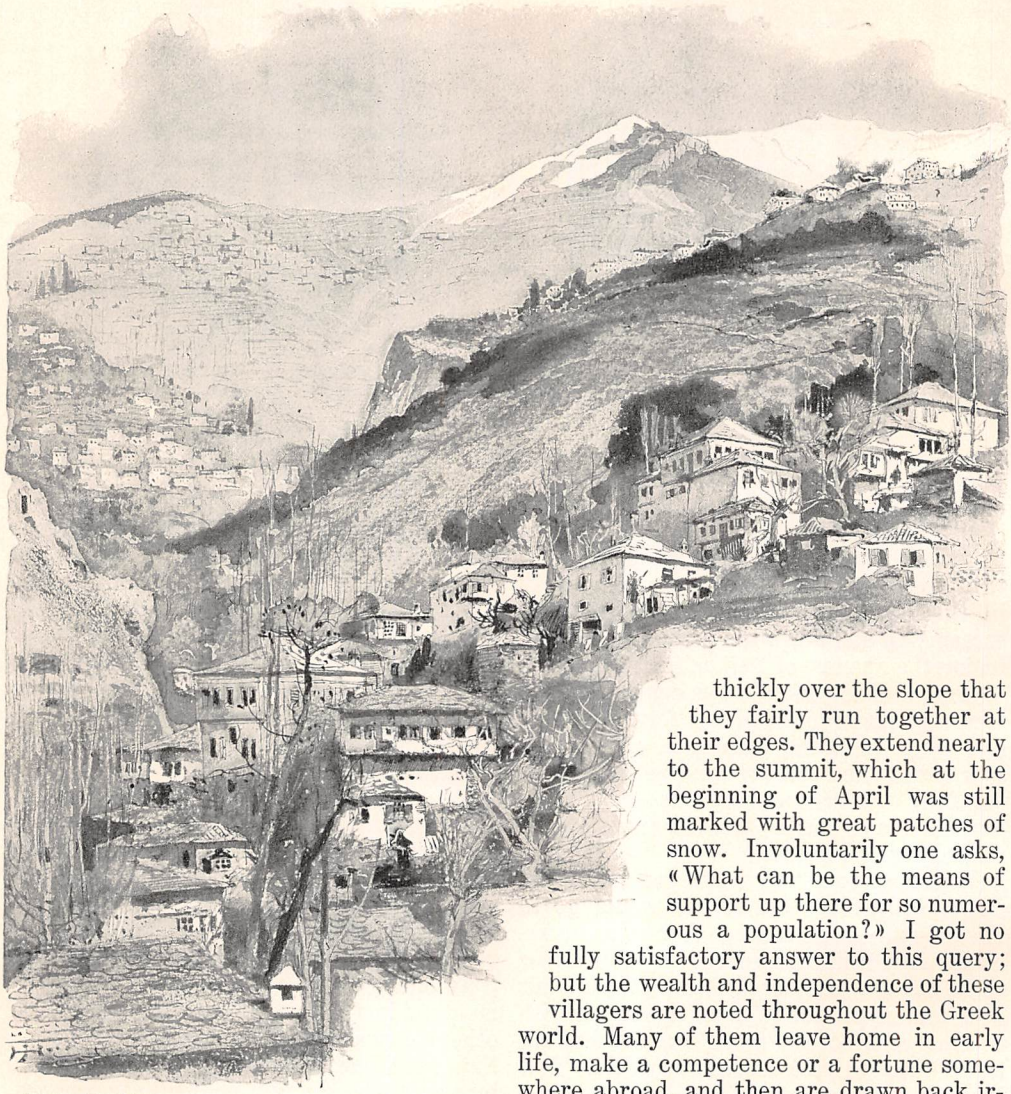
A JOURNEY IN THESSALY.

THE Homeric and the modern world are brought very close together in Thessaly, with few traces left of the intervening links in the chain of history. The locomotive screams up and down the plains of Achilles, under the shadow of Pelion, in full view of Olympos. This contrast was continually before my mind while visiting fertile Phthia; and since then the desolation of war has overspread the land, bringing yet other and painfully modern associations—of victory for the wrong cause—to the haunts of Homer's gods and heroes.

Wherever you start from, you must first make trial of the sea if you would go to Thessaly otherwise than on foot or on horseback. It is still unconnected by rail either with Europe—the Greek does not count his own land as part of that continent—or with the rest of Greece. From Peiræus there are three lines of Greek steamers to Volo. That is one indication that the Greeks are now, as of old, a folk that trade and journey much by sea. And any who doubt the capacity or the future of the Greek should see the port and city of Peiræus, and read the descriptions of travelers who saw them in the first years of Greek independence. In 1834 one tumble-down building, the Turkish custom-house, was all. Now the line of the ancient walls incloses a commercial and manufacturing city of nearly fifty thousand people; and ships of all nations, but mostly Greek, crowd the landlocked harbor, the capacity of which has lately been much enlarged by dredging.

Our steamer was advertised to sail at seven in the evening, but nine o'clock came before it got under way. Next morning we had rounded the temple-crowned promontory of Sunion and were between Attica and Eubœa when we emerged from the malodorous cabin. The defects of Greek steamers need not be dwelt on, but no one should go to Thessaly unless he can accept with a fair degree of resignation a plentiful lack of cleanliness. Then, too, the largest boats are small, and the wind may be strong. Also, let the traveler provide himself beforehand with something for breakfast if he wants anything, for the Greek eats nothing with his black coffee, or at most nibbles a few mouthfuls of *paximádhi* (a hard, slightly sweetened cake) or of a peculiar round pretzel known as *kouloúri*. The kouloúri does very well, but even kouloúria cannot be had on shipboard. Finally, the long delays at all the little intervening ports are a trial to Western patience.

To offset these drawbacks, the scenery is an unfailing delight. Two things above all others characterize the scenery of Greece. First are the marvelous color-effects wrought by a Southern sun in a pellucid atmosphere. This excess of *plein air*, this ever-changing aura of ethereal hues, mocks the painter's palette, as it does all verbal description. And then one must add that incomparably blue sea, to whose flashing wavelets the Æschylean phrase, «unnumbered laughter,» is more fitting than to those of any other waters. In the second place, no other region so small can boast such great variety. Sailing up the Eubœan strait, after the Cyclades have grown dim astern, one passes a striking succession of green shores, bare gray mountains with one or two caps of snow, and here and there a forest. Those smiling fields on the left were part of Aulis, where the thousand ships of the Achæans gathered, «bearing woes to Priam and the Trojans.» Then comes the narrow Euripos with its rushing



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE SLOPE OF PELION.

current. Again the strait widens; the long stretch of gray cliffs ahead of us on the right is the base of Makistos, one in the series of mountains that Æschylos makes bear the signal-beacons between Troy and Mycenæ. Before we entered the Maliac Gulf, however, it was too dark to catch even a distant glimpse of Thermopylæ. At daylight next morning we lay at anchor in the harbor of Volo, some seven or eight hours late.

Mount Pelion rises directly behind the town. From the harbor one gets the full effect of its more than a mile of height. But what surprises one is the way the whole mountain-side is mottled with clusters of white houses. These villages are spread so thickly over the slope that they fairly run together at their edges. They extend nearly to the summit, which at the beginning of April was still marked with great patches of snow. Involuntarily one asks, «What can be the means of support up there for so numerous a population?» I got no fully satisfactory answer to this query; but the wealth and independence of these villagers are noted throughout the Greek world. Many of them leave home in early life, make a competence or a fortune somewhere abroad, and then are drawn back irresistibly to their native village, to spend their later years on their beloved mountain, perhaps building a public fountain or endowing a school by will. Even from below one can see that the houses are many of them not those of ordinary peasants. They are built of stone, usually neatly stuccoed, and roofed with tiles, or more often with huge, irregular stone slabs; and, embowered as they are in trees, from a distance they certainly look very attractive. Whether the ash still grows there, such as that from which Chiron fashioned the spear that he gave to Peleus, I know not. The forest is no longer dense enough to hide the dells that Pindar sang,—the dells in which the wise centaur taught the boy Achilles,—though the same mountain brooks continue to make them

musical and cool in summer. If Jason were to sail back once more into these waters with Medea and his Argonauts, he would find his native Iolkos quite gone. It lay on a spur of Pelion, a little east, and the Pagasai that Philip of Macedon seized lay to the west of their modern successor, Volo, which, like nearly all cities of free Hellas, looks, and is, very modern indeed—a commonplace town of twelve thousand people.

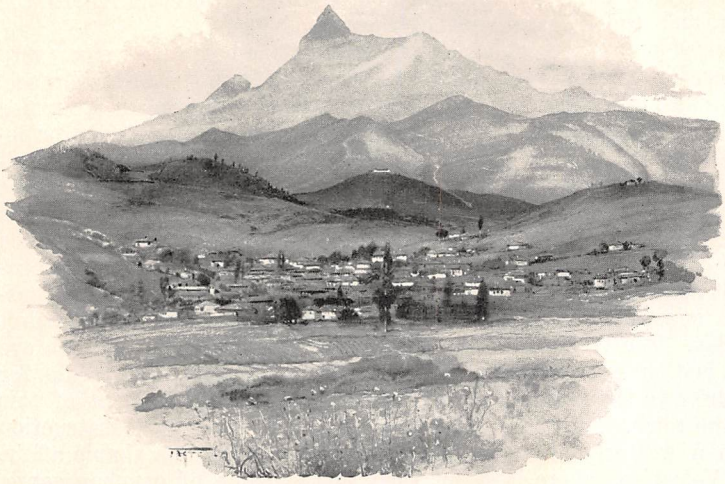
We directed our boatmen toward one of the long row of buildings lining the water's edge which bore the double sign, *Ξενοδοχεῖον τῆς Γαλλίας—Hôtel de France;* but not a room was vacant at that hour, nor was any encouragement given to suppose that one would be vacated that day. The train was to leave at 7:30; we had just time to take a leisurely breakfast and drive to the station, at the extreme west of the town. The road winds out from Volo in a westerly direction among the hills to Velestíno, where it branches to the right for Lárissa and to the left for Tríkkala, to serve the two portions into which the great interior plain of Thessaly is divided. Velestino is ancient Pherai. Lying at the southeastern corner of the plain, it commands the natural outlet of all Thessaly to the sea. A fine acropolis and copious springs that still gush forth in the midst of the town make it a natural stronghold. It was the seat of one of those bloody and powerful tyrant families whose struggles for supremacy made Thessaly a byword for lawlessness, and gave Philip of Macedon the first opportunity to make his hand felt in the affairs of Greece. At Pherai, too, still earlier dwelt Admetos, whose flocks Apollo kept for a year, and whose wife, Alkestis, Jason's cousin, offered her life instead of his, and was brought back from the grave by Herakles to her undeserving husband. Nor is Velestino's poetic glory wholly ancient. It was the home of the patriot Rhegas, whose fiery songs thrilled all Hellenic hearts and nerved them for the struggle. His execution by Turkey, in 1798, lent to his verse the consecration of martyrdom, hastened the ripening of the time, and made Velestino a national shrine, though Europe allowed Turkey to retain it, with the rest of Thessaly, till 1881.

From this point one begins to see how very different Thessaly is from the rest of Greece. The common type of Greek plain is formed by a stream filling up a little estuary, or depositing an alluvial strip along an inward-curving shore; mountains close it in, except on one side, where it is open to the sea; an acropolis somewhere near one edge enabled a ruling family or stout-hearted clan to control the tilth and adjacent mountain pasturage. But the plain of Thessaly is shut off from the sea by mountains, and an eye accustomed to the usual Greek scale for plains is astonished at the extent of this rich open country. Railway construction across this level expanse is a simple affair. Why, then, in the name of common sense, does this line, while aiming straight at Larissa, suddenly deflect, without apparent cause, to the left, run awhile at right angles to the course which would lead directly to the goal, and stop out in the open field, a full mile from the outskirts of the town? This is another mystery I did not fathom.

Our expectation on the score of inns was not high, but even so, our hearts fell a little as we passed along the bare and unswept corridors and inspected the rooms of the Hotel Olympos. Furniture and toilet ar-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LARISSA, FROM THE PENEIOS.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MOUNT OSSA.

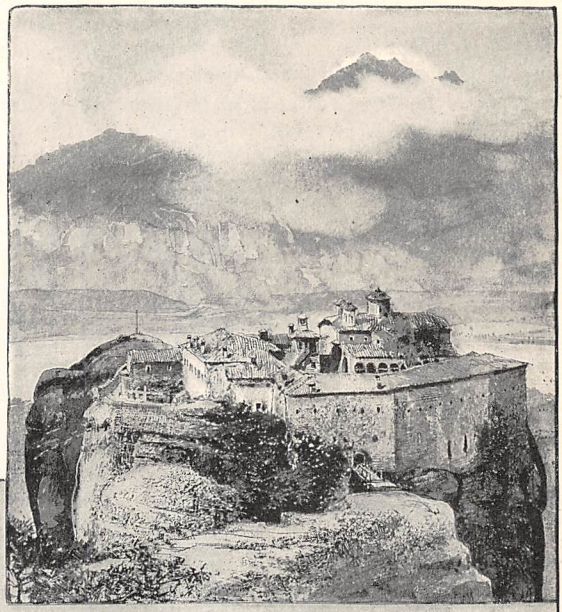
rangements were primitive; but as we looked out of the window toward the north we got our first distinct view of Mount Olympos. The morning had been obscure with haze; this was now clearing away, and the mountain, twenty-five miles off, lifted its white dome directly before us. It is certainly the most impressive height in Greece. True, Turkey holds it now; but we must still say «in Greece,» for Homer's geography is more permanent than mere political boundaries. It is far lower than many a Swiss mountain, being only 9754 feet high (one must never look to be astonished by the colossal in anything Greek). But we might fancy their very mountains had been shaped by that people whose sense of form lent grace to all they touched, and majesty to what elsewhere would scarcely appear large. Olympos is broad-based, and firmly set upon the earth; it rises gently toward heaven, and stands proudly in serene completeness. Mont Blanc affects one in the same way, but has to climb nearly a mile higher to do so. In both cases the effect is partly due to the unbroken white that infolds the summit. No wonder the people who dwelt in sight of it placed there the abode of their gods.

We had a long afternoon in which to rest, see Larissa, and engage a carriage to Tempe for the morrow. We wandered about the town, through the bazaar, and over the gentle ascent of the acropolis. Little of man's handiwork from antiquity is to be seen here or anywhere else in this region. What future excavations may reveal is uncertain; the deposit of three thousand years is probably deep. The very name Larissa is Pelasgic, antedating Homer by an unknown interval. We descended to the river, crossed the handsome stone bridge, and strolled along the meadow on the farther side. The Peneios was then perhaps forty or fifty feet wide, and had much the color and current of the Tiber at Rome; the banks have the raw look that so variable a stream insists on maintaining. Just across the bridge a mosque added a charming touch to a scene that really lacked most of the elements of a beautiful suburban view. It is remarkable how a Doric or an Ionic structure is robbed of part of its nobility in a picture, while the combination of dome and minaret puts off its shabbiness and assumes added grace when presented to the eye through a graphic medium. The lines of the former demand the larger scale of reality for their proper effect, while those of a mosque, and Turkish architecture generally, far less noble in themselves, rather gain by the transfer and reduction. Water-carriers were filling various receptacles, large and small, from the river. Recollecting the dubious look of the water set before us at lunch, I made inquiries, and learned that the entire water-supply of the thirteen thousand people is drawn from the river by these primitive methods. My informant was enthusiastic in extolling the virtues of the muddy fluid for drinking. His face beamed with satisfaction and local pride as he said, «No one has any trouble here»—spreading one broad hand over the hypogastric region —«if he drinks *this* water!»

When a Larissæan carriage-owner sees two foreigners in his streets, he knows they would like to drive to Tempe. It was part of our scheme, in wandering through the town, to invite his proposals, that we might hold the vantage-ground of apparent indifference during the inevitable contest of bargaining. Before long several vehicles had been offered.

Finally one driver, in the retirement of a side street, came down to a reasonable figure, and we shook hands upon it to complete what is known in Greek by the harmonious name of *symphonía*.

Tempe is on the Turkish border, admirably adapted to the operations of brigands, and there had been some disturbance in the neighborhood within a year. Before leaving Athens we had been warned that we ought not to visit the vale without a guard of soldiers. We had quietly put such thoughts aside, since other well-informed friends had ridiculed the notion of danger. Now it happened that the police headquarters for the district stood across the way from our dining-room, and a family of storks, making their home on the roof of the building, somehow invited confidence. Accordingly, at the suggestion of the *Kyría* (as the natives called her), I entered the office, and inquired if it was there considered perfectly safe to make the excursion without escort. The result was that, though the entire region was deemed entirely secure, it was rather assumed that we desired guards, and they were ordered. At half-past seven, then, the following morning the carriage drove up, and our soldiers three duly appeared, armed with guns and a variety of odd-looking knives. Really, the danger from these rough-looking fellows was quite as great as from brigands. But then the danger from brigands was quite as small as that from our guards, and, in spite of rough looks, there is no more kindly fellow in the world than the Greek peasant and common soldier. Two sat with the driver, but the biggest of the three had to squeeze into a little seat facing us. The carriage really had a heavy load, and as the driver had distinctly understood, in making the bargain, that we were but two, it was clear that our «sym-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ST. STEPHEN'S; KALABAKA. ST. STEPHEN'S ON THE CLIFF.

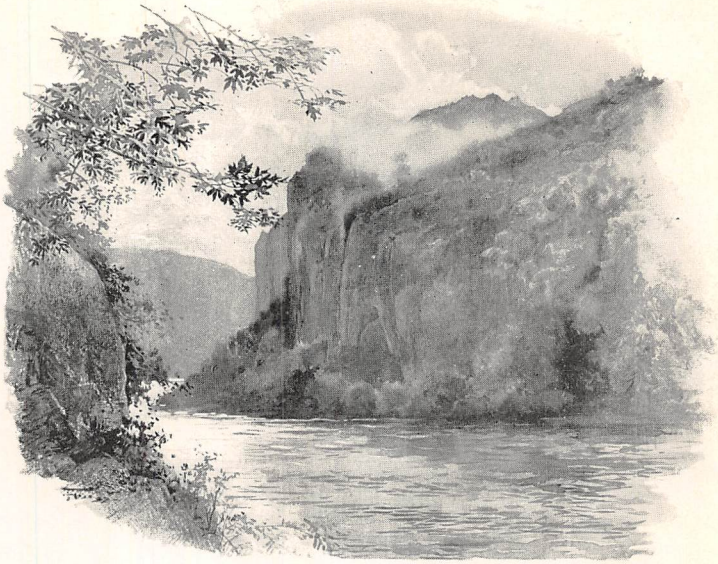
phony » would result in discord unless he was paid extra. He was good enough, however, to postpone all objections till the end, and we started off merrily, following at first a tolerable road along the course of the Peneios. Then the road faded out, and we were driving across the plains, bearing slightly to the right of Olympos, whose noble form rose directly to the north, his many folds half filled with lessening shadow. The sharp peak of Ossa, higher than Mount Washington, towered up on the east, stretching out one arm to distant Pelion; the whole western horizon was filled by the jagged and snowy summits of Pindos. No plain could have a finer setting. The broad, treeless fields appear to be naturally fertile, but for the most part were wholly untilled, given up to great flocks of sheep; several flocks we saw that must have counted a thousand each. We came in sight of perhaps a dozen tumuli, just such funeral mounds as were heaped up over Homer's heroes, and almost certainly dating from that age. They lie scattered about the whole plain, rarely more than one or two in sight at a time. Storks were feeding here and there; great birds from the mountains wheeled through the air above us. At the base of one of the foot-hills was a village of Vlachs, the shepherd folk that in summer lead the old nomad life, and in winter add a few thousands to the population of the towns. We had seen in Larissa some of the Vlach women, thick-set and swarthy, sitting in a row on the curbstone, knitting like mad, and offering their coarse handiwork for sale; chattering Roumanian with each other, but knowing enough Greek to bargain with customers. In three hours and a half we reached the entrance of the defile; half an hour farther we could drive slowly; the rest had to be done on foot.

The vale is about four and a half miles long; the tawny and swiftly eddying current of the Peneios, averaging perhaps forty feet

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE MONASTERY OF HOLY TRINITY.

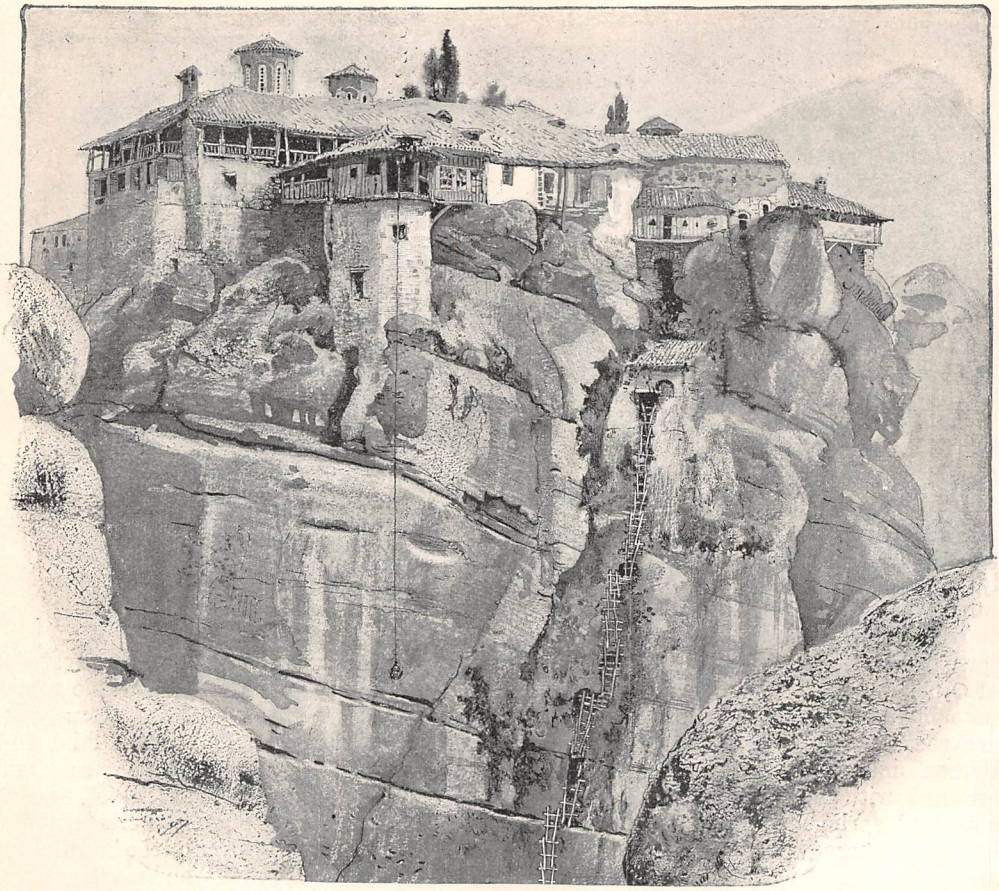
wide that day, leaves barely room for the building of a road along its right bank. On each side the mountains rise steeply, now rich with vegetation, now sheer cliff, from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet or more; above that the walls recede and ascend in more leisurely fashion, to culminate in Olympos and Ossa. One can easily understand how it was said that earth-shaking Poseidon, with his trident, had beneficently opened the mountains to give passage to the pent-up waters. The bay, or sweet laurel, the daphne of Apollo, grows abundantly, as of old, here in its early home, where Apollo himself received purification from the blood of Python, and whence he returned to Delphi crowned with the sacred leaves. Several abundant springs gush up from the rock here and there within a few feet of the river; its opaque flood seems all the more turbid by contrast with their crystalline purity. We drank, and thought of the Castalian Spring at Delphi. We walked on until, from an ascent in the path, we obtained a beautiful view of the Gulf of Salonica, and beyond it the Chalkidic Peninsula—the «sacred mountain» our guardian angels called it, from the monasteries of Mount Athos. I have always regretted that we did not push on a little farther, that we might have looked down upon the plain at the eastern end of the vale. But the flesh was weak, and we turned back. Altogether Tempe reminded me strongly of two other valleys which were then fresh in my memory—South Cheyenne Cañon, near Colorado Springs, and the Italian side of the Simplon Pass. In spite of great differences in detail, the general resemblance is marked, and it would be hard to decide which is the most attractive. Reluctantly we rejoined the driver, and retraced the journey of the morning.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.

Our next objective point was the monasteries of Metéora—«the high in air.» To reach these it was necessary to spend six or seven hours in going by train back to Velestino, and thence to Kalabáka, the western terminus of the other branch of the road. The principal city of western Thessaly is Trikkala, of some fifteen thousand inhabitants in summer and eighteen thousand in winter, overlooked by a picturesque Turkish fort on the site of the ancient citadel. We intended to throw ourselves on the hospitality of a monastery that night, and made no stay at Trikkala; but while the train halted here a few minutes one painful scene burned itself into my memory. It was a group of women porters contending with one another for their burdens. By their skirts and hair, and their shrill, cracked voices, they must have been meant for women; but face and open bosom were so brown and withered, and they bent their backs under such enormous loads, it seemed that nothing feminine could have been left in those crushed and stunted wrecks of Heaven's handiwork. The Armenian porters of Constantinople stir one's pity sufficiently; to use a woman as *hammal* is too much. It was the only sight of the kind I saw in Greece, and was so un-Greek that I cannot but think of it as a sorrowful remnant of the blighting rule of the Mohammedans. Fourteen miles beyond Trikkala is the village of Kalabaka, at the foot of the southernmost of those strange cliffs and gigantic pillars of brownish-gray conglomerate, on the summits and sides of which the monasteries perch and cling. As we stepped out of the train at the neat little station, a well-built peasant came forward, and presented the card of a friend



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM.

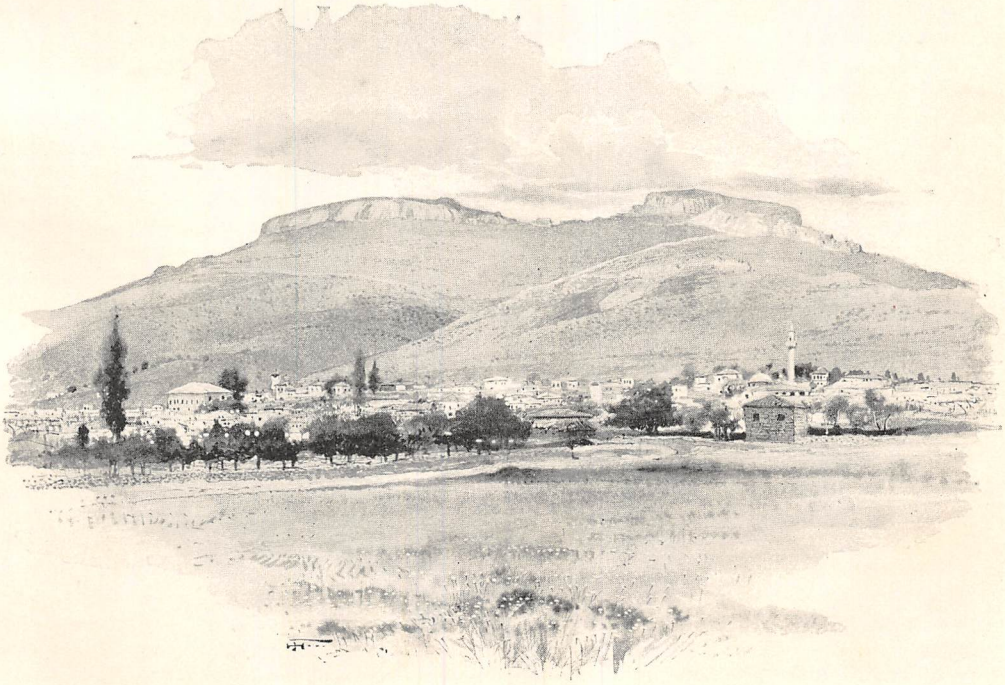
who had preceded us by two or three days, whereon were a few words assuring us that the bearer, Eustathios Mandáras, was an excellent guide to all we wished to see. As soon as he could fetch a horse for the Kyría and our light baggage, we began the ascent to the monastery of St. Stephen's, which we could see on the edge of the cliff some thirteen hundred feet above our heads. It was a steady climb of an hour and a half, winding about the hill to take the convent in the rear. Finally, rounding a curve, we saw the irregular pile directly before us and at our feet. Not a soul was in sight. A drawbridge spanning a dry moat led to the huge door, iron-plated and bristling with pointed spikes, which was shut fast; the little windows were much higher than the round-arched doorway. These monasteries were built in troublous times, and were a refuge from fierce earthly foes as well as spiritual. St. Stephen's was founded by the emperor John Kantakuzenos about 1350.

Eustathios shouted lustily twice or thrice; a man-servant showed himself at a window and inquired our business, and after due explanation unbarred the door and conducted us across the irregular and uneven courtyard, through a basement, up a long flight of steps, and into a sort of reception-room, to await the *hegoúmenos*, or abbot. A high and narrow divan ran along one side of the room; a huge brazier stood in the center, with glowing coals that radiated a gentle warmth. Windows were rattling, and the chintz curtains were swinging chillily in the stiff breeze. The abbot was old, his fur-bordered black robe was shabby, and his voice was a little cracked; he had been in this monastery since boyhood, and abbot for forty-seven years. A young man, tall and finely built, needing only a thorough bath and clean clothing to make him a splendid specimen physically, brought us first liqueur (*ouzo*), and then black coffee, with material for cigarettes. The abbot's questions were

courteous, betraying none of that eager curiosity to which Greeks of the lower class give way so naïvely. He did not conceal the fact that he receives more visitors than he likes; since the railroad was built undesirable people come in crowds. After an hour or so our dinner was served by our untidy attendant in the same room, and the abbot withdrew, apologizing for the absence of meat, since during Lent they had none. There were eggs and fresh white cheese, with plenty of bread, and a salad of cresses. But what gave distinction to this simple fare was the red wine—pure, fragrant, delicious. It was grown on the monastery land by the monks for home consumption.

Dinner over, we strolled about the holy precincts, and enjoyed the view. Below us lay the village, with wide-spreading vineyards and rows of mulberry-trees; yonder on the right the young Peneios hurries down the pass through which Cæsar came with his army in pursuit of Pompey after the latter found Dyrrhachion untenable. The snowy peaks of Pindos are here close at hand across the stream; we were just high enough on our side of the valley to get the full effect of their seven thousand feet of altitude. When it got too dark for further exploration we went to our room, which was no more inviting than the Larissæan apartment, except that there were some good rugs on the floor, and an old wrought-iron grille of graceful pattern before the windows. We had a funny time getting water for washing. The attendant, having no use for such a luxury himself, could not comprehend our notion that it was a necessity. At last he produced a tall pewter ewer, old and battered, and proceeded to pour water upon our hands over a basin with a perforated cover fastened just below the rim. It was a prose version of a poetic fashion of hospitality current in earlier days. Before six the next morning the same attendant brought our breakfast—two tiny cups of coffee *à la Turque*. In the chapel two monks were droning a service. Leaving an adequate contribution in the box, we went out over the drawbridge to rejoin Eustathios, who had come up from the village to meet us.

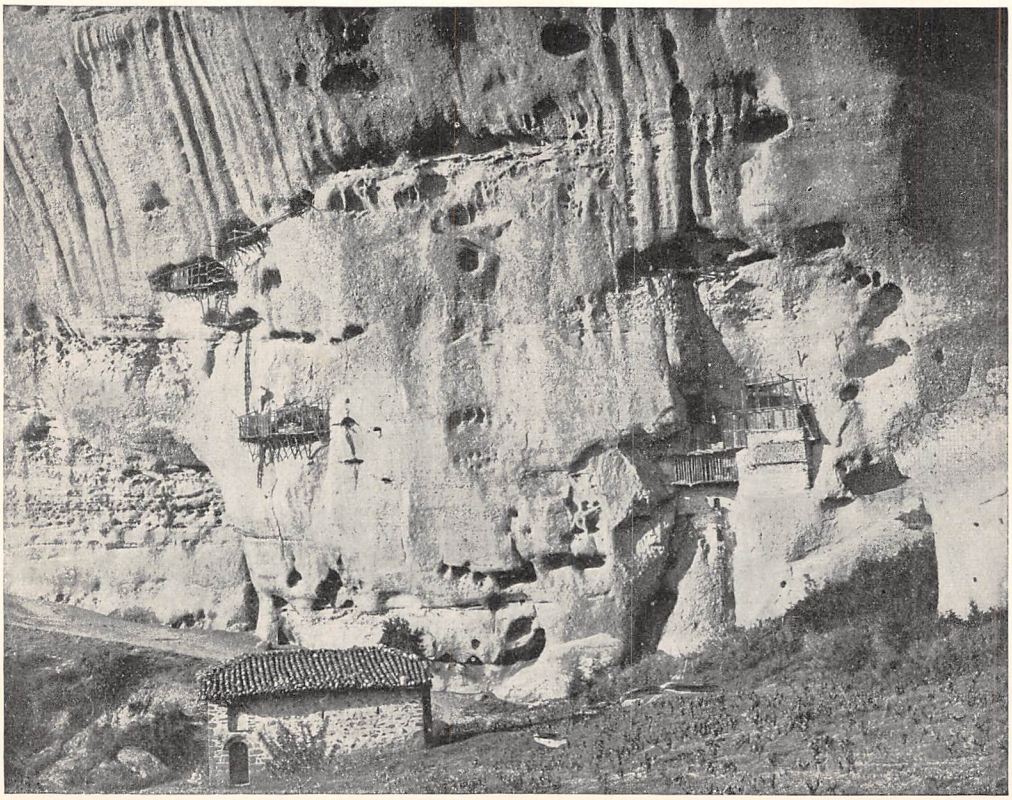
The descent was to be made by another path, which would give us a view of the entire group of monasteries. There were once twenty-four of them; seven alone remain, of which only four are inhabited by a slowly diminishing number of monks. Services are still held at the deserted sites on the days of the saints from whom the foundations were named. Only at St. Stephen's and Holy Trinity is the presence of females allowed even as



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PHARSALOS.

visitors. No other can be entered so easily as St. Stephen's, for the rest are so truly «high in air» that ladders or a rope and net are the sole means of access. The most impossible places were for their purpose the choicest. The entire journey of that morning, winding among the lonely and fantastic heights, passing every few minutes below some new manifestation of man's ingenuity in escaping from the world, remains in my mind as the acme of the simply picturesque. We stopped at St. Barlaam's, one of the largest, and the one to which entrance is most difficult. Length after length of rudely constructed ladder clambered up the vertical rock, and disappeared above at a low opening in a stone hut, itself many feet below the monastery; the lowest two sections of the ladder swung free, and the bottom was pulled up and hung high above our heads by a chain. In response to the shout of our guide, a man appeared, the chain that held the bottom of the ladder was lowered, and Eustathios climbed up the creaking and rickety contrivance. Above the door of a projecting room that was supported by foundations descending like an inverted tower below the rest of the structure, was a horizontal beam, from the end of which hung a great pulley with a rope passing through it. By this means a big tin pail was let down; a youngish man, neatly dressed in plain European costume, descended the ladder, and took from the pail a tray, liqueur, and a jar of quince jelly, with spoons and glasses of water, which refreshments he politely offered us. Of course the Kyría would not have been admitted to the monastery; and for myself it was a question whether the ladder or the windlass was to be preferred. I chose the former, and had no difficulty; above the seventy rungs were twenty-six steps cut in the rock partly through a cavern-like passage under a part of the building. In the chapel some curious relics were shown—bones from the hand of St. Chrysostom; another saint's tooth, fastened by a silver chain, that no pious thief might remove it; and the skull of yet another saint, inclosed in a rich case of fine silver. Outside, in the sunshine of the courtyard, two monks were placidly whiling away the tedious hours at a game



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

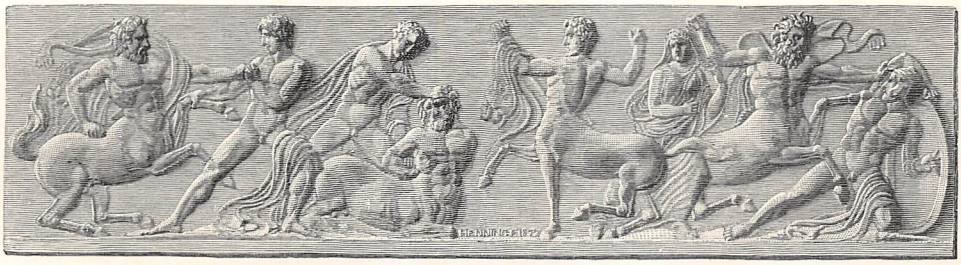
THE MONASTERY OF ST. ANTONY.

like nine-men's-morris, played with pebbles on a figure chalked out upon the rock. My visit was brief, and we went our way, passing, lower down, several deserted cliff-dwellings where the anchorites had taken possession of holes in the rock, building out curiously framed stagings before them, and connecting these by ladders. St. Antony's was one of the most striking. In the neighborhood of the villages every suitable place in the brooks was occupied by groups of peasant women and girls doing the family washing; for the next day, the feast of Annunciation, was also the Greek Independence Day. On such festivals the poorest peasant is as clean as water can make him.

For fifty miles and more of the journey back toward Velestino the heights of Meteora were distinguishable, the one corner of Thessaly in which the middle ages put antiquity in the background. But by the time we reached Pharsalos antiquity had fully resumed its sway. The railway probably traverses the edge of the battle-field where Cæsar overtook and annihilated Pompey's army. On the two-peaked acropolis are walls that may date from the Homeric age; and certainly Euripides, when he wrote his «Andromache,» thought this was the home of Achilles, the citadel of Phthia. Olympos and the rest of the Homeric mountains are all in sight, and make all Thessaly seem in truth the land of Achilles.

On reaching Volo, we learned that the best steamer that would be available for several days was to sail that evening. It turned out to be a little better than the one on which we had come, and the next afternoon saw us once more on the beautiful Saronic Gulf. At sunset, the hour when the flush on Hymettos gives anew to Athens her violet crown, we were at home again in the dear city.

Thomas Dwight Goodell.



THE ARGONAUTS.

FROM east and west we gathered in one crew,
The restless and unruly of the world.
The stars laughed from the banner we unfurled;
We were stout hearts, boon spirits, tried and true.
Then lightly from the mast-thronged port we drew:
For it was ours, from utmost isles impearled
In stormy sea, where wave and tempest swirled,
To fetch for man a lost and priceless clue.
And still, for many a day, our mighty bark
With roaring sail flies onward o'er the deep;
And we, at dawn, with anxious vision scan
Each new horizon, lifted from the dark,
For islands which have Liberty in keep—
The Golden Fleece which we must win for man.

William Prescott Foster.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ARNOLD AND HIS WIFE.

(*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XXVI.

THE night was clear and beautiful; from the low hills far and near the camp bugle-calls and the sound of horses neighing filled the air. Uneasy and restless, I walked to and fro up and down the road below the little farm-house. Once or twice I fancied I saw the tall figure of the chief pass across the window-panes. A hundred yards away was the house I had just left. There sat a gallant gentleman awaiting death. Here, in the house above me, was he in whose hands lay his fate. I pitied him too, and wondered if in his place I could be sternly just. At my feet the little brook babbled in the night, while the camp noises slowly died away. Meantime, intent on my purpose, I tried to arrange in my mind what I would say or how plead a lost cause. I have often thus prearranged the mode of saying what some serious occasion made needful. I always get ready, but when the time comes I am apt to say things altogether different, and to find, too, that the wisdom of the minute is apt to be the better wisdom.

At last I saw Hamilton approaching me through the gloom. «Come,» he said. «His Excellency will see you, but I fear it will be of no use. He himself would agree to a change in the form of death, but Generals Greene and Sullivan are strongly of opinion that to do so in the present state of exasperation would be unwise and impolitic. I cannot say what I should do were I he. I am glad, Wynne, that it is not I who have to decide. I lose my sense of the equities of life in the face of so sad a business. At least I would give him a gentleman's death. The generals who tried the case say that to condemn a man as a spy, and not at last to deal with him as Hale was dealt with, would be impolitic, and unfair to men who were as gallant as the poor fellow in yonder farm-house.»

«It is only too clear,» I said.

«Yes, they are right, I suppose; but it is a horrible business.»

As we discussed, I went with him past the sentinels around the old stone house and through a hall, and to left into a large room.

«The general sleeps here,» Hamilton said, in a lowered voice. «We have but these two apartments; across the passage is his dining-room, which he uses as his office. Wait here,» and so saying, he left me. The room was large, some fifteen by eighteen feet, but so low-ceiled that the Dutch builder had need to contrive a recess in the ceiling to permit of a place for the tall Dutch clock he had brought from Holland. Around the chimney-piece were Dutch tiles. Black Billy, the general's servant, sat asleep in the corner, and two aides slumbered on the floor, tired out, I fancy. I walked to and fro over the creaking boards, and watched the Dutch clock. As it struck eleven the figure of Time, seated below the dial, swung a scythe and turned a tiny hour-glass. A bell rang; an orderly came in and woke up an aide: «Despatch for West Point, sir, in haste.» The young fellow groaned, stuck the paper in his belt, and went out for his long night ride.

At last my friend returned. «The general will see you presently, Wynne, but it is a useless errand. Give me André's letter.» With this he left me again, and I continued my impatient walk. In a quarter of an hour he came back. «Come,» said he; «I have done my best, but I have failed as I expected to fail. Speak your mind freely; he likes frankness.» I went after him, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

A huge fire of logs blazed on the great kitchen hearth, and at a table covered with maps and papers, neatly set in order, the general sat writing.

He looked up, and with quiet courtesy said, «Take a seat, Captain Wynne. I must be held excused for a little.» I bowed and sat down, while he continued to write.

His pen moved slowly, and he paused at times, and then went on apparently with the utmost deliberation. I was favourably placed to watch him without appearing to do so, his face being strongly lighted by the candles in front of him. He was dressed with his usual care, in a buff waistcoat and a blue-and-buff uniform, with powdered hair drawn back to a queue and carefully tied with black ribbon.

The face, with its light-blue eyes, ruddy

cheeks, and rather heavy nose above a strong jaw, was now grave and, I thought, stern. At least a half-hour went by before he pushed back his chair and looked up.

I am fortunate as regards this conversation, since on my return I set it down in a diary which, however, has many gaps, and is elsewhere incomplete.

«Captain Wynne,» he said, «I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business, but I learn that Mr. André was your friend, and I have not forgotten your aunt's timely aid at a moment when it was sorely needed. For these reasons, and at the earnest request of Captain Hamilton and the marquis, I am willing to listen to you. May I ask you to be brief?» He spoke slowly, as if weighing his words.

I replied that I was most grateful—that I owed it to Major André that I had not long ago endured the fate which was now to be his.

«Permit me, sir,» he said, «to ask when this occurred.»

I replied that it was when, at his Excellency's desire, I had entered Philadelphia as a spy; and then I went on briefly to relate what had happened.

«Sir,» he returned, «you owed your danger to folly, not to what your duty brought. You were false, for the time, to that duty. But this does not concern us now. It may have served as a lesson, and I am free to admit that you did your country a great service. What now can I do for you? As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me.» As he spoke he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he laid it down and looked up. I saw that his big, patient eyes were overfull as he spoke.

«I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Neither shall I reply. It is not fitting that I should do so, nor is it necessary or even proper that I assign reasons which must already be plain to every man of sense. Is that all?»

I said, «Your Excellency, may I ask but a minute more?»

«I am at your disposal, sir, for so long. What is it?»

I hesitated, and, I suspect, showed plainly in my face my doubt as to the propriety of what was most on my mind when I sought this interview. He instantly guessed that I was embarrassed, and said, with the gentlest manner and a slight smile:

«Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more, do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both. Go on, sir.»

Thus encouraged, I said, «If on any pretext the execution can be delayed a week, I am ready to go with a friend»—I counted on Jack—«to enter New York in disguise, and to bring out General Arnold. I have been his aide, I know all his habits, and I am confident that we shall succeed if only I can control near New York a detachment of tried men. I have thought over my plan, and am willing to risk my life upon it.»

«You propose a gallant venture, sir, but it would be certain to fail; the service would lose another brave man, and I should seem to have been wanting in decision for no just or assignable cause.»

I was profoundly disappointed; and in the grief of my failure I forgot for a moment the august presence which imposed on all men the respect which no sovereign could have inspired.

«My God! sir,» I exclaimed, «and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame!» Then, half scared, I looked up, feeling that I had said too much. He had risen before I spoke, meaning, no doubt, to bring my visit to an end, and was standing with his back to the fire, his admirable figure giving the impression of greater height than was really his.

When, after my passionate speech, I looked up, having of course also risen, his face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I have ever yet seen in all my length of years.

«There is a God, Mr. Wynne,» he said, «who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. Your scheme I cannot consider. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview?»

I bowed, saying, «I cannot thank your Excellency too much for the kindness with which you have listened to a rash young man.»

«You have said nothing, sir, which does not do you honour. Make my humble compliments to Mistress Wynne.»

I bowed, and, backing a pace or two, was about to leave, when he said, «Permit me to detain you a moment. Ask Mr. Harrison—the secretary—to come to me.»

I obeyed, and then in some wonder stood still, waiting.

«Mr. Harrison, fetch me Captain Wynne's papers.» A moment later he sat down, again wrote the free signature, «Geo^e Washington,» at the foot of a parchment, and gave it to me, saying, «That boy Hamilton has been troubling me for a month about this business. The commission is but now come to hand from Congress. You will report, at your early convenience, as major, to the colonel of the Third Pennsylvania foot; I hope it will gratify your aunt. Ah, Captain Hamilton,» for here the favourite aide entered, «I have just signed Mr. Wynne's commission.» Then he put a hand affectionately on the shoulder of the small, slight figure. «You will see that the orders are all given for the execution at noon. Not less than eighty files from each wing must attend. See that none of my staff be present, and that this house be kept closed to-morrow until night. I shall transact no business that is not such as to ask instant attention. See, in any case, that I am alone from eleven until one. Good evening, Mr. Wynne; I hope that you will shortly honour me with your company at dinner. Pray, remember it, Mr. Hamilton.»

I bowed and went out, overcome with the kindliness of this great and noble gentleman.

«He likes young men,» said Hamilton to me long afterward. «An old officer would have been sent away with small comfort.»

It was now late in the night, and, thinking to compose myself, I walked up and down the road and at last past the Dutch church, and up the hill between rows of huts and rarer tents. It was a clear, starlit night, and the noises of the great camp were for the most part stilled. A gentle slope carried me up the hill, back of André's prison, and at the top I came out on a space clear of these camp homes, and stood awhile under the quiet of the star-peopled sky. I lighted my pipe with help of flint and steel, and, walking to and fro, set myself resolutely to calm the storm of trouble and helpless dismay in which I had been for two weary days. At last, as I turned in my walk, I came on two upright posts with a cross-beam above. It was the gallows! I moved away horror-stricken, and with swift steps went down the hill and regained Jack's quarters.

Of the horrible scene at noon on the 2d of October I shall say very little. A too early death never took from earth a more amiable and accomplished soldier. I asked and had leave to stand by the door as he came out. He paused, very white in his scarlet coat, smiled, and said, «Thank you, Wynne; God bless you!» and went on, recognising with a bow the members of the court, and so with a firm step to his ignoble death. As I had promised, I fell in behind the sad procession to the top of the hill. No fairer scene could a man look upon for his last of earth. The green range of the Piermont hills rose to north. On all sides, near and far, was the splendour of the autumn-tinted woods, and to west the land swept downward past the headquarters to where the cliffs rose above the Hudson. I can see it all now—the loveliness of nature, the waiting thousands, mute and pitiful. I shut my eyes and prayed for this passing soul. A deathful stillness came upon the assembled multitude. I heard Colonel Scammel read the sentence. Then there was the rumble of the cart, a low murmur broke forth, and the sound of moving steps was heard. It was over. The great assemblage of farmers and soldiers went away strangely silent, and many in tears.

The effort I so earnestly desired to make for the capture of Arnold was afterward made by Sergeant Champe, but failed, as all men now know. Yet I am honestly of opinion that I should have succeeded.

Years afterward I was walking along the Strand in London, when, looking up, I saw a man and woman approaching. It was Arnold with his wife. His face was thin and wasted, a countenance writ over with gloom and disappointment. His masculine vigour was gone. Cain could have borne no plainer marks of vain remorse. He looked straight before him. As I crossed the way, with no desire to meet him, I saw the woman look up at him, a strange, melancholy sweetness in the pale, worn face of our once beautiful Margaret. Her love was all that time had left him; poor, broken, shunned, insulted, he was fast going to his grave. Where now he lies I know not. Did he repent with bitter tears on that gentle breast? God only knows. I walked on through the crowded street, and thought of the words of my great chief, «There is a God who punishes the traitor.»

XXVII.

THE long winter of 1780 and 1781, with its changeful fortunes in the South, went by without alteration in mine. There were constant alarms, and leaves of absence were not to be had. We drilled our men, marched hither and thither, and criticised our leaders over the winter camp-fires, envying the men

who, under Williams, Marion, and Morgan, were keeping my Lord Cornwallis uncomfortably busy in the Carolinas. By the end of January we knew with joy of the thrashing Tarleton got at the Cowpens, and at last, in April, of the fight at Guilford. It began to dawn on the wiseacres of the camp-fires why we were now here and now there. In fact, we were no sooner hutted than we were on the march, if there were but the least excuse in the way of a bit of open weather, or a Tory raid.

Sir Henry was kept in doubt as to whether our chief meant for New York from the north or from Jersey, and when at last he began to suspect that it was not a city but an army which he intended to strike, it was too late. Our brave old hawk, so long half asleep, as it looked, had begun to flutter his wings, and to contemplate one of those sudden swoops upon his prey which did to me attest the soldier of genius within this patient, ceremonious gentleman. He was fast learning the art of war.

At last, as I have said, even we who were but simple pawns in the game of empire knew in a measure why we had been thus used to bother and detain this unlucky Sir Henry, who had failed to help Burgoyne, and was now being well fooled again, to the ruin of Lord Cornwallis.

But all of this was chiefly in the spring. The winter up to February was sad enough in our waiting camps, what with low diet, desertions, mutinies, and the typhus fever, which cost us many more men than we lost in battle. It brought us at last one day the pleasure of a visit from the great physician Benjamin Rush, now come to Morristown to see after the sick, who were many.

This gentleman was a prime favourite with my Aunt Gainor, although they had but one opinion in common, and fought and scratched like the far-famed Irish cats. I think, too, the doctor liked your humble servant, chiefly because I admired and reverenced him for his learning and his unflinching love of his country.

At this time we lay about Morristown in New Jersey. There was to be a great ball on the night of the doctor's arrival. And just now, when his delicate features appeared at the door of our hut, Jack and I—for Jack was with me for a day—had used the last of our flour to powder our hair, and Jack was carefully tying my queue.

«Good evening, Master Hugh, and you, John Warder. Can I have a bite?»

We gave a shout of welcome, and offered him a herring—very dried it was—and one of Master Baker Ludwick's hard biscuits. He said we were luxurious scamps with our powder, until we explained it to be the end of a rather mouldy bag of meal. He thought powdering a fine custom for young doctors, for it gave them a look of gray hair and wisdom; and he was, as usual, amusing, cynical, and at times bitter.

When we were seated and had his leave for a pipe, he told us there was now constant good news from the South, and that General Greene seemed to be somehow doing well, losing fights and winning strategetic victories. Probably it was more by luck than genius. By and by Gates would be heard from, and then we should see. On which my naughty Jack winked at me through the fog of his pipe smoke.

«And why,» said the doctor, «does your general keep so quiet? Was an army made to sit still?»

I could not but remind him that the only lucky winter campaign of the war had been made by his Excellency, and that it was not usually possible to fight in the cold season; not even Marlborough could do that. I was most respectful, you may be sure.

He assured me that our general would never end the war; for in revolutions it was not they who began them who ever did bring them to auspicious conclusions. Our general, the doctor went on to tell us, was a weak man, and soon all would be of this opinion.

As he spoke I saw Hamilton in the doorway, and I made haste to present him to the doctor.

The young aide said modestly that he must venture to differ as to our chief. He was a man dull in talk, not entertaining, given to cautious silence, but surely not weak, only slow in judgment, although most decisive in action.

«No great soldier, sir,» said the doctor, «and never will be.»

«He is learning the business, like the rest of us, Dr. Rush. 'T is a hard school, sir, but it is character that wins at last; may I venture to say this man has character, and can restrain both his tongue and his own nature, which is quick to wrath.»

«Nonsense!» cried the doctor. «The whole country is discontented. We should elect a commander-in-chief once a year.»

In fact, many were of this strange opinion. Hamilton smiled, but made no reply.

I saw Jack flush, and I shook my head at him. I thought what was said foolish and ignorant, but it became not men as young as we to contradict the doctor. It was Rush who, in '78, with Adams and others, sustained

Gates, and put him in the Board of War, to the bewilderment of affairs. How deep he was in the scheme of that officer and Conway and Lee to displace our chief none know. My aunt insists he had naught to do with it. He was an honourable, honest man, but he was also a good, permanent hater, and sustained his hatreds with a fine escort of rancorous words, where Jack or I would have been profane and brief.

The cabal broke up with Lee's capture, and when Cadwalader shot Conway through the mouth, and, as he said, stopped one d—— lying tongue, it did not change our doctor's views. When he and Dr. Shippen, who was no Tory like the rest of his family, quarrelled, as all doctors do, Rush preferred charges, and was disgusted because his Excellency approved the acquittal, with some not very agreeable comments. I think he never forgave the slight, but yet I liked him, and shall ever revere his memory as that of a man who deserved well of his country, and had the noble courage of his profession, as he showed amply in the great yellow-fever plague of '98.

He told me of my father as still much the same, and of my Aunt Gainor, and of Darthea, who, he thought, was troubled in mind, although why he knew not. She had long since ceased answering the messages we sent her through my aunt. Mr. Warder, he told me later, had given up his suit to Madam Peniston, and was now an outspoken Whig. The lady was disposed to seek refuge again with her De Lancey cousins in New York, but Darthea was obstinate, and not to be moved. And so we got all the gossip of our old town, and heard of Mrs. Arnold's having been ordered to leave, and of how the doctor, like our own Wayne, had always distrusted her husband. Indeed, we had asked a thousand questions before we let the doctor get to my bed, and we ourselves, pulling on our sherry-vallies, a kind of overalls, to protect our silk stockings from the mud, were away to the ball.

Despite our many cares and former low diet, we danced till late in the night; the good people of Morristown contriving, I know not how, to give us such a supper as we had not had for many a day. I had the pleasure to converse, in their own tongue, with Comte de Rochambeau and the Duc de Lauzun, who made me many compliments on my accent, and brought back to me, in this bright scene, the thought of her to whom I owed this and all else of what is best in me.

It was indeed a gay and pleasant evening. Even our general seemed to forget the anxieties of war, and walked a minuet with Lady Stirling, and then with Mrs. Greene. Very quiet and courteous he was, but not greatly interested, or so it seemed to me.

Again in May we were in motion, now here, now there; and, with a skirmish or two, the summer was upon us. Meanwhile, as I have said, things went more happily in the South.

Greene, continually beaten, was ever a better soldier; and at last, early in this summer of '81, my Lord Cornwallis, driven to despair by incessant foes who led him a wearisome and fruitless chase through States not rich enough to feed him, turned from the «boy» Lafayette he so much despised, and finally sought rest and supplies on the seaboard at Yorktown, while the «boy general,» planted in a position to command the peninsula at Malvern Hill, sat down to intrench and watch the older nobleman. I have no wish to write more history than is involved in my own humble fortunes, and I must leave those for whom I write these memoirs to read the story of the war on other pages than mine. Enough to say that when his Excellency was sure of the French fleet and knew of his lordship's position, he made one of those swift decisions which contrasted strangely with his patient, and even elaborate, businesslike fashion of attending to all the minor affairs of life. Nor less secret and subtle was the way in which he carried out his plan of action. Leaving a force at West Point, he swept in haste through the Jerseys.

Even the generals in immediate command knew nothing of his real intention until we were turned southward and hurried through the middle colonies. Then all men knew and wondered at the daring and, as some thought, the rashness of this movement. Sir Henry had been well fooled to the end, for now it was far on in August.

At Trenton I received an appointment which much amazed me. The army of our allies was marching with us. De Grasse, with a great fleet, was off Chesapeake Bay; despatches were coming and going daily. His Excellency had little knowledge of the French tongue, and had suffered for it in his youth. Mr. Duponceau, of the Marquis Lafayette's staff, was competent in both French and English, but, save one other officer, no one of his Excellency's staff spoke and wrote French well; and this aide was, as a consequence, much overworked.

Seeing this difficulty, which occasioned much confusion, the Duc de Lauzun suggested that I be asked to serve as a special aide-de-camp. I believe I owed this chance,

in part, to Lafayette, and also to the fact, stated elsewhere, that I had had the fortune to be presented to the duke at our famous ball in Morristown, where he was pleased to talk with me in French.

My appointment reached me on August 29. His Excellency was then with us at Trenton, despatching couriers, urging haste, and filling all men with the great hope which his audacious action excited.

I was ordered to turn over my command, to join his Excellency's headquarters staff at Philadelphia, and there to report to Colonel Tilghman as extra aide-de-camp with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. A note from Hamilton, now with his regiment, congratulated me, and related the cause of my unlooked-for promotion.

Would you see what my lifelong friend Jack had to say?

«I thank God for the happy fortune which has again fallen to Hugh. Had it not been for his assiduity in youth, and the love and respect he bore his mother, he would never have come by this promotion. Thus God rewards us for that we do without thought of profit.» Alas! my dear Jack, those French lessons were sometimes but ungratefully learned.

Early on September 2, having borrowed a horse from one of the staff, I was ferried over the Delaware, and, once across the river, pushed on in haste to my own dear city. I found the French about to enter the town.

I had left home in 1777 a raw youth, and it was not without a sense of just pride that I returned a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-eight, having, as I felt, done my country honest service.

Our allies halted in the suburbs to clean off the dust, and as they began their march I fell in beside De Lauzun. They made a brilliant show in neat white uniforms, colours flying and bands playing. Front street was densely crowded, and at Vine they turned westward to camp on the common at Centre Square. As they wheeled I bowed to the French gentlemen, and kept on down Front street to Arch, soon halting before my aunt's door. The house was closed. All had gone forth to welcome the marching troops. I mounted again and rode down Second street to my own home, left my horse at the stable, and, seeing no one, passed into the sitting-room. My father was seated at the open window, but to see him dismayed me. He rose with an uneasy look as I went toward him. He was so wasted that his large features stood out gaunt and prominent. His clothes hung about him in folds, and his vast, bony frame was like a rack from which they seemed ready to fall.

I caught him in my arms, and kissed his shrunken cheeks, utterly overcome at the sight of this splendid body in ruins. Meanwhile he stayed quite passive, and at last pushed me off and looked at me steadily.

«It is Hugh,» he said. «Thy mother will be glad to see thee.»

I was shocked. This delusion of my mother's being alive greatly increased the grief I had in seeing this wreck of a strong, masterful man.

I said something, I hardly know what. He repeated, «Thy mother will be glad to see thee. She is up-stairs—up-stairs. She is with thy little sister. Ellin has been troublesome in the night.»

After this he sat down and took no more notice of me. I stood watching him. The dead alone seemed to be alive to him: my mother, and the little sister who died thirty years back, and whose name I heard now from my father for the first time in all my life. As I stood amazed and disturbed at these resurrections, he sat speechless, either looking out of the window in a dull way, or now and then at me with no larger interest. At last, with some difficulty as to finding words, he said: «Thy mother wearies for thy letters. Thou hast been remiss not to write.»

I said I had written him, as indeed I had, and with regularity, but with never an answer. After this he was long silent, and then said: «I told her it was but for a week thou wert to be away. She thinks it more.» The long years of war were lost to him, and as though they had not been.

I made a vain effort to recall him to the present and the living, telling him of the army and the war, and at last asked news of my aunt. He soon ceased to hear me, and his great head fell forward, the gray locks dropping over his forehead, as he sat breathing deeply and long.

I found it a sorry spectacle, and after giving some orders to Tom I went away.

I learned later that my father never went out, but sat at the window all day with his pipe, drawing on it as if it were lighted, and heeding neither the friends who still came to see him nor the vacant days which went by. I had lost my father, even that little of his true self he had let me see.

I went thence and reported to Colonel Tilghman at the City Tavern, where his Excellency had alighted, and after performing that duty made haste to see my aunt.

There I found the love and tender welcome

for which I so much yearned, and I also had news of Darthea. She, my aunt said, was well, and still in the city, but out of spirits; as to that «villain,» my cousin, my Aunt Gainor knew nothing, nor indeed Mistress Peniston much. Letters were difficult to get through our lines, and if he or Darthea still wrote, my aunt knew no more than I. When I told her in confidence of the errand on which, at my cousin's prompting, General Arnold had sent me, she exclaimed:

«Could he have wished to get you into trouble? It seems incredible, Hugh. I hope you may never meet.»

«Aunt Gainor,» said I, «to meet that man is the dearest wish of my life.»

«The dearest?»

«Not quite,» said I; «but it will be for me a happy hour.»

«Then God forbid it, Hugh; and it is most unlikely. You must go and see Darthea. I suppose you will hardly tarry here long—and get your epaulets, sir. I want to see my boy in his uniform. Bring Mr. Hamilton here, and the French gentlemen. Fetch some of them to dinner to-morrow.»

Then she kissed me again, and told me how strong and well I looked, and so on, with all the kind prettiness of affectionate speech women keep for those they love.

As I knew not when we should leave, nor how busy I might be while still in the city, I thought it well to talk to my aunt of my father's sad condition, and of some other matters of moment. Of the deed so strangely come into my possession she also spoke. It seemed to be much on her mind. I still told her I cared little for the Welsh lands, and this was true. Nevertheless, I discovered in myself no desire to be pleasant to Mr. Arthur Wynne, and I began to suspect with my aunt that more than Darthea, or stupid jealousy, or the memory of a blow, might be at the bottom of his disposition to injure me.

It may seem strange to those who read what a quiet old fellow writes, that I should so frankly confess my hatred of my cousin. Nowadays men lie about one another, and stab with words, and no one resents it. Is the power to hate to the death fading out? and are we the better for this? It may be so. Think of the weary months in jail, of starvation, insult, and the miseries of cold, raggedness, filth, and fever. Think, too, of my father set against me, of the Mischianza business,—but for that I blame him not,—and, last, of his involving me in the vile net of Arnold's treason. I could as soon forgive a snake that had bit me as this reptile.

«Mr. James Wilson has the deed,» said my aunt; «and of that we shall learn more when Mr. Cornwallis is took, and you come home a general. And now go and see Darthea, and let me hear how many will be to dine, and send me, too, a half-dozen of good old wine from my brother's cellar—the old Wynne Madeira. Decant it with care, and don't trust that black animal Tom. Mind, sir!»

Darthea lived but a little way from my aunt's, and with my heart knocking at my ribs as it never had done at sight of levelled muskets, I found my way into Mistress Peniston's parlour, and waited, as it seemed to me, an age.

It was a large back room with an open fireplace and high-backed chairs, claw-toed tables bare of books or china, with the floor polished like glass. Penistons and De Lanceys, in hoop and hood, and liberal of neck and bosom, looked down on me. It was all stiff and formal, but to me pleasantly familiar. Would she never come?

Then I heard a slow step on the stair, and the rustle of skirts, and here was Darthea, pale and grave, but more full in bud, and, I thought, more lovely in her maturing womanhood.

She paused at the doorway, and made as it were to greet me with a formal curtsey, but then—how like her it did seem!—ran forward and gave me both her hands, saying: «You are welcome, Mr. Wynne. I am most glad to see you. You are all for the South, I hear. Is it not so?»

I said yes, and how delightful it was to be here, if but for a day or two; and then, being pretty vain, must tell her of my good fortune.

«I am glad of my friend's success, but I wish it were with the other side. Oh, I am a mighty Tory yet,» shaking her head. «I have seen your Mr. Washington. What a fine man! and favours Mr. Arnold a trifle.»

«Fie for shame!» said I, pleased to see her merry; and then I went on to tell her the sad story of André, but not of what he told me concerning Arthur. The tears came to her eyes, although of course it was no new tale, and she went white again, so that I would have turned the talk aside, but she stopped me, and, hesitating a little, said:

«Did that miserable treachery begin when Mr. Arnold was in the town?»

I said it was thought to have done so. For my own part, I believed it began here, but just when I could not say. «But why do you ask?» I added, being for a reason curious.

For a little she sat still, her hands, in delicate white lace mittens, on her lap. Then

she spoke, at first not looking up. «Men are strange to me, Mr. Wynne. I suppose in war they must do things which in peace would be shameful.»

I said yes, and began to wonder if she had divined that Arthur had been deep in that wretched plot. I do not know to this day. She kept her counsel if she did. Women see through us at times as if we were glass, and then again are caught by a man-trap that one would think must be perfectly visible.

«And was poor Peggy Shippen in it?»

«Oh, no! no!» I replied.

«I am glad of that; but had I been she, I would never have seen him again—never! never! To think of life with one who is as black a creature as that man!»

«But, after all, he is her husband.» I wanted to see what she would say.

«Her husband! Yes. But a husband without honour! No! no! I should have to respect the man I loved, or love would be dead—dead! Let us talk of something else. Poor Peggy! Must you go?» she added, as I rose. «This horrid war! We may never meet again.» And then quickly, «How is Captain Blushes, and shall we see him too?»

I thought not. Already the army was making for Chester, and so toward the Head of Elk. «No; I must go.» On this she rose.

«Is it the same, Darthea, and am I to go away with no more hope than the years have brought me?»

«Why,» she said, colouring, «do you make it so hard for me—your friend?»

«Do I make it hard?»

«Yes. I used to say no to men, and think no more of the thing or of them, but I am troubled; and this awful war! I am grown older, and to hurt a man—a man like you—gives me pain as it did not use to do.»

«But you have not said no,» said I; «and I am an obstinate man.»

«Why will you force me to say no? Why should I? You know well enough what I think and feel. Why insist that I put it in words? It were kinder—not to urge me.»

It seemed a strange speech. I said I did not understand her.

«Then you had better go. I am engaged to Mr. Arthur Wynne, sir. I have had no word of him for a year, and can get no letter to him.»

I might have given her Miss Franks's letter, and poured out to her the story of his treachery and baseness. I may have been wrong, but something in me forbade it, and I preferred to wait yet longer.

«Shall I get you a letter through the lines? I can.»

«You are a strange man, Mr. Wynne, and an honest gentleman. No, you cannot do me this service. I thank you.»

«Then good-by; and it is love to the end, Darthea.»

«I wish you would go,» she said faintly.

«Good-by,» I repeated, and rose.

«Come and see me some day when you can,—not now, not this time,—and do not think ill of me.»

«Think ill of you! Why should I?»

«Yes! yes!»

I did not understand her, but I saw that she was shaken by some great emotion. Then she spoke:

«I have given my word, Mr. Wynne, and I do not lightly break it. Perhaps, like some men, you may think that women have no such sense of honour as men believe to be theirs.»

«But do you love him, Darthea?»

«He is not here to answer you,» she cried, looking up at me steadily, her eyes ablaze. «Nor will I. You have no right to question me—none!»

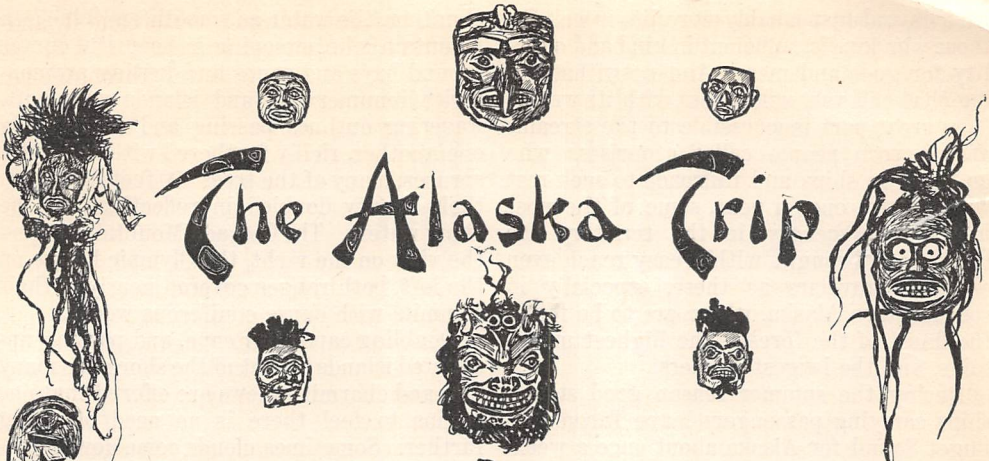
«I have every right,» I said.

«Oh, will you never go away?» And she stamped one little foot impatiently. «If you don't go I shall hate you, and I—I don't want to hate you, Hugh Wynne.»

I stood a moment, and once more the temptation to tell her all I knew was strong upon me, but, as she said, Arthur was not here; first I must tell him face to face, and after that God alone knew what might come. I must tell him, too, with such proof as neither her love nor his subtlety could gainsay. And when this hour came—what then? If I killed him,—and I meant to,—what of Darthea? That would end my slender chance, and yet I knew myself so surely as to be certain that, when the hour came, no human consideration would be listened to for a moment. I could hate in those days, and I did. If I had had the assured love of Darthea, I should perhaps have hesitated; but not having it, I only longed once to have that man at the point of the sword. It is all very savage and brutal, but in those my young days men loved and hated as I do not think they do of late. It was a strong and a choleric generation, but we did some things for which the world should thank us.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



The Alaska Trip

By
John Muir
Author of
"The Mountains of California."

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN A. FRASER.[1]

TO the lover of wildness Alaska offers a glorious field for either work or rest: landscape beauty in a thousand forms, things great and small, novel and familiar, as wild and pure as paradise. Wander where you may, wildness ever fresh and ever beautiful meets you in endless variety: ice-laden mountains, hundreds of miles of them peaked and pinnacled and crowded together like trees in groves, and so high and so divinely clad in clouds and air that they seem to belong more to heaven than to earth; inland plains grassy and flowery, dotted with groves and extending like seas all around to the rim of the sky; lakes and streams shining and singing, outspread in sheets of mazy embroidery in untraceable, measureless abundance, brightening every landscape, and keeping the ground fresh and fruitful forever; forests of evergreens growing close together like leaves of grass, girdling a thousand islands and mountains in glorious array; mountains that are monuments of the work of ice, mountains monuments of volcanic fires; gardens filled with the fairest flowers, giving their fragrance to every wandering wind; and far to the north thousands of miles of ocean ice, now wrapped in fog, now glowing in sunshine through nightless days, and again shining in wintry splendor beneath the beams of the aurora —sea, land, and sky one mass of white radiance like a star. Storms, too, are here as wild and sublime in size and scenery as the landscapes beneath them, displaying the glorious pomp of clouds on the march over mountain and plain, the flight of the snow when all the sky is in bloom, trailing rain-floods, and the booming plunge of avalanches and icebergs and rivers in their rocky glens; while multitudes of wild animals and wild people, clad in feathers and furs, fighting, loving, getting a living, make all the wildness wilder.

[1] With the exception of the pictures on pages 523 and 525, the drawings are based on sketches from nature by the author.

All this, and unspeakably more, lies in wait for those who love it, sufficient in kind and quantity for gods and men. And notwithstanding that this vast wilderness with its wealth is in great part inaccessible to the streams of careworn people called «tourists,» who go forth on ships and railroads to seek rest with nature once a year, some of the most interesting scenery in the territory has lately been brought within easy reach even of such travelers as these, especially in southeastern Alaska, where are to be found the finest of the forests, the highest mountains, and the largest glaciers.

During the summer season good steamships carrying passengers leave Tacoma on Puget Sound for Alaska about once a week. After touching at Seattle, Port Townsend, Victoria, and Nanaimo, they go through a wilderness of islands to Wrangel, where the first stop in Alaska is made. Thence a charming, wavering course is pursued still northward through the grandest scenery to Tahkou, Juneau, Chilcat, Glacier Bay, and Sitka, affording fine glimpses of the innumerable evergreen islands, the icy mountain-ranges of the coast, the forests, glaciers, etc. The round trip of two thousand miles is made in about twelve days, and costs about a hundred dollars; and though on ocean waters, there is no seasickness, for all the way lies through a network of sheltered inland channels and sounds that are about as free from heaving waves as rivers are.

No other excursion that I know of can be made into any of the wild portions of America where so much fine and grand and novel scenery is brought to view at so cheap and easy a price. Anybody may make this trip and be blest by it—old or young, sick or well, soft, succulent people whose limbs have never ripened, as well as sinewy mountaineers; for the climate is kindly, and one has only to breathe the exhilarating air and gaze and listen while being carried smoothly onward over the glassy waters. Even the blind may be benefited by laving and bathing in the balmy, velvety atmosphere, and the unjust as well as the just; for I fancy that even sins must be washed away in such a climate, and at the feet of such altars as the Alaska mountains are.

Between Tacoma and Port Townsend you gain a general view of the famous Puget Sound, for you sail down the middle of it. It is an arm and many-fingered hand of the sea reaching a hundred miles into the heart of one of the richest forest-regions on the globe. The scenery in fine weather is enchanting, the water as smooth and blue as a mountain lake, sweeping in beautiful curves around bays and capes and jutting promontories innumerable, and islands with soft, wavering outlines passing and overlapping one another, richly feathered with tall, spiry spruces, many of the trees 300 feet in height, their beauty doubled in reflections on the shiny waters. The Cascade Mountains bound the view on the right, the Olympic Range on the left, both ranges covered nearly to their summits with dense coniferous woods.

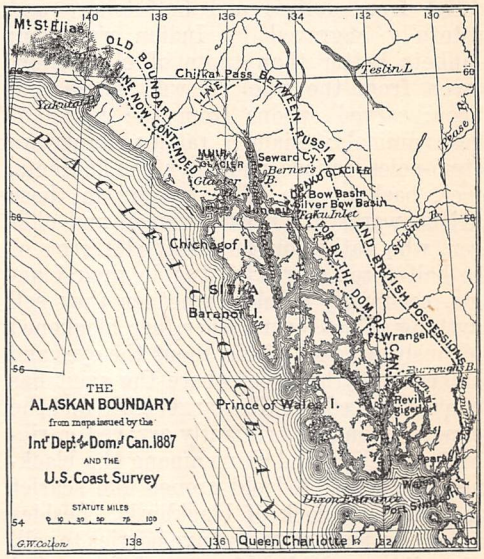
Doubling cape after cape, and passing uncounted islands that stud the shores, so many new and charming views are offered that one begins to feel there is no need of going farther. Sometimes clouds come down, blotting out all the land; then, lifting a little, perhaps a single island will be given back to the landscape, the tops of its trees dipping out of sight in trailing fringes of mist. Then the long ranks of spruce and cedar along the mainland are set free; and when at length the cloud-mantle vanishes, the colossal cone of Mount Rainier, 14,000 feet high, appears in spotless white, looking down over the dark woods like the very god of the landscape. A fine beginning is this for the Alaska trip! Crossing the Strait of Juan de Fuca from Port Townsend, in a few hours you are in Victoria and a foreign land. Victoria is a handsome little town, a section of old England set down nearly unchanged in the western American wilderness. It is situated on the south end of Vancouver Island, which is 280 miles long, the largest and southernmost of the wonderful archipelago that stretches northward along the margin of the continent for nearly a thousand miles. The steamer usually stops a few hours here, and most of the tourists go up town to the stores of the famous Hudson Bay Company to purchase fur or some wild Indian trinket as a memento. At certain seasons of the year, when the hairy harvests from the North have been gathered, immense bales of skins may be seen in the unsavory warehouses, the clothing of bears, wolves, beavers, otters, fishers, martens, lynxes, panthers, wolverenes, reindeer, moose, elk, wild sheep, foxes, seals, muskrats, and many others of «our poor earth-born companions and fellow-mortals.»

The wilderness presses close up to the town, and it is wonderfully rich and luxuriant. The forests almost rival those of Puget Sound; wild roses are three inches in diameter, and ferns ten feet high. And strange to say, all this exuberant vegetation is growing

on moraine material that has been scarcely moved or modified in any way by postglacial agents. Rounded masses of hard, resisting rocks rise everywhere along the shore and in the woods, their scored and polished surfaces still unwasted, telling of a time, so lately gone, when the whole region lay in darkness beneath an all-embracing mantle of ice. Even in the streets of the town glaciated bosses are exposed, the telling inscriptions of which have not been effaced by the wear of either weather or travel. And in the orchards fruitful boughs shade the edges of glacial pavements, and drop apples and peaches on them. Nowhere, as far as I have seen, are the beneficent influences of glaciers made manifest in plainer terms or with more striking contrasts. No tale of enchantment is so marvelous, so exciting to the imagination, as the story of the works and ways of snow-flowers banded together as glaciers, and marching forth from their encampments on the mountains to develop the beauty of landscapes and make them fruitful.

Leaving Victoria, instead of going to sea we go into a shady wilderness that looks as though it might be in the heart of the continent. Most of the channels through which we glide are narrow as compared with their length and with the height of the mountain walls of the islands which bound their shores. But however sheer the walls, they are almost everywhere densely forested from the water's edge to a height of two thousand feet; and almost every tree may be seen as they rise above one another like an audience on a gallery—the blue-green, sharply spired Menzies spruce; the warm, yellow-green Merten spruce, with finger-like tops all pointing in the same direction or gracefully drooping; and the airy, feathery, brownish Alaska cedar. Most of the way we seem to be tracing a majestic river with lake-like expansions, the tide-currents, the fresh driftwood brought down by avalanches, the inflowing torrents, and the luxuriant foliage of the shores making the likeness complete. The steamer is often so near the shore that we can see the purple cones on the top branches of the trees, and the ferns and bushes at their feet. Then, rounding some bossy cape, the eye perchance is called away into a far-reaching vista, headlands on each side in charming array, one dipping gracefully beyond the other and growing finer in the distance, while the channel, like a strip of silver, stretches between, stirred here and there by leaping salmon and flocks of gulls and ducks that float like lilies among the sun-spangles. While we may be gazing into the depths of this leafy ocean lane, the ship, turning suddenly to right or left, enters an open space, a sound decorated with small islands, sprinkled or clustered in forms and compositions such as nature alone can invent. The smallest of the islands are mere dots, but how beautiful they are! The trees growing on them seem like handfuls that have been culled from the neighboring woods, nicely sorted and arranged, and then set in the water to keep them fresh, the fringing trees leafing out like flowers against the rim of a vase.

The variety we find, both as to the contours and collocation of the islands, whether great or small, is chiefly due to differences in the composition and physical structure of the rocks out of which they are made, and the unequal amount of glaciation to which they



have been subjected. All the islands of the archipelago, as well as the headlands and promontories of the mainland, have a rounded, over-rubbed, sandpapered appearance, a finish free from angles, which is produced by the grinding of an oversweeping, ponderous flood of ice.

FORT WRANGEL.

SEVEN hundred miles of this scenery, and we arrive at Fort Wrangel, on Wrangel Island, near the mouth of the Stickeen River. It is a quiet, rugged, dreamy place of no particular number of inhabitants—a few hundreds of whites and Indians, more or less, sleeping in a bog in the midst of the purest and most delightful scenery on the continent. Baron

Wrangel established a trading-post here about a hundred years ago, and the fort, a quadrangular stockade, was built by the United States shortly after the purchase of the territory; but in a few years it was abandoned and sold to private parties. Indians, mostly of the Stickeen tribe, occupy the two long, draggled ends of the town along the shore; the whites, numbering about fifty, the middle portion. Stumps and logs roughen its two crooked streets, each of these picturesque obstructions mossy and tufted with grass and bushes on account of the dampness of the climate.

On the arrival of the steamer, most of the passengers make haste to go ashore to see the curious totem-poles in front of the massive timber houses of the Indians, and to buy curiosities, chiefly silver bracelets hammered from dollars and half-dollars and tastefully engraved by Indian workmen; blankets better than those of civilization, woven from the wool of wild goats and sheep; carved spoons from the horns of these animals; Shaman rattles, miniature totem-poles, canoes, paddles, stone hatchets, pipes, baskets, etc. The traders in these curious wares are mostly women and children, who gather on the front platforms of the half-dozen stores, sitting in their blankets, seemingly careless whether they sell anything or not, every other face blackened hideously, a naked circle about the eyes and on the tip of the nose, where the smut has been weathered off. The larger girls and the young women are brilliantly arrayed in ribbons and calico, and shine among the blackened and blanketed old crones like scarlet tanagers in a flock of blackbirds. Besides curiosities, most of them have berries to sell, red, yellow and blue, fresh and dewy, and looking wondrous clean as compared with the people. These Indians are proud and intelligent, nevertheless, and maintain an air of self-respect which no amount of raggedness and squalor can wholly subdue.

Many canoes may be seen along the shore, all fashioned alike, with long, beak-like sterns and prows, the largest carrying twenty or thirty persons. What the mustang is to the Mexican vaquero the canoe is to the Indian of the Alaska coast. They skim over the glassy, sheltered waters far and near to fish and hunt and trade, or merely to visit their neighbors. Yonder goes a whole family, grandparents and all, the prow of their canoe blithely decorated with handfuls of the purple epilobium. They are going to gather berries, as the baskets show. Nowhere else in my travels, north or south, have I seen so many berries. The woods and meadows and open spaces along the shores are full of them—huckleberries of many species, salmon-berries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, and gooseberries, with fragrant strawberries and service-berries on the drier grounds, and cranberries in the bogs, sufficient for every worm, bird, and human being in the territory, and thousands of tons to spare. The Indians at certain seasons, roving in merry bands, gather large quantities, beat them into paste, and then press the paste into square cakes and dry them for winter use, to be eaten as a kind of bread with their oily salmon. Berries alone, with the lavish bloom that belongs to them, are enough to show how fine and rich this Northern wilderness must be.

ALASKA WEATHER.

THE climate of all that portion of the coast that is bathed by the Japan current, extending from the southern boundary of the territory northward and westward to the island of Atoo, a distance of nearly twenty-five hundred miles, is remarkably bland, and free from extremes of heat and cold throughout the year. It is rainy, however; but the rain is of good quality, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the streams, and keeping the whole land fresh and fruitful, while anything more delightful than the shining weather after the rain—the great, round sun-days of June, July, and August—can hardly be found elsewhere. An Alaska midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern portion of the territory the sun does not set for weeks, and even as far south as Sitka and Fort Wrangel it sinks only a few degrees below the horizon, so that the rosy colors of the evening blend with those of the morning, leaving no gap of darkness between. Nevertheless, the full day opens slowly. At midnight, from the middle point between the gloaming and the dawn, a low arc of light is seen stealing along the horizon, with gradual increase of height and span and intensity of tone, accompanied usually by red clouds, which make a striking advertisement of the sun's progress long before he appears above the mountain-tops. For several hours after sunrise everything in the landscape seems dull and uncommunicative. The clouds fade, the islands and the mountains, with ruffs of mist about them, cast ill-defined shadows, and the whole firmament changes to pale pearl-gray with

just a trace of purple in it. But toward noon there is a glorious awakening. The cool haziness of the air vanishes, and the richer sunbeams, pouring from on high, make all the bays and channels shine. Brightly now play the round-topped ripples about the edges of the islands, and over many a plume-shaped streak between them, where the water is stirred by some passing breeze. On the mountains of the mainland, and in the high-walled fiords that fringe the coast, still finer is the work of the sunshine. The broad white bosoms of the glaciers glow like silver, and their crystal fronts, and the multitude of icebergs that linger about them, drifting, swirling, turning their myriad angles to the sun, are kindled into a perfect blaze of irised light. The warm air throbs and wavers, and makes itself felt as a life-giving, energizing ocean embracing all the earth. Filled with ozone, our pulses bound, and we are warmed and quickened into sympathy with everything, taken back into the heart of nature, whence we came. We feel the life and motion about us, and the universal beauty: the tides marching back and forth with weariless industry, laving the beautiful shores, and swaying the purple dulse of the broad meadows of the sea where the fishes are fed; the wild streams in rows white with waterfalls, ever in bloom and ever in song, spreading their branches over a thousand mountains; the vast forests feeding on the drenching sunbeams, every cell in a whirl of enjoyment; misty flocks of insects stirring all the air; the wild sheep and goats on the grassy ridges above the woods, bears in the berry-tangles, mink and beaver and otter far back on many a river and lake; Indians and adventurers pursuing their lonely ways; birds tending their young—everywhere, everywhere, beauty and life, and glad, rejoicing action.

Through the afternoon all the way down to the west the air seems to thicken and become soft, without losing its fineness. The breeze dies away, and everything settles into a deep, conscious repose. Then comes the sunset with its purple and gold—not a narrow arch of color, but oftentimes filling more than half the sky. The horizontal clouds that usually bar the horizon are fired on the edges, and the spaces of clear sky between them are filled in with greenish yellow and amber; while the flocks of thin, overlapping cloudlets are mostly touched with crimson, like the outleaning sprays of a maple-grove in the beginning of Indian summer; and a little later a smooth, mellow purple flushes the sky to the zenith, and fills the air, fairly steeping and transfiguring the islands and mountains, and changing all the water to wine.

According to my own observations, in the year 1879 about one third of the summer weather at Wrangel was cloudy, one third rainy, and one third clear. Rain fell on eighteen days in June, eight in July, and twenty in September. But on some of these days only a light shower fell, scarce enough to count, and even the darkest and most bedraggled of them all had a dash of late or early color to cheer them, or some white illumination about the noon hours, while the lowest temperature was about 50°, and the highest 75°.

It is only in late autumn and winter that grand, roaring storms come down and solidly fill all the hours of day and night. Most of them are steady, all-day rains with high winds. Snow on the lowlands is not uncommon, but it never falls to a great depth, or lies long, and the temperature is seldom more than a few degrees below the freezing-point. On the mountains, however, and back in the interior, the winter months are intensely cold—so cold that mercury may at times be used for bullets by the hunters, instead of lead.

EXCURSIONS ABOUT WRANGEL.

By stopping over a few weeks at Fort Wrangel, and making excursions into the adjacent region, many near and telling views may be had of the noble forests, glaciers, streams, lakes, wild gardens, Indian villages, etc.; and as the Alaska steamers call here about once a week, you can go on northward and complete your round trip when you like.

THE FORESTS.

Going into the woods almost anywhere, you have first to force a way through an outer tangle of *Rubus*, huckleberry, dogwood, and elder-bushes, and a strange woody plant, about six feet high, with limber, rope-like stems beset with thorns, and a head of broad, translucent leaves like the crown of a palm. This is the *Echino panax horrida*, or devil's-club. It is used by the Indians for thrashing witches, and, I fear, deserves both of its bad names. Back in the shady deeps of the forest the walking is comparatively free, and you will be charmed with the majestic beauty and grandeur of the trees, as well as with the solemn stillness and the beauty of the elastic carpet of golden mosses flecked

and barred with the sunbeams that sift through the leafy ceiling.

The bulk of the forests of southeastern Alaska is made up of three species of conifers —the Menzies and Merten spruces, and the yellow cedar. These trees cover nearly every rod of the thousand islands, and the coast and the slopes of the mountains of the mainland to a height of about 2000 feet above the sea.

The Menzies spruce, or Sitka pine (*Picea Sitchensis*), is the commonest species. In the heaviest portions of the forest it grows to a height of 175 feet or more, with a diameter of from three to six feet, and in habit and general appearance resembles the Douglas spruce, so abundant about Puget Sound. The timber is tough, close-grained, white, and looks like pine. A specimen that I examined back of Fort Wrangel was a little over six feet in diameter inside the bark four feet above the ground, and at the time it was felled was about 500 years old. Another specimen, four feet in diameter, was 385 years old; and a third, a little less than five feet thick, had attained the good old age of 764 years without showing any trace of decay. I saw a raft of this spruce that had been brought to Wrangel from one of the neighboring islands, three of the logs of which were one hundred feet in length, and nearly two feet in diameter at the small ends. Perhaps half of all the trees in southeastern Alaska are of this species. Menzies, whose name is associated with this grand tree, was a Scotch botanist who accompanied Vancouver in his voyage of discovery to this coast a hundred years ago.

The beautiful hemlock-spruce (*Tsuga Mertensiana*) is more slender than its companion, but nearly as tall, and the young trees are more graceful and picturesque in habit. Large numbers of this species used to be cut down by the Indians for the astringent bark, which they pounded into meal for bread to be eaten with oily fish.

The third species of this notable group, *Chamæcyparis Nutkaensis*, called yellow cedar or Alaska cedar, attains a height of 150 feet and a diameter of from three to five feet. The branches are pinnate, drooping, and form beautiful light-green sprays like those of *Libocedrus*, but the foliage is finer and the plumes are more delicate. The wood of this noble tree is the best the country affords, and one of the most valuable of the entire Pacific coast. It is pale yellow, close-grained, tough, durable, and takes a fine polish. The Indians make their paddles and totem-poles of it, and weave matting and coarse cloth from the inner bark. It is also the favorite fire-wood. A yellow-cedar fire is worth going a long way to see. The flames rush up in a multitude of quivering, jagged-edged lances, displaying admirable enthusiasm, while the burning surfaces of the wood snap and crackle and explode and throw off showers of coals with such noise that conversation at such firesides is well-nigh impossible.

The durability of this timber is forcibly illustrated by fallen trunks that are perfectly sound after lying in the damp woods for centuries. Soon after these trees fall they are overgrown with moss, in which seeds lodge and germinate and grow up into vigorous saplings, which stand in a row on the backs of their dead ancestors. Of this company of young trees perhaps three or four will grow to full stature, sending down straddling roots on each side, and establishing themselves in the soil; and after they have reached an age of two or three hundred years, the downtrodden trunk on which they are standing, when cut into, is found as fresh in the heart as when it fell.

The species is found as far south as Oregon, and is sparsely distributed along the coast and through the islands as far north as Chilcat (latitude 59°). The most noteworthy of the other trees found in the southern portion of these forests, but forming only a small portion of the whole, is the giant arbor-vitæ (*Thuja gigantea*). It is distributed all the way up the coast from California to about latitude 56°. It is from this tree that the Indians make their best canoes, some of them being large enough to carry fifty or sixty men. Of pine I have seen only one species (*Pinus contorta*), a few specimens of which, about fifty feet high, may be found on the margins of lakes and bogs. In the interior beyond the mountains it forms extensive forests. So also does *Picea alba*, a slender, spiry tree which attains a height of one hundred feet or more. I saw this species growing bravely on frozen ground on the banks of streams that flow into Kotzebue Sound, forming there the margin of the arctic forest.

In the cool cañons and fiords, and along the banks of the glaciers, a species of silver fir and the beautiful Paton spruce abound. The only hard-wood trees I have found in Alaska are birch, alder, maple, and wild apple, one species of each. They grow mostly about the margins of the main forests and back in the mountain cañons. The lively yellow-green of the birch gives pleasing

variety to the colors of the conifers, especially on slopes of river-cañons with a southern exposure. In general views all the coast forests look dark in the middle ground and blue in the distance, while the foreground shows a rich series of gray and brown and yellow trees. In great part these colors are due to lichens which hang in long tresses from the limbs, and to mosses which grow in broad, nest-like beds on the horizontal palmate branches of the Menzies and Merten spruces. Upon these moss-bed gardens high in the air ferns and grasses grow luxuriantly, and even seedling trees five or six feet in height, presenting the curious spectacle of old, venerable trees holding hundreds of their children in their arms.

Seward expected Alaska to become the ship-yard of the world, and so perhaps it may. In the meantime, as good or better timber for every use still abounds in California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia; and let us hope that under better management the waste and destruction that have hitherto prevailed in our forests will cease, and the time be long before our Northern reserves need to be touched. In the hands of nature these Alaska tribes of conifers are increasing from century to century as the glaciers are withdrawn. May they be saved until wanted for worthy use—so worthy that we may imagine the trees themselves willing to come down the mountains to their fate!

THE RIVERS.

THE most interesting of the excursions that may be made from Fort Wrangel is the one up the Stickeen River. Perhaps twenty or thirty of the Alaska streams may be called rivers, but not one of them all, from the mighty Yukon, 2000 miles long, to the shortest of the mountain torrents pouring white from the glaciers, has been fully explored. From St. Elias the coast mountains extend in a broad, lofty chain beyond the southern boundary of the territory, gashed by stupendous cañons, each of which carries a stream deep enough and broad enough to be called a river, though comparatively short, as the highest sources of most of them lie in the icy solitudes of the range within forty or fifty miles of the coast. A few, however, of this foaming brotherhood—the Chilcat, Chilcoot, Tahkou, Stickeen, and perhaps others—come from beyond the range, heading with the Mackenzie and Yukon.

The tributary cañons of the main-trunk cañons of all these streams are still occupied by glaciers which descend in glorious ranks, their massy, bulging snouts lying back a little distance in the shadows, or pushed grandly forward among the cottonwoods that line the banks of the rivers, or all the way across the main cañons, compelling the rivers to find a way beneath them through long, arching tunnels.

The Stickeen is perhaps better known than any other river in Alaska, because it is the way to the Cassiar gold-mines. It is about 350 miles long, and is navigable for small steamers 150 miles to Glenora. It first pursues a westerly course through grassy plains darkened here and there with patches of evergreens; then, curving southward, and receiving numerous tributaries from the north, it enters the Coast Range, and sweeps across it to the sea, through a yosemite that is more than a hundred miles long, one to three miles wide, and from 5000 to 8000 feet deep, and marvelously beautiful from end to end. To the appreciative tourist sailing up the river, the cañon is a gallery of sublime pictures, an unbroken series of majestic mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, cascades, groves, gardens, grassy meadows, etc., in endless variety of form and composition; while back of the walls, and thousands of feet above them, innumerable peaks and spires and domes of ice and snow tower grandly into the sky.

Gliding along the swift-flowing river, the views change with bewildering rapidity. Wonderful, too, are the changes dependent on the seasons and the weather. In winter avalanches from the snow-laden heights boom and reverberate from side to side like majestic waterfalls; storm-winds from the arctic highlands, sweeping the cañon like a flood, choke the air with ice-dust; while the rocks, glaciers, and groves are in spotless white. In spring you enjoy the chanting of countless waterfalls; the gentle breathing of warm winds; the opening of leaves and flowers; the humming of bees over beds of honey-bloom; birds building their nests; clouds of fragrance drifting hither and thither from miles of wild roses, clover, and honeysuckle, and tangles of sweet chaparral; swaths of birch and willow on the lower slopes following the melting snow-banks; bossy cumuli swelling in white and purple piles above the highest peaks; gray rain-clouds wreathing the outstanding brows and battlements of the walls; then the breaking forth of the sun after the rain, the shining of the wet leaves and the river and the crystal architecture of the glaciers; the rising of fresh fragrance,

the song of the happy birds, the looming of the white domes in the azure, and the serene color-grandeur of the morning and evening. In summer you find the groves and gardens in full dress; glaciers melting rapidly under warm sunshine and rain; waterfalls in all their glory; the river rejoicing in its strength; butterflies wavering and drifting about like ripe flower-bloom in springtime; young birds trying their wings; bears enjoying salmon and berries; all the life of the cañon brimming full like the streams. In autumn comes rest, as if the year's work were done; sunshine, streaming over the cliffs in rich, hazy beams, calls forth the last of the gentians and goldenrods; the groves and tangles and meadows bloom again, every leaf changing to a petal, scarlet and yellow; the rocks also bloom, and the glaciers, in the mellow golden light. And so goes the song, change succeeding change in glorious harmony through all the seasons and years.

Leaving Wrangel, you go up the coast to Juneau. After passing through the picturesque Wrangel Narrows into Souchoi Channel and Prince Frederick Sound, a few icebergs come in sight, the first you have seen on the trip. They are derived from a large, showy glacier, the Leconte, which discharges into a wild fiord near the mouth of the Stickeen River, which the Indians call *Hutli*, or Thunder Bay, on account of the noise made by the discharge of the icebergs. This, so far as I know, is the southernmost of the glaciers that flow into the sea. Gliding northward, you have the mountains of the mainland on one hand, Kuprianof and countless smaller islands on the other. The views extend far into the wilderness, all of them as wild and clean as the sky; but your attention will chiefly be turned to the mountains, now for the first time appreciably near. As the steamer crawls along the coast, the cañons are opened to view and closed again in regular succession, like the leaves of a book, allowing the attentive observer to see far back into their icy depths. About halfway between Wrangel Narrows and Cape Fanshaw, you are opposite a noble group of glaciers which come sweeping down through the woods from their white fountains nearly to the level of the sea, swaying in graceful, river-like curves around the feet of lofty granite mountains and precipices like those of the Yosemite valley. It was at the largest of these, the Paterson glacier, that the ships of the Alaska Ice Company were loaded for San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands.

An hour or two farther north another fleet of icebergs come in sight, which have their sources in Sum Dum or Holkam Bay. This magnificent inlet, with its long, icy arms reaching deep into the mountains, is one of the most interesting of all the Alaska fiords; but the icebergs in it are too closely compacted to allow a passage for any of the excursion-steamers.

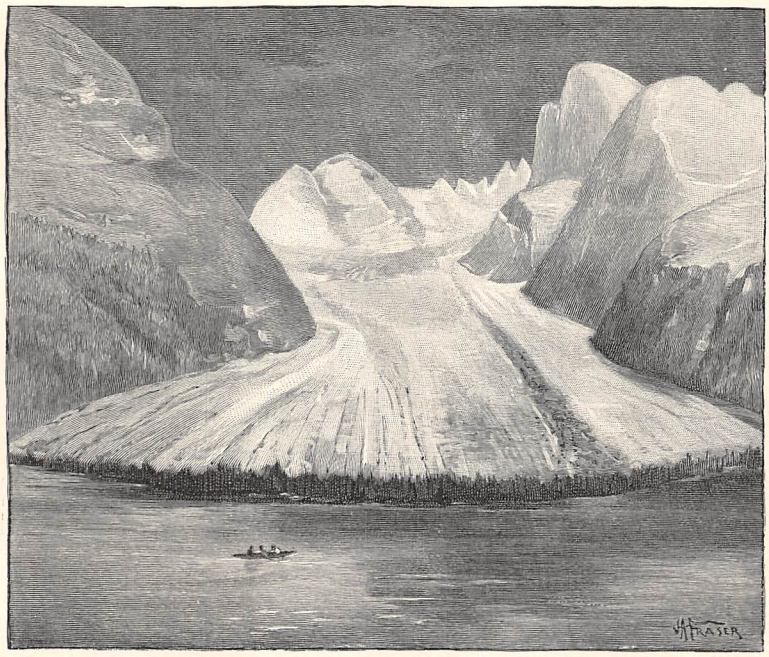
About five miles from the mouth the bay divides into two main arms, about eighteen and twenty miles long, in the farthest-hidden recesses of which there are four large glaciers which discharge bergs. Of the smaller glaciers of the second and third class that melt before reaching tide-water, a hundred or more may be seen along the walls from a canoe, and about as many snowy cataracts, which, with the plunging bergs from the main glaciers, keep all the fiord in a roar. The scenery in both of the long arms and their side branches is of the wildest description, especially in their upper reaches, where the granite walls rise in sheer, massive precipices, like those of the Yosemite valley, to a height of from 3000 to 5000 feet. About forty miles farther up the coast another fleet of icebergs come in sight, through the midst of which the steamer passes into the Tahkou Inlet. It is about eighteen miles long, from three to five wide, and extends into the heart of the Coast Mountains, draining many glaciers, great and small, all of which were once tributary branches of one grand glacier that formed and occupied the inlet as its channel. This inlet more plainly than any other that I have examined illustrates the mode of formation of the wonderful system of deep channels extending northward from Puget Sound; for it is a marked portion of that system, a branch of Stephen's Passage still in process of formation at the head; while its trends and sculpture are as distinctly glacial as those of the smaller fiords.

Sailing up the middle of it, you may count some forty-five glaciers. Three of these reach the level of the sea, descending from a group of lofty mountains at the head of the inlet, and making a grand show. Only one, however, the beautiful Tahkou glacier, discharges bergs. It comes sweeping forward in majestic curves, and discharges its bergs through a western branch of the inlet next the one occupied by the Tahkou River. Thus we see here a river of ice and a river of water flowing into the sea side by side, both of them abounding in cascades and rapids; yet how different in their rate of motion, and in the songs they sing, and in their influence on the landscape! A rare object-lesson this, worth coming round the world to see.

Once, while I sat sketching among the icebergs here, two Tahkou Indians, father and son, came gliding toward us in an exceedingly small cottonwood canoe. Coming alongside with a good-natured «Sahgaya,» they inquired who we were, what we were doing, etc., while they in turn gave information concerning the river, their village, and two other large glaciers a few miles up the river-cañon. They were hunting hair-seals, and as they slipped softly away in pursuit of their prey, crouching in their tiny shell of a boat among the bergs, with barbed spear in place, they formed a picture of icy wildness as telling as any to be found amid the drifts and floes of Greenland.

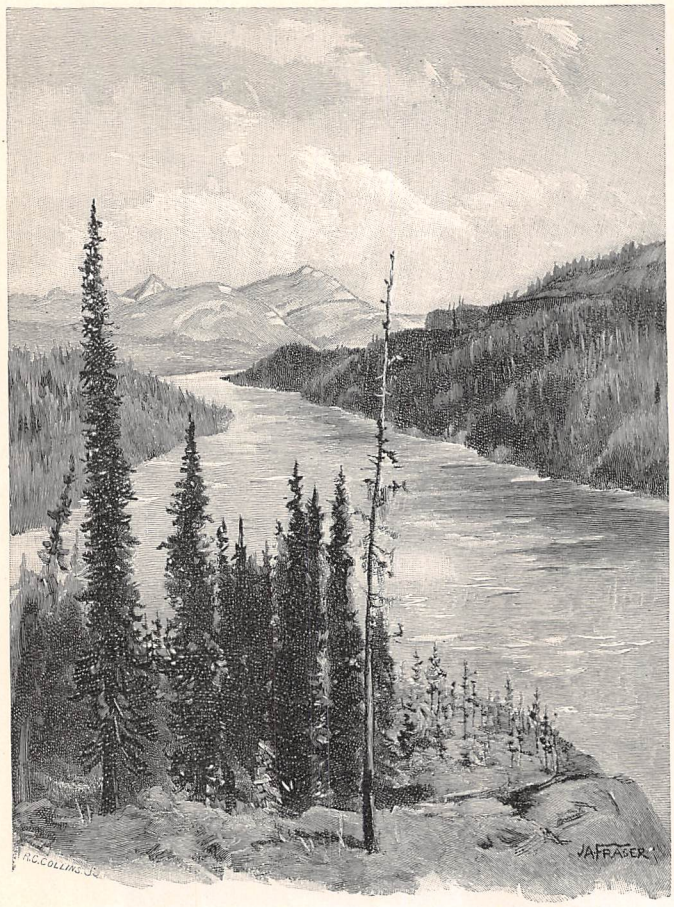
After allowing the passengers a little time —half an hour or so—to admire the crystal wall of the great glacier and the huge bergs that plunge and rise from it, the steamer goes down the inlet to Juneau. This young town is the mining-center, and, so far as business is concerned, the chief place in the territory. Here, it is claimed, you may see the largest quartz-mill in the world, the two hundred and forty stamps of which keep up a «steady, industrious growl that may be heard a mile away.»

Alaska, generally speaking, is a hard country for the prospector, because most of the ground is either permanently frozen or covered with glaciers, forests, or a thick blanket of moss. Nevertheless, thousands of hardy miners from the gulches and ledges of California and Arizona are rapidly overrunning the territory in every direction, and making it tell its wealth. And though perhaps not one vein or placer in a hundred has yet been touched, enough has been discovered to warrant the opinion that this icy country holds at least a fair share of the gold of the world. After time has been given for a visit to the mines and a saunter through the streets of Juneau, the steamer passes between Douglass and Admiralty islands into Lynn Canal, the most beautiful and spacious of all the mountain-walled channels you have yet seen. The Auk and Eagle glaciers appear in one view on the right as you enter the canal, swaying their crystal floods through the woods with grand effect. But it is on the west side of the canal, near the head, that the most striking feature of the landscape is seen—the Davidson glacier. It first appears as an immense ridge of ice thrust forward into the channel; but when you have gained a position directly in front, it presents a broad current issuing from a noble gateway at the foot of the mountains, and spreading out to right and left in a beautiful fan-shaped mass three or four miles in width, the front of which is separated from the water



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

DAVIDSON GLACIER, FROM LYNN CANAL.



ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

DEASE LAKE, ON THE DIVIDE BETWEEN THE MACKENZIE AND STICKEEN RIVERS.

by the terminal moraine. This is one of the most notable of the large glaciers that are in the first stage of decadence, reaching nearly to tide-water, but failing to enter it and send off bergs. Excepting the Tahkou, all the great glaciers you have yet seen on the trip belong to this class; but this one is perhaps the most beautiful of its kind, and you will not be likely to forget the picture it makes, however icy your after-travels may be. Shortly after passing the Davidson glacier the northernmost point of the trip is reached at the head of the canal, a little above latitude 59°. At the canning-establishments here you may learn something of the inhabitants of these beautiful waters. Whatever may be said of other resources of the territory,—furs, minerals, timber, etc.,—it is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of the fisheries. Besides whales in the far North, and the cod, herring, halibut, and other food fishes that swarm over immense areas along the shores and inlets, there are probably not fewer than a thousand salmon streams in Alaska that are crowded with fine salmon for months every year. Their numbers are beyond conception. Oftentimes there seem to be more fish than water in the rapid portions of the streams. On one occasion one of my men waded out into the middle of a crowded run, and amused himself by picking up the fish and throwing them over his head. In a single hour these Indians may capture enough to last a year. Surely in no part of the world may one's daily bread be more easily obtained. Sailing into these streams on dark nights, when the waters are phosphorescent and the salmon are running, is a very beautiful and exciting experience; the myriad fins of the onrushing multitude crowding against one another churn all the water from bank to bank into silver fire, making a glorious glow in the darkness.

From Chilcat we now go down Lynn Canal, through Icy Strait, and into the famous Glacier Bay. All the voyage thus far after leaving Wrangel has been icy, and you have seen hundreds of glaciers great and small; but this bay, and the region about it and beyond it toward Mount St. Elias, are preëminently the Iceland of Alaska, and of all the west coast of the continent.

GLACIERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

GLANCING for a moment at the results of a general exploration of the mountain-ranges of the Pacific coast, we find that there are between sixty and seventy small residual glaciers in the California Sierra. Northward through Oregon and Washington, glaciers, some of them of considerable extent, still exist on all the higher volcanic mountains of the Cascade Range,—the Three Sisters, Mounts Jefferson, Hood, St. Helen's, Adams, Rainier, Baker, and others,—though none of

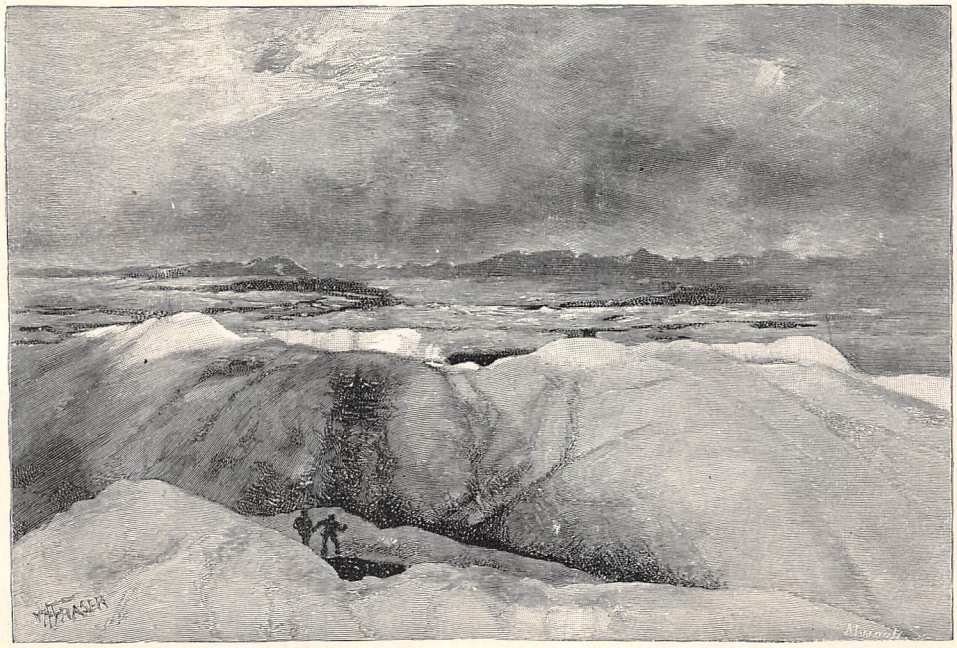
them approach the sea. Through British Columbia and southeastern Alaska the broad, sustained chain of coast mountains is generally glacier-bearing. The upper branches of nearly every one of its cañons are still occupied by glaciers, which gradually increase in size and descend lower until the lofty region between Glacier Bay and Mount St. Elias is reached, where a considerable number discharge into the sea. About Prince William's Sound and Cook's Inlet many grand glaciers are displayed; but farther to the west, along the Alaska peninsula and the chain of the Aleutian Islands, though a large number of glaciers occur on the highest peaks, they are mostly small, and melt far above sea-level, while to the north of latitude 62° few, if any, remain in existence, the ground being comparatively low and the snowfall light.

ON THE MUIR GLACIER.

THE largest of the seven glaciers that discharge into Glacier Bay is the Muir; and being also the most accessible, it is the one to which tourists are taken and allowed to go ashore for a few hours, to climb about its crystal cliffs and watch the huge icebergs as with tremendous, thundering roar they plunge and rise from the majestic frontal sea-wall in which the glacier terminates. The front, or snout, of the glacier is about three miles wide, but the central berg-discharging portion, which stretches across from side to side of the inlet like a huge jagged white-and-blue barrier, is only about half as wide. The height of the ice-wall above the water is from 250 to 300 feet, but soundings made by Captain Carroll show that 720 feet of the wall is below the surface, while still a third unmeasured portion is buried beneath the moraine material that is being constantly deposited at the foot of it. Therefore, were the water and rocky detritus removed, there would be presented a sheer precipice of ice a mile and a half wide and more than a thousand feet in height. Seen from the inlet as you approach it, at a distance of a mile or two it seems massive and comparatively regular in form, but it is far from being smooth. Deep rifts and hollows alternate with broad, plain bastions, which are ever changing as the icebergs are discharged, while it is roughened along the top with innumerable spires and pyramids and sharp, hacked blades, leaning and toppling, or cutting straight into the sky.

THE BIRTH OF THE ICEBERGS.

THE number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the weather and the tides. For twelve consecutive hours I counted the number discharged that were large enough to make themselves heard like thunder at a dis-



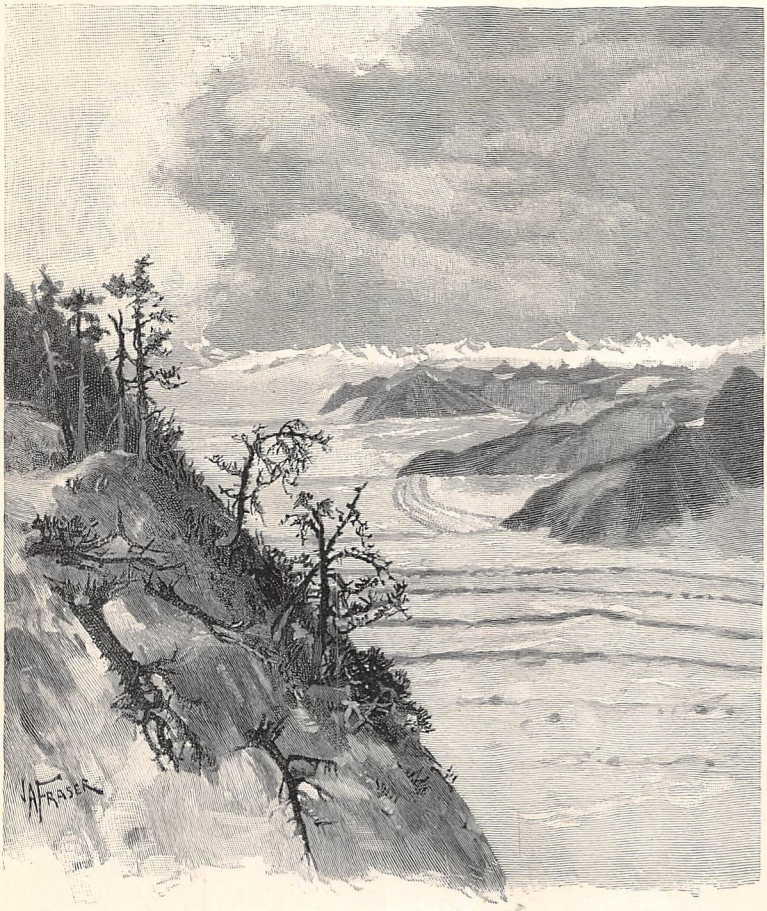
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

GENERAL VIEW OF MUIR GLACIER, FROM THE EAST SIDE NEAR THE FRONT, LOOKING NORTH.

tance of a mile or two, and found the average rate to be one in five or six minutes. The thunder of the largest may be heard, under favorable circumstances, ten miles or more. When a large mass sinks from the upper fissured portion of the wall, there is first a keen, piercing crash, then a deep, deliberate, long-drawn-out, thundering roar, which slowly subsides into a comparatively low, far-reaching, muttering growl; then come a crowd of grating, clashing sounds from the agitated bergs that dance in the waves about the newcomer as if in welcome; and these, again, are followed by the swash and roar of the berg-waves as they reach the shore and break among the boulders. But the largest and most beautiful of the bergs, instead of falling from the exposed weathered portion of the wall, rise from the submerged portion with a still grander commotion, heaving aloft nearly to the top of the wall with awful roaring, tons of water streaming like hair down their sides, while they heave and plunge again and again before they settle in poise and sail away as blue crystal islands, free at last after being held fast as part of a slow-crawling glacier for centuries. And how wonderful it seems that ice formed from pressed snow on the mountains two or three hundred years ago should, after all its toil and travel in grinding down and fashioning the face of the landscape, still remain pure and fresh and lovely in color! When the sunshine is pouring and sifting in iris colors through the midst of all this wilderness of angular crystal ice, and through the grand, flame-shaped jets and sheets of radiant spray ever rising from the blows of the falling bergs, the effect is indescribably glorious.

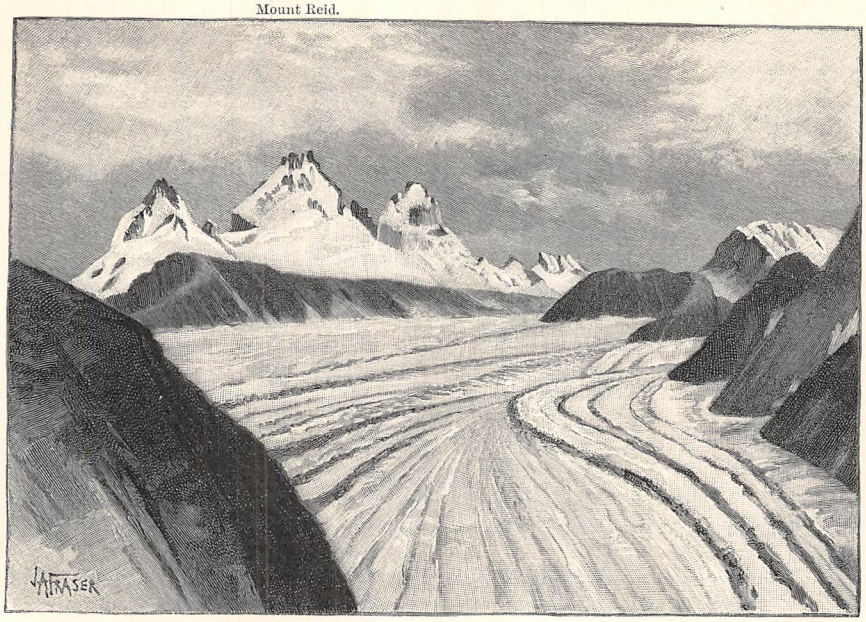
GLACIAL NIGHTS.

GLORIOUS, too, are the nights along these crystal cliffs, when the moon and the stars are shining; the projecting buttresses and battlements, seemingly far higher than by day, standing forward in the moonlight, relieved by the shadows of the hollows; the new-born bergs keeping up a perpetual storm of thunder, and the lunar bows displaying faint iris colors in the up-dashing spray. But it is in the darkest nights, when storms are blowing and the waters of the inlet are phosphorescent, that the most terribly impressive show is displayed. Then the long range of crystal bluffs, faintly illumined, is seen stretching away in the stormy gloom in awful, unearthly grandeur, luminous waves dashing beneath in a glowing, seething, wavering fringe of foam, while the



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

VIEW OF PART OF MUIR GLACIER, LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM TREE MOUNTAIN, SHOWING MEDIAL MORAINES.



ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

A MORAINE—STREAKED PORTION OF MUIR GLACIER ON THE EAST SIDE, LOOKING TOWARD HOWLING VALLEY.

new-born bergs, rejoicing in their freedom, plunging, heaving, grating one against another, seem like living creatures of some other world, dancing and roaring with the roaring storm and the glorious surges of auroral light.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

If you go ashore as soon as the steamer drops anchor, you will have time to push back across the terminal moraine on the east side, and over a mile or so of the margin of the glacier, climb a yellow ridge that comes forward there and is easy of access, and gain a good, comprehensive, telling view of the greater portion of the glacier and its principal tributaries—that is, if you are so fortunate as to have clear weather. Instead of a river of ice winding down a narrow, mountain-walled valley, like the largest of the Swiss glaciers, you will see here a grand lake or sea of ice twenty-five or thirty miles wide, more than two hundred times as large as the celebrated Mer de Glace of the Alps, a broad, gently undulating prairie surrounded by a forest of mountains from the shadowy cañons and amphitheaters of which uncounted tributary glaciers flow into the grand central reservoir. There are seven main tributaries, from two to six miles wide where they enter the trunk, and from twenty to thirty miles long; each of these has many secondary tributaries, so that the whole number, great and small, pouring from the mountain fountains into the grand central trunk must number at least two hundred, not counting the smallest. The views up the main tributaries in bright weather are exceedingly rich and beautiful; though far off from your standpoint, the broad white floods of ice are clearly seen issuing in graceful lines from the depths of the mysterious solitudes. The area drained by this one grand glacier and its branches can hardly be less than a thousand square miles, and it probably contains more ice than all the eleven hundred glaciers of the Swiss Alps combined. The distance back from the front to the head of the farthest fountain is about fifty miles, and the width of the trunk below the confluence of the tributaries is about twenty-five miles. Though apparently as motionless as the mountains about its basin, the whole glacier flows on like a river, unhalting, unresting, through all the seasons from century to century, with a motion varying in every part with the depth of the current and the declivity, smoothness, and directness of different portions of the channel. The rate of motion in the central cascading portion of the current near the front, as determined by Professor Reid, is from two and a half to five inches an hour, or from five to ten feet a day.

Along the eastern margin of the main trunk the ice is so little broken that a hundred horsemen might ride abreast for miles without encountering much difficulty. But

far the greater portion of the vast expanse is torn and crumpled into a bewildering network of ridges and blades, and rough, broken hummocks, separated by yawning gulfs and crevasses unspeakably beautiful and awful. Here and there the adventurous explorer, picking a way in long, patient zigzags through the shining wilderness, comes to spacious hollows, some of them miles in extent, where the ice, closely pressed and welded, presents beautiful blue lakes fed by bands of streams that sing and ring and gurgle, and make sheets of melody as sweet as ever were made by larks in springtime over their nests in the meadows.

Besides the Muir there are here six other noble glaciers which send off fleets of icebergs, and keep the whole bay in a roar. These are the Geikie, Hugh Miller, Pacific, Reid, Carroll, and Hoona glaciers. Of the second class of grand size descending to the level of the sea, but separated from it by mud floats and flood-washed terminal moraines, there are eight, and the smaller ones are innumerable.

With these views of the ice-world the duty-laden tourist is gladly content, knowing that nowhere else could he have sailed in a comfortable steamer into new-born landscapes and witnessed the birth of icebergs. Returning down the bay in a zigzag course, dodging the drifting bergs, you may see the lofty summits of the Fairweather Range—Mounts Fairweather, Lituya, Crillon, and La Pérouse. Then, leaving Icy Strait, you enter Chatham Strait, and thence pass through the picturesque Peril Strait to Sitka, the capital of the territory. Here the steamer usually stops for a day, giving time to see the interesting old Russian town and its grand surroundings. After leaving Sitka the steamer touches again at Wrangel for the mails. Then, gliding through the green archipelago by the same way that you came, you speedily arrive in civilization, rich in wildness forevermore.

John Muir.

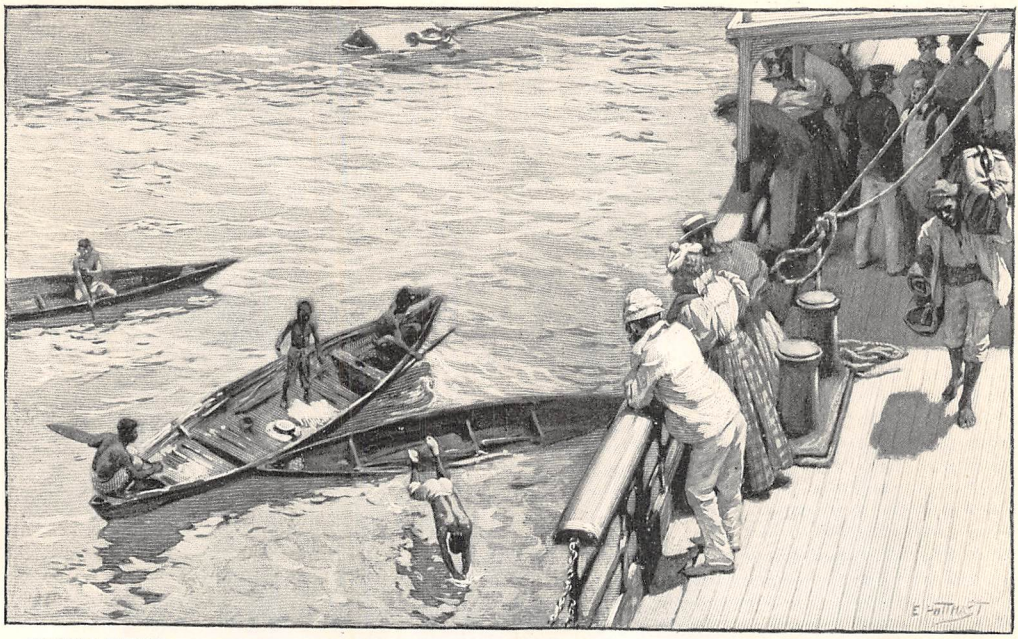
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY REID. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WHITE GLACIER, A SMALL EASTERN TRIBUTARY OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

HIS LANGUAGE.

THE wise men ask, «What language did Christ speak?»
They cavil, argue, search, and little prove.
O sages, leave your Syriac and your Greek!
Each heart contains the knowledge that you seek:
Christ spoke the universal language—Love.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

MALAYS DIVING FOR MONEY.

DOWN TO JAVA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «JINRIKISHA DAYS,» «AN ISLAND WITHOUT DEATH,» ETC.

SINGAPORE (or S'pore, as the languid, perspiring, exhausted residents near the line most often write and pronounce the name of Sir Stamford Raffles's colony in the Straits of Malacca) is a geographical and commercial center and cross-roads of the Eastern Hemisphere like to no other port in the world. Singapore is an ethnological center, too, and that small island swinging off the tip of the Malay Peninsula holds a whole congress of nations—an exhibit of all the races and peoples and types of men in the world, compared with which the Midway Plaisance was a mere skeleton of a suggestion. The traveler, despite the overpowering, all-subduing influence of the heat, has some thrills of excitement at the tropical pictures of the shore, and the congregation of varicolored humanity grouped on the Singapore wharf, where Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Malays, Javanese, Burmese, Cingalese, Tamils, Sikhs, Parsees, Lascars, Malabars, Malagasy, and sailor folk of all coasts, Hindus and heathens of every caste and persuasion, are grouped in a brilliant confusion of red, white, brown, and patterned drapery, of black, brown, and yellow skins; and behind them, in ghostly clothes, stand the pallid Europeans, who have brought the law, order, and system, the customs, habits, comforts, and luxuries, of civilization to the tropics and the jungle. All these variegated heathens and picturesque unbelievers, these pagans and idolaters, Buddhists, Brahmans, Jews, Turks, sun- and fire-worshipers, devil-dancers, and what not, have come with the white man to toil for him under the equatorial sun, since the Malays are the great leisure class of the world, and will not work. The Malays will hardly live on the land, much less cultivate it or pay taxes, while they can float about in strange little hen-coops of house-boats, that fill the river and shores by thousands. Hence the Tamils have come from India to work, and the Chinese to do the small trading; and the Malay rests, or at most goes a-fishing, or sits by the canoe-loads of coral and sponges, balloon-fish, and strange sea treasures that are at the wharf.

The Dutch mail-steamers to and from Java (Batavia) connect with the English mail-steamers at Singapore; a French line connects with the Messagerie's ships running between Marseilles and Japan; and independent steamers, offering as much comfort, leave almost daily for Batavia. The five hun-

dred miles' distance is covered in forty-eight or sixty hours, for a uniform fare of fifty Mexican dollars, or ninety Dutch gulden—an excessive and unusual charge for a voyage of such length in that or any other region. The traveler is usually warned long beforehand that living and travel in the Netherlands Indies is the most expensive in the world; and the change from the depreciated Mexican silver-dollar standard and the profitable exchange of the far East to the gold standard of Holland dismays one at the start. The completion of railways across and to all parts of the island of Java, however, has greatly reduced tourist expenses, so that they are not now two or three times the average of similar expenses in India, China, and Japan.

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

A STREET IN SINGAPORE.

At Singapore, only two degrees above the equator, the sun pursues a monotony of ris-

ing and setting that ranges only from six minutes before to six minutes after six o'clock, morning and evening, the year round. Breakfasting by candle-light and starting in darkness, there was all the beauty of the gray-and-rose dawn and the pale yellow rays of the early sun to be seen from the wet deck when our ship let go from the wharf and sailed out over a sea of gold. For the two days and two nights of the voyage, with but six passengers on the large Blue Funnel steamer, we had the deck and the cabins, and indeed the equator and the Java Sea, to ourselves. The deck was furnished with the long chairs and hammocks of tropical life, but more tropical yet were the bunches of bananas hanging from the awning rail, that all might pick and eat at will; for this is the true region of plenty, where selected bananas cost one Mexican cent the dozen, and a whole bunch but five cents, and where actual living is far too cheap and simple to be called a science.

The ship slipped out from the harbor through the glassy river of the Straits of Malacca, and on past points and shores that to me had never been anything but geographic names. There was a magic stillness to air and sea; the calm was as of enchantment, and one felt as if in some hypnotic trance, with all nature chained in the same spell. The pale, pearly sky was reflected in smooth stretches of liquid pearly sea, with vaporous hills, soft green visions of land beyond. Everywhere in these regions the shallow water shows pale green above the sandy bottom, and the anchor can be dropped at will. All through the breathless day the ship coursed over this shimmering yellow and gray-green sea, with faint pictures of land, the very landscapes of mirage, drawn in vaporous tints on every side. We were threading a way through the Thousand Islands, the archipelago lying below the point of the Malay Peninsula, a region of unnamed, uncounted «summer isles of Eden,» chiefly known to history as the home of pirates.

The high mountain-ridges of Sumatra barred the west for all the first equatorial day, the land of this «Java Major» sloping down and spreading out in great green plains and swamps on the fertile but unhealthy eastern coast. The large settlements and most of the cultivated land are on the west coast, where the hills rise steeply from the ocean, and sugar, tobacco, coffee, and cinchona plantations succeed one another in successive levels. Padang on that coast is a center of trade, more particularly of the coffee-trade, which now has more importance on Sumatra than on Java. There are no government plantations on Sumatra, and private owners have brought immense areas under cultivation, purchasing or leasing the lands direct from native chiefs. When the British returned Java after the Napoleon scare was over, they retained Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, and sovereign rights over Sumatra, relinquishing this latter suzerainty in 1872, in exchange for Holland's imaginary rights in Ashantee and the Gold Coast of Africa. The Dutch then attempted to reduce the native population of Sumatra to the same estate as the more pliant people of Java; but the wild mountaineers, of the north, or Achin, end of the island in particular, warned by the sad fate of the Javanese, had no intention of being conquered and enslaved, of giving their labor and the fruit of their lands to the strangers from Europe's cold swamps. The Achin war has continued since 1872, with little result save a general loss of Dutch prestige in the East, an immense expenditure of Dutch gulden, causing a deficit in the colonial budget every year; a fearful mortality among Dutch troops, and the final abandonment, in this decade of trade depression, of the aggressive policy. Dutch commanders are well satisfied to hold their chain of forts along the western hills, and to punish the Achinese in a small way by blockading them from their supplies of opium, tobacco, and spirits. In one four years of active campaigning the Achin war cost seventy million gulden, and seventy out of every hundred Dutch soldiers succumbed to the climate before going into an encounter. The Achinese merely retired to their swamps and jungles and waited, and the climate did the rest. One's sympathy goes naturally with the brave, liberty-loving Achinese; and in view of their unconquerable spirit, Great Britain did not lose so much as it seemed when she let go unconquerable Sumatra. British tourists are saddened when they see what their ministers let slip with Java, for with that island and Sumatra all Asia's southern shore-line, and virtually the far East, would have been England's own. Geologically this whole Malay Archipelago was one with the Malay Peninsula, and although so recently made, is still subject to earthquake change, as shown in the terrible eruption of the island of Krakatoa in the narrow Sunda Strait, west of Java, in August, 1883. Native traditions tell that anciently Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Sumbawa were one island, and

«when three thousand rainy seasons shall have passed away they will be reunited»; but Alfred Russell Wallace denies it, and proves that Java was the first to drop away from the Asiatic mainland and become an island.

While the sun rode high in the cloudless white zenith above our ship the whole world seemed aswoon. Hills and islands swam and wavered in the heat and mists, and the glare and silence were terrible and oppressive. One could not shake off the sensation of mystery and unreality, of sailing into some unknown, eerie, other world. Every voice was subdued, and the beat of the engines was scarcely felt in that glassy calm, and the stillness of the ship gave a strange sensation, as of a magic spell. It was not so very hot,—only 86° by the thermometer,—but the least exertion to cross the deck, to lift a book, to pull a banana, left one limp and exhausted, with cheeks burning and the breath coming faster, that insidious, deceptive heat of the tropics declaring itself—that steaming, wilting quality in the sun of Asia that so soon makes jelly of the white man's brain, and in no way compares with the scorching, dry 96° in the shade of a North American hot-wave summer day.

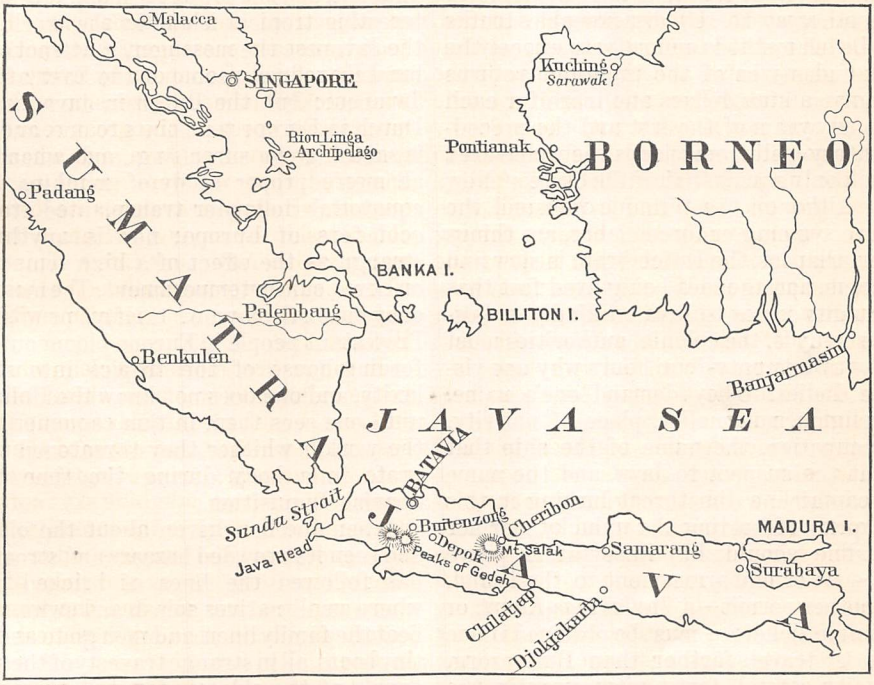
At five o'clock, while afternoon tea and bananas were being served on deck, we crossed the line—that imaginary parting of the world, the invisible thread of the universe, the beginning and the end of all latitude—latitude 0°, longitude 103° east, the sextant told. The position was geographically exciting. We were literally «down South,» and might now speak disrespectfully of the equator if we wished. A breeze sprang up as soon as we crossed the line, and all that evening and through the night the air of the Southern Hemisphere was appreciably cooler. The ship went slowly, and loitered along in order to enter the Banka Straits by daylight; and at sunrise we were in a smooth river of pearl, with the green Sumatra shores close on one hand, and the heights of Banka's island of tin on the other. A ship under full sail swept out to meet us, and four more barks under swelling canvas passed by in that narrow strait, the rocks and reefs of which are fully attested by the line of wrecks and sunken masts down its length. The harbor of Muntuk, whence there is a direct railway to the tin-mines, was busy with shipping, and the white walls and red roofs of the town showed prettily against the green.

The open Java Sea was as still and glassy as the straits had been, and for another breathless, cloudless day the ship's engines beat almost inaudibly as we went southward through an enchanted silence. When the heat and glare of light from the midday sun so directly overhead drove us to the cabin, where swinging punkas gave air, we had additional suggestion of the tropics when a passenger from Macassar, returning from Penang and Malacca, showed us fifty freshly cured specimens of birds the gorgeous plumage of which repeated the most brilliant and dazzling tints of the rainbow, the flower-garden, and the jewel-case, and left us bereft of adjectives and exclamations. Here we found another passenger, who spoke Dutch and looked the Hollander by every sign, but who quickly claimed citizenship with us as a naturalized voter of the great republic. He asked if we lived in Java, and when we had answered that we were going to Java *en touriste*, «merely travelers,» he established comradeship by saying, «I am a traveling man myself—New York Life.» This naturalized one said quite naturally, «We Dutchmen» and «our queen»—Americanisms with a loyal Holland ring.

In the earliest morning a clean white lighthouse on an islet was seen ahead, and as the sun rose, bluish mountains came up from the sea, grew in height, and outlined themselves, detached volcanic peaks of most lovely lines, against the purest pale-blue sky; soft clouds floated up and clung to the summits; the blue and green at the water's edge resolved themselves into groves and lines of palms; and over sea and sky and the wonderland before us was all the dewy freshness of dawn in Eden.

It was more workaday and prosaic when the ship, steaming in between long breakwaters, made fast to the stone quays of Tandjon Priok, facing a long line of corrugated-iron warehouses, behind which was the railway connecting the port with the city of Batavia. The silting up of the shallow Batavia harbor obliged commerce to remove to this deep bay, six miles farther east, and the colonials have made it a model harbor. The customs officers at Tandjon Priok were courteous and lenient, passing our tourist luggage with the briefest formality, and kindly explaining how our steamer-chairs could be stored in the railway rooms until our return to port. It is but nine miles from the Tandjon Priok wharf to the main station in the heart of the original city of Batavia—a stretch of swampy ground dotted and lined with palm-groves and banana-patches, with tiny woven baskets of houses perched on stilts clustered at the foot of tall

cocoa-trees that are the staff and source of life and of every economical blessing of native existence. We leaped excitedly from one side of the little car to the other to see each more and more tropical picture: groups of bare brown children frolicking in the road, and mothers with babies astride of their hips, or swinging comfortably in a scarf knotted across one shoulder, and every-day life going on under the palms most naturally, although to our eyes it was so strange and theatrical.



DRAWN BY JOHN HART.

SKETCH MAP OF SINGAPORE AND JAVA.

At the railway-station we met the *sadoe* (dos-à-dos), a two-wheeled cart which is the common vehicle of hire of the country, and is drawn by a tiny Timor or Sandalwood pony, with sometimes a second pony attached outside of the shafts.

No Europeans live at Tandjon Priok, nor in the old city of Batavia, which from the frightful mortality during two centuries was known as «the graveyard of Europeans.» The banks and business houses, the Chinese and Arab quarters, are in the «old town»; but Europeans desert that quarter before sundown, and betake themselves to the «new town» suburbs, where every house is in a park of its own, and the avenues are broad and straight, and all the distances are magnificent. The city of Batavia, literally «fair meadows,» grandiloquently «the queen of the East,» and without exaggeration «the grid-iron of the East,» dates from 1621, when the Dutch removed from Bantam, where quarrels between Portuguese, Javanese, and the East India Company had been disturbing to trade for fifteen years, and built Fort Jacatra at the mouth of a river off which a cluster of islands sheltered a fine harbor. Its position in the midst of swamps was unhealthy, and the mortality was so appalling as to seem incredible. Dutch records tell of eighty-seven thousand soldiers and sailors dying in the government hospital between 1714 and 1776, and that more than one million people died within the city walls between 1730 and 1752, the place at no time claiming over forty thousand inhabitants all told. The people were long in learning that those who went away to the higher suburbs to sleep, and who built houses of the most open construction, to admit of the fullest sweep of air, were free from the fever of the walled town surrounded by swamps, cut by stagnant canals, and facing a harbor the mud banks of which were exposed at low tide. The city walls were destroyed in this century, the quaint old, air-tight Dutch buildings were torn down, and streets were widened; and there is now a great outspread town of red-roofed, white-washed houses, with no special features or picturesqueness to make its street-scenes either distinctively Dutch or tropical. Mod-

ern Batavia has one hundred thousand inhabitants, less than a tenth of whom are Europeans. While the last-century Stadhuis might have been brought from Holland entire, a steam tramway starts from its door and thence shrieks its way to the farthest suburb, the telephone hellos from center to suburb, and modern inventions make tropical living possible.

The Dutch do not welcome tourists, or encourage one to visit their paradise of the Indies. Too many travelers have come, seen, and gone away to tell disagreeable truths about Dutch methods and rule; to expose the source and means of the profitable returns of twenty million dollars and more for each of so many years of the last and the preceding century—all from islands the whole area of which only equals that of the State of New York. Although the tyrannic rule and the «culture system,» or forced labor, are things of the dark past, the Dutch brain is slow and suspicious, and the idea being fixed fast that no stranger comes to Java on kindly or hospitable errands, the colonial authorities must know within twenty-four hours why one visits the Indies. They demand one's name, age, religion, nationality, place of nativity, and occupation, the name of the ship that brought the suspect to Java, and the name of its captain—a dim threat lurking in this latter query of holding the unlucky mariner responsible should his importation prove an expense or embarrassment to the island. Still another permit—a *Toetlakings-Kaart*, or «admission ticket»—must be obtained if one wishes to travel farther than Buitenzorg, the cooler capital, forty miles away in the hills. The tourist pure and simple, the sightseer and pleasure traveler, is not yet quite comprehended, and his passports usually accredit him as traveling in the interior for «scientific purposes.» Guides or efficient couriers in the real sense do not exist. The English-speaking servant is rare and delusive, yet a necessity unless one speaks Dutch or Low Malay. Of all the countries one may ever travel in, none equals Java in the difficulty of being understood, and it is a question, too, whether the Malays who do not know any English are harder to get along with than the Dutch who know a little. Thirty years ago Alfred Russell Wallace inveighed against the unnecessary discomforts, annoyances, and expense of travel in Java, and every tourist since has repeated his plaint. The philippics of returned travelers furnish steady amusement for Singapore residents, and none bring back the same enthusiasm that embarked with them. It is not the Java of the Javanese that these returned ones berate so vehemently, but the Netherlands India, and the state created and brought about by the merciless, cold-blooded, rapacious Hollanders who came half-way round the world and down to the equator, nine thousand miles away from their homes, to acquire an empire and enslave a race, and who impose their hampering customs and restrictions upon even alien visitors. Java undoubtedly is «the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world,» and the Javanese the most gentle, attractive, and innately refined people of the East, after the Japanese; but the Dutch in Java beat the Dutch in Europe ten points to one, and there is nothing so surprising and amazing, in all man's proper study of mankind, as the equatorial Hollander transplanted from the cold fens of Europe; nor is anything so strange as the effect of a high temperature on Low-Country temperament. The most rigid, conventional, narrow, thrifty, prudish, and Protestant people in Europe bloom out in the forcing-house of the tropics into strange laxity, and one does not know the Hollanders until one sees them in this «summer land of the world,» whither they threatened to emigrate in a body during the time of the Spanish Inquisition.

When one has driven about the old town and seen its crowded bazaars and streets, and has followed the lines of bricked canals, where small natives splash and swim, women beat the family linen, and men go to and fro in tiny boats, all in strange travesty of the solemn canals of the old country, he comes to the broader avenues of the new town, lined with tall tamarind- and waringen-trees, a species of *Ficus*, with plumes of palms, and pyramids of blazing Madagascar flame-trees in blossom. He is driven into the long garden-court of the Hotel Nederlanden, and there has presented a spectacle of social life and customs that nothing in all travel can equal for distinct shock and sensation. We had seen some queer things in the streets,—women lolling barefooted and in startling dishabille in splendid equipages,—but concluded them to be servants or half-castes; but there in the hotel was an undress parade that beggars description, and was as astounding on the last as on the first day in the country. Woman's vanity and man's conventional ideas evidently wilt at the line, and no formalities pass the equator, when distinguished citizens and officials can roam and lounge about hotel courts in pajamas and bath slip-

pers, and bare-ankled women, clad only in the native *sarong*, or skirt, and a white dressing-jacket, go unconcernedly about their affairs in streets and public places until afternoon. It is a dishabille beyond all burlesque pantomime, and only shipwreck on a desert island would seem sufficient excuse for women being seen in such an ungraceful, unbecoming attire—an undress that reveals every defect, while concealing beauty, that no loveliness can overcome, and that has neither color nor grace nor picturesqueness to recommend it in itself.

The hotel is a series of one-storied buildings surrounding the four sides of a garden court, the projecting eaves giving a continuous covered gallery that is the general corridor. The bedrooms open directly upon this broad gallery, and the space in front of each room, furnished with lounging-chairs, table, and reading-lamp, is the sitting-room of each occupant by day. There is never any jealous hiding behind curtains or screens. The whole hotel register is in evidence, sitting or spread in reclining-chairs. Men in pajamas thrust their bare feet out bravely, puffing clouds of rank Sumatra tobacco as they stared at the new arrivals; women rocked and stared as if we were the unusual spectacle, and not they; and children sprawled on the cement flooring, wearing only the most intimate undergarments of civilized children. One turned his eyes from one undressed family group only to encounter some more surprising dishabille; and meanwhile servants were hanging whole mildewed wardrobes on clothes-lines along this open hotel corridor, while others were ironing their employers' garments on this communal porch.

We were sure that we had gone to the wrong hotel; but the Nederlanden was vouched for as the best, and when the bell sounded, over one hundred guests poured into the vaulted dining-room, and were seated at the one long table. The men wore proper coats and clothes at this midday *riz tavel* (rice table), but the women and children came as they were—*sans gêne*.

The Batavian day begins with coffee and toast, eggs and fruit, at any time between six and nine o'clock, and the affairs of the day are despatched before noon, when that sacred, solemn, solid feeding function, the riz tavel, assembles all in shady, spacious dining-rooms, free from the creaking and flapping of the punka, so prominent everywhere else in the East. Rice is the staple of the midday meal, and one is expected to fill the soup-plate before him with boiled rice, and on that heap as much as he may select from eight or ten dishes, a tray of curry condiments being passed with this great first course. Bits of fish, duck, chicken, beef, bird, omelet, and onions rose upon my neighbors' plates, and spoonfuls of a thin curried mixture were poured over the rice, before the conventional chutneys, spices, cocoanut, peppers, and almond went to the conglomerate mountain resting upon the «rice table» below. Beefsteak, a salad, and then fruit and coffee, brought the midday meal to a close. Squeamish folk and unseasoned tourists complain of loss of appetite at these hotel riz tavels; but we forgot all that had gone before when the feast was closed with the mangosteen—nature's final and most perfect effort in fruit creation.

After the riz tavel every one slumbers—as one naturally must after such a very «square» meal—until four o'clock, when a bath and tea refresh the tropic soul, the world dresses in the full costume of civilization, and the slatternly women of the earlier hours go forth in the latest finery of good fortune, twenty-six days from Amsterdam, for the afternoon driving and visiting, that continue to the nine-o'clock dinner-hour. Batavian fashion does not take its airing in the jerky sadoe, but in roomy «vis-à-vis,» or barouches, and comfortable «milords,» or giant victorias, that, being built to Dutch measures, comfortably accommodate three ordinary people to each seat, and are drawn by gigantic Australian horses, or «Walers» (horses from New South Wales), to match the turnouts of Brobdingnag.

Society is naturally narrow, provincial, colonial, conservative, and insular, even to a degree beyond that known in Holland. The governor-general, chosen from the resident Dutch, and whose salary is twice that of the President of the United States, lives in a palace at Buitenzorg, forty miles away in the hills, with a second palace higher up in the mountains, and comes to Batavia only on state occasions. This ruler of twenty-four million souls has a standing army of thirty thousand men, more than half of whom are natives, but only Europeans hold officers' commissions. The island is divided into fifteen provinces or residencies, a resident, or local governor, ruling, or, as «elder brother,» effectually directing the few provinces ostensibly ruled by native princes. All these residents are answerable to a secretary of the colony, appointed by the sovereign at The Hague, and much of executive detail has to be submitted to the home government for ap-

proval. Naturally there is much friction between all these functionaries, and etiquette is punctilious to a degree. A formal court surrounds the governor-general, and is repeated in miniature at every residency. The pensioned native sovereigns, princes, and regents maintain all the forms, etiquette, and barbaric splendor of their old court life, elaborated by European customs. The Dutch officials condescend equally to the rich planters and to the native princes. The planters hate and deride the officials; the natives hate the Dutch of either class, and despise their own princes who are subservient to the Dutch; and the wars and jealousies of rank and race and caste, of white and brown, of native and imported folk, flourish with tropical luxuriance.

Batavian life differs considerably from that in British India and all the rest of Asia, where the British-built and conventionally ordered places support the same formal order of England unchanged, save for a few luxuries and concessions incident to the climate. The Dutchman does not waste his perspiration on tennis or golf or cricket, or on any outdoor pastime more exciting than horse-racing. He does not make well-ordered and expensive dinners his one chosen form of hospitality. He dines late and dines elaborately, but the more usual form of entertainment in Batavia is the evening reception or musicale, for which the spacious houses, with their great white porticos, are well adapted. Batavian residents have each a paradise park around their dwellings, and the white houses of classic architecture, bowered in magnificent trees and palms, shrubs and vines and blooming plants, are most attractive by day. At night, when the great portico, which is drawing-room and living-room, and as often dining-room, is illuminated by many lamps, each lovely villa glows like a fairyland in its dark setting. If the portico lamps are not lighted, it is a sign of «not at home,» and mynheer and his family may sit in undress at their ease. There are weekly concerts at the Harmonie and Concordia clubs, where the groups around iron tables might have been summoned by a magician from some Continental garden. There are such clubs in every town on the island, and they furnish society its center and common meeting-place. In these tropical gardens one sees fine gowns and magnificent jewels; ladies wear the heavy silks and velvets of an Amsterdam winter and men dance in black coats and broadcloth uniforms. Society is brilliant, formal, and by lamp-light impressive; but when by daylight one meets the same fair beauties and bejeweled matrons stockingless, in sarongs and flapping slippers, the disillusionment is complete.

The show-places of Batavia are easily seen in a day: the old town hall, the Stadkirche, the lighthouse, the old warehouse, and the walled gate of Peter Elberfeld's house, with the spiked skull of that half-caste rebel against Dutch rule pointing a more awful reminder than the inscription, in several languages, to his «horrid memory.» The pride of the city, and the most creditable thing on the island, is the Museum of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences, known sufficiently to the world of science and letters as «the Batavian Society,» of which Sir Stamford Raffles was the first great inspirer and exploiter. In his time were undertaken the excavations of the old Hindu temples and the archæological work which the Dutch government and the Batavian Society have since carried on, and which have helped place that association among the foremost learned societies of the world. The museum is housed in a beautiful building resembling a Greek temple, the white walls of which are shaded by magnificent trees. It faces the broad Koenig's Plein, the largest parade-ground in the world, the Batavians say. The halls, surrounding a central court, shelter a complete and wonderful exhibit of Javanese antiquities and art works, of arms, weapons, implements, ornaments, costumes, masks, basketry, textiles, musical instruments, models of boats and houses, silver and metal-work, and all the industries of these gifted people. It is a place of absorbing interest; but with no labels and no key, except the native janitor's pantomime, one's visit is often filled with exasperation.

The Tjina, or China, and the Arab *kampongs*, or villages, are show-places to the stranger in the curious features of life and civic government they present. Each of these foreign kampongs is under the charge of a captain or commander, whom the Dutch authorities hold responsible for the order and peace of his compatriots, since they do not allow so-called «European freedom» to these yellow colonials. Great wealth abides in both these alien quarters, the leaders of which have been there for generations, and have absorbed all retail trade, and as commission merchants, money-lenders, and middlemen have garnered great profits and earned the hatred of Dutch and Javanese alike. The lean and hook-nosed followers of the prophet conquered the island in the fifteenth century, and have built their *messigits*, or mosques, in

every province. The Batavian messigit is a cool little blue-and-white-tiled building, with a row of inlaid wooden clogs and loose leather shoes at the door, and turbaned heads within bow before the mihrab that points west toward Mecca. Since the Mohammedan conquest of 1475, the Javanese are Mohammedan if anything; but they take their religion easily, and are so lukewarm in the faith of the fire and sword that they would easily relapse to their former mild Brahmanism if Islam's power were broken. The Dutch have always prohibited the pilgrimages to Mecca, since those returning with the green turban were viewed with reverence, and accredited with supernatural powers that made their influence a menace to Dutch rule. Arab priests have always been enemies of the government and foremost in inciting the people to rebellion against Dutch and native rulers; but no evangelical work seems to have been done by Christian missionaries to counteract Mohammedanism, save at the town of Depok, near Batavia.

In all the banks and business houses is found the lean-fingered Chinese comprador, or accountant, and the rattling buttons of his abacus, or counting-board, play the inevitable accompaniment to financial transactions, as everywhere else east of Colombo. The two hundred and fifty thousand Chinese in Dutch India present a curious study in the possibilities of their race. Under the strong, tyrannical rule of the Dutch they thrive, show ambition to adopt Western ways, and approach more nearly to European standards than one could believe possible. Chinese conservatism yields first in costume and social manners; the pigtail shrinks to a mere symbolic wisp, and the well-to-do Batavian Chinaman dresses faultlessly after the London model, wears spotless duck coat and trousers, patent-leather shoes, and, in top hat or derby, sits complacent in a handsome victoria drawn by imported horses, with liveried Javanese on the box. One meets correctly gotten-up equestrians trotting around Waterloo Plein or the alleys of Buitenzorg, followed by an obsequious groom, the thin remnant of the Manchu queue slipped inside the coat being the only thing to suggest Chinese origin. The rich Chinese live in beautiful villas, in gorgeously decorated houses built on ideal tropical lines; and although having no political or social recognition in the land, entertain no intention of returning to China. They load their wives with diamonds and jewels, and spend liberally for the education of their children. The Dutch tax, judge, punish, and hold them in the same regard as the natives, with whom they have intermarried for three centuries, until there is a large mixed class in every part of the island. The native hatred of the Chinese is an inheritance of those past centuries when the Dutch farmed out the revenues to the Chinese, who, being assigned so many thousand acres of rice-land, and the forced labor of the people on them, gradually extended their boundaries, and by increasing exactions and secret levies oppressed the people with a tyranny and rapacity the Dutch could not approach. In time the Chinese fomented insurrection against the Dutch and the native princes, until they were restrained from all monopolies and revenue-farming, and restricted to their present humble political state. The Dutch vent their dislike by an unmerciful taxation. The Chinese are mulcted on landing and leaving, for birth and death, for every business venture and privilege; yet they prosper and remain, and these «Paranaks» in a few more generations may attain the social and political equality they seek. It all proves that under a strong, tyrannical government the Chinese make good citizens, and can easily put away the notions and superstitions that in China itself hold millions in the bondage of a long-dead past. The recent exposure of Chinese forgeries of Java banknotes to the value of three million pounds sterling have put the captains of Batavia and Samarang kampongs in prison, and have led to wholesale arrests of rich Chinese throughout the island.

Native life swarms in this land of the betel and the banana, where there seems to be more of inherent dream and calm than in other lands of the lotus. The Javanese are the finest flowers of the Malay race—a people possessed of a civilization, arts, and literature in that golden period before the Mohammedan and the European conquests. They have gentle voices, gentle manners, fine and expressive features, and are the one people of Asia besides the Japanese who have real charm and attraction for the alien. They are more winning, too, by contrast, after one has met the harsh, unlovely, and unwashed people of China, or the equally unwashed, cringing Hindu. They are a little people, and one feels the same indulgent, protective sense as toward the Japanese. Their language is soft and musical—«the Italian of the tropics»; their ideas are poetic, and their love of flowers and perfumes, of music and the dance, of heroic plays and of every emotional form of art,

proves them as innately esthetic as their distant cousins, the Japanese, in whom there is so large an admixture of Malay stock. Their reverence for rank and age, and their elaborate etiquette and punctilious courtesy to one another, are as marked in the common people as among the Japanese; but their abject, crouching humility before their Dutch employers, and the brutality of the latter to them, are subjects for sadder thinking, and something to make the blood boil.

These friendly little barefoot people are of endless interest, and their daily markets are panoramas of life and color that one longs to transplant entire. Life is so simple and primitive, too, in the sunshine and warmth of the tropics. A bunch of bananas, a basket of steamed rice, and a leaf full of betel preparations, comprise the necessities and luxuries of daily living. With the rice may go many peppers and curried messes of ground cocoanut, which one sees made and offered for sale in small dabs laid on bits of banana-leaf, the wrapping-paper of the tropics. Pinned with a cactus thorn, a bit of leaf makes a primitive bowl or cup, and a slip of it serves as a sylvan spoon. All classes chew the betel- or areca-nut, bits of which, wrapped in betel-leaf with lime, furnish cheer and stimulant, dye the mouth, and keep the lips streaming with crimson juice. In China, across the peninsula, and throughout India, men and women have equal delight in this peppery stimulant. The Javanese lays his quid of betel tobacco between the lower lip and the teeth, and so great seems to be the solace and comfort of it that dozing venders and peddlers will barely turn an eye and grunt responses to one's eager «*Brapa?*» («How much?»)

Peddlers bring to one's doorway fine Bantam basketry and bales of the native cotton cloth, or *battek*, patterned in curious designs that have been in use from time out of mind. These native art fabrics are also sold at the daily markets, and one soon recognizes the conventional designs, and distinguishes the qualities and merits of these hand-patterned cottons that constitute the native dress. The sarong, worn by men and women alike, is a strip of cotton, two yards long and one yard deep, which is drawn tightly around the hip, the fullness gathered in front and by an adroit twist made so firm that a belt is not necessary to native wearers. The sarong has always one formal panel design, which is worn at the front or one side, and the rest of the surface is covered with the intricate ornaments in which native fancy runs riot. There are geometrical and line combinations, in which appear the swastika and the curious latticings of Central Asia; other freer ones as bold and natural as anything Japanese; and others where the palm-leaves and quaint animal forms of India and Persia attest the other art influences that have swept over these refined, adaptive, assimilative people. One favorite serpentine pattern running in diagonal lines did not need explanation in this land of gigantic worms and writhing crawlers; nor that other pattern where centipeds and insect forms cover the ground; nor that where the fronds of cocoa-palm wave, and the strange shapes of mangos, jacks, and breadfruit are interwoven. The deer and the tapir and the «hunting-scene» patterns are reserved for native royalty's exclusive wear. The sarong's value depends upon the fineness of the drawing, the elaboration of the design, and the number of colors employed; and, beginning as low as one dollar, these brilliant cottons, or hand-painted calico sarongs, increase in price to even twenty or thirty dollars. The Dutch ladies vie with one another in their sarongs as much as do the native women, and their dishabille dress of the early hours has not always economy to recommend it. The battek also appears in the *slandang*, or long shoulder-scarf, which used to match the sarong and complete the native costume when passed under the arms and crossed at the back, thus covering the body from the armpits to the waist. It is still worn knotted over the mother's shoulder as a sling or hammock for a little one; but Dutch fashion has imposed the same narrow, tight-sleeved *kabaia*, or jacket, that Dutch women wear with the sarong. The *kam kapala*, a square handkerchief tied around men's heads as a variant of the turban, is of the same figured battek, and with the slandang often exhibits charming color combinations and intricate Persian designs. When one conquers his prejudices and associated ideas enough to pay seemingly fancy prices for these examples of free-hand calico-printing, the taste grows, and he soon shares the native longing for a sarong of every standard and novel design.

One's most earnest desire, in the scorch of Batavian noondays and stifling Batavian nights, is to seek refuge in «the hills»—in the dark-green groves and forests of the Blue Mountains, which are ranged with such admirable effect as background when one steams in from the Java Sea. At Buitenzorg, only forty miles away and seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, heat-worn people find

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

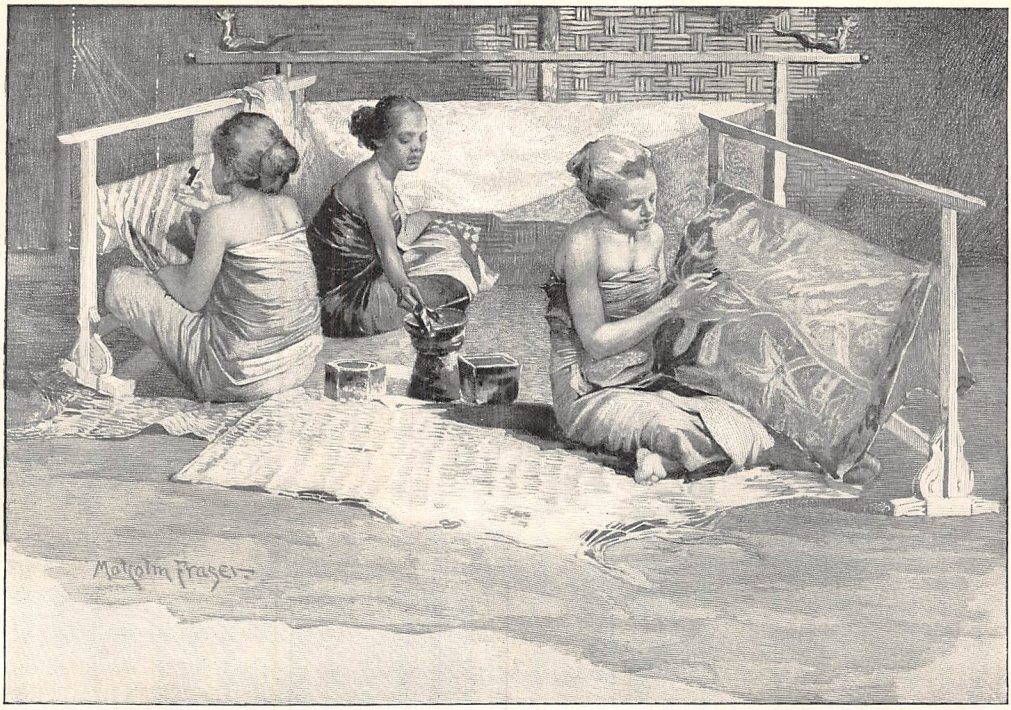
A MARKET IN BUITENZORG.

floored building the airy halls and waiting- and refreshment-rooms of which are repeated on almost as splendid a scale at all the large towns of the island, was enlivened with groups of military officers, whose heavy broadcloth uniforms, trailing sabers, and clanking spurs transported us back from the tropics to some chilly European railway-station, and presented the extreme contrast of colonial life. The train came panting up from Tandjong Priok, and during the hour-and-a-half's ride from Batavia to Buitenzorg gave us an epitome of tropical landscapes as it ran between a double panorama of beauty. Everywhere the soil was a deep, intense red, as if the heat of the sun and the internal fires of this volcanic belt had warmed the fruitful earth to this glowing color, which contrasted so strongly with the complemental green of grain and the groves of palms and cacao-trees. The level rice-fields were being plowed, worked, flooded, planted, weeded, and harvested in an entirely different climate, an atmosphere of bracing clearness tempered to moderate summer warmth. Buitenzorg («without care»), the Dutch Sans Souci, has been a general refuge and sanitarium for Europeans, the real seat of government, and the home of the governor-general for more than a century. It is the pride and show-place of Java, the great center of its social life, leisure interests, and attractions. The higher officials and many Batavian merchants and bankers have homes at Buitenzorg, and residents from other parts of the island make it their place of recreation and holiday trips.

Undressed Batavia was just rousing from its afternoon nap, and the hotel court was surrounded with barefoot guests in battek pajamas and scant sarongs, a sockless, collarless, unblushing company, that yawned and stared as we drove away, rejoicing to leave this Sans Gêne for Sans Souci. The Weltevreden Station, on the vast Koenig's Plein, a spacious stone-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

TROPICAL FRUITS.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

PAINTING SARONGS.

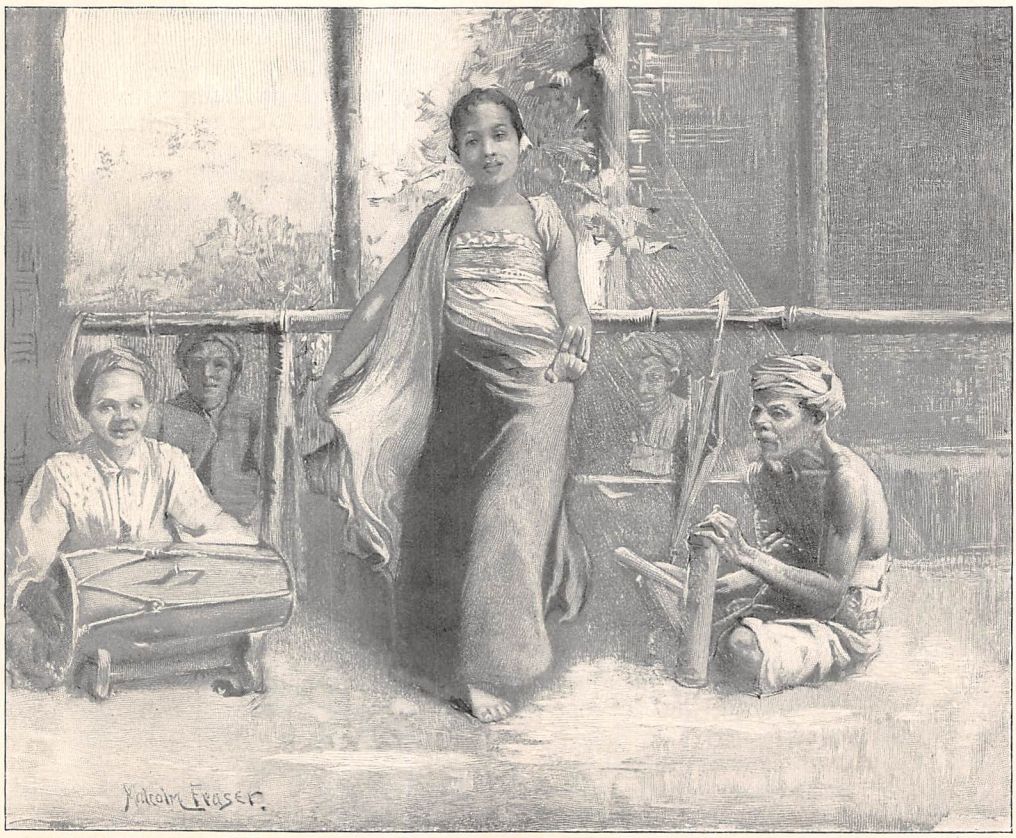
vested side by side, the several crops of the year going on continuously, with seemingly no regard to seasons. Nude little boys, astride of smooth gray water-buffaloes, posed statuesquely while those leisurely animals browsed afield; and no pastoral pictures of Java remain clearer in memory than those of patient little brown children sitting half days and whole days on buffalo-back, to brush flies and guide the stupid-looking creatures to more luscious bits of herbage. Men and women were wading knee-deep in paddy-field muck, transplanting the green rice-shoots from the seed-beds, and picturesque harvest groups posed in tableaux, as the train shrieked by. Children rolled at play before the gabled baskets of houses clustered in toy villages beneath the inevitable cocoa-palms and bananas, the combination of those two useful trees being the certain sign of a kampong when the braided-bamboo houses are invisible.

At Depok there was a halt to pass the down-train, and the natives of this one Christian village and mission-station, the headquarters of evangelical work in Java, flocked upon the platform with a prize horticultural display of all the fruits of the season for sale. The record of mission work in Java is a short one, as after casting out the Portuguese missionaries the Dutch forbade any others to enter, and Spanish rule in Holland had perhaps taught them not to try to impose a strange religion on a people. All mission work was prohibited and discouraged until very lately, the government being content to let the natives enjoy their mild Mohammedanism, and taking no steps even to educate the Javanese. Our Mohammedan servant spoke indifferently of mission efforts at Depok, with no scorn, no contempt, and apparently no hostility to the European faith.

Once above the general level of low-lying rice-lands, cacao-plantations succeeded one another for miles; the small trees hung full of fat pods, just ripening into reddish brown and crimson. The air was noticeably cooler in the hills, and as the shadows lengthened the near green mountains began to tower in shapes of lazuli mist, and a sky of soft, surpassing splendor made ready for its sunset pageant. When we left the train we were whirled through the twilight of great avenues of trees to the hotel, and given rooms the veranda of which overhung a strangely rustling, shadowy abyss, where we could just discern a silver line of river leading to the pale-yellow west, with the mountain mass of Salak cut in gigantic purple silhouette.

The ordinary bedroom of a Java hotel, with latticed doors and windows, contains

one or two beds, each seven feet square, hung with starched muslin curtains that effectually exclude air as well as lizards or winged things. The bedding, as at Singapore, consists of a hard mattress with a sheet drawn over it, a pair of hard pillows, and a long bolster laid down the middle as a cooling or dividing line. Blankets or other coverings are unneeded and unknown, but it takes one a little time to become acclimated to that order in the penetrating dampness of the dewy and reeking hours before dawn. If one makes protest enough a thin blanket will be brought, but so camphorated and mildew-scented as to be unsupportable. Pillows are not stuffed with feathers, but with the cooler, dry, elastic down of the straight-armed cotton-tree, which one sees growing everywhere along the highways, its rigid, right-angled branches inviting their use as the regulation telegraph-pole. The floors are made of a smooth, hard cement, which harbors no insects, and can be kept clean and cool. Pieces of coarse ratan matting are the only floor-coverings used, and give an agreeable contrast to the dirty felts, dhurries, and carpets, the patches of wool and cotton and matting, spread over the earth or wooden floors of the unspeakable hotels of British India. Yet the Javanese hotels are disappointing to those who know the solid comforts and immaculate order of certain favorite hostelries of The Hague and Amsterdam. Everything is done to secure a free circulation of air, as a room that is closed for a day gets a steamy, mildewed atmosphere, and if closed for three days blooms with green mold over every inch of its walls and floors. The section of portico outside each room at Buitenzorg was decently screened off to serve as a private sitting-room for each guest or family in the hours of startling dishabille; and as soon as the sun went down a big hanging-lamp assembled an entomological congress. Every hotel provides as a night-lamp for the bedroom a tumbler with an inch of cocoanut-oil, and a tiny tin and cork arrangement for floating a wick on its surface. For the twelve hours of pitch-darkness this little lightning-bug contrivance burns steadily, emitting a



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A JAVANESE DANCING-GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A JAVANESE YOUNG WOMAN.

delicious nutty fragrance, and allowing one to watch the unpleasant shadows of the lizards running over the walls and bed-curtains, and to look for the larger, poisonous brown gecko, the unpleasant voice of which, calling «Becky! Becky! Becky!» in measured gasps, six times, over and over again, is the actual, material nightmare of the tropics.

The order of living at the up-country hotels is the same as at Batavia, and the charges are the same everywhere in Java, averaging about three dollars gold each day, everything save wine included. It has been said that «no invalid or dyspeptic should enter the portals of a Java hotel,» and this cannot be insisted upon too strongly to deter any such sufferers from braving the sunrise breakfasts and bad coffee, the heavy riz tavel, and the long-delayed dinner-hour, solely for the sake of tropical scenery and vegetation and a study of Dutch colonial life.

At daylight we saw that our portico looked full upon the front of Mount Salak, green to the very summit with plantations and primeval forests. Deep down below us lay a valley of Eden, where thousands of palm-trees were in constant motion to the eye, their branches bending, swaying, and fluttering as softly as ostrich-plumes, but with a strange, harsh, metallic rustle and clashing different from the whispers and sighs and cooing sounds of temperate foliage. As stronger winds thrashed the heavy leaves, the level of the valley rippled and tossed in green billows like a barley-field. We watched the dark indigo mass of Salak turning from purple and

azure to sunlit greens in the light of early day. The breakfast of the country was brought to our porch—cold toast, cold meats, eggs, fruit, tea, or the very worst coffee in all the world, something that even the American railway restaurant and frontier hotel would spurn with scorn. Java coffee, in Java, comes to one in a stoppered glass bottle or cruet, a dark-brown fluid that might as well be walnut catsup, old port, or New Orleans molasses. This double extract of coffee, made by cold filtration, is diluted with hot water and hot milk to a muddy gray-brown, lukewarm drink that is uniformly bad in every hotel and public place of refreshment that a tourist encounters on the island. In private houses, where the fine Arabian berry is toasted and powdered, and the extract made fresh each day, the morning draught is quite another fluid, and worthy the cachet the name of Java gives to coffee in far countries.

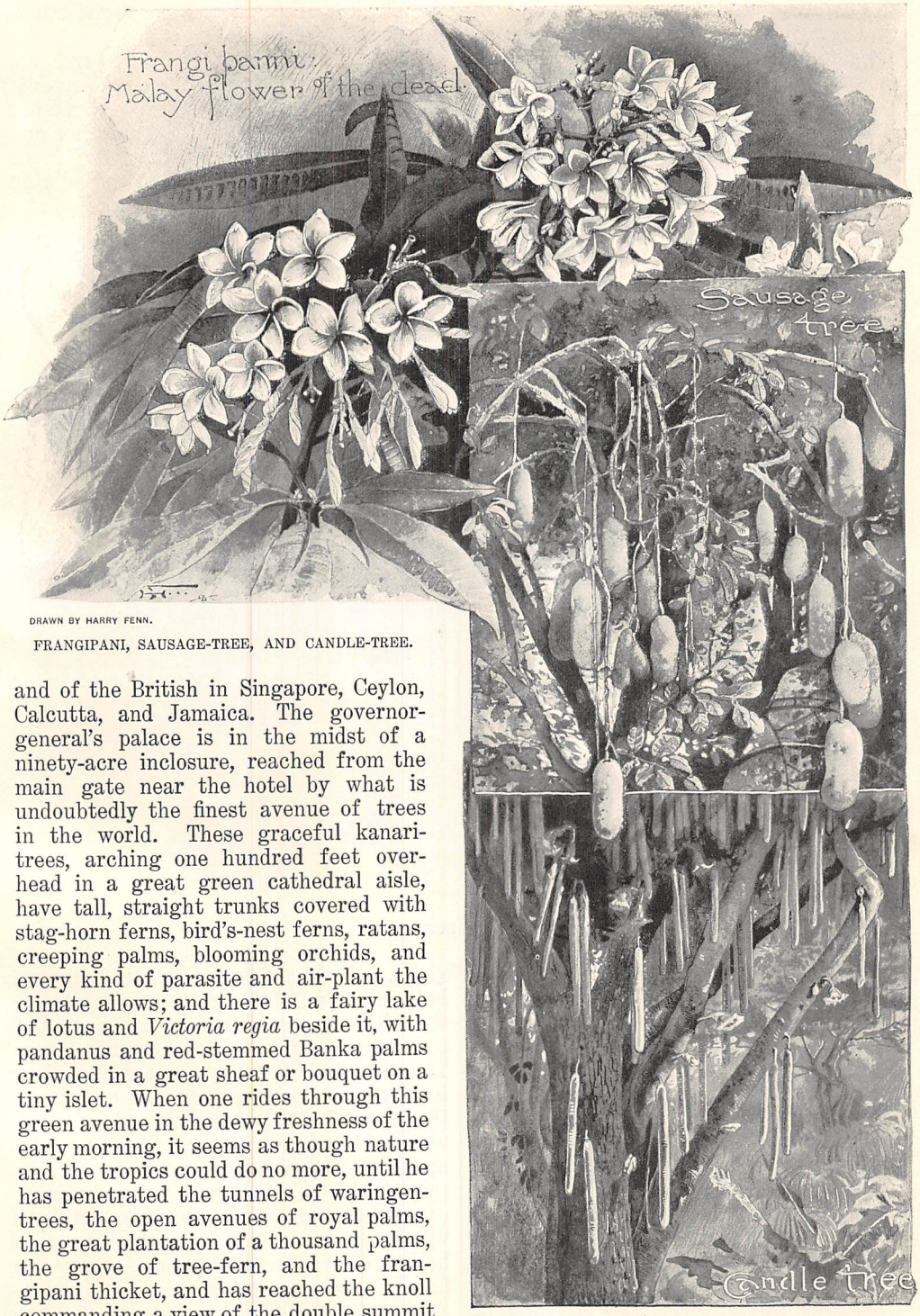
Buitenzorg is one of the enchanted spots where days can slip by in dateless delight; one forgets the calendar and the flight of time, and hardly remembers the heavy, sickening heat of Batavia stewing away on the plains below. It is the seat of the governor-general's court, and the social life of the island, a resort for officials and the leisure class, and for invalids and the delicate, who find strength in the clear, fresh air of the hills, the cool nights, and the serenely tempered days, each with its reviving shower the year round.

There are strange pictures to be seen, since the sarong is as much the regular morning dress at the cool, breezy hill-station as in sweltering Batavia. Buitenzorg is the Simla of Netherlands India, but it awaits its Kipling to record its social life in clear-cut, instantaneous pictures.

The famous botanical garden at Buitenzorg is the great show-place, the paradise and pride of the islands. The Dutch are admitted to be the best horticulturists of Europe, and with the heat of a tropical sun, a daily shower, and a century's well-directed efforts, they have made Buitenzorg's garden first of its kind in the world, despite the rival efforts of the French at Saigon,

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

JAVANESE COOLIES GAMBLING.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FRANGIPANI, SAUSAGE-TREE, AND CANDLE-TREE.

and of the British in Singapore, Ceylon, Calcutta, and Jamaica. The governor-general's palace is in the midst of a ninety-acre inclosure, reached from the main gate near the hotel by what is undoubtedly the finest avenue of trees in the world. These graceful kanari-trees, arching one hundred feet overhead in a great green cathedral aisle, have tall, straight trunks covered with stag-horn ferns, bird's-nest ferns, ratans, creeping palms, blooming orchids, and every kind of parasite and air-plant the climate allows; and there is a fairy lake of lotus and *Victoria regia* beside it, with pandanus and red-stemmed Banka palms crowded in a great sheaf or bouquet on a tiny islet. When one rides through this green avenue in the dewy freshness of the early morning, it seems as though nature and the tropics could do no more, until he has penetrated the tunnels of waringen-trees, the open avenues of royal palms, the great plantation of a thousand palms, the grove of tree-fern, and the frangipani thicket, and has reached the knoll commanding a view of the double summit of Gedeh and Pangerango, vaporous blue volcanic heights, from one peak of which a faint streamer of smoke perpetually floats. There is a broad lawn at the front of the palace, shaded with great waringen-, sausage-, and candle-trees, and trees the branches of which are hidden in a mantle of vivid-leafed bougain-

villea vines, with deer wandering and grouping themselves in as correct park pictures as if under branches of elm or oak, or beside the conventional ivied trunks of the North.

It is a tropical experience to reverse an umbrella and in a few minutes fill it with golden-hearted white frangipani blossoms, or to find nutmegs lying as thick as acorns on the ground, and break their green outer shell and see the fine coral branches of mace enveloping the dark kernel. It is a delight, too, to see mangosteens and rambutans growing, to find bread, sausages, and candles hanging in plenty from benevolent trees, and other fruits and strange flowers springing from a tree's trunk instead of from its branches. There are thick groves and regular avenues of the waringen, a species of *Ficus*, and related to the banian- and the rubber-tree, a whole family the roots of which writhe over the ground, drop from the branches, and generally comport themselves in unconventional ways. Bamboos grow in clumps and thickets, ranging from the fine, feathery-leafed canes that are really only large grasses, up to the noble giants from Burma, the stems of which are solid trunks easily soaring to a hundred feet in air, and spreading there a solid canopy of graceful foliage.

The creepers run from tree to tree, and writhe over the ground like gray serpents; ratans and climbing palms one hundred feet in length are common, while uncommon ones stretch to five hundred feet. There is one creeper with a blossom like a magnified white violet, and with all a wood-violet's fragrance; but with only Dutch and botanical names on the labels, one wanders ignorantly and protestingly in this paradise of strange things. The rarer orchids are grown in matted sheds in the shade of tall trees; and although it was then the end of the dry season, and few plants were in bloom, there was an attractive orchid show, in which the strangest and most conspicuous bloom was a great butterfly flower, or pitcher-plant, the pale-green petals of which were veined with velvety maroon, and half concealed the pelican pouch of a pitcher filled with water. It was an evil-looking, ill-smelling, sticky thing, and its unusual size and striking colors made it haunt one longest of all the vegetable marvels. There were other more attractive butterflies fluttering on pliant stems, strange little woolly white

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A VIEW IN BUITENZORG.

orchids like edelweiss transplanted, and scores of delicate Java and Borneo orchids, not so well known as the Venezuelan and Central American orchids commonly grown in American hothouses, and so impossible to acclimate in Java.

Lady Raffles died while Sir Stamford was governor of Java, and was buried in the section of the palace park that was afterward set apart as a botanical garden, and the care of the little Greek temple over her grave near the kanari avenue was provided for in a special clause in the treaty of cession. The bust of Theismann, who founded the garden and added so much to botanical knowledge by his studies in Java and Borneo, stands in an oval pleasance called the rose-garden; and there one may take heart and boast of the temperate zone, since that rare exotic, the rose, is but a spindling bush, and its blossoming less than scanty at Buitenzorg, when one remembers California's perennial prodigalities in showers of roses. After the death of the learned curator, Dr. Treub, in 1895, Professor Lotsy of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, was called to the charge of this famous garden, which provides laboratory and working-space for and invites foreign botanists freely to avail themselves of this unique opportunity of study. Over one hundred native gardeners tend and care for this great botanic museum of more than nine thousand living specimens, all working under the direction of a white head-gardener. The Tjilewong River separates the botanic garden from a culture-garden of forty acres, where seventy more gardeners look to the economic plants—the various cinchonas, sugar-canes, rubber, tea, coffee, gums, spices, hemp, and other growths, the introduction of which has so benefited the planters of the colony. Experiments in acclimatization are carried on in the culture-garden, and at a mountain garden high up on the slopes of Salak, where the governor-general has a third palace, and where there is a government hospital and sanitarium.

All Java is in a way as finished as little Holland itself, the whole island being cultivated from edge to edge like a tulip-garden, and connected throughout its length with post-roads, as smooth and perfect as park drives, all arched with waringen-, kanari-, tamarind-, or teak-trees. The rank and tangled jungle is invisible, save by long journeys; and great snakes, wild tigers, and rhinoceroses are almost unknown now. One must go to Borneo and the farther islands to see them. All the valleys, plains, and hillsides are planted in formal rows, hedged, terraced, banked, drained, and as carefully weeded as a flower-bed. The drives are of endless beauty, whichever way one turns from Buitenzorg, and we made triumphal progresses through the kanari- and waringen-lined streets in an enormous «milord.» The equipage measured all of twenty feet from the tip of the pole to the footman's perch behind, and with a cracking whip and at a rattling gait we dashed through shady roads, past Dutch barracks and hospitals, over picturesque bridges, and through villages where the native children jumped and clapped their hands with glee as the great Juggernaut vehicle rolled by. We visited the grave of Raden Saleh, a lonely little pavilion or temple in a tangle of shrubbery that was once a lovely garden shaded by tall cocoa-palms; and we drove to Batoe Toelis, «the place of the written stone,» and in the little thatched basket of a temple saw the sacred stone inscribed in ancient Kawi characters, the original classic language of the Javanese. In another basket of a shrine we were shown the veritable footprints of Buddha, with no explanation as to how and when he rested on the island, nor yet how he happened to have such long, distinctively Malay toes. Near these temples is the villa where the poor African prince of Ashantee was so long detained in exile—an African chief whose European education had turned his mind to geology and natural sciences, and who led the life of a quiet student here until, by the change of Ashantee from Dutch to British ownership, a way was opened for him to return to and die in his own country. There is a magnificent view from the Ashantee villa out over a great green plain and a valley of palms to the peaks of Gedeh and Pangerango, and to their volcanic neighbor, Salak, silent for two hundred years. Peasants, trooping along the valley roads far below, made use of a picturesque bamboo bridge that is accounted one of the famous sights of the neighborhood, and seemed but processions of ants crossing a spider's web. All the suburban roads are so many botanical exhibitions approaching that in the great garden, and one's interest is claimed at every yard and turn.

It takes a little time for the temperate mind to accept the palm-tree as a common, natural, and inevitable object in every outlook and landscape; to realize that the joyous, living thing with restless, perpetually thrashing foliage is the same correct, symmetrical, motionless feather-duster on end that one knows in the still life of hothouses

and drawing-rooms at home; to realize that it grows in the ground, and not in a pot or tub to be brought indoors for the winter season. The arches of gigantic kanari-trees growing over by-lanes and village paths, although intended for triumphal avenues and palace driveways, overpower one with the mad extravagance, the reckless waste, and the splendid luxury of nature. The poorest may have his hedge of lantana, which, brought from the Mauritius by Lady Raffles, now borders roads, gardens, and the railway-tracks from end to end of the island. The humblest dooryard may be gay with tall poinsettia-trees, and bougainvilleas may pour a torrent of magenta leaves from every tree, wall, or roof. The houses of the rich planters about Buitenzorg are ideal homes in the tropics, and the Tjomson and other great tea and coffee estates are like parks. The drives through their grounds show one the most perfect lawns and flower-beds and ornamental trees, vines, and palms, and such ranks on ranks of thriving tea-bushes and coffee-bushes, every leaf perfect and without flaw, every plant in line, and the warm red earth lying loosely on their roots, that one feels as if in some ornamental *jardin d'acclimatation* rather than among the most staple and serious crops of commerce. Yet from end to end of the island the cultivation is as intense and careful, entitling Java to its distinction as «the finest tropical island in the world.» It is the gem of the Indies, the one splendid jewel in the Netherlands crown, and a possession to which poor Cuba, although corresponding exactly to it geographically and politically, has been vainly compared.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

A DAY IN NORWAY.

IT was after 11 o'clock P. M. of a July day that I looked down from the high deck of the Hull steamer, which had been stealing through the silent Christiania Fiord, and now was made fast to the quay at the foot of the city. There was an apparent mystery about our approach: there had been no light in the city; we had passed scarcely any other craft; and, to my imagination, the little crowd gathered upon the quay spoke in whispers. I tried to make out in the strange light the pleasant face of my expectant hostess, Fru G——, and heard her voice first; the sound was more reassuring than the face, for speaking ghosts are rare. In the dim silence it was easy to believe that we had sailed from busy, draggled England to another world which borrowed all the light from the moon. I clambered down the plank, and took my place in the phaëton by my friend's side, while the driver perched behind us, gathered his reins, which were always on the point of boxing my ears, and telegraphed some message to the little Norwegian pony, which seemed to be the leader of a tandem that had lost his companion.

The stucco fronts of the buildings added to the enchantment; they looked as if quarried from moonshine. And what were these little children flitting through the streets? Were they gnomes? I touched my companion. I threw an added cheerfuless into my voice as we bowled along out of the city and through suburban roads to where Frogner lay, amid dark-green trees, looking down upon the waters of the fiord. It seemed impossible to speak of ordinary things; were not we ourselves of mysterious flesh and blood? I wanted to get into the light to look at myself and my companion, but in the house no lamps or candles were lighted. It was the strange shadow of day which broods in those high latitudes during the nights of the summer months. It was not twilight, but a strange deepening of shade which did not grow darker as the night went on, but changed its tone, so that the dark greens seemed to take on a purplish tinge, and a spectral light transfigured all objects. I am very sure that in the dying out of the race of fairies, the last haunt which they will leave will be the midnight hills and waters of Scandinavia.

Often as I sat, late into the night, watching the strange *belysning*, as the Norwegians term it, I never escaped the glamour which crept over me; and Fru G—— confessed that the weird scene was as novel to her now as when she first saw it, nearly a score of years ago. The long day, which knows only a faint shading in the middle of each twenty-four hours, lasts for a few weeks, and during that time bewitches the people. They travel indifferently by day or by night,—called so by courtesy,—and take long excursions with children who are playing out of doors till

one thinks their mothers have forgotten that there is any bedtime. The lights on the coast are unlighted, and the lamps within the houses are never called for.

My day in Norway lasted four or five weeks of ordinary time, and for a week or so I was within the region of perpetual sun. It is possible for the sun to be clouded by night as well as by day, and so it happened that only twice did I have the good fortune, when crossing to the North Cape and returning, to see the sun at midnight. It may be that the fog which had veiled so much of the coast from our sight had something to do with heightening the effect of that wondrous afternoon which stretched on and on until it lifted and widened into a new day. We had left Tromsö behind, looking, with its crowded houses and spires and masts, like a miniature city. The snow was everywhere; only three weeks before there had been a race on snow-shoes at Tromsö, and we passed valleys now where the fields lay hopelessly buried beneath the lingering snow. It was past the middle of summer, and before these fields could be plowed the new winter snow would fall. The fiords and sounds through which we moved were captivating in their winding mystery. We steamed forward against what seemed an impassable barrier of snow-covered rock, when suddenly a crack would discover itself, we would creep into its opening, and find ourselves, it may be, in a broad bay. As we came this afternoon toward Kaag Sund, a wild chaos of island and mountain forms was before us. It seemed impossible that we should penetrate the dark mass, and as our boat went steadily forward we appeared to be driving to destruction. In every direction were ranges of lofty, snow-covered, rocky heights. Glaciers could be descried by their form, but only occasionally could the glitter of ice be seen beneath the weight of snow. The summits of these mountains were from two to five thousand feet high, and rising as they did from the open sea, the effect was strangely impressive.

It grieved me that day to think that the sea and the mighty forms, the sun shining upon the white snow, the black rocks breaking forth from the glittering coldness, the mists wreathing the tops of peaks or lying in banks across the precipitous side—that all this wondrous scene would fade in its exact outline from my mind, and that even the impression made upon me would grow indistinct. We say at such times that we never can forget the sight. Alas! we do forget it, all but shreds and fragments. Yet there is something better even than the memory of lost landscapes, and that is the momentary glimpse which one may get, in the presence of such scenes, of some common human experience. The great cliffs of Kaagö overhung us as we passed through the sound, and on the opposite island of Arno there were great valleys filled with snow. The pilot pointed one out to me. Never before, he said, had such snow been seen there. I asked if there were any houses in view, and, directing my sight, he showed me close by the water's edge a few shivering houses, with the cold water before them and the cold snow behind. The silence of sleep seemed upon the white valley. I turned, and saw behind the crags and glaciers of the Lyngen, and there rushed into my mind the meaning of Tennyson's

> Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

Like the poet, I found no words which could quite interpret the thought, but I could understand how in such a scene the prevailing thought would be an intense longing for a lost or irrecoverable human sympathy which would lead me to cry out:

> But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

The frost and glitter of the North, and the relentless beat of the waves, make the despair of nature.

After we had passed through Kaag Sund we crossed a broad water to the island of Loppen. The open sea was before us, and except for a low bank of clouds on the horizon, the sky was serene. That bank of clouds, however, was the field of our speculation. Suddenly the captain gave orders to put the boat about, and we began steaming over the water we had just traversed. The reason was soon apparent: if we had kept on our course we should soon have been behind a rocky cliff and out of the view of the sun. The manœuver was well timed, for as all the company was assembled on the captain's bridge, eight bells sounded, and at that moment the sun, spurning the bank of clouds, shone full and undimmed. In the opposite quarter of the heavens was the moon, just past the full, shining with a pale refulgence which added no light to the landscape, but lent a charm to the sky. Even the clouds about it appeared to get nothing by being so near. The rocks cast long shadows down the fiord, while the snow-clad heights were bright

and warm in the low sunlight. There was no mist, and it was not cold. Something of the strangeness of the scene was thrown into it from our minds, conscious of the hour and the situation; yet it was hard to believe that we were looking only upon an early sunrise scene, or at a sunset. One feels compelled to use paradox and say that the sun was shining brightly at dawn.

Certainly nature seemed to be in a dream. Sea-gulls brooded on the water, and were waked only by our passage; and as we looked down from the long lane of shadow formed by the rocks, the very fiords seemed asleep. A whale suddenly crossed our bows, near enough almost for us to stroke his back; we had startled him in some watery bed. The merry party on the deck was in bright contrast to the scene in nature. There we were on the little steamer, laughing and joking, and far as we could see there was nothing but a waste of silent waters and rocks and snow—not a tree, not a house, not a sign of verdure. But we were not alone, for there in the distance were dots of fishing-boats, each with its man dropping a line into the unplanted deep. Nothing impressed me more in my Northern voyage than the resolution with which the Norse folk wrest a living from sea and land. It would seem as if generations of home-keeping had transformed the piratical viking into a fisherman and farmer, and his fighting prowess into an indomitable courage and patience in a hand-to-hand struggle with life. It is this presence of human life in unexpected places which makes the journey something better than a cold search for desolation.

I remember a fascinating turn in our voyage, when we persuaded the good-natured captain to go out of his course and take us up Raft Sund. The passage was not unlike, in certain general effect, that of the Rhine. The sound wound as the river does, and crags and slopes hemmed it in on each side; but there was little here that was smiling. The storm seemed ready to burst just before us, and we drove into the sound by such tortuous ways that, looking back, it was as if the gates of the hills had silently closed upon us. Yet there was a sweetness now and then in the midst of this wild, rude pass. A broken hill, which once had been a mass of mighty rock and gravel, had been reclaimed by nature with a soft, green moss or verdure that fitted like a warm covering into every angle and hollow of the mass. Then the light from the sun would fall upon a bit, and here would be a pale-green, distant hillside. At every turn were clusters of lovely houses, and boys in fishing-boats waving their hats at us. To our imagination, in turning aside from the regular route we were entering a wild waste; but we found ourselves confronted by these indomitable people.

The Norwegian fisherman finds a safe harbor, and builds his house there, no matter how bare and unpromising the soil may be; the farmer discovers a green spot in the midst of the ice and rock, and makes his farm there, no matter how inaccessible it may be. Passing down the narrow arm of the Hardanger Fiord, which leads to Odde,—a mere ribbon of water between lofty hills,—I saw at a dizzy height a mere patch of green, so inaccessible apparently that we wondered whether it was reached from above or below; yet here was a homestead, and upon the other side of the fiord was a glittering glacier overhanging the rocks at the summit. Vapor oozed out from it and fell in cascades down the almost precipitous sides. Then straggling trees; a little lower, houses and farms; and at the base a mill, a house, and a landing-place. It made one weary to think of the toil which the common duties of those farms that clung to the side of the rock imposed upon the men and women and boys and girls.

What a profound and continuous nationality underlies this Norwegian life! In the sturdy, independent, friendly, quick-spirited peasant of to-day the old viking blood flows, modified but not conformed to the change which Christianity and an exclusion from the strong currents of modern history have brought. The boats which bear the fishermen in the far North have the very form of the old viking ships, and, what is more to the point, the hands that handle them have not lost their cunning. On land the Norwegians are not especially graceful, but put them into their boats and they use the oar as the fish uses its fins; a centaur is scarcely more a part of the horse than the Norse boy or girl is a part of the boat. One sees primitive modes of farming, and discovers how limited are the opportunities for applying high organization of labor, or the machines which have changed the methods of agriculture elsewhere. Here the patient, frugal life makes its round, with little promise of richer forms. The grass, when cut, is hung laboriously upon trellises, since it could not be cured upon the ground, and early and late the peasant wrestles with reluctant, frosty nature. The peasant life which Tidemand has depicted in his interesting series of paintings can scarcely have been very different in his day from what it

was a hundred years before; and if it shows changes now, the changes are largely the result of the sudden inroad of foreign visitors, but still more of the emigration movement, which is not only breaking up the Norwegian families, but bringing into Norwegian politics an American democratic spirit.

It is unquestionably a hard life which the Norwegians live, and there is an absence of sunshine in it; but the resultant in character, so far as the traveler who spends a long summer day there can discern, is of a kind singularly attractive. He finds himself comparing Norway with Switzerland. In the latter country the people seem to exist for the benefit of the tourist, and to have a half-melodramatic air when caught in holiday guise. In Norway the tourist is welcomed and hospitably treated, but the people have business of their own to attend to, which goes on without any more interruption than is necessary. There is a sturdy self-respect in the peasant and the tradesman, which contrasts strongly with the obsequiousness which one meets, for example, in England; and one is constantly reminded that he is dealing with his equals. Little customs bear this out. I was embarrassed, when I went back to England, by the difficulty I found in getting rid of the habit I had formed in Norway—doing as the Norwegians did—of doffing my hat when I entered a shop, and keeping it off until I made my final bow, offered my thanks, and shut the door behind me. Then there is a frank, manly way they have of grasping your hand and shaking it when they wish to show friendliness or express gratitude. Many is the luckless tourist who has given his gratuity, and taken the outstretched hand as begging for more. At the table, after dinner the children go to their father, or the guests to their host, take his hand, and say, «*Tak for maden*» («Thanks for the meal»). I found the more cultivated people disposed to apologize for this ancient custom, and to represent it as going out of fashion. I am afraid it may be, for people nowadays have an ambition to be cosmopolitan. Perhaps the quaintness of the custom is more apparent to the stranger, and its novelty may explain in part its charm; but I begged my friend to hold fast by so generous a rite, and to save it by throwing even a little more earnestness into it.

I happened to travel on a boat with a captain who had lately been married, and I took a stealthy and somewhat shamefaced pleasure in watching his innocent and candid advertisement of his domestic happiness. I was forever getting in the way of the proud couple as they walked the deck, hand in hand, or with their arms about each other's waist. I tried to efface myself, to look the other way, and to countenance the delightful proceedings by appearing not to see or be seen. But how idle all my false delicacy was! They were so happy and so contented in the sunshine of their marriage that a general benevolence extended to all about them. How different they were from that newly married American couple which I remember, with a newspaper spread over their clasped hands, as they sat dreamily side by side in a railway-car!

The individuality which is fostered by the agricultural life of the interior, by the fisheries of the coast, and by the great difficulties of communication, is brought to the casual traveler's attention in many ways. There is but one considerable line of railroad, that which connects Christiania with Throndhjem, between which places two trains run each day, and occupy nearly twenty-four hours.[1] At regular intervals sufficient time is given for a generous meal at a station, and after I had learned the simple method which is followed I used to amuse myself with watching ignorant travelers, such as I had lately been, who sat at a table and tried in vain to induce some one to wait upon them. In point of fact, the traveler forages for himself. He gets a plate and knife and fork, and then goes about the room, helping himself to salmon, potatoes, or whatever else he fancies, and then finds, if possible, an empty corner of a table, where he deposits his plunder, and sits down to his meal. When he has finished, he reports to the young woman who presides over the festivities what he has had, and she tells him how much he ought to pay. A delightful spirit of mutual confidence appears to underlie this and similar social customs.

Railway traveling gives one as little insight into life in Norway as elsewhere, and it is fortunate for the traveler that his principal mode of conveyance is by cariole over the solid roads which bind together the Norwegian farms and hamlets. The cariole is giving way, I believe, on the great thoroughfares, to the diligence, and the *stolkjærre* is often brought forward when the cariole is called for; but these are variations of a mode of traveling which do not wholly disturb the old-established customs. The government gives to certain farms lying along the roads the rights and duties of stations. Each keeps

[1] Since this was written conditions of travel in Norway have changed.

a number of horses, the requisite number being named in the agreement, and agrees to furnish them to travelers at a fixed tariff of so much a meter. These stations are also prepared to furnish to travelers accommodations of bed and board. The tourist is perhaps making his way from Bergen to Christiania, and has decided upon the Valders route. He has taken a steamer through the Sogne Fiord, and has finally been deposited at Lärdalsören. Here, as the steamboat draws up to the pier, he sees a crowd of men and boys, with all the eagerness of the cosmopolitan hackman, ready to seize upon him. It is one of the places in Norway where he feels himself to be one of the ignoble mob of tourists. He rushes into the degrading competition with his fellow-travelers, and tries with his unpractised eye to choose his cariole and horse instead of being chosen by the post-boy who clutches at him. But once on the road, he feels the novelty and exhilaration of the journey, and devotes himself to the business of admiring himself and trap.

The cariole is very like a country doctor's sulky without a top. It differs chiefly in having a long and narrow body, in which the traveler may lay his legs to rest, and a perch behind his seat, where he straps his portmanteau, and where the post-boy kneels or sits, or variously dangles in such attitudes as his native taste may prefer. A boot buttons over the body of the cariole for protection against rain or cold, and the seat has usually a very low back, so that for a few miles the traveler is occupied chiefly in adjusting himself to the gait of the vehicle, and trying to make up his mind whether it is better for him to drop his legs on each side, as if he were riding horseback,—indeed, he sometimes finds stirrups provided,—or to recline with his legs extended stiffly before him, as if he were in an ambulance.

But after he has changed his mind frequently he is at leisure to enjoy the situation. He may drive, or he may fold his arms, letting the little urchin behind drive, and give himself up to an unrestricted view of the scenery. He is almost on horseback, and as he jogs along at no great speed he begins to realize the independence of the mode. The stations are at intervals of ten or a dozen miles, and the breaks in the journey come just often enough to give variety, while the distances are long enough to enable him to settle himself in his seat. He engages his cariole, horse, and boy from one station to the next; and when he reaches the station he dismounts, unstraps his luggage, and may now stay as long as he pleases, or go on with a fresh cariole, horse, and boy at once. He may stay and take dinner, or spend the night, or stay a week. He has a delightful sense of traveling with his own carriage, and yet having no care or responsibility. The boy who has attended him to the station will drive back with the little beast to the gait of which he has just become accustomed, and after a succession of boys, ponies, and carioles the traveler stops his career at the end of the day with a virtuous feeling that he himself is the only one that is tired; he is the only consecutive part of the journey.

With what unflagging zeal, also, the traveler tries his little vocabulary upon each new post-boy! How soon he manages to make him know that he is an American, and to ask if his little friend has relatives in America! How easily he thinks he understands the answers to his questions, and how puzzling he finds the return questions to be! I invariably asked how soon the boy was going to America, and found only one in the course of my travels who was content with Norway. What amused me was the popular notion which prevailed that America was discovered and populated by the Norwegians—not in the mythic times of the viking wanderers who amused themselves with excursions to our Atlantic coast for the purpose of perplexing historians, but a generation or so ago. It was some time before I could understand the surprise of Norwegian peasants that I was not myself of Norwegian parentage and born in Norway. I tried to persuade myself that there was a delicate piece of flattery implied, which took advantage of my nonchalant use of a carefully guarded stock of Norwegian words; but I discovered that there was a theory which covered my case. About fifty years or less before my visit there began to be an exodus from Norway to America; the country hitherto uninhabited except by Indians and wild beasts was now becoming prosperous under Norwegian enterprise; since I was not an Indian, I must be Norwegian-American.

It seems very certain that Norway and the United States are to have an influence upon each other of which the beginning only is seen. The influence will be partly personal: the absorption of Norwegian farmers into the American stock; the increase of American travel in Norway. It will be partly political, the Norwegian political thought receiving a strong impulse from the democratic form of American life; but if America here makes the larger contribution, it ought to receive a very

positive advantage from a closer connection of the literature of the two countries. There is an interesting possibility in the influence of Scandinavian literature upon American literary art. We are readier, I think, to assimilate this literature to our own than the English are, and in going to it for suggestion and inspiration we find what is at once foreign and familiar. There is a common ground on which the thought of the two nations may meet; but the Norwegian expression has an idealism and a romantic element which we may advisedly study. I think a study of the finer literature of Norway would be better worth the while of American authors than much of the labor which is expended on German current literature, for example. The inspiration to be drawn from it is peculiarly fit and forcible; for this literature is expressive of a people possessing virtues singularly desirable in the American character. I think that both travel in Norway and study of Norwegian literature offer admirable advantages to the American student.

Horace E. Scudder.

ANOTHER DAY IN NORWAY.

IT is only by degrees that the recent visitor to Norway who has recollections of the old idyllic period can attune his mind to the change which has come over the country. From a purely literary point of view, the drowsy idyl in which Mr. Scudder reveled was, I fancy, far more attractive than the political strife and turmoil into which I plunged when, after an absence of nineteen years, I landed at the pier in Christiania. It was the very same pier, by the way, which inducted Mr. Scudder into the long, enchanted day that preceded the present storm. The mountains, to be sure, were there yet, bathed in the magic illumination of the midnight sun. The fiords had the same still, mysterious air, and the steamers glided over their surface as in a dream; and the light of wonderland broke from the sky in strange, swift flashes, thrilling one with a delicious, vaguely questioning sense of unreality, like that of Aladdin when he first entered his fairy palace. But the life—the life for which this mighty scenery forms the setting—is marvelously changed. I had all the time a feeling as if it had been transposed into a different and wholly discordant key. On the northward steamer, where my predecessor in 1881 encountered only jollity and good-natured mirth, I was assailed by clamorous political debate, rude, shrill, and angry. Even the ladies with whom I spoke scoffed at the old idyllic repose, and declared that Norway was now wide-awake and modern, and that the time was happily past when she was content to be «romantic» and picturesque for the benefit of gaping tourists. A charming blonde maiden, of the purest Scandinavian type, whom I took to be of the meek and submissive kind (like the heroines of Walter Scott), assured me that Ibsen and Kielland were her favorite authors, that Björnson was old-fashioned, and that she could see nothing so very shocking in Zola. She also asked me if I knew Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Julia Ward Howe; and I rose visibly in her estimation when I was able to boast the acquaintance of the latter.

This was no isolated experience, but one of a long series which gradually convinced me that Norway had, in very truth, been invaded by modern thought, and that the old idyl which looked so lovely in Björnson's early tales has grown by a myriad imperceptible filaments into the great web of European life, and is an idyl no more, but a *fin de siècle*, realistic novel. I confess that, though generally speaking my sympathies are with human advancement and progress, an indefinable regret stole over me at this discovery. I would not, indeed, have Norway stagnate in medieval conditions, and cut herself off from a vigorous participation in the world-life. Her situation, to be sure, and her smallness, will always prevent her from playing a leading part. But then we cannot all be protagonists, and an inferior rôle is preferable to none. Only, that stimulated cerebral activity which enables a man or a nation to assert himself or itself in the battling ranks of modern civilization involves the loss of simplicity, picturesqueness, and a number of other pastoral virtues for which we do not ourselves aspire, but which we have agreed to regard as esthetically commendable.

And here is just the point which I wish to emphasize. As long as you are unconsciously picturesque, as the Norwegians were in the old idyllic days, you suffer no degradation, no loss of self-respect, by reason of your pic-

turesqueness. But only let the least hint of a suspicion enter your mind that you are pictorially interesting, and you instantly become uneasy, awkward, vaguely theatrical. Presently you are confronted with the alternative of discarding either your picturesqueness or your self-respect. It is this which has happened to the Norwegian peasantry during the last ten or twenty years. The tourists have stared at their national costumes, and have been stared at in return, until some confusion of mind has arisen as to which of the two are the more normal human creatures. In my childhood I remember hearing the peasants laugh heartily at the stray Englishman or American who invaded our valley, and call him «speckle-bird» (on account of his speckled clothes) and other derisive names. It never occurred to them then to question that a Norwegian peasant was the most normal and rational creature in God's world, and that all departures from his type must be regarded as queer, abnormal, and standing in need of an explanation. But since then the travelers have poured down upon them year by year in an ever-broadening current, until at last it looks as if the world were inhabited, not by Norwegians, but by speckled tourists. When the foreign artist at the roadside now asks the peasant girl to pose for him, and the kodak fiend snaps his instrument at her, the deadly suspicion invades her mind that it is not he, but she, who is queer; and this suspicion, when once it becomes rooted, reverses for her the order of the universe.

It is this which is meant when you hear —not once, but a hundred times, during a summer's sojourn—that the English and the Americans have ruined Norway. The old, primitive existence is going, if it is not already gone. Nothing impressed me more painfully than this ever-obtrusive fact that the note, the accent, of life, was changed. The chord was more complex, no doubt, but it was not more beautiful. It had lost a certain sweet, pastoral tranquillity, and a shrill, uncomfortably self-assertive modernness kept perpetually jarring on my ears. It appears to be a mere question of time when Norway, like Switzerland, will have to pay the full penalty of her picturesqueness, and her peasantry will by degrees degenerate from dignified freeholders into a race of innkeepers and liverymen. They are making the discovery (which, of course, they could not fail to make) that the tourist traffic is far more remunerative than the culture of the meager soil from which, with extreme toil, they barely managed to coax a scant crop of rye, grass, and potatoes. But be it said to their credit that they have not abused the opportunities which this new industry has thrown in their way. Being themselves reared in a state of chronic impecuniosity, they may not as yet have risen to a conception of the tourist's presumable resources. However that may be, I fancy that the absence of all extortion gave an additional zest to my enjoyment of the magnificent scenery with which Norway fairly overwhelms one at every turn. All demands for compensation were so delightfully reasonable that I was frequently tempted to remonstrate with my landlady in her own interest rather than in mine.

It is impossible to speak of modern Norway without mentioning the name of Björnstjerne Björnson, for he has been a tremendous factor in bringing about the change. He has himself chronicled both the old idyllic period (in «Synnöve Solbakken,» «Arne,» and «A Happy Boy») and the new, wide-awake aspiration (in «Flags are Flying» and «The Ways of God»). Norway was like the princess in the fairy-tale «The Sleeping Beauty,» only she had slept for four centuries instead of one. Björnson was the daring prince who broke through the dense, thorny hedge of obscurantism, prejudice, and patriotic conceit, and woke the slumbering princess with a kiss of stormy affection. A great fresh gust of modern thought rushed in through the breach which he had made, and it was of no avail that the conservative ministers of state and the Lutheran clergy pulled the furred collars of their overcoats up to their very eyes in order to preserve themselves from the dangerous nineteenth-century draft. People began to breathe the new atmosphere, and it apparently agreed with them. Nothing very terrible happened to anybody except the old minority government, which was turned out of office.

Björnson possesses in a remarkable degree the faculty (in which Goethe gloried) of compelling his people to share the processes of his own intellectual growth. He has been, and is, to Norway an intellectual liberator. He is himself aware that a man who undertakes such a labor will and must reap a great deal of contemporary hatred and malediction; and I fancy, too, that there are moments in which he may concede that the new which he brings is not an unmixed blessing. For, as Stevenson has aptly said, «The possession of a brain that has been thus improved and cultivated, and made into the prime organ of a man's enjoyment,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

brings with it certain inevitable cares and disappointments.» A semi-vegetable existence, repeating tranquilly the ancestral routine of centuries, untrammeled by any other problem than that of nutrition, has, no doubt, advantages compared with the restless, eager, nervously overwrought condition of modern life, keenly conscious in every fiber. And yet, who would exchange the latter condition for the former? Who would descend in the scale of being, and buy ignoble repose by a spiritual shrinkage and lowered vitality expressing itself in blunted curiosity and dulled desires? The intense intellectual life which Norway has displayed during the last twenty-five years is the direct result of the awakening which the old fogies, both at home and abroad, are lamenting.

Such keenly modern spirits as Björnson, Ibsen, Kielland, Lie, and Grieg could not have sprung from a nation of idyllic herdsmen and sailors. And the price Norway has paid for whatever eminence she now enjoys is a proportionate loss of that Arcadian innocence which literary tourists, from Harriet Martineau to Horace Scudder, have not grown weary of praising. There is, indeed, yet left much that is quaint and delightful; but the traveler who desires to enjoy it will do well in not delaying too long.

Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen.

A WISH.

ONLY to be a bird
  In the primrose dark of the morning;
  No future—no past;
Just a present, with wings
  For an instant cast
On the green verge of things,
  Then to cease without warning!

Helen M. Bullis.

CHARACTERISTICS OF JENNY LIND.

JENNY LIND'S impression upon her audience was the result of four remarkable qualities united in one artist—a voice unique in power, musical beauty, and dramatic quality; a thorough musicianship; unusual intellectual culture; and a character of unaffected goodness, kindness, and high moral principle, which gave her insight into a range of emotions, especially in religious music, possessed by herself alone. She approached each piece of music from the point of view of a great musician. She conceived its dramatic possibilities as a woman of ardent temperament molded by high social culture. She studied and created her *chefs-d'œuvre* with great intelligence. Her own inner life developed a class of emotions of an exceptionally gracious character, which she sought to express through her art. Such was her effect on me, an artist; and it did not differ, except in intensity and delight, from the impression made on people who had no technical knowledge of music.

The generation which has never heard Jenny Lind is prone to suspect that the hold which she possesses upon the imagination and heart of those who heard her is no test of her greatness; that she is still supreme in memory because she was the first great artist that sang to the young, ardent, and unsophisticated audience which this new country offered. This is an error. Jenny Lind differed from all other great artists, not in degree, but in kind. She was unique. I have heard almost every great singer of my generation; Jenny Lind could be compared to none of them. Her art was altogether different in its nature. It took hold on us in a different way.

The public were mad about her. Wherever she sang, every window and roof for blocks from the concert-hall was packed with people waiting to see her pass. I have it on the authority of Mr. Henry Rochester that once when she dropped her shawl from a balcony, it was caught and in a moment torn to shreds by the crowd below. In America were repeated the scenes of London, where the frantic rush of people fighting their way toward her in the concert-room had generated a new name—the «Jenny Lind crush.» Yet her mastery over this crazed mob was complete. During her presence on the stage the hush of reverent expectation was so intense that one could hear a pin drop. I use the word «reverent» advisedly; her public invariably left her presence uplifted into higher regions of feeling and of desire.

Jenny Lind united in her concerts three fields of music usually quite distinct, and was equally great in all. Although she did not sing in opera in America, her programs contained the arias which were inseparably connected with her triumphs in that field of art. She sang the greatest of the oratorio arias, and a variety of folk-music, Swedish and English. In whatever she sang there was a pathetic quality in her voice that vibrated in the feeling even to tears. I was a young artist just come to New York when she returned there from her tour in the interior to give her great concerts in Tripler Hall, which had been built for her, and on one of these occasions I was engaged as solo violinist. This brought me in contact with her as a musician, and I heard her with the enthusiasm of an artist. I remember as if it were yesterday how she used to dance out sidewise before her audience. I can see her now, a young woman in a dress low in the neck, with short sleeves, and with a full skirt reaching only to the ankle, according to the fashion of the day. Her eyes were light blue, very bright and sparkling; her hair was the true Swedish yellow; her complexion was pale and clear; her cheek-bones were high; and her mouth was most lovable and cultivated in its play of expression. In her own character she was not a woman to fall in love with; she was too reserved. She gave the impression of great dignity and high breeding. Her manners were those of the nobility, very simple and modest, and yet stately. She possessed a fine education and great force of character, and she was so kind and good!

Jenny Lind's voice was a soprano, in richness more like Parepa's than that of any other modern singer, or perhaps like Scalchi's at its best. Its timbre was like a clarinet, penetrating and tearful and sweet, and it flowed out with great volume and power. When she sang in Rochester, people bought standing-room in the Arcade, across the street from Corinthian Hall, where her con-

LITHOGRAPH BY SARONY, 1850.

JENNY LIND.

cert was held. Through the open windows they heard her perfectly, and at a distance the listening crowd caught the swell of that mighty tone. She possessed two qualities of voice—one somber, the other of a clear, sunny ring, brilliant and sparkling. She carried her middle voice in one quality up to high B flat without a break, and sang there in the same rich tone as in her middle octaves. She used to throw this extraordinary «medium» voice right up on her upper notes with tremendous power. It rang out there as no other voice has ever rung before or since. This was the source of many of her grandest effects. But the peculiarity of her singing was the astonishing sympathy and dramatic intensity which she threw into everything, and the intelligence that guided her. Bravura, sympathy, and intellectual art are each the gift of a different artistic temperament; she united them all. Moreover, behind her interpretation was her high training of mind and feeling. This lent power and variety to her artistic conception.

Jenny Lind sang each piece from its own proper mental standpoint. She was the pupil of Garcia, the brother of Malibran, and in acting had studied carefully the art of the French stage, especially that of Rachel. She was the one ideal opera-singer for Meyerbeer, whose tender friendship for her is well known. For her he wrote the part of *Selika*, for her *Vielka*. In her operatic singing she threw herself with absolute abandon into each character, and sang with alternate tenderness and fire of irresistible intensity. Hers was a fiery voice. In America, of course, she expressed her temperament through her singing only. I cannot see how she could have been the great actress Europe recognized in her. Here she was awkward in her movements; but I used to think, from her habit of dancing on and off the stage sidewise, that she had been slightly lamed by some mishap.

Jenny Lind created her success in London in the rôle of *Alice* in Meyerbeer's «Robert le Diable.» Lumley relates how the dramatic censor withheld permission to produce the work there, on the ground of the damage to public morals which would result from bringing a live devil upon the stage. For Jenny Lind, however, this and every other opera was a passionate exposition of human life. She is said to have carried the interpretation of the rôle of *Alice*, with the climax of the terzetto preceding the finale, to a height of dramatic power never reached by any other artist. «How can I tell how I sang?» she said after the opera. «I stood on the man's right hand, and the fiend on his left, and my one thought was how to save him.»

For a singer of such instincts the friendship of Mendelssohn was sure to be of the closest. He quotes her as «a member of that church invisible,» and delighted in her «splendid enthusiasm.» He himself taught her the spirit and interpretation of oratorio music. She was only fulfilling his inspiration when she gave vent to the exaltation of artistic-religious feeling in such strains. «I know that my Redeemer liveth» she sang with such a fervor of religious passion that it caught one up, as it seemed, into the sacred presence. And so it was with all her sacred melodies. In her the art of music was grafted upon a religious nature so deep that practical Christianity was the master-spring of her life. This girl, a ballet-dancer as a child, a comedy actress in her teens, a most passionate and yet most womanly exponent of the great tragic rôles of opera as a mature artist, was supposed in America to be the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman.

It was in ballad-singing that Jenny Lind's childlike sympathy of character came out most clearly. She reveled in the ventriloquial displays of her bird-song; she threw herself with delight into the homely lieds of Sweden. No one ever heard her sing «Home, Sweet Home» without weeping. The quality of tone as she spoke the words wrung the heart. In everything she sang she revealed, apparently with perfect artlessness, beauties of which nobody had dreamed. She was perfectly original in all that she did.

Looking at Jenny Lind's art from the standpoint of its artistic school, it is easy to cite singers who have, in one or another charm, excelled her. She had not the soft warmth of an Italian singer in her voice. Many have been her superiors in feats of execution—Alboni, Tietjens, even Mme. La Grange; but she had a magnificent trill, and a scale of astounding evenness, purity, and brilliancy. The great power of her voice made it impossible for her to equal the colorature of singers possessing a lighter timbre. But this great voice she had under very high cultivation. She sang firmly, without a tremolo; purely, no slightest aspirate marring the sunny quality of her embellishments; and she could pass from the most tremendous crescendo to the most delicate pianissimo. Her climax in the part-singing of *Agatha* in «Der Freischütz» stands before me as the acme of passion; her bird-song as an example of airy and exquisitely graceful colorature.

FROM LITHOGRAPH BY D'AVIGNON, 1850; DAGUERREOTYPE BY ROOT.

JENNY LIND.

I was present at Jenny Lind's last concert. The late Mr. Scharfenberg, one of New York's pioneer musicians, sat beside me. «What do you think?» I asked him. «She will never sing again,» he answered. Glorious as her voice still was, there had come a veil over the upper notes, once so brilliant; the delicacy and sympathy were gone from the lower—they had become harsh and cold. I did not hear her in the future triumphs in oratorio of which her biographers write so enthusiastically. To my mind, her fiery temperament, which she had thrown against her voice, had worn her and her voice out together. The American tour had destroyed her.

Henri Appy.

WHAT JENNY LIND DID FOR AMERICA.

JENNY LIND'S sojourn in America was fruitful in many ways. Her progress left a chain of charities through the land by which orphans and sick are still nurtured and healed. The rapture of her music created a criterion by which the success of every other artist has been measured from that day to this. The tradition of her pure and noble womanhood has remained to music a bulwark against which the scandal and corruption of the operatic and musical world has broken in vain. In the memory of every human being who heard her, her singing has rung to the hour of death as the one perfect and sublime revelation of the beauty and ecstasy of music itself. This is much. But America owes Jenny Lind one other and greater debt that has never been recognized, which it is the purpose of this article to consider. She brought the musical temperament of America to consciousness of itself. Her tour was the supreme moment in our national history when young America, ardent, enthusiastic, impressible, heard and knew its own capacity for musical feeling forever. From that hour it has received or denied the world's great artists who have made pilgrimage hither, supreme in its own consciousness of its artistic needs and temperament.

In the foregoing article Mr. Appy has summed up the musical gifts of Jenny Lind, and if we apply his analysis to the effect of these gifts on ourselves, it will help us to see ourselves from the outside.

The very first fact that stares us in the face is that she was what Rockstro calls her —«a passionate idealist.» It is Jenny Lind the idealist who won our first fealty. America is «a passionate idealist» also. A nation that left home to plant itself in the wilderness for a religious idea; that fought for a moral idea a bloody and devastating civil war; that has chosen for its national saints the ideal magnanimity of Washington and the strong and yet tender patriotism of Lincoln; that builds its homes on an ideal of love, and has taught its sons and daughters to believe that romance is a short word for the happy end of true affection—such is the nation to which Jenny Lind sang. And since her day, whatever partial following musicians may have had for other gifts, it is the idealist and the poet alone who have gathered the consent of the whole nation. Nay, more; America has idealized the character and life of every genius it has loved from that day to this.

The second criterion of our temperament follows from the first. While Jenny Lind was the one perfect singer for the composer of «Robert le Diable,» she was undoubtedly the greatest interpreter of such strains as «I know that my Redeemer liveth.» It is as a singer of religious music that America reveres her most. She touched the masterchord of a profoundly religious people, and, while America stands, this, the highest cause and revelation of music, will be most potent to its temperament.

She was, moreover, in earnest. «Through Jenny Lind,» wrote Hans Christian Andersen, «I first became sensible of the holiness of art. Through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men, have had a more ennobling influence on me as a poet than Jenny Lind.» In fact, she revered her own art, not only as a musician, but as a dramatic artist. When called upon by her fiancé, Mr. Harris, «not only to abandon my profession, but to be ashamed of it,» she, who had already decided to quit the stage, first threw over her lover.

Jenny Lind was intelligible to every one that heard her. Mr. D. W. Powers related to me that six Tonawanda Indian chiefs came in from their reservation and called on her at the Eagle Tavern in Rochester. Sitting in his office down-stairs, he heard her sing to them. They understood her art, and went away satisfied. She was very simple and

logical, and therefore clear, in her interpretations. And this clearness and simplicity were the result of her convictions of art. We are told that it was her «invariable custom to reserve her great effects, with true artistic self-abnegation, for certain points which the unerring instinct of her genius indicated as the fittest for the introduction of a logical climax; and to the power and perfection of such a climax she unhesitatingly sacrificed an indefinite number of those minor effects upon which many artists gifted with less creative power are ready to seize for the purpose of securing a passing triumph at the expense of the logical whole. She kept her dramatic power in reserve, with a reticence which none but the greatest artists are ever known to exercise, for the predetermined situations in which she felt that it could be successfully exhibited with logical consistency and the deepest reverence for dramatic truth.»

This is a very intellectual type of art. By this she brought Hans Christian Andersen to tears—tears on the stage, whither he had smuggled himself in as a «supe,» as he watched her *Norma;* and Balfe to tears in the audience as she sang, «Ah! non credea,» in «La Sonnambula.» It would be too much to say that no American audience has ever confused blind temperament with dramatic genius; but it is certain that America has never for very long mistaken temperamental excess for the ecstasy produced by such spiritual art as Jenny Lind's. On the other hand, the breadth and intensity of passionate feeling which America recognized in her became the criterion of its future favor, and just as exact a criterion of the nation's self. Less fire than her climax, more apathy than her calm, have never since convinced. From her day to ours, every artist who has dwelt among us has been forced by his hearers into greater heights and depths in his efforts to win his public. Without temperament no one wins American listeners.

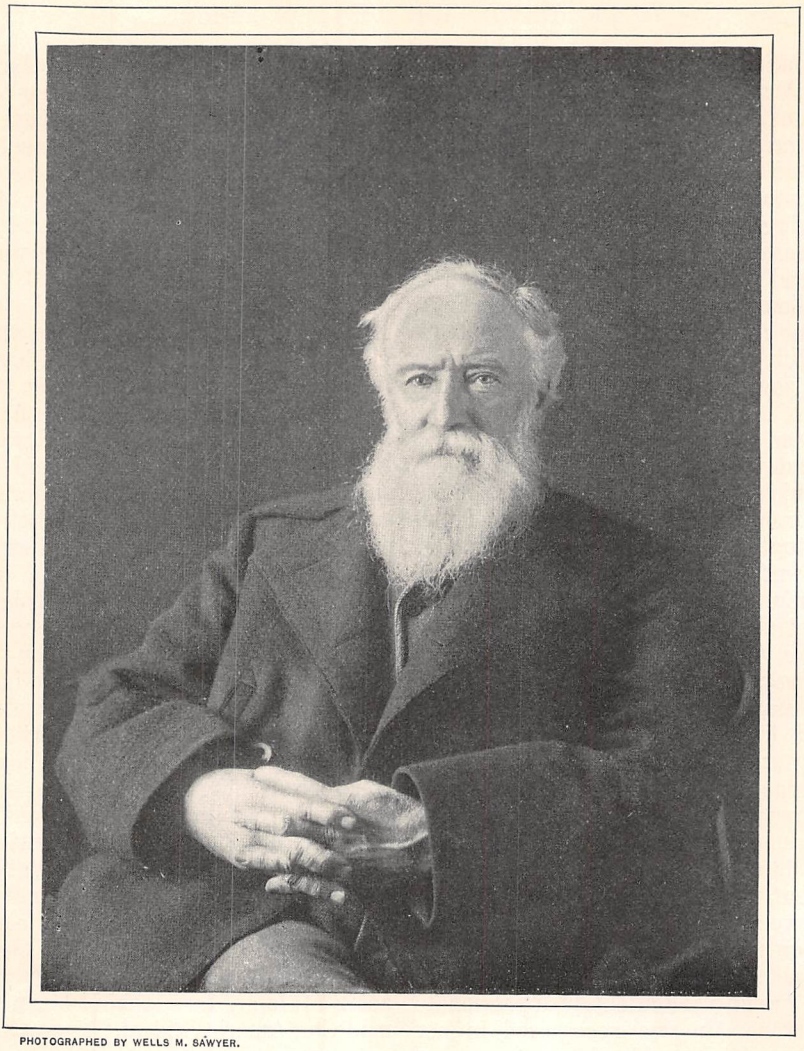
It was the greatest triumph of Jenny Lind that she carried the musical world captive by expressing the highest types and revelations of character. She would not take corrupt rôles. Her art was particularly normal, healthy, and direct. It was tragic, for the deepest suffering is the correlative of the highest natures; but it never struck the notes of brutal passion, rung so continuously nowadays. She sang with exquisite feeling the chaste part of *Valentine.* Her *Norma* failed to win her English hearers because it was a loving woman, not a demon. In «La Sonnambula» her dignity and innocence convinced her listeners and brought them to tears. She appealed, in fact, to the very feelings and emotions that not only are most natural, but are most sedulously cultivated, in American women. This was the charm with which Clara Louise Kellogg afterward won America and astonished Europe.

The purity of *Amina,* the pathetic love of *Lucia,* the chastity of *Valentine,* the merriment of *Susanna,* the dignity of *Norma*—how little these resemble the dramatic situations of our modern stage! What has America to do with the polluted rôles of European degeneracy? We have room enough here for suffering of a nobler strain. Where there is suffering there may be song. Let America sing her own song on the high themes where first she found her voice.

I have shown the choice which Jenny Lind made of the emotions which she would communicate to her hearers. It follows that her art was sincere. She was sincere in technic. If she had not execution for a cadenza, she simplified it. If she found her part demanded a dangerous passage over a falling bridge, she forbade stage illusions, and walked in fear and trembling; if she worked up a climax, she did it within the intention of the composer; if she desired to excite sympathy, she became her own heroine, and suffered. It is no illusion which declares the energy of the moral force that projected such music into the souls of her hearers. It was the character of Jenny Lind behind her music that made her America's ideal. It was «something not ourselves» that spoke in her accents.

Lastly,—and this is the one unfailing characteristic of the highest art,—Jenny Lind the artist was full of sweetness and light—of *kindly* light. Her message was optimistic. Happiness informed it,—the happiness of the good,—and it had the energy of happiness, and communicated its divine spark to artists of every sister art. If it was intellectual, it was also exquisitely beautiful. It was full of sympathy, and it was just as full of innocent gaiety. The «enthusiasm of humanity» pervaded it. The characteristics briefly enumerated in this paper are those that lie at the very heart of American temperament, and that have determined the success of every artist who has visited us. These are the qualities that are struggling to find expression in our own American artists and composers. Let them speak simply and directly, and we will hear.

Fanny Morris Smith.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WELLS M. SAWYER.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

WHEN Dante pictured to himself the approach to the Inferno, he could think of nothing more oppressive to the imagination than the «forest savage, rough and stern,» into which the reader plunges at the very beginning of the first great modern poem. And yet Dante loved nature, and softened his somber visions again and again with simile, image, and figure from the world about him. Light from the sky, and sound from the sea, and the roar of the forest when the wind works its will, recall us at times from the appalling sights of the Inferno, or the pathetic scenes of the Purgatorio, to the smiling earth and the serene heavens. To the beauty of nature, nowhere more obvious and full of suggestion than in the country of his birth, Dante was as responsive as a man so intensely introspective and so deeply committed to the ethical and spiritual structure of things could be; but he was a man of his time as truly as he was a man of all time, and his time was well within the limits of medievalism. It is true, the Italian mind had gone a long way toward emancipating itself from the superstitious idea that nature is corrupt and sinful and given over to evil spirits; but even the Italian mind was not yet at home with the world, and probably very few men of the thirteenth century, in which the poet was born, or of the fourteenth century, in which he died, could cross the Alps without inward trepidation, or explore the recesses of the woods without an instinctive fear that some evil thing was there. And even after fear was banished there was little

appreciation of those aspects of the natural world which modern men feel most deeply.

In this feeling for nature, as in many other things, Petrarch was the first modern man—the first man, that is, who lived as freely and unconsciously in the outer as in the inner world; who possessed himself as completely of the resources and pleasures of the one as of the other; and who recognized the deep and marvelous kinship between the human soul and the fertility and organic beauty by which it is infolded. Medieval men recognized the familiar and obvious loveliness about them, but they shrank from solitude, sublimity, and grandeur in nature. Deep forests, shadowy defiles, lonely summits, and rocky coasts repelled them; they did not discern the kinship between these austere and awful aspects of the world and the deeper and sterner experiences of the soul. Petrarch was not the man to explore these darker recesses; but his active, inquisitive, and sunny nature led him far afield in that easy and natural relation in which modern men stand to the external world, and made him, in a sense, the rediscoverer of that world. «That part of my life that I have passed in Vaucluse,» he said in his later years, «I have passed in such tranquillity, in such sweetness, that, since I knew what human life is, I consider it as almost the only time in which I have lived, and all the rest as a punishment.» When we remember how solitary those years were, and how active and fruitful the poet's later life was, these words are very remarkable, and the impression on the mind of the old man is confirmed by letters written during this joyous exile from society:

> In the morning I wander over the fields, in the evening through the meadows, or in that other more rocky garden near the fountain, which Nature has made more beautiful than could the art of man. This little spot under the rocks, in the midst of the waters, is more suited than any other to inspire profound thoughts by which the most idle minds may feel themselves lifted to lofty contemplation. . . . How often has night found me still wandering in the fields! How often have I risen in the silence of a summer night to offer up my prayers and midnight orisons to Christ, and then to steal forth alone, without disturbing the servants, to wander by the light of the moon over the fields and mountains! How often at the same hour have I gone, without any companion, with mingled feelings of terror and delight, into that terrible cavern of the Sorgue, where even in daylight, and with company, one cannot enter without awe! Do you ask me how I came to be so bold? I have never been afraid of shadows.

In that last sentence lies the secret of the radical revolution of thought about nature which separates the modern man from the man who lived in Petrarch's time and before it.

That revolution has borne many kinds of fruit. It has emancipated the mind from those blighting superstitions which arbitrarily cut off a large share of the pleasures and resources of life; it has corrected the false perspective produced by exclusive and passionate study of the subjective, with almost complete indifference to the objective, world; and it has created a new kind of literature. There were naturalists before Gilbert White, and keen observers before Thoreau; but the attitude of these students of the world about them, and especially the manner and substance of their records, were essentially new. During the last century civilized men have probably lived out of doors to a greater extent than at any period since the days of the myth-makers; and even the myth-makers, who looked at nature through the imagination, and, despite numerous errors of fact, discovered many fundamental truths, were not so thoroughly at home in the world as modern men are fast becoming. Science has played a great part, not only in accurate observation and intelligent report of natural phenomena and life, but in effecting that extension of human knowledge and interest which puts men in equal possession of the world within and the world without. If nature has parted with some of the novel splendor which shone from her upon the young imagination of the race, she has parted also with the terrors of superstition and ignorance which long held men back from an intimacy made possible only after knowledge had held a torch in the darkest corners and dropped its sounding-line into the deepest seas.

Doubtless something has been lost by familiarity, but for most men there has been an immeasurable gain. The myth-makers—the men who see nature with the imagination as well as with the eye—are few in any generation, and for them the miracle does not grow stale by repetition. To the great mass of men devoid of poetic insight, on the other hand, life is immensely broadened and enriched by the inclusion of nature in thought, occupation, pleasure, and relaxation. It is not so much a rediscovery of the natural world which modern men have effected as the establishment of easy and normal relations with it—that intimacy which is bred by an intercourse so constant that it becomes a habit, and we cease to be specifically conscious of it, and which permits, therefore,

the natural play of thought, emotion, and imagination. Even observation, the first and, in a way, the elementary approach of man to nature, involves, for the highest fruitfulness, thorough familiarity with the object observed. «To be a good observer,» says Mr. Burroughs, «is not merely to see things: it is to see them in their relations and bearings; it is to separate one thing from another —the wheat from the chaff, the significant from the unimportant. The sagacity of the hound is in his scent; the skill of the musician seems in his hands and fingers; the mind of the observer is in his eye. To untrained perceptions the color of the clouds is this or that, gray or blue or drab; the artist picks out the primary tints, the separate colors of which this hue is composed.» Behind this higher power of observation there must be that familiarity with the object upon which the eye rests which separates it without effort, not only from other objects of its own class, but from all other things which are not necessary to its complete realization by the mind. It must not only reveal itself entirely, but it must disclose its significant relations to the order of which it is part.

The importance of this kind of observation lies in its perception of the fact of nature not only in its relations to the physical order, but also in its relations to the spiritual order of which man is part—a perception which makes it the inspiration of a literature distinct from scientific records and from the reports of the naturalists. For literature involves those elements of personality and of form which are in no way essential to the adequate and successful professional writing of the scientist and the naturalist. The scientist is concerned with facts as they lead to conclusions and reveal order and law; the naturalist studies the life of the field and of the woods that he may comprehend and classify it. Knowledge of some sort is the end which each of these observers sets before himself, and if the record of observation be correct, it matters not that it is formless; it belongs to the literature of knowledge, not to the literature of power. But the modern writers about nature who, like Thoreau, Jefferies, and John Burroughs, have created a new kind of literature, have approached their subjects as artists rather than as scientists. They are careful observers, but their observation is not impersonal; on the contrary, it is intensely individual, and it concerns itself with the facts of nature primarily as those facts appeal to or interpret the mind and heart of man.

Thoreau's temper toward his fellows was so cold that it seemed to have caught the elemental chill which one sometimes feels in deep and solitary ravines; but no man was ever more conscious of himself than the recluse of the Walden woods, and no man ever studied the world about him with more sophisticated eyes. Nature was not to Thoreau a succession of phenomena, to be dispassionately watched and reported; nature was a kind of private property which reflected everywhere the idiosyncrasies of its owner. He tramped through the woods with a complete philosophy in his knapsack, and while he waited to catch the earliest note of the bluebird he beguiled himself with thoughts which might have come to Plotinus, so highly speculative were they, or to Marcus Aurelius, so austere was their view of human conduct. A naturalist out of doors is all eyes; Thoreau was all brain. He carried into solitude the complete mental apparatus of a modern man. This unfitted him for the work of pure observation, but it made him one of the most original, pungent, and racy writers which this continent has produced.

With kindred intensity, though in a very different fashion, Jefferies's personality plays through his records of field and wood, and the pathos of his personal history lies on the landscape, sometimes like a mist which throws the objects in the foreground into striking relief, while it conceals the details of structure; sometimes like a rich atmosphere which obliterates the horizon-line so that earth and sky seem of a piece. Science is observation and generalization dealing exclusively with facts; literature, when it deals with nature, is nature plus the personality of the writer.

John Burroughs, like Thoreau, is strictly indigenous; he could not have grown in any other soil. Our literature betrays, in almost every notable work, the presence of foreign influences; but Thoreau and Burroughs have been fed by the soil, and have reproduced in flower and fruit something of its distinctive quality. Of the two, Thoreau had the more thorough formal education; but Burroughs shows keener susceptibility to formative influences of all kinds. Thoreau had the harder mind, the nature of greater resisting power; Burroughs is more sensitive to the atmosphere of his time, to the proximity of his fellows, and to the charms of art. Thoreau would have devoted more time to a woodchuck than to Carlyle, Arnold, or Whitman; Burroughs emphasized his indebtedness to Wordsworth, Arnold, Emer-

son, and Whitman. He has the more open mind, the quicker sympathies, the wider range. If he sometimes strikes us as less incisive and original than Thoreau, he is not less distinctively American, and there is a riper and saner quality in him. In Thoreau one is constantly aware of the element of wild life which still survives on this new continent. In Burroughs one feels the domesticity of nature; one is aware at all times of the simple, natural background of American life. In nothing is Burroughs's freedom from academic and literary tradition more evident than in the quality of homeliness which runs through his work. He writes in his shirt-sleeves, and is not ashamed of it; on the contrary, he believes that the only real writing is done by men who speak unaffectedly out of the conditions which form their natural environment. He can admire an academician who is an academician by nature; but he has no sympathy with the man who exchanges his native dialect for a speech which has greater precision and eloquence, but which is not a part of himself.

John Burroughs was born a countryman, and a countryman he remains. The horizon which he sees from his hillside farm of seventeen acres overlooking the Hudson includes within its intangible boundaries a world large enough to engage the closest observation, and important enough to justify the fullest record. He loves nature at large, but he is chiefly concerned with nature as a home-maker for man. Thoreau is so thoroughly detached from the society of his fellows that one point of observation is, for his purpose, as good as another, provided the point be remote from human settlement. Burroughs, on the other hand, delights not less in solitude and silence, but he keeps within sight of the thin line of smoke from the hearthstone. Thoreau wants the freedom of absolute detachment. «I would rather,» he says, «sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion. . . . The very simplicity and nakedness of man's life in the primitive ages imply this advantage, at least: that they left him still but a sojourner in Nature. When he was refreshed with food and sleep he contemplated his journey again. He dwelt, as it were, in a tent in this world, and was either treading the valleys, or crossing the plains, or climbing the mountain-tops. But lo! men have become the tools of their tools. The man who independently plucked the fruits when he was hungry is become a farmer, and he who stood under a tree for shelter a housekeeper.» Thoreau held to the ways of primitive man, and stings or shocks us out of our complacent civilization; but he pays the penalty of his isolation in a certain hardness of tone and a certain narrowness of sympathy. Burroughs not only plucks fruits, but produces them, for he is both a farmer and a housekeeper. He misses some insights and a kind of knowledge which are the exclusive possession of the primitive man; but he lives nearer the soil, in more intimate contact with it, and his report of nature, if less novel and surprising, is warmer and more persuasive in tone. He approaches nature, not with the stealthy step of the Indian, but with the easy air of the farm-bred boy who lays no claims to esoteric relations, but quietly takes possession of the world about him because he was born to it.

It was his good fortune to spend his childhood and youth in that very interesting region where the head waters of the Delaware have their rise: a country which has elevation, mass, and breadth to the eye, as well as that austere fertility which responds to hard work, but scorns the touch of the amateur or the indolent. In such a region there is room for the imagination as well as for quick observation and the ready hand. The conditions which the boy found about him were simple to the verge of bareness, but they were wholesome; they bred that sturdy independence which goes far to the making of an original man. The picture on which he looked had no unusual or striking features. There was the bald-top mountain in the lap of which the farm lay, and upon which the sheep grazed; on the slope of the hill was one of those clear springs so dear to childhood, and so indescribably refreshing in the memory of the mature man; in the distance stood the little red school-house; and through the meadows beyond it ran the brook, with its inexhaustible resources of swimming, fishing, and dam-building. «For thirty years or more,» he writes, «I have been afflicted with a sort of chronic homesickness—a longing for the old farm where I was born, yonder amid the hills.» This nostalgia of the soul for the surroundings amid which it came to a consciousness of its needs and powers and aims testifies to the imperishable influence of the things which are seen with the eyes of youth. It is doubtful if any later vision of things is clearer or so fruitful; and it is certain that every man's art is permanently affected by those earliest contacts with the world which stir the imagination out of its sleep. Mr.

Burroughs first looked upon nature from the door-step of the farm-house, and from that point of contact between the outer world of discovery and action and the inner world of rest and affection he still sees it. The early years were simple and homely, and the later years have been of a piece with them. «If a man is not born into the environment best suited to him,» he writes in «An Egotistical Chapter,» «he, as a rule, casts about him until he finds such an environment. My own surroundings and connections have been mainly of the unliterary kind. I was born of and among people who neither read books nor cared for them, and my closest associations have been with those whose minds have been alien to literature and art. My unliterary environment has doubtless been best suited to me. Probably what little freshness and primal sweetness my books contain is due to this circumstance.» Education in the deepest sense is so individual, so much a matter of assimilating what is essential to the clear and adequate expression of one's self, and of rejecting that which is alien or unrelated, that most men of force and gift secure the best training for themselves, whatever their opportunities offer or withhold. And that knowledge which is most vital to a man generally comes to him unawares. «As a farm boy,» writes Mr. Burroughs, «I had known all the common birds well, and had loved the woods passionately; but my attention was not seriously turned to natural history till I was a man grown. But no one starts in the study of natural history with such advantages as he whose youth was passed on the farm. He has already got a great deal of it in his blood and bones; he has grown up in right relations with man and beast; the study comes easy and natural to him. The main things are a love of nature and simple tastes; and who is so likely to have these as the boy from the farm?»

This love of nature is not a blind adoration; it is rather a superior and searching intelligence. It sees because it knows how to look, and it knows how to look because the imagination quickens the instinct. There is a deep truth in that maxim, known to all anglers, which says in effect, «If you would catch trout, bait your hook with your heart.» Knowledge without sympathy can do much, but sympathetic knowledge alone divines the secrets of nature and of men. In the woods things happen to a man of John Burroughs's quality which never befall the indifferent observer. «To see the life of the woods go on about you,» he sometimes says to his friends, «it is only necessary to keep still.» But this stillness which lures the shy, wild creatures from their hiding-places, and brings the bird to your shoulder and the trout to your hand, is a pregnant stillness; it has that quality of silence which Wordsworth had in mind when he wrote:

> The breath of this corporeal frame,
> And even the motion of our human blood,
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul.

This subtle persuasiveness of attitude, which disarms the suspicions of the world of wild life, and secures for a man the privileges of citizenship in that world, is possible to those only whose knowledge of natural processes and phenomena is pervaded by love; and love of nature in the productive sense comes mainly to those who discover the outer world when the imagination has not yet been divorced from observation. So far as insight and the power to reproduce in art are concerned, we know best the persons and the landscapes we knew in childhood. To people who did not know the little hamlet of Coate in childhood it is but a half a dozen mean and decaying cottages; they could not identify it with that half-fairy place which Richard Jefferies described. «No one else,» he says, «seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook, or heard the music at the hatch, or to have felt back through the centuries; and when I try to describe these things to them they look at me with stolid incredulity. . . . There is no music now in the old hatch where we used to sit, in danger of our lives, happy as kings, on the narrow bar over the deep water. The barred pike that used to come up in such numbers are no more among the flags. The perch used to drift down the stream and then bring up again. The sun shone there for a very long time, and the water rippled and sang; and it always seemed to me that I could feel the rippling and the singing and the sparkling back through the centuries.»

To look at nature with the inward as well as with the outward eye is the distinctive gift of the writer, who not only sees what other men fail to observe, but who gives his record of what he sees the quality of his personality. It is a significant fact in Mr. Burroughs's early history that he tapped the maple-trees, and secured the earliest market for his sugar, in order that he might buy text-books. Thus early did he lay nature under contribution for his education; and from the days when he whipped the brooks, as his grandfather had done before him, to

these days when he has come to hold the foremost place among living American writers about nature, that education has been uninterrupted and productive. He has not only steadily broadened his own vision, but he has shared his divinations and discoveries with an increasing number who find Thoreau a little too aboriginal and remote. For Thoreau often treats nature like a peasant proprietor whose love of the soil has a touch of fanatical exclusiveness, and sets up prohibitory notices and spring-guns at all approaches. He makes the conditions of acquaintance with nature so hard that we are constantly tempted to ask whether an entire surrender of civilization is not too great a price to pay, even for so great a privilege. There is something exclusive and divisive in the attitude of the recluse of Walden, which provokes the doubt as to whether a man cannot pay his taxes *and* learn all that nature has to impart for his discipline, instruction, and enrichment. We find ourselves asking what we shall gain if we make a new schism. Nature was long under the ban. Now that the two sides of life have been brought together, must civilization go to the wall in order that men may live again in complete and vital relation with nature? In Thoreau individualism runs to extremes, and he pays the penalty imposed upon puritanism in a partial and one-sided view of life. He is a schismatic, as his fathers were before him, because he divides the human activities and resources instead of conceiving of them as constituting an organic whole. Genuine fellowship with nature does not involve renunciation of the gains and resources of civilization; a man need not strip himself bare and revert to a savage type in order to get back to nature. It is natural to live the free, joyous life of the instincts and the senses, to seek silence and solitude, to love the smell of the earth and the sweep of the sky; but it is equally natural to live the life of thought, knowledge, taste, culture. It is natural to be born in «a state of nature»; but it is equally natural to grow out of that state into something fuller and higher, and civilization, in its essential quality, is nothing but growth. The seed and the blade are natural, and so also are the flower and the fruit.

This saner and deeper, if less striking, view of nature is presented by John Burroughs. He is not a schismatic; he is a harmonizer. He has no great love for cities, but he does not lose his poise and fall to cursing when he thinks of London or Boston or New York. He sees clearly enough the shams, the hypocrisies, the artificialities, which flourish among men organized into society; but he does not therefore leap to the conclusion that civilization is a sham or an artifice. He knows the supreme value in education of the solitude, the silence, the detachment of nature from all personal ties and all individual life; but he knows also that what one learns in the woods finds its closest readers in cities; that the spring of inspiration is hidden in the personality, but that it misses its great function of fertilization unless its current flows into organized human life; that man cannot be wholly sane and complete apart from nature, but that sanity and perfection are also conditional upon human relationship. Burroughs is less radical than Thoreau, but he is more fundamental; his point of view is less striking, but it is sounder.

Domesticity in the deeper sense involves the most intimate and continuous relation with one's surroundings. It means a good deal more than the most searching observation of those surroundings; it means living with them. And when a man lives deeply and adequately, his surroundings become so much a part of himself that his knowledge of them is a kind of extension of self-consciousness. This domesticity is not only the dominant note in Burroughs's attitude toward nature, but it is also the explanation of the wholesomeness of his view. One sometimes comes upon phrases in his work which seem strained and artificial, and remind us that in his youth he read Emerson with passionate ardor, and sometimes caught the manner and missed the inspiration; but the substance and texture of that work are sound and enduring. He escapes the fantastic, the idiosyncratic, the oracular; he addresses the understanding as well as the imagination; and in whatever ecstasy comes upon him in those hours when the hermit-thrush sings to that which is most solitary in the human soul, he does not lose his footing in the realities of life. His human sympathies are too warm and his human interests too deep for that isolation which, by severing a man in feeling from his kind, destroys his balance and makes him a prey to a distorted and partial vision of things. Moreover, the wild element in nature is, after all, not so alien to human life as it seems, and closer touch between the two reveals a deeper unity than could be suspected at the start. It is clear that we have not reached the ultimate truth with regard to the original relations of man and nature; but it is equally clear that every step which

science takes toward that truth binds man and nature with stronger and more mysterious bonds. The wild element is alien to us only so long as it is strange; domestication in nature destroys the impression of an inherent antagonism between the condition of the primitive man and the condition of the civilized man—between man isolated in nature and man in closest contact with his fellows. Throughout Burroughs's books runs this vein of domestication in nature; birds, beasts, woods, streams, the weather, are watched, studied, explored, recorded with a keen eye, with that passion for out-of-door life which leads the naturalist far and wide, and with that sense of hidden relationships, of secret unity, of pervading and infinite suggestion to the imagination, which is the distinctive possession of the man of letters. His inspirations and his authorities have been found afield, and the books he has written have grown up within him; the seeds of thought from which they have expanded have been, for the most part, deposited in his mind and heart in those unconsciously receptive hours when the world sinks deep into a man's imagination, to bear later the fruit of art.

«What I feel I can express,» he says, «and only what I feel. If I had run after the birds only to write about them, I never should have written anything that any one would care to read. I must write from sympathy and love, or not at all. I have in no measure the gift of the ready writer, who can turn his pen to all sorts of themes; or the dramatic, creative gift of the great poets, which enables them to get out of themselves and present vividly and powerfully things entirely beyond the circle of their own lives and experiences. I go to the woods to enjoy myself, and not to report them; and if I succeed, the expedition may by and by bear fruit at my pen.» Books produced in this way often lack formal arrangement, but they have vital unity, and, as a rule, they disclose growth. Burroughs has not made a systematic study of the world about him, but its various aspects have so long engrossed his attention that the record of them which he has kept is not only consistent with itself, but is fairly complete. Nothing is too homely or familiar to escape his eye, and he cares for things as nature disposes them, with apparent indifference to effects, a great deal more than for things as men arrange them. There is an elemental quality in him, born of his nearness to natural processes and products. He enjoys things in the rough, as a true lover of nature must, and feels the beauty of the solitary swamp, and of the burnt and desolate pine on the bare hillside, as keenly as the charm of a June morning when the whole world is abloom. He does not value things as they express culture, but as they express life; and the commonest and homeliest things are, for that reason, as significant and important, in his eyes, as those which are far-fetched and rare. The farmer on the fence, in his shirt-sleeves, is a much more impressive figure, to his thought, than many a man overlaid with the refinements and polish of society, simply because his is real, genuine, first-hand human nature. He means something as representative of the soil and the conditions about him. It is, therefore, a very plain, simple, hardy life which we find in John Burroughs's books, but it is a life full of flavor, health, reality. The natural man is not exploited in these books, but he is so quietly and faithfully reported that we begin to see how much more he means than any other kind of man. And from the same wholesome attitude toward the world we learn that the crow is quite as interesting as the thrush that makes the morning vocal, the cow-bird as well worth study as the eagle, and the woodchuck as important as the wild beast to which distance lends its traditional enchantment. Whatever is in nature, Burroughs seems to say, is there because it ought to be; and if we do not see its beauty, its worth, or its meaning, so much the worse for us. If he does not startle and sting us, as does Thoreau, he is not less an antiseptic in this end-of-the-century epoch of introspection, of straining of thought and of speech to compass and express abnormal experiences. His feet are always on the ground, and the open sky is over him; he is not afraid of hardship, because hardship is a part of nature; he fears only that sickness of the soul which makes men shrink from every rough wind, and that sickness of the imagination which confuses disease with health, and pieces words together, like bits of glass, to secure striking effects, instead of using language as the vital effluence of thought. He is not free from occasional touches of something very like affectation; but these forcings of the fancy are so rare that they emphasize the essential soundness and wholeness of his thought and style. He gets at the heart of the matter often with the directness of simple truth. Everything is subordinated to honest report of the fact. But it is not the bare fact which is recorded: it is the fact in its widest relations and in its deepest significance. He mixes human life with nature, and

sees nature with eyes that have imagination behind them. The elemental quality does not limit him to broad effects in style; he knows how to paint effectively on a small canvas, and he shows a thoroughly artistic appreciation of what a painter would call the «values» of his material. Such a piece of writing as «An Idyl of the Honey-Bee,» for instance, is a charming example of a harmonious disposition of a very few elements of interest. It is a bit of literature as well as a record of observation; it reveals the artist and the man of culture as well as the lover and student of nature.

And a man of culture Mr. Burroughs certainly is, if culture means not quantity but quality of knowledge, not acquirement but absorption of truth, not indefinite extension of intellectual interests, but ripeness, maturity, mastery. There is a flavor of literary association in almost everything he has written —the flavor, that is, of familiarity with books, as well as the gift of making books. If he has not read widely, he has read deeply and with the heart. He lived a year, he tells us, with the «Idler» and the «Rambler»; but it was only a question of time when he should fall under the spell of Emerson, that liberator of youth from traditional tastes, and from the painful indecision of aspirations working in the imagination, but vague and indistinct to the thought. He was confirmed in tendencies already well defined by reading Thoreau's «Walden»; but he was preserved from imitation by a radical difference of temperament, unconsciously suggested when he says: «I always envied him . . . his indifference to human beings.» Then came Whitman, with his «great humanizing power,» and Ruskin, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Arnold, and Carlyle. These were the formative influences in his education. There were other influences—Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier—which were mainly confirmatory. There was something in Emerson which the boy felt rather than understood as native and indigenous, a new and vital force in thought and life. And it is significant both of his intellectual sensitiveness and of his hardy individuality, that in order to liberate himself from the overpowering spell of Emerson's searching thought and style, he took refuge in work; for self-expression is the sovereign remedy against that pressure from without which endangers the integrity of individuality. Instinct led him from the writing of essays on such Emersonian themes as «Expression» to the writing of out-of-door papers. «The woods, the soil, the waters,» he says, «helped to draw out the pungent Emersonian flavor, and restore me to my proper atmosphere.» In spite of certain unmistakable evidences of intimacy with Emerson, there was a fresh note in these earliest papers, and a fresh note involves an original power. Lowell spoke more than once of his delight in reading, as editor of the «Atlantic Monthly,» the first manuscript from John Burroughs that came into his hands; there was so much refreshment in the quiet, first-hand observation, and in the pungent, straightaway style. Those first ventures set the pace of a long, unhasting, but well-sustained activity, the fruits of which now fill ten volumes of moderate size. The very titles of these books suggest the fields where this knowledge and thought were gleaned. «Wake Robin,» «Locusts and Wild Honey,» «Winter Sunshine,» «Fresh Fields,» «Signs and Seasons,» «Birds and Poets,» hint at the presence of the imagination in this long record of observation, and suggest that the student of nature is also a man of letters. The literary gift is abundantly illustrated in all these books, and in two other of non-committal title—«Riverby» and «Pepacton»; and the literary interest and training are equally evident in «Indoor Studies,» and «Whitman.»

For Burroughs has studied and thought as well as observed. He has read Emerson, Carlyle, Arnold, and Whitman with the insight which never misses the fundamental truth that to be a great writer a man must first be an original force, and that no skill or grace can achieve that which lies only within the power of a strong and fresh personality. He is drawn, therefore, mainly to writers of elemental force and individual power; men in whose constant identification of ample knowledge and courageous insight, with perfection of form, one finds the supreme examples of that great but much abused word, culture. He responds to the appeal of men who speak fearlessly out of their own natures, and who have made the decisive discovery that art is not academic, but vital, and that to write freely out of one's soul is the supreme achievement in literature. He values those qualities in books to which his long familiarity with nature has given the highest authority—reality, sincerity, contact with concrete things. No man has written more wisely and intelligently of Carlyle, whose elemental energy and titanic fury of work appeal to him as something almost cosmical. «What Taine calls his barbarism,» he says in his interesting account

of «Carlyle's Country,» «was his strong mason sire cropping out. He was his father's son to the last drop of his blood, a master builder working with might and main. . . . I know of no man in literature with whom the sense of labor is so tangible and terrible. That vast, grim, struggling, silent, inarticulate array of ancestral force that lay in him, when the burden of written speech was laid upon it, half rebelled, and would not cease to struggle and be inarticulate. There was a plethora of power; a channel, as through rocks, had to be made for it; and there was an incipient cataclysm whenever a book was to be written.»

Burroughs is drawn also to a mind of very different temper, but of kindred integrity of fiber and distinctness of personal note. His essay on Matthew Arnold is not only an admirable piece of criticism, but it is a prime illustration of his catholic love for sound work, and of his power to recognize reality and downrightness of soul even in a writer of academic affinities. For Arnold bears unmistakable witness on every page to that quality of training which is imparted by the university, and by the university alone. But there was something hard and unyielding under that fine polish; indeed, the perfection of the finish was due in no small measure to the stubborn fiber of a material which responded slowly to the hand of art, and retained every impression which it received. In his way, Arnold had as great a power of resisting contemporary influences as Carlyle had, and was of a nature quite as strenuous and fearless. The same qualities Burroughs finds in a writer whose artistic methods were antipodal to those of Arnold, and whose view of modern life Carlyle would have detested. For many years Burroughs has urged the claims of Walt Whitman as a poet of original quality and insight. His advocacy has been loyal and generous, and if at times its claims have been too inclusive, there has been the justification of an atmosphere of exasperating indifference, if not of downright antagonism. The country has not accepted these claims for Whitman in their entirety; but to their persistent advocacy has been due in no small degree that change which has brought American opinion much nearer foreign opinion concerning a poet who has suffered almost equally at the hands of enemies and friends, and whose great qualities and marked defects need, above all things, dispassionate judgment. The elementary character of Whitman's ideas, the breadth of base which his human interests subtend, the uncompromising democracy of his spirit, found a quick response in Burroughs; but there was something in the feeling and rhythm of the poet which had for the lover of nature a charm almost novel in English poetry. Burroughs has said that Whitman can be understood only out of doors; that he has caught the gait of nature, and that his apparent formlessness, when one feels its quality, has the primitive power and spell of woods and fields. This quality eludes those who look at literature from what may be called the literary standpoint; but it is felt by those who go to books for contact with the elemental forces of life, and who discern in the apparent formlessness of nature the hints and suggestions of a form more vital and capacious than the great literary artists have yet mastered. In Burroughs's judgment, this change of method does not involve revolt against the great traditions of poetry, but marks that general advance of thought and feeling which tends more and more to bring men together on a basis of natural equality or inequality, and to infuse into all the arts not only a closer, but a more inclusive, human interest and impulse.

These opinions find their value not only in the contribution they make to the general comprehension of some of the most significant men of the century, but in the revelation they make of John Burroughs's intellectual and spiritual character. They disclose his affinities, his interests, and his point of view. And in these comments on literature, as in the comments on nature, one finds a search for simplicity, directness, absence of any kind of formalism, love of everything that concerns or contains life, a broad, sane, homely conception of man and his surroundings. There is very little historical background in Burroughs's thought; he rarely suggests that vast, rich world of finished achievement from which so many men unconsciously pilfer for the enrichment of their meager stores. We miss in these books that quality of atmosphere which gives Lowell's work, for instance, a charm distilled out of the best life of many centuries; but we find in them something which is of supreme value in literature: the simple, frank utterance of a strong, unaffected human soul in close and normal relations with nature and life. Such an utterance may lack completeness, but it cannot lack that deep reality which is born of personal contact with that about which it speaks; and such an utterance always brings us back to nature by reminding us that art is but a mask for nature.

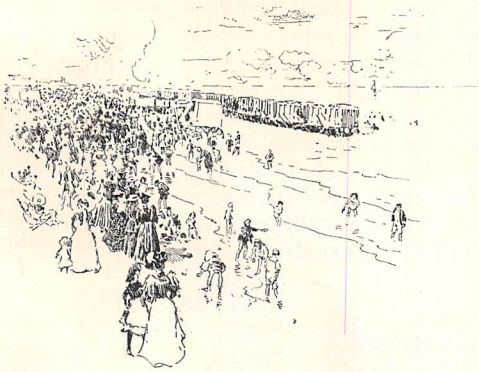
Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A DONKEY-RIDE.

LONDON AT PLAY.

ON MARGATE'S SANDS.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



MARGATE is London's Coney Island, its big suburb by the sea, only far enough away for a long morning's voyage in a steamboat. It is easy to forget in town how near the coast is; but already at Charing Cross, sometimes, when the tide is high, you can smell the fresh, salt air through the London smoke; in winter the white gulls haunt the bridges at Waterloo and Blackfriars; and it is just after the widening Thames has lost itself in the North Sea that Margate stretches out its pier into the water. There are plenty of other places on the same cliffs—Broadstairs and St. Leonard's and Westgate, and a dozen more; but Margate first, with Ramsgate as an alternative, is the cockney's choice. This is why some people agree with Mrs. Tuggs that it is altogether too low—«nobody there but tradesmen!» But then, without the London crowd Margate would not be—well, Margate.

If you wish, you can take a train that starts from Charing Cross or Victoria, and, after a long, rambling tour through Kent, eventually gets to Margate. But half the fun is in going by boat. The lower Thames is supposed to be entirely commercial, but from time immemorial it has been the classic stream for the Londoner's frolic. You remember Dr. Johnson taking water to Billingsgate on the night of his famous «frisk» with Topham Beauclerk; and Hogarth sailing with his four jolly companions for

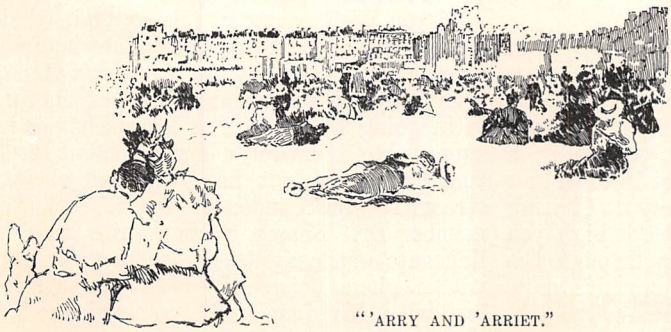
Gravesend; and Elia in the «old Margate hoy,» which he was right in thinking «ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet»; and Boz on so many of those very youthful excursions of his; or, to come down to our own contemporaries, Ally Sloper, that delightful British «Mayeux,» and his party, dancing on deck, as Baxter shows them in one of his wonderful Sloper drawings? Besides, Margate virtually begins when you meet the crowd hurrying down through the narrow, dirty streets leading to the Old Swan Pier, and you struggle with babies and bandboxes at the ticket-office, and you rush down the long gangway, where you get wedged in so tight that you cannot move hand or foot, while a cool official keeps calling: «This wye for the *Sovering*—the *Royal Sovering*. Passengers for Southend pass on to the houter boat. Passengers for Margit and Ramsgit on the *Sovering*—the *Royal Sovering!* Show your tickets, please! Move on! This wye for Southend! This wye for Margit!» And from rival boats at the next pier come a still louder screaming and yelling. It all sounds like a page out of Dickens or Thackeray.

When you are fairly off, when you have scrambled successfully for a seat, and the Southend boat has steamed away, and the *Royal Sovereign* has whistled playfully,—as only a Margate boat can, and very much as the bad boy shrieks when he wishes to make you jump,—you gradually discover that this is the way to see the Thames. For there, at the start, is St. Paul's lifting its dome above the grimy warehouses; and you pass under London Bridge, where swarms of idlers watch you safely through, hoping all the time that you will hit the arches and go to the bottom for their pleasure; and you steam by the Tower, and between the open gates of Tower Bridge, which, once well weather-stained, will be as imposing a feature as the river can

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

boast; and on again, between miles and miles of docks, and «plantations of ship-masts and forests of steam-chimneys»; and on every side are the boats—huge ocean steamers, little penny steamboats, red-sailed barges, big sailing-ships, puffing, smoke-belching tugs. And then, presently, it is Greenwich, with the beautiful buildings of Inigo Jones, and the memories of fish dinners eaten by yourself or in friendly books, and Rosherville, and Gravesend with its gardens, and the broad flats that make you think of Pip and his «great expectations.»

And all the while, if you know how to do the thing in style, a sandwich is in one hand and a pot of porter in the other; for everybody on the boat is eating sandwiches and drinking porter. And by everybody I mean precisely the same company you jostle in the third-class carriages of the «underground» on the day of the University boat-race, or travel with by road down to the Derby,—«the mighty London populace,» Mr. James calls it,—its «female contingent» conspicuously sharing Mrs. Boffin's inclination toward fashion, while a baby, apparently, is as necessary to a Margate outfit as an umbrella on a rainy day. Of course there are musicians on board,—«Italians from the Strand,» is Mr. Mourey's description of the Thames boat band,—gold-laced and tarnished, out of time and out at elbows, playing their poor fiddles and harps and flutes first in the bow, then in the stern, up the middle and back again, and taking up an endless collection. And as the breeze grows



"'ARRY AND 'ARRIET."

brisker and the air keener, as the shores recede farther and farther, there seems to be, as in Mr. Punch's music-hall song, a call for «a drop o' something shorter»; for the little bar on deck is filled with men —and women, too: has not long practice in the public-house taught the Englishwoman how to take her drink standing like a man? Already by noon faces are redder, laughs lighter. There are races round the deck. A few figures are huddled up suggestively against the railings. There are wild shrieks and playful giggles. And in the midst of it children are dancing, children are sick, children are yelling, children are sleeping. And the boat stops no more, though the cliffs are dotted with little towns, until all the gay crowd that does not mean to go on to Ramsgate is emptied upon the pier at Margate, where a crowd as gay watches its arrival.

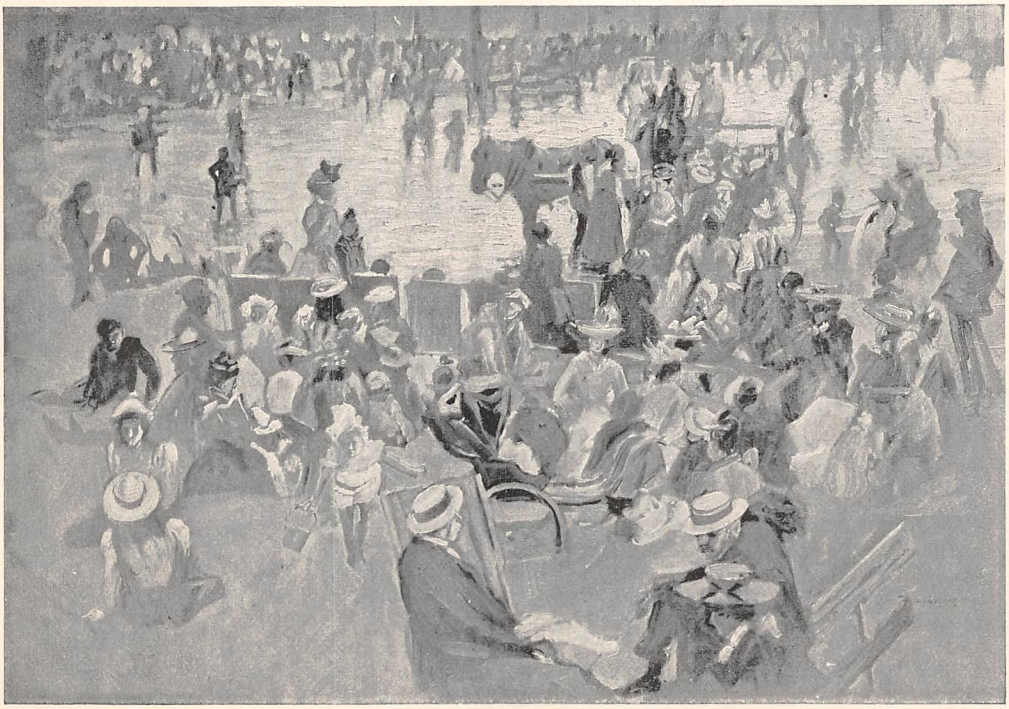
Margate is fairly big—a substantial town, in fact, not the least like the American seashore place. There is an embankment instead of the familiar board walk, blown away regularly every season by the worst storm remembered for years. There are houses and shops of brick and stone, instead of the wooden cottages and hotels that can be wheeled off at a moment's notice. Indeed, I believe if you explore far enough you can find old gables and markets and assembly-rooms, and probably Baedeker or Murray would chronicle a creditable number of inhabitants. But for London people the only Margate is the beach. Nothing else counts, unless it is the pier in the evenings, or when the tide is in, or when the London boats arrive. I suppose the people do go into the town occasionally, for they must sleep somewhere, and there are not enough hotels and lodging-houses directly on the sea to hold them all. But wherever they sleep, they live on the beach. It is a very good one for the English coast, though perhaps not to be compared to the beautiful sweep of sands at Atlantic City and many another little town on the Jersey coast. However, not a square foot of it is wasted. There the London crowd squats—there is no other word for it; the same crowd, partly small tradesmen, partly swaggering clerks, partly well-to-do workmen, partly professional loafers, and largely their wives and daughters, that you see picknicking and betting on the Downs at Epsom, or scattered over the river-banks at the Henley regatta, or packed into a solid mass at the Lord Mayor's show. The only difference is in the background and the way the holiday is spent.

CARRIED ASHORE.

Oh, I love to sit a-gyzing on the boundless blue horizing
When the scorching sun is blyzing down on sands and sea!
And to watch the busy figgers of the happy little diggers,
Or to listen to the niggers when they choose to come to me.

There you have it in Mr. Anstey's «idyllic» verse. Only no one can ever sit «a-gyzing» in romantic solitude. Not even in Santa Lucia in Naples have I seen people herded so close together, and living an outdoor life with such unembarrassed frankness. Rows upon rows, groups upon groups, of men and women sprawl on low steamer-chairs, open-mouthed and snoring without shame. Lovers lie in each other's arms prone upon the sand—the disconcerting spectacle 'Arry and 'Arriet always present in their hour of courtship. Family parties sit within neatly dug-out inclosures, mothers with the week's mending, fathers with their pipes. And children by the dozen, by the hundred, by the thousand, bare-legged, frocks and knickerbockers rolled well up into little bathing-drawers, are digging and paddling and building; while in a space apart, marked by a gay red flag, poor little pale-faced cripples are hobbling about in the sand, a show for the pennies of the compassionate. And down into this mess of people, too stupefied by sunlight and sea air to seek amusement, come the same beloved negro minstrels who turn up at Epsom and Henley and Hammersmith, and at chance London street-corners on a Saturday afternoon. But they are ten times more gorgeous at Margate: faces shinier, coats and trousers gaudier, sashes wider, buttonhole bouquets huger, hats jauntier, some in tights, some in flannels, with bones, tambourine, and banjo all complete. And a wide space is made for them hours beforehand, and the audience collects, first a circle of children low on the sands; then circle after circle of the steamer-chairs; then people standing behind the chairs, and more people on the Embankment. For the late-comer there is no getting near enough to hear a joke or a song. And when finally the morning's heroes arrive, they bring another audience with them—men, women, and children dogging their every step through the streets, patiently waiting outside every public-house where it pleases them to stop. Talk of the success of a Patti or a Melba: it is nothing to that of the minstrels at Margate!

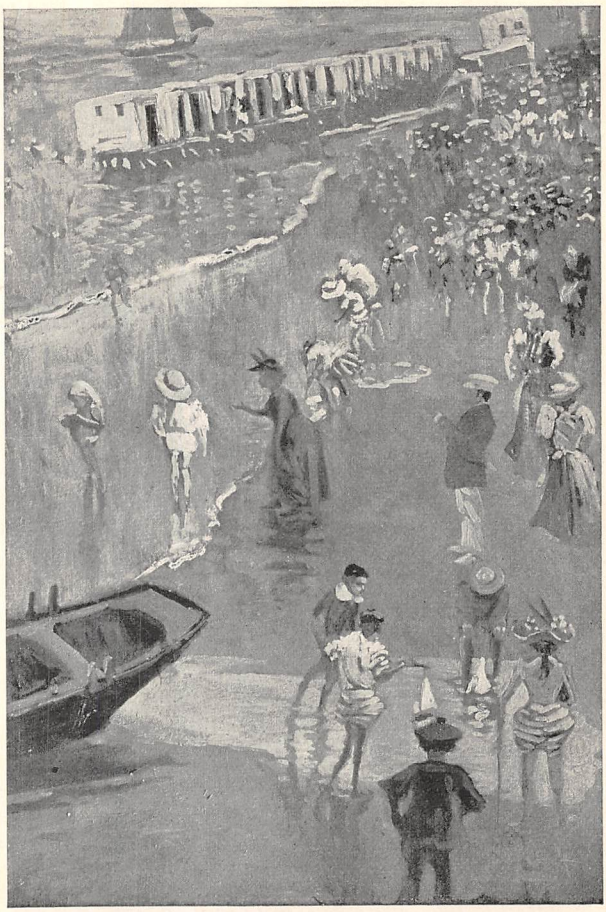
And down, too, on the beach come the seedy German bands, and the unblackened strolling singers, and the men with pianos



THE CROWD.

and concertinas and cornets and harmoniums, and the preachers, and the photographers. And down, too, comes the Punch-and-Judy man, but not the summer I was at Margate; for Mr. Brown, who had the monopoly, was ill, —so I learned upon inquiry,— and not another Punch of such irreproachable morals was to be found in all England. The fact is, though you would not believe it, the police have a strict eye upon the program of the beach performance.

Through the crowd boys push and wriggle with trays of nougat or fruit or buns. And over the chorus of noises you hear the ceaseless «Hi! hi!» of the donkey-boys, and the shrieks of giddy young ladies clinging to the donkeys as they gallop full tilt along the sands, and the screams of delighted children in the little goat-carriages on the Embankment above. Away out beyond, standing in a white-and-green line, wheel-deep in the surf, are the absurd bathing-machines; and between them and the dry beach an old cart loaded with people is being continually driven backward and forward; while fat old bathing-women, as out of date as Sairey Gamp herself, wait gossiping in the water; and farther still bathers are splashing, men and women apart—as well they may be, for the costume of the men would be a scandal anywhere save in prudish England.



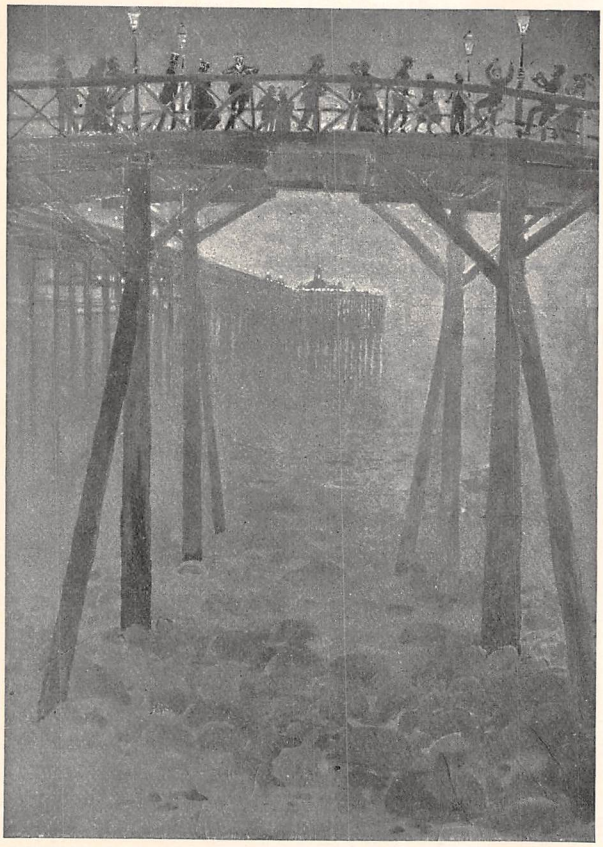
THE BATHING-MACHINES.

This is the scene presented by Margate sands every day, and every hour of the day, during the season—serenely domestic at moments, boisterously hilarious at others, especially when a big excursion is let loose upon the place. Then you have the courting that is done by blows and thumps; then you see 'Arry and 'Arriet exchanging hats; then you have horse-play bedlam; and mounted police show themselves in the near streets, and magistrates, the next morning, are officially shocked by the conduct of the «savages» from London.

It is true there is a more elegant end to the sea-front, partly for invalids whose doctors prescribe Margate air, which has the name of being the purest and most bracing in England, the number of Bath chairs proving medical compulsion. There is no promiscuous herding here. Groups take their books and work and gossip into railed-off spaces, with a haughty assumption of the privacy that costs a penny. The very amusements are distinctly genteel: archery, lawn-tennis, and a lightning draftsman making portraits in a tent while you wait; and as the shore has risen into cliffs, bathers are discreetly screened from public gaze, and the narrow sands are as decorous as in that picture of «Pegwell Bay,» by Dyce, in the National Gallery—a picture of a shingly beach, and two or three lone figures, in the absurd costumes of the fifties, gathering shells in polite isolation.

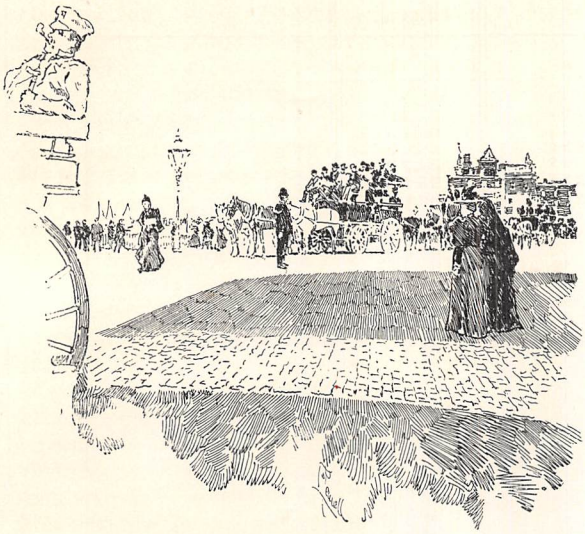
But upon the cliff end the real Margate crowd never intrudes. Why should it? There are far better ways of enjoying itself. If you wish to give the Briton a really good time, put him in some sort of vehicle, averaging from the donkey «shay» that «knocked 'em in the old Kent road» to the brake and cornet, and

send him off driving. Where the Embankment widens into a great square above the sands, brakes and busses are always ready to start for St. Leonard's or Westgate or Pegwell Bay—above all, for Ramsgate. There 's the place for a «'appy day»! The drive over is short,—about half an hour or so,—but quite long enough to need a half-way house, where everybody stops for a drink, and the conductor takes up a collection for no better reason than that nothing can be done in Margate without a collection; the real marvel is that your landlord does not come with his hat instead of his bill! I have always wondered why Mrs. Tuggs, when she found Margate too low, went over to Ramsgate. It is really Margate all over again, but Margate exaggerated, intensified, concentrated. The beach is smaller, the people are huddled closer together, and the crowd is the same,—negroes, strolling players, donkeys, goat-carts, bathers, children, lovers, preachers, photographers, peddlers, sleepers, cockshies, and bathing-machines,—but in so dense a mass that it looks as if a swarm of human bees or ants had alighted upon the sands. The very air seems close, and one would as soon bathe in the Thames at London Bridge as in the sea just here. If Trouville made Flaubert long to hide himself in the Sandwich Islands or in the virgin forests of Brazil, what, what would he have felt here at Ramsgate? Yet not even in an Eastern bazaar or market could there be more dazzling color; and as for character, there is enough to set up a new Dickens or Charles Keene for life.



THE PIER.

If you do not care to go to Ramsgate, there are boats in the harbor, with their «boatmen so beguiling,» and the menagerie with its beasts to be fed, and the music-hall attached, with its «stars» from London, who 'd «all be in the workhouse should their antics cease to dror!»—an inducement for women and babies and nurses, who would be quite out of place in the palaces of Leicester Square, to flock to this «hall by the sea.» And there are shops full of the indispensable china «souvenirs from Margate.» And first and last and always, there are tea and shrimps! Many things may have changed. Gillray's little phaëton, with the round apron front, and its boy in jack-boots on one of the horses, has disappeared from the beach; the saucer hats and swirling crinolines of Leech are no more: but tea and shrimps are as essential elements to Margate life as the sea and the sky. You are not supposed to need or to wish anything else, and in vain you may try the little restaurants that are perched on the cliffs as delightfully as the Neapolitan cafés on the Posilipo, or those others that set out their tables on balconies looking seaward. If you would dine, you must fall back upon the pompous hotel table d'hôte, which you share with the last theater company down from London. But one other thing you can order at the restaurant, to be sure—champagne. To be in the Margate fashion, you must drink it without so much as a biscuit to eat. On the pier, which is as select as the twopence charge for admission can make it, couples of those stupendously vulgar people you do not believe in when you see them on the pages of papers like «Pick-Me-Up»—indeed, you hardly believe in them when you see them in life—may be found as



THE BREAKS FOR RAMSGATE.

early as eleven in the morning pledging each other over a magnum of extra dry. And the Margate swell will bring his friends into one of the restaurants, at any hour after his evening meal of tea and shrimps, and call loudly for champagne, just to let you know that he can do the thing in style when he chooses, and pay for his biggest lord or «dook» of them all!

I hesitate to mention beauty as another of Margate's charms, so little has it to do with the popularity of the place. But for all that, very beautiful it is; and its sands every morning and afternoon arrange themselves into a picture as brilliant and gay as you could find at Trouville or Abbazia, at Coney Island or Newport. To follow the cliffs beyond the hotels and villas is to find one's self at once in as pretty English country as Constable ever painted—a country of broad meadows and plowed fields, of hedge-rows and stately elms, of old farm-houses and gray ruins, of cloud-swept skies and misty blue distances. Toward twilight, when the tide is coming in and the beach is deserted except by the small boy kindly giving the necessary spot of black here and there, and the occasional barge left high and dry on the sands, the lines are as lovely as those that the Venetian Lagune make at low water. As for the barges, with their half-furled sails, they are really finer than anything at Venice; while every evening there is the atmosphere for which on the Adriatic you might have to wait a year. And as dusk deepens, lines of light on the Embankment curve with the curving shore, and torches flame from the barrows of the periwinkle-men, and the black, shadowy pier crosses the deep blue of sea and sky as fantastically and decoratively as in a color-print by Hiroshige. And, gradually, what people are pleased to call the vulgarity of Margate is lost in the beauty of night, only broken momentarily by the shriek of 'Arry sporting with 'Arriet in the «shide»!

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

UNDER THE CLIFFS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

CONTROVERSIES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

UNPUBLISHED FACTS RELATING TO THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

BY JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. A.

DURING nearly the entire history of the government of the United States the relations between the general-in-chief, or nominal commanding general of the army, and the War Department have been the cause of discord, sometimes descending to bitter personal controversy, and in a few instances leading to very serious results.

The differences between General Scott and the Secretary became so serious that the general removed his headquarters from Washington to New York, and remained away from the capital several years, until the time when civil war was imminent. General Sherman also found it necessary to escape from an intolerable situation by removing to St. Louis, and did not return to Washington until the condition of the War Department led to the impeachment of the Secretary of War. During their long absence from the capital neither of these generals could exercise any appreciable influence over either the administration or the command of the army. It is thought to be worthy of note that during one of those periods of absence of the general-in-chief the military resources of the country were mostly placed within easy reach of those about to engage in an effort to break up the Union, and that during the other period corruption in the War Department led to impeachment. It is no reflection upon the many eminent, patriotic citizens who have held the war portfolio to say that the very few men who have proved unworthy of that great trust would have been much less likely to do serious harm to the public interests if they had been under the watchful eye of a jealous old soldier, like Scott or Sherman, who was not afraid of them.

As hereafter explained, the controversy between General Grant and the Secretary of War finally led to the impeachment of the President of the United States. The cause of this trouble has seemed to be inherent in the form and character of the government. An essential provision of the Constitution makes the President commander-in-chief of the army and navy. It is manifestly indispensable that the executive head of a government be clothed with this authority. Yet the President is not, as a rule, a man of military education or experience. The exigencies of party politics also seem to require, in general, that the Secretary of War be a party politician, equally lacking with the President in qualifications for military command.

The art of war has in all ages called forth the highest order of genius and character, the great captains of the world having been esteemed as among the greatest men. So, also, and in continually increasing degree in modern times, the military art has called for scientific education of the very highest character, supplemented by practical experience. It cannot be questioned that the military profession requires ability, education, and practical training no less than the legal or any other profession. A Supreme Court of the United States composed of merchants and bankers would be no more of an anomaly than a body of general and staff officers of like composition. The general policy of our government seems to be based upon a recognition of this self-evident principle. We have a national military academy and other military schools inferior to none in the world, and well-organized staff departments which are thoroughly efficient in war as well as in peace. The laws also provide a due proportion of subordinate general officers for the command of geographical departments in time of peace, or of divisions and brigades in the field in time of war. But no provision is made for an actual military commander of the entire army either in peace or in war. During only one single year since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States has this not been the fact. In pursuance of a special act of Congress and the orders of President Lincoln, General Grant in fact commanded « all the armies of the United States » during the last year of the Civil War; but at no other time has there been an actual military commander of the army or armies whose authority as such was recognized by the War Department.

Why, it may be asked, this strange departure from the recognized rule of organization

in all governmental and business affairs? Why provide educated and trained experts for all subordinate positions, and none for the head or chief, vastly the most important of all?

In the first place, it is important to observe that the matter rests absolutely in the hands of the President: Congress has no power in the matter. To create by law a military head for the army would be a violation of the essential provision of the Constitution which makes the President commander-in-chief.

In the case of General Grant, Congress fully recognized this fact, saying: «Under the direction and during the pleasure of the President» he «may» command the armies of the United States. Even this, if intended as conveying authority to the President, was superfluous, and if intended as more than that would have been unconstitutional. In fact, it was only a suggestion, intended to be entirely within the limits of constitutional propriety, of what was the general opinion of the people and of Congress, that after three years of failure the President ought to select a soldier and put him in actual command of all the armies. The President then went far beyond the suggestion of Congress, and even to the extreme limit of military abdication. He not only gave General Grant absolute, independent command, placing at his disposal all the military resources of the country, but he even denied to himself any knowledge whatever of the general's plans. In this patriotic act of extreme self-abnegation President Lincoln undoubtedly acted in exact accord with what he believed to be the expressed popular opinion, and probably in accord with his own judgment and inclination; for no one could have been more painfully aware than he had by that time become of the absolute necessity of having a military man actually in control of all the armies, or more desirous than he of relief from a responsibility to which he and his advisers had proved so unequal. But it must be admitted that in this President Lincoln went beyond the limit fixed by his constitutional obligation as commander-in-chief. He would have more exactly fulfilled that obligation if he had endeavored faithfully to comprehend and adopt as his own all the plans proposed by his chosen and trusted general-in-chief, guarding the latter against all possible interference, theretofore so pernicious, from the War Department or any other source. By such means the President could have actually exercised the chief command imposed upon him by the Constitution, sharing in due measure with his chief military officer the responsibilities imposed by their high offices. In no other way, it is believed, can the duties imposed upon a constitutional commander-in-chief who is not possessed of military education and experience be fully and conscientiously performed. Indeed, such is the method pursued by great military sovereigns all over the world, except in the few instances where the monarch believes himself, either truly or falsely, superior in military ability to his chief of staff. It is only in this country, where the chief of state has generally no military training, and his war minister the same, that a chief of staff of the army is supposed to be unnecessary. While it is easy to understand the reasons which led to the action of the government in the spring of 1864, it is much less easy to understand why some reasonable approximation to that course, as above suggested, and in accord with the practice of all military nations, has never been adopted as a permanent system in this country. Perhaps it may be like the case of that citizen of Arkansas who did not mend the roof of his house when it was not raining because it did not then need mending. But it would seem the part of wisdom to perfect the military system so far as practicable in time of peace rather than continue a fruitless controversy over the exact location of an undefined and undefinable line supposed to separate the military administration from the command in the army, or the functions of the Secretary of War from those of the commanding general. The experience of many years had shown that the Secretary was sure to get on both sides of that line, no matter where it was drawn. But it is encouraging to note that some experiments made in more recent years, in the direction of the generally recognized sound military system, have not proved by any means unsatisfactory.

This chronic controversy between the military administration and the command once gave rise to one of the most dangerous crises in American history. The facts in respect to the origin of that crisis soon became obscured by other events, and have never been correctly published.

The assassination of President Lincoln occurred a very short time before the end of the Civil War. It appears that his successor in the Presidential office did not withdraw any part of the supreme authority which had been conferred upon General Grant by President Lincoln a year before. Nevertheless, Secretary Stanton, who had very reluctantly

yielded to President Lincoln's order, began, soon after the end of hostile operations, to resume the exercise of those functions which had formerly been claimed as belonging to the War Department, and which had been suspended by President Lincoln. By this General Grant was deeply offended, and finally declared that the action of the Secretary of War was intolerable. Early in August, 1867,[1] in Richmond, Virginia, General Grant in most emphatic terms announced his intention to demand, on his return to Washington, that the President either remove Secretary Stanton or accept his (General Grant's) resignation. A very few days later the President's order was published suspending Secretary Stanton and appointing General Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*. Up to this time General Grant's relations with the President had not been unfriendly, and it seems more than probable that his demand was used as a sufficient reason for doing what would not otherwise have been done, namely, the removal of Secretary Stanton. But events connected with the return of Stanton to the War Department, after the Senate had declined to concur in his suspension, produced intense bitterness of feeling between President Johnson and General Grant. This overshadowed entirely the former difference between Grant and Stanton, so that they became practically friends and allies in their common hostility to Johnson. Thus the original cause of Stanton's removal, which led to Johnson's impeachment, was lost sight of and never became public.

Of the impeachment and trial of President Johnson it is not my province to write. My special knowledge relates only to its first cause, above referred to, and its termination, both intimately connected with the history of the War Department, the necessities of which department, real or supposed, constituted the only vital issue involved in the impeachment trial. The following memorandum, made by me at the time, and now published with the consent of Mr. Evarts, explains the circumstances under which I became Secretary of War in 1868, and the connection of that event with the termination of the impeachment trial:

«MEMORANDUM.

«May, 1868.

«In compliance with a written request from Mr. W. M. Evarts, dated Tuesday, April 21, 1868, 2 P. M., I called upon that gentleman in his room at Willard's Hotel, Washington, a few minutes before three o'clock P. M. of the same day.

«Mr. Evarts introduced conversation by saying something about the approaching trial of Mr. Jefferson Davis, but quickly said that was not what he wished to see me about. The business upon which he wished to see me was of vastly greater importance, involving the safety of the country and the maintenance of the Constitution. Mr. Evarts then asked General Schofield's consent that the President might at any time before the close of the impeachment trial send my nomination to the Senate as Secretary of War in place of Mr. Stanton. General Schofield asked upon what ground, and for what reasons, the proposition was made, which question was then answered in part, and in the evening of the same day more fully, as hereafter related. It having been announced that General Grant was waiting at the door for me, this first interview was cut short with an agreement to renew it about eight o'clock the same evening. Before separating I asked Mr. Evarts whether I was at liberty to mention the subject to any other person. Mr. Evarts replied: ‹I suppose you mean General Grant.› I said: ‹Yes; my relations with General Grant, and his with the President, are such that I do not wish to act in such a manner without consulting him.› Mr. Evarts said he could not give consent that any person should be informed that such a proposition had been made on behalf of the President, and suggested some objections to consulting General Grant on the subject, for the reason of his being a candidate for the Presidency, but finally intimated that it might be well to talk to General Grant about it incidentally, and thus learn his views.

«While walking with General Grant after dinner the same day, I said to him, in effect, that I had reason to believe that a proposition like the one referred to above would probably be made to me, and that upon the theory, as I understood, that the President would not be convicted by the Senate, and I asked General Grant's opinion in regard to it. General Grant replied that he had supposed there was no reasonable doubt of the President's removal, but if that was not the case, or if it were, he (General Grant) would be glad to have me act as Secretary of War during the remainder of the term; that Mr. Wade would have some difficulty in making up a cabinet for so short a portion of a term.

«About eight o'clock P. M. of the same day (April 21) I again called upon Mr. Evarts at

[1] Three or four days before the suspension of Stanton.

the hotel, when a long conversation took place upon the subject referred to in the morning. The substance of what Mr. Evarts said was as follows: He was fully satisfied that the President could not be convicted upon the evidence; if he was removed, it would be done wholly from supposed party necessity; that this was the opinion and feeling of a considerable number of the ablest lawyers and statesmen among the Republican senators; that it was his and their opinion that if the President was removed, it would be not really from anything he had done, but for fear of what he might do; that he (Mr. Evarts) did not believe the President could possibly be convicted in any event, but that senators were at a loss how to remove the apprehensions of the Republican party as to what the President would do in case of acquittal, unless the War Department was placed in a satisfactory condition in advance. He said: ‹A majority of Republicans in both houses of Congress and throughout the country now regret the commencement of the impeachment proceedings, since they find how slight is the evidence of guilty intent. But now the serious question is, how to get out of the scrape? A judgment of guilty and removal of the President would be ruinous to the party, and cause the political death of every senator who voted for it as soon as the country has time to reflect upon the facts and appreciate the frivolous character of the charges upon which the removal must be based. The precedent of the impeachment and removal of the President for political reasons would be exceedingly dangerous to the government and the Constitution; in short, the emergency is one of great national peril.› He added that this was the view of the case entertained by several among the most prominent Republican senators, and that from such senators came the suggestion that my nomination as Secretary of War be sent to the Senate, in order that the Senate might vote upon the President's case in the light of that nomination. Mr. Evarts believed that I was so named because my appointment would be satisfactory to General Grant, and would give the Republican party a sense of security as to the President's future action in reference to the War Department and the military districts of the South; that it was not with anybody a question of friendship or hostility toward the President personally, for he really had no friends. That while the Democrats in the Senate would of course vote for his acquittal, and do their whole duty in the case, just so soon as he was removed they would rejoice that it was done, feeling confident that it would cause the overthrow of the Republican party and the defeat of General Grant. Mr. Evarts was not at liberty to mention names of senators holding these views and originating the proposition of my nomination.

«I suggested a number of objections, some personal as to myself, and others of a public character, to giving my assent to the proposed nomination, in reply to which objections many of the above statements by Mr. Evarts were made. I then said I would again talk with General Grant upon the subject, and give a definite reply the next morning. About eleven o'clock the same night (April 21) I informed General Grant at my house that the proposition above named had been (or it would be) made to me; that it originated with Republican senators; and I gave in substance the reasons above stated as what I understood to be the grounds upon which the proposition was made. I did not give any names of senators, nor the channel through which my information or the proposition came. My remarks to General Grant were prefaced by the statement that while I would be glad of General Grant's advice if he felt at liberty to give it, I did not wish to ask General Grant to commit himself in so delicate a matter unless he desired to do so; but that the matter was one of so great importance that I thought it my duty to tell him all about it, and what I believed I ought to do, and leave General Grant to advise or not, as he thought best. I said that although the statement of the views and wishes of senators above referred to came to me indirectly, they came in such a way as not to permit me to doubt their correctness, and I believed it my duty to yield to the request. General Grant at once replied that under those circumstances he did not see how I could do otherwise. General Grant said he did not believe in any compromise of the impeachment question. The President ought to be convicted or acquitted fairly and squarely on the facts proved. That if he was acquitted, as soon as Congress adjourned he would trample the laws under foot and do whatever he pleased; that Congress would have to remain in session all summer to protect the country from the lawless acts of the President; that the only limit to his violation of law had been, and would be, his courage, which had been very slight heretofore, but would be vastly increased by his escape from punishment. General Grant said he would not believe any pledge or promise Mr. John-

son might make in regard to his future conduct. In his opinion, the only safe course, and the most popular one, would be to remove the President. He could understand the grounds of apprehension in the minds of some leading Republicans, but he did not agree with them. He believed the safest and wisest course was the bold and direct one. In this General Grant was very emphatic; he said he would not advise me to enter into any project to compromise the impeachment question, but if the facts were as represented that I could not well do otherwise than to acquiesce in the nomination.

«The next morning (April 22), about ten o'clock, I called upon Mr. Evarts at Willard's Hotel, and informed him that I had considered the matter as carefully as I was able to do, and that there was then only one difficulty in my mind. That was as to what would be the policy of the President during the remainder of his term, in the event of his being acquitted. I mentioned some of the President's recent acts, such as the creation of the Military Division of the Atlantic, disregard of military usage in sending orders to army officers out of the regular channels, etc.,—acts for which no good reason could be given, and which at least tended to create discord and trouble. Mr. Evarts replied that he could not tell anything about those matters, but presumed that such annoying irregularities would disappear with the removal of their cause, namely, hostility between the President and the Secretary of War. Mr. Evarts said he did not see how I could satisfy myself on that subject without a personal interview with the President, which would not be advisable in the circumstances. I then said I did not expect any pledge from the President, and did not expect to receive any communication from him on the subject, either directly or indirectly; and that I was not willing to converse with the President, nor with any other person except Mr. Evarts, on the subject; but that I wished the President to understand distinctly the conditions upon which I was willing to accept the appointment, and desired Mr. Evarts to inform the President of these conditions. If the nomination was then made, General Schofield would take it for granted that the conditions were satisfactory. I then said I had always been treated kindly by the President, and felt kindly toward him; that I had always advised him, whenever any excuse had been given for offering advice, to avoid all causes of irritation with Congress, and try to act in harmony with the legislative department; that I regarded the removal of Mr. Stanton, in the way it was done, as wrong and unwise; that I understood this proposition as coming originally from the Republican side of the Senate, and as being accepted by the President in the interest of peace, and for the purpose of securing harmony between the legislative and executive departments of the government, and a just and faithful administration of the laws, including the Reconstruction Acts. I added: ‹And if the President knows from General Schofield's acts what he means by this,—if, after these conditions have been fully stated to the President, he sends my name to the Senate,—I will deem it my duty to say nothing on the subject of accepting or declining the appointment until the Senate has acted upon it.›

«Mr. Evarts intimated that the above was satisfactory, and the interview then ended.»

I returned to Richmond on Thursday, April 23, being then in command in Virginia, executing the Reconstruction Acts. On the 24th the President sent to the Senate the nomination of General Schofield as Secretary of War. On the morning of the 26th I received a confidential letter dated April 25 from General Grant advising me under the circumstances to decline the Secretaryship in advance.[1]

To the above letter General Schofield sent the following letters in reply:

«Confidential.»

RICHMOND, VA., April 26, 1868.

DEAR GENERAL: I regret exceedingly that your advice came too late. I have already promised not to decline the nomination in advance of any action of the Senate. Yours very truly,

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Bvt. Maj.-Gen.

GEN. GRANT,
Washington, D. C.

RICHMOND, VA., April 26, 1868.

DEAR GENERAL: I see from the papers that the President has nominated me to the Senate as Sec'y of War. You are aware that I do not want that office; yet under existing circumstances, if the Senate should wish me to serve I could not decline. I presume my nomination will not be confirmed, but have no right to act upon such presumption.

Yours very truly,

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Bvt. Maj.-Gen.

GEN'L GRANT,
Washington, D. C.

I have no means of knowing to what extent, if any, the Senate was influenced by this

[1] General Schofield makes no attempt to explain General Grant's change of attitude, but from all the circumstances it is fair to assume that it was owing to General Grant's opinion as to the effect the nomination would have on the impeachment proceedings.—EDITOR.

nomination, but anxiety about the ultimate result seemed to be soon allayed. About a month later a vote was taken in the Senate, and the impeachment failed; my nomination was then confirmed, as stated at the time, by a nearly unanimous vote of the Senate.

I entered upon the duties of the office as Secretary of War on the first day of June, and continued to discharge them until *a few days after* General Grant's inauguration in March. I was greeted very cordially by the President, by all the members of his cabinet, by General Grant, and by a large number of senators who called upon me at the War Department.

The duties devolved upon me were often of a very delicate character, and it required at times no little tact to avoid serious trouble. President Johnson's views were sometimes in direct conflict with those which I felt compelled to maintain under the acts of Congress affecting the States lately in rebellion; but it is due to the memory of President Johnson to say that he did not at any time require me to do anything contrary to my interpretation of the acts of Congress, and that he in general acquiesced without objection in all the measures I deemed necessary to preserve the peace and secure a fair vote of the newly enfranchised citizens of the Southern States in the Presidential election. The cordial assistance of Mr. Evarts as Attorney-General was a great help to me in such matters. When he was present I had little difficulty in respect to the law involved in any question; but when he happened to be absent, and I was compelled to stand alone against all the cabinet, or all who chose to take any interest in the question, it was hard work. But I always carried the day—at least, in act if not in argument. The President never decided against me. He thus fulfilled to the letter the implied promise made when he submitted my nomination to the Senate.

If there ever had been any real ground for the wide-spread apprehension of criminal purpose on the part of President Johnson, certainly all indication of any such purpose disappeared with the failure of his impeachment and the settlement of the long-standing controversy respecting the War Department. The so-called Reconstruction Laws, which the President so emphatically condemned as being unconstitutional, were carried out without further objection from him; the Presidential election in the Southern States was conducted with perfect good order; a free ballot and a full count were secured under the supervision and protection of the army—a thing supposed to be so dangerous to the liberties of a free people. This and many other examples in the history of this country, from the time when Washington surrendered his commission to the Continental Congress down to the present time, show that a «free people» have nothing to fear from their army, whether regular, volunteer, or militia; the soldiers are, in fact, among the most devoted and loyal citizens of the republic, and thoroughly imbued with the fundamental principle of subordination of the military to the civil power.

With General Grant my relations while in the War Department were of the most satisfactory character. As a candidate for the Presidency, and as President-elect, he naturally desired to be as free as possible from the current duties of his office as general of the army, and he was absent from Washington much of the time, his chief of staff, General Rawlins, remaining there to promulgate orders in his name. Thus it devolved upon me to exercise all the functions of «commander-in-chief of the army»—functions which it is usually attempted to divide among three,—the President, the Secretary of War, and the general-in-chief,—without any legal definition of the part which belongs to each. Of course «the machine» ran very smoothly in the one case, though there had been much friction in the other.

In compliance with the wish of General Grant, I remained in office under him for a few days, for the purpose of inaugurating the system which he hoped would end the long-standing controversy between the War Department and the headquarters of the army. The order which was issued assigning General Sherman to command the entire army, staff as well as line, was prepared by me under General Grant's instructions, and the draft of the order was approved by him as expressing the views he had maintained when he was general-in-chief. As President he very soon adopted opposite views, and caused the order to be amended accordingly.

That General Sherman then entertained views of his authority which were too broad, as General Grant had also done, is no doubt true; but it ought not to have been very difficult to correct such errors. It was easier to take away all administrative authority and all command over the general staff of the army, and the latter course was adopted. The ancient controversy was up to 1888 no nearer settlement than it was in 1869, though in General Sheridan's time some progress had

been made in the persistent efforts to deprive the general-in-chief of the little authority which had been left to General Sherman. General Sheridan had, with his usual gallantry and confidence, renewed the contest, but had been worsted in his first encounter with the Secretary, and then gave up the struggle.

Upon my assignment to the «command of the army» in 1888, I determined to profit so far as possible by the unsatisfactory experience of Generals Scott, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan—at least so far as to avoid further attempts to accomplish the impossible, which attempts have usually the result of accomplishing little or nothing. In fact, long study of the subject, at the instance of Generals Grant and Sherman, earnest efforts to champion their views, and knowledge of the causes of their failure, had led me to the conclusion heretofore suggested, namely: that under the government of the United States an actual military commander of the army is not possible, unless in an extreme emergency like that which led to the assignment of Lieutenant-General Grant in 1864; and that the general-in-chief, or nominal commanding general, can at most be only a «chief of staff,»—that or nothing,—whatever may be the mere title under which he may be assigned to duty by the President.

As the first step in the experimental course decided upon, I sent an order in writing to the adjutant-general, directing him never, under any circumstances, to issue an order dictated by me, or in my name, without first laying it before the Secretary of War; and I made it known to all the staff that I disclaimed the right to issue any order to the army without the knowledge of the President or the Secretary. I also forbade the issuing of any order in my name without my knowledge. The first rule was easy, the latter very difficult, to enforce. I found, with no little surprise, that the office of the «commanding general» usually learned for the first time of routine orders issued in his name by seeing them published in the New York papers the next day; and it was quite difficult at first to make it distinctly understood that such a practice could not be tolerated. In fact, it became necessary to call attention to the question of veracity involved in such a use of the general's name. Such was the condition the War Department had reached. The adjutant-general had acquired the habit of issuing nearly all orders to the army without the knowledge of any one of his superiors—the President, the Secretary of War, or the general-in-chief. In fact, the adjutant-general had in practice come very near being «commander-in-chief.»

Some time and much patience were required to bring about the necessary change, but ere long the result became very apparent. Perfect harmony was established between the War Department and the headquarters of the army, and this continued, under the administrations of Secretaries Proctor, Elkins, and Lamont, up to the time of my retirement from active service. During all this period, namely, from 1889 to 1895, under the administrations of Presidents Harrison and Cleveland, the method I have indicated was exactly followed by the President in all cases of such importance as to demand his personal action, and some such cases occurred under both administrations. The orders issued were actually the President's orders. No matter by whom suggested or by whom formulated, they were in their final form understandingly dictated by the President, and sent to the army in his name by the commanding general, thus leaving no possible ground for question as to the constitutional authority under which they were issued, nor of the regularity of the method, in conformity with army regulations, by which they were communicated to the army.

It is, I think, to be hoped that the system thus begun may be fully developed and become permanent, as being the best practicable solution of a long-standing and dangerous controversy, and as most in accord with the fundamental principles of our constitutional government, under which the President, whether a soldier or a civilian, is in fact as well as in name the commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

John M. Schofield.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

PREPARING FOR THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

AS soon as General Grant obtained accurate information in regard to the circumstances and conditions at Fort Fisher, he decided to send another expedition, and to put it in charge of an efficient officer, and one who could be trusted implicitly to carry out his instructions. As there had been a lack of precaution on the part of the officers engaged in the previous expedition to keep the movement secret, the general-in-chief at first communicated the facts regarding the new expedition to only two persons at headquarters. Of course he had to let it be known to the Secretary of War; but as the Secretary was always reticent about such matters, there was a reasonable probability that the secret could be kept. Directions were given which tended to create the impression that the vessels were being loaded with supplies and reinforcements for Sherman's army, and studious efforts were made to throw the enemy off his guard. Of course every one who knew the general's tenacity of purpose felt sure that he would never relinquish his determination to take Fort Fisher, and would immediately take steps to retrieve the failure which had been made in the first attempt; and as soon as Butler returned I suggested to the general that, in case another expedition should be sent, General A. H. Terry would be, for many reasons, the best officer to be placed in command. We had served together in the Sherman-Du Pont expedition which in 1861 took Hilton Head and captured Fort Pulaski and other points on the Atlantic coast, and I knew him to be the most experienced officer in the service in embarking and disembarking troops upon the sea-coast, looking after their welfare on transports, and intrenching rapidly on shore. General Grant had seldom come in contact with Terry personally, but had been much pleased at the manner in which he had handled his troops in the movements on the James River. A suggestion, too, was made that as Terry was a volunteer officer, and as the first expedition had failed under a volunteer, it would only be fair that another officer of that service, rather than one from the regular army, should be given a chance to redeem the disaster. The general seemed to listen with interest to what was said about Terry, particularly as to his experience in sea-coast expeditions, but gave no hint at the time of a disposition to appoint him; nor did he even say whether he would send another expedition to Fort Fisher: but on January 2 he telegraphed to Butler, «Please send Major-General Terry to City Point to see me this morning.» Grant considered the propriety of going in person with the expedition, but his better judgment did not approve such a course, for he would be too far out of reach of communication with City Point, and as Butler was the senior army commander, it would leave him in supreme command of the armies operating against Petersburg and Richmond.

When Terry came the general-in-chief told him simply that he had been designated to take command of a transfer by sea of eight thousand men, and that he was to sail under sealed orders. Terry felt much complimented that he should be singled out for such a command, but had no idea of his destination, and was evidently under the impression that he was to join Sherman. On January 5 Terry was ready to proceed to Fort Monroe, and Grant accompanied him down the James River for the purpose of giving him his final instructions. After the boat had proceeded some distance from City Point, the general sat down with Terry in the after-cabin of the steamer, and there made known to him the real destination and purposes of the expedition. He said: «The object is to renew the attempt to capture Fort Fisher, and in case of success to take possession of Wilmington. It is of the greatest importance that there should be a complete understanding and harmony of action between you and Admiral Porter. I want you to consult the admiral fully, and to let there be no misunderstanding in regard to the plan of coöperation in all its details. I served with Admiral Porter on the Mississippi, and have a high appreciation of his courage and judgment. I want to urge upon you to land with all despatch, and intrench yourself in a position from which

you can operate against Fort Fisher, and not to abandon it until the fort is captured or you receive further instructions from me.» Full instructions were carefully prepared in writing, and handed to Terry on the evening of January 5; and captains of the transports were given sealed orders, not to be opened until the vessels were off Cape Henry. The vessels soon appeared off the North Carolina coast. A landing was made on January 13, and on the morning of the 14th Terry had fortified a position about two miles from the fort. The navy, which had been firing upon the fort for two days, began another bombardment at daylight on the 15th. That afternoon Ames's division made an assault on the work. Two thousand sailors and marines were also landed for the purpose of making a charge. They had received an order from the admiral, in the wording of which facetiousness in nautical phraseology could go no further. It read: «Board the fort in a seamanlike manner.»

They made a gallant attack, but were met with a murderous fire, and did not gain the work. Ames's division, with Curtis's brigade in advance, overcame all efforts of the defenders, and the garrison was driven from one portion of the fort to another in a series of hand-to-hand contests, in which individual acts of heroism surpassed almost anything in the history of assaults upon well-defended forts. The battle did not close until ten o'clock at night. Then the formidable work had been fairly won. The garrison was taken prisoners, the mouth of the Cape Fear River was closed, and Wilmington was at the mercy of our troops. The trophies were 169 guns, over 2000 stands of small arms, large quantities of ammunition and commissary stores, and more than 2000 prisoners. About 600 of the garrison were killed or wounded. Terry's loss was 110 killed, 536 wounded, and 13 missing. After the news of the capture of the fort was received, I was sent there by General Grant with additional instructions to Terry; and upon my arrival I could not help being surprised at the formidable character of the work. No one without having seen it could form an adequate conception of the almost insurmountable obstacles which the assaulting columns encountered.

DUTCH GAP CANAL.

DURING the summer General Butler, who was always fertile in ideas, had conceived the notion that there were many advantages to be gained by making a canal across a narrow neck of land, known as Dutch Gap, on the James River, which would cut off four and three quarter miles of river navigation. This neck was about one hundred and seventy-four yards wide. The name originated from the fact that a Dutchman had many years before attempted a similar undertaking, but little or no progress had been made. The enterprise involved the excavation of nearly eighty thousand cubic feet of earth. Butler had been somewhat reluctantly authorized to dig the canal, and work upon it had been begun on August 10. The enemy soon erected heavy rifle-guns, and afterward put mortars in positions which bore upon it; and our men were subjected to a severe fire, and frequently had to seek shelter in «dugouts» constructed as places of refuge. Under the delays and difficulties which arose, the canal was not finished until the end of the year. On the 31st of December General Grant received a message from Butler saying: «We propose to explode the heading of Dutch Gap at 11 A. M. to-morrow. I should be happy to see yourself and friends at headquarters. We must be near the time because of the tide.» The general-in-chief replied: «Do not wait for me in your explosion. I doubt my ability to be up in the morning.» After the bulkhead wall of earth had been blown out, the debris at the north end was partly removed by means of steam dredges. The canal was not of any service during the war, but it has since been enlarged and improved, and has become the ordinary channel for the passage of vessels plying on the James River.

GRANT RECEIVES UNASKED ADVICE.

GENERAL GRANT had become very tired of discussing methods of warfare which were like some of the problems described in algebra as «more curious than useful,» and he was not sufficiently interested in the canal to be present at the explosion which was expected to complete it. About this time all the cranks in the country, besides men of real inventive genius, were sending extraordinary plans and suggestions for capturing Richmond. A proposition from an engineer was received one day, accompanied by elaborate drawings and calculations, which had evidently involved intense labor on the part of the author. His plan was to build a masonry wall around Richmond, of an elevation higher than the tallest houses, then to fill the inclosure with water pumped from the James River, and drown out the garrison and people like rats in a cage. The exact number of pumps required and their capacity had been

figured out to a nicety. Another inventive genius, whose mind seemed to run in the direction of the science of chemistry and the practice of sternutation, sent in a chemical formula for making an all-powerful snuff. In his communication he assured the commanding general that after a series of experiments he had made with it on people and animals, he was sure that if shells were filled with it and exploded within the enemy's lines, the troops would be seized with such violent fits of sneezing that they would soon become physically exhausted with the effort, and the Union army could walk over at its leisure and pick them up as prisoners without itself losing a man. A certain officer had figured out from statistics that the James River froze over about once in seven years, and that this was the seventh year, and advised that troops be massed in such a position that when the upper part of the James changed from a liquid to a solid, columns could be rushed across it on the ice to a position in rear of the enemy's lines, and Richmond would be at our mercy. A sorcerer in Rochester sent the general word that he had cast his horoscope, and gave him a clear and unclouded insight into his future, and added to its general attractiveness by telling him how gloriously he was going to succeed in taking Richmond. One evening the general referred to these emanations of the prolific brains of our people, and the many novel suggestions made to him, beginning with the famous powder-boat sent against Fort Fisher, and closed the conversation by saying: «This is a very suggestive age. Some people seem to think that an army can be whipped by waiting for rivers to freeze over, exploding powder at a distance, drowning out troops, or setting them to sneezing; but it will always be found in the end that the only way to whip an army is to go out and fight it.»

GRANT RELIEVES BUTLER.

On January 4 General Grant had written to the Secretary of War asking that Butler might be relieved, saying: «I am constrained to request the removal of General Butler from the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. I do this with reluctance, but the good of the service requires it. In my absence General Butler necessarily commands, and there is a lack of confidence felt in his military ability, making him an unsafe commander for a large army. His administration of the affairs of his department is also objectionable.» Learning that the Secretary of War had gone to Savannah to visit General Sherman, and could not receive this letter in due time, on January 6 the general telegraphed to the President, asking that prompt action be taken in the matter. The order was made on the 7th, and on the morning of the 8th General Grant directed Colonel Babcock and me to go to General Butler's headquarters, announce the fact to him, and hand him the written order relieving him from command. We arrived there about noon, found the general in his camp, and by his invitation went with him into his tent. He opened the communication, read the order, and was silent for a minute; then he began to manifest considerable nervousness, and turning to his desk, wrote «Received» on the envelop, dated it 1864 instead of 1865, and handed it back. It was the custom in the army to return envelop receipts in case of communications delivered by enlisted men, but this was omitted when the instructions were transmitted by staff-officers. He was politely reminded that a written receipt was not necessary. Thereupon, in a somewhat confused manner, he uttered a word or two of apology for offering it, and after a slight pause added: «Please say to General Grant that I will go to his headquarters, and would like to have a personal interview with him.»

SHERMAN'S LOYALTY TO GRANT.

General Grant was in constant correspondence with Sherman in regard to the movements in the Carolinas. Sherman was to move north, breaking up all lines of communication as he advanced. If Lee should suddenly abandon Richmond and Petersburg, and move with his army to join the Confederate forces in the Carolinas with a view to crushing Sherman, that officer was to whip Lee if he could, and if not to fall back upon the sea-coast. Grant was to hold Lee's army where it was, if possible, and if not to follow it up with vigor. Sherman's triumphant march to the sea had gained him many admirers in the North, and it was believed about this time that a bill might be introduced in Congress providing for his promotion to the grade of lieutenant-general, which would make him eligible to command the armies in case he should be assigned to such a position. On January 21 he said in a letter to General Grant: «I have been told that Congress meditates a bill to make another lieutenant-general for me. I have written to John Sherman to stop it if it is designed for me. It would be mischievous, for there are enough rascals who

would try to sow differences between us, whereas you and I now are in perfect understanding. I would rather have you in command than anybody else; for you are fair, honest, and have at heart the same purpose that should animate all. I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry. . . .» General Grant replied: «No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win.» On January 31 Sherman wrote: «I am fully aware of your friendly feeling toward me, and you may always depend on me as your steadfast supporter. Your wish is law and gospel to me, and such is the feeling that pervades my army.»

In all the annals of history no correspondence between men in high station furnishes a nobler example of genuine, disinterested personal friendship and exalted loyalty to a great cause.

A «GOOD SHOT.»

ADMIRAL PORTER had withdrawn nearly all the naval vessels from the James River in order to increase his fleet for the Fort Fisher expedition. Only three or four light gunboats were left, and one ironclad, the *Onondaga*, a powerful double-turreted monitor carrying two 15-inch smooth-bores and two 150-pound Parrott rifles. This vessel was commanded by Captain William A. Parker of the navy. Captain Parker would occasionally pay a visit to General Grant at City Point, and he usually brought with him a junior officer who afforded the general-in-chief no little amusement by the volubility of his conversation. When the general asked the captain a question, before he could venture a reply his sub would volunteer an answer, and frequently make it the occasion of an elaborate lecture upon the intricate science of marine warfare. The captain could rarely get in a word edgewise. In fact, he seemed to accept the situation, and did not often make the attempt. It might have been said of this young officer what Talleyrand said of a French diplomat: «Clever man, but he has no talent for dialogue.»

There had been so much talk about the formidable character of the double-turreted monitors that General Grant decided one morning to go up the James and pay a visit to the *Onondaga*, and invited me to accompany him. The monitor was lying above the pontoon-bridge in Trent's Reach. After looking the vessel over, and admiring the perfection of her machinery, the general said to the commander: «Captain, what is the effective range of your 15-inch smooth-bores?» «About eighteen hundred yards, with their present elevation,» was the reply. The general looked up the river, and added: «There is a battery which is just about that distance from us. Suppose you take a shot at it, and see what you can do.» The gun was promptly brought into position by revolving the turret, accurate aim taken, and the order given to fire. There was a tremendous concussion, followed by a deafening roar as the enormous shell passed through the air; and then all eyes were strained to see what execution would be done by the shot. The huge mass struck directly within the battery, and exploded. A cloud of smoke arose, earth and splintered logs flew in every direction, and a number of the garrison sprang over the parapet. The general took another puff at the cigar he was smoking, nodded his head, and said, «Good shot!» The naval officers indulged in broad smiles of triumph, and tried to look as if this was only one of the little things they always did with equal success when they tried hard.

NIGHT ATTACK OF THE ENEMY'S IRONCLADS.

ON the night of January 23 a naval officer, at General Grant's suggestion, was sent up to plant torpedoes at the obstructions which had been placed in the river at Trent's Reach, as he was apprehensive that our depleted naval force might be attacked by the enemy's fleet, which was lying in the river near Richmond. The officer made the discovery that the Confederate ironclads were quietly moving down the river. News of their approach was promptly given, and at once telegraphed to headquarters. The enemy's fleet consisted of six vessels, and by half-past ten o'clock they had passed the upper end of Dutch Gap Canal. The general directed me and another staff-officer to take boats and communicate with all despatch with certain naval vessels, warn them of the character of the anticipated attack, and direct them to move up and make a determined effort to prevent the enemy's fleet from reaching City Point. The officer whom I was to take with me got a little rattled in the hurry of the departure, and started, from force of habit, to put on his spurs. It took me some time to persuade him that these appendages to his heels would not particularly facilitate his movements in

climbing aboard gunboats. A third officer, Lieutenant Dunn, was sent to communicate with a gunboat stationed at some distance from the others. In the meantime orders were given to tow coal-schooners up the river, ready to sink them in the channel if necessary; and instructions were issued to move all heavy guns within reach down to the river shore, where their fire could command the channel. There was an enormous accumulation of supplies at City Point, and their destruction at this time would have been a serious embarrassment. The night was pitch-dark, but our naval vessels were promptly reached by means of steam-tugs; and their commanders, who displayed that cordial spirit of coöperation always manifested by our sister service, expressed an eagerness to obey General Grant's orders as implicitly as if he had been their admiral. Most of these vessels were out of repair and almost unserviceable, but their officers were determined to make the best fight they could. When I returned to headquarters, the general, Mrs. Grant, and Ingalls were talking the matter over in the front room of the general's quarters. «Well, now that we 've got all ready for them,» said Ingalls, «why don't their old gunboats come down?» «Ingalls, you must have patience,» remarked the general; «perhaps they don't know that you 're in such a hurry for them, or they would move faster; you must give them time.» «Well, if they 're going to postpone their movement indefinitely, I 'll go to bed,» continued Ingalls, and started for his quarters. News now came that it was thought the vessels could not pass the obstructions, and would not make the attempt; and the general and Mrs. Grant retired to their sleeping-apartment, orders being left that the general was to be wakened if there should be any change in the situation. Soon after one o'clock word came that the enemy's vessels had succeeded at high water in getting through the obstructions. A loud knock was now given upon the door of the general's sleeping-room. He called out instantly: «Yes. What have you heard?» The reply was: «The gunboats have passed the obstructions, and are coming down.» In about two minutes the general came hurriedly into the office. He had drawn on his top-boots over his drawers, and put on his uniform frock-coat, the skirt of which reached about to the tops of the boots and made up for the absence of trousers. He lighted a cigar while listening to the reports, and then sat down at his desk and wrote out orders in great haste. The puffs from the cigar were now as rapid as those of the engine of an express-train at full speed. Mrs. Grant soon after came in, and was anxious to know about the situation. It was certainly an occasion upon which a woman's curiosity was entirely justifiable. Dunn had returned with a report about the movement of the gunboat with which he had been sent to communicate, and Ingalls had also rejoined the party. Mrs. Grant, in the midst of the scene, quietly said, «Ulyss, will those gunboats shell the bluff?» «Well, I think all their time will be occupied in fighting our naval vessels and the batteries ashore,» he replied. «The *Onondaga* ought to be able to sink them, but I don't know what they would do if they should get down this far.» Just then news came in that upon the approach of the enemy's vessels the *Onondaga* had retired down the river. The captain had lost his head, and under pretense of trying to obtain a more advantageous position, had turned tail with his vessel, and moved down-stream below the pontoon-bridge. General Grant's indignation knew no bounds when he heard of this retreat. He said: «I have been thrown into close contact with the navy, both on the Mississippi River and upon the Atlantic coast. I entertain the highest regard for the intrepidity of the officers of that service, and it is an inexpressible mortification to think that the captain of so formidable an ironclad, and the only one of its kind we have in the river, should fall back at such a critical moment. Why, it was the great chance of his life to distinguish himself.» Additional instructions were at once telegraphed to the shore batteries to act with all possible vigor.

Mrs. Grant, who was one of the most composed of those present, now drew her chair a little nearer to the general, and with her mild voice inquired, «Ulyss, what had I better do?» The general looked at her for a moment, and then replied in a half-serious and half-teasing way, «Well, the fact is, Julia, you ought n't to be here.» Dunn now spoke up and said: «Let me have the ambulance hitched up, and drive Mrs. Grant back into the country far enough to be out of reach of the shells.» «Oh, their gunboats are not down here yet,» answered the general; «and they must be stopped at all hazards.» Additional despatches were sent, and a fresh cigar was smoked, the puffs of which showed even an increased rapidity. In about two hours it was reported that only one of the enemy's boats was below the obstruction, and the rest were above, apparently aground. More guns had by this time been placed in

the shore batteries, and the situation was greatly relieved. Ingalls, whose dry humor always came to his rescue when matters were serious, again assumed an air of disappointment, and said: «I tell you, I 'm getting out of all patience, and I 've about made up my mind that these boats never intended to come down here anyhow—that they 've just been playing it on us to keep us out of bed.»

A little while after matters had so quieted down that the general-in-chief and Mrs. Grant retired to finish their interrupted sleep. At daylight the *Onondaga* moved up within nine hundred yards of the Confederate ironclad *Virginia*, the flag-ship, and opened fire upon her. Some of the shore guns were also trained upon her, and a general pounding began. She was struck about one hundred and thirty times, our 15-inch shells doing much damage. Another vessel, the *Richmond*, was struck a number of times, and a third, the *Drewry*, and a torpedo-launch were destroyed. At flood-tide the enemy succeeded in getting their vessels afloat, and withdrew up the river. That night they came down again, and attacked the *Onondaga*, but retired after meeting with a disastrous fire from that vessel and our batteries on the river banks. This was the last service performed by the enemy's fleet in the James River.

HOW GRANT BECAME A CONFIRMED SMOKER.

THE next morning breakfast in the mess-room was a little later than usual, as every one had been trying to make up for the sleep lost the previous night. When the chief had lighted his cigar after the morning meal, and taken his place by the camp-fire, a staff-officer said: «General, I never saw cigars consumed quite so rapidly as those you smoked last night when you were writing despatches to head off the ironclads.» He smiled, and remarked: «No; when I come to think of it, those cigars did n't last very long, did they?» An allusion was then made to the large number he had smoked the second day of the battle of the Wilderness. In reply to this he said: «I had been a very light smoker previous to the attack on Donelson, and after that battle I acquired a fondness for cigars by reason of a purely accidental circumstance. Admiral Foote, commanding the fleet of gunboats which were coöperating with the army, had been wounded, and at his request I had gone aboard his flag-ship to confer with him. The admiral offered me a cigar, which I smoked on my way back to my headquarters. On the road I was met by a staff-officer, who announced that the enemy were making a vigorous attack. I galloped forward at once, and while riding among the troops giving directions for repulsing the assault I carried the cigar in my hand. It had gone out, but it seems that I continued to hold the stump between my fingers throughout the battle. In the accounts published in the papers I was represented as smoking a cigar in the midst of the conflict; and many persons, thinking, no doubt, that tobacco was my chief solace, sent me boxes of the choicest brands from everywhere in the North. As many as ten thousand were soon received. I gave away all I could get rid of, but having such a quantity on hand, I naturally smoked more than I would have done under ordinary circumstances, and I have continued the habit ever since.»

GRANT OFFERS HIS PURSE TO HIS ENEMY.

GENERAL GRANT never mentioned, however, one incident in connection with the battle of Donelson, and no one ever heard of it until it was related by his opponent in that battle, General Buckner. In a speech made by that officer at a banquet given in New York on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1889, he said: «. . . Under these circumstances, sir, I surrendered to General Grant. I had at a previous time befriended him, and it has been justly said that he never forgot an act of kindness. I met him on the boat, and he followed me when I went to my quarters. He left the officers of his own army and followed me, with that modest manner peculiar to himself, into the shadow, and there tendered me his purse. It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that in the modesty of his nature he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide it from the world. We can appreciate that, sir.»

GRANT RECEIVES THE «PEACE COMMISSIONERS.»

ON the morning of the 31st of January General Grant received a letter sent in on the Petersburg front the day before, signed by the Confederates Alexander H. Stephens, J. A. Campbell, and R. M. T. Hunter, asking permission to come through our lines. These gentlemen constituted the celebrated «Peace Commission,» and were on their way to endeavor to have a conference with Mr. Lincoln. The desired permission to enter our lines was granted, and Babcock was sent to meet them and escort them to City Point. Some time after dark the train which brought them arrived, and they came at once to headquarters. General Grant was writing

in his quarters when a knock came upon the door. In obedience to his «Come in!» the party entered, and were most cordially received, and a very pleasant conversation followed. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Confederacy; Campbell, a former justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was Assistant Secretary of War; and Hunter was president *pro tempore* of the Confederate Senate. As General Grant had been instructed from Washington to keep them at City Point until further orders, he conducted them in person to the headquarters steamer, the *Mary Martin*, which was lying at the wharf, made them his guests, and had them provided with well-furnished state-rooms and comfortable meals during their stay. They were treated with every possible courtesy; their movements were not restrained, and they passed part of the time upon the boat, and part of it at headquarters. Stephens was about five feet five inches in height; his complexion was sallow, and his skin seemed shriveled upon his bones. He possessed intellect enough, however, for the whole commission. Many pleasant conversations occurred with him at headquarters, and an officer once remarked, after the close of an interview: «The Lord seems to have robbed that man's body of nearly all its flesh and blood to make brains of them.»

The commissioners twice endeavored to draw General Grant out as to his ideas touching the proper conditions of the proposed terms of peace; but as he considered himself purely a soldier, not intrusted with any diplomatic functions, and as the commissioners spoke of negotiations between the two governments, while the general was not willing to acknowledge even by an inference any government within our borders except that of the United States, he avoided the subject entirely, except to let it be known by his remarks that he would gladly welcome peace if it could be secured upon proper terms. Mr. Lincoln had directed Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, on January 31, to meet the commissioners at Fort Monroe on February 2. General Grant telegraphed the President that he thought the gentlemen were sincere in their desire to restore peace and union, and that it would have a bad effect if they went back without any expression from one who was in authority, and said he would feel sorry if Mr. Lincoln did not have an interview with them, or with some of them. This changed the President's mind, and he started at once for Fort Monroe. The commissioners were sent down the James River that afternoon, and were met at Fort Monroe by the President and Mr. Seward on the 3d, and had a conference lasting several hours aboard the President's steamer. Mr. Lincoln stated that peace could be secured only by a restoration of the national authority over all the States, a recognition of the position assumed by him as to the abolition of slavery, and an understanding that there should be no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and a disbanding of all forces hostile to the government. The commissioners, while they did not declare positively that they would not consent to reunion, avoided giving their assent; and as they seemed to desire to postpone that important question, and adopt some other course first which might possibly lead in the end to union, but which Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward thought would amount simply to an indefinite postponement, the conference ended without result. After stopping at City Point and having another conversation with General Grant, principally in reference to an exchange of prisoners, the Confederate commissioners were escorted through our lines on their way back to Richmond. I accompanied the escort part of the way, and had an interesting talk with Mr. Stephens. He was evidently greatly disappointed at the failure of the conference, but was prudent enough not to talk much about it. He spoke freely in regard to General Grant, saying: «We all form our preconceived ideas of men of whom we have heard a great deal, and I had certain definite notions as to the appearance and character of General Grant; but I was never so completely surprised in all my life as when I met him and found him a person so entirely different from my idea of him. His spare figure, simple manners, lack of all ostentation, extreme politeness, and charm of conversation were a revelation to me, for I had pictured him as a man of a directly opposite type of character, and expected to find in him only the bluntness of the soldier. Notwithstanding the fact that he talks so well, it is plain that he has more brains than tongue.» He continued by saying what he said several times in Washington after the war, and also wrote in his memoirs: «He is one of the most remarkable men I ever met. He does not seem to be aware of his powers, but in the future he will undoubtedly exert a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of the country.»

Mr. Stephens was wrapped from his eyes to his heels in a coarse gray overcoat about three sizes too large for him, with a collar so high that it threatened to lift his hat off

every time he leaned his head back. This coat, together with his complexion, which was as yellow as a ripe ear of corn, gave rise to a characterization of the costume by Mr. Lincoln which was very amusing. The next time he saw General Grant at City Point, after the «Peace Conference,» he said to him, in speaking on the subject, «Did you see Stephens's greatcoat?» «Oh, yes,» answered the general. «Well,» continued Mr. Lincoln, «soon after we assembled on the steamer at Hampton Roads, the cabin began to get pretty warm, and Stephens stood up and pulled off his big coat. He peeled it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I could n't help thinking, as I looked first at the coat and then at the man, ‹Well, that 's the biggest shuck and the littlest nubbin I ever did see.›» This story became one of the general's favorite anecdotes, and he often related it in after years with the greatest zest.

GRANT PLANS THE SPRING CAMPAIGNS.

GENERAL GRANT was at this time employing all his energies in maturing his plans for a comprehensive campaign on the part of all the armies, with a view to ending the war in the early spring. Sheridan was to move down the valley of Virginia for the purpose of destroying the railroads, the James River Canal, and the factories in that section of country used for the production of munitions of war. Stoneman was to start upon a raid from east Tennessee with 4000 men, with a view to breaking up the enemy's communications in that direction. Canby, who was in command at New Orleans, was to advance against Mobile, Montgomery, and Selma. In the movement on Mobile, Canby had at least 45,000 men. Thomas was to send a large body of cavalry under Wilson into Alabama. The movements of our forces in the West were intended not only to destroy communications, but to keep the Confederate troops there from being sent East to operate against Sherman. Sherman was to march to Columbia, South Carolina, thence to Fayetteville, North Carolina, and afterward in the direction of Goldsborough. Schofield was to be transferred from Tennessee to Annapolis, Maryland, and thence by steamer to the Cape Fear River, for the purpose of moving inland from there and joining Sherman in North Carolina. Schofield's orders were afterward changed, and he rendezvoused at Alexandria, Virginia, instead of Annapolis. The Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James were to watch Lee, and at the proper time strike his army a crushing blow, or, if he should suddenly retreat, to pursue him and inflict upon him all damage possible, and to endeavor to head off and prevent any portion of his army from reaching North Carolina as an organized force capable of forming a junction with Johnston and opposing Sherman. Some of these operations were delayed longer than was expected, and a few changes were made in the original plan; but they were all carried into effect with entire success, and the military ability of the general-in-chief never appeared to better advantage than in directing these masterly movements, which covered a theater of war greater than that of any campaigns in modern history, and which required a grasp and comprehension which have rarely been possessed even by the greatest commanders. He was at this period indefatigable in his labors, and he once wrote in a single day forty-two important despatches with his own hand.

In the latter part of January, General Grant went with Schofield down the coast, and remained there a short time to give personal directions on the ground. Sherman entered Columbia February 17, and the garrison of Charleston evacuated that place on the 18th without waiting to be attacked. When this news was received, Dr. Craven, a medical officer who was in the habit of drawing all his similes from his own profession, commended the movement by saying: «General Sherman applied a remedial agency which is in entire accord with the best medical practice. Charleston was suffering from the disease known as secession, and he got control of it by means of counter-irritation.» Wilmington was captured on the 22d of February.

THE PRESIDENT'S SON JOINS GRANT'S STAFF.

AN addition was now made to our staff in the person of Captain Robert T. Lincoln, the President's eldest son. He had been graduated at Harvard University in 1864, and had at once urged his father to let him enter the army and go to the front; but Mr. Lincoln felt that this would only add to his own personal anxieties, and Robert was persuaded to remain at Harvard and take a course of study in the law school. The fact is not generally known that Mr. Lincoln already had a personal representative in the army. He had procured a man to enlist early in the war, whom he always referred to as his «substitute.» This soldier served in the field to the end with a good record, and the President

watched his course with great interest, and took no little pride in him.

In the spring of 1865 Robert renewed his request to his father, who mentioned the subject to General Grant. The general said to the President that if he would let Robert join the staff at headquarters, he would be glad to give him a chance to see some active service in the field. The President replied that he would consent to this upon one condition: that his son should serve as a volunteer aide without pay or emoluments; but Grant dissuaded him from adhering to that determination, saying that it was due to the young man that he should be regularly commissioned, and put on an equal footing with other officers of the same grade. So it was finally settled that Robert should receive the rank of captain and assistant adjutant-general; and on February 23 he was attached to the staff of the general-in-chief. The new acquisition to the company at headquarters soon became exceedingly popular. He had inherited many of the genial traits of his father, and entered heartily into all the social pastimes at headquarters. He was always ready to perform his share of hard work, and never expected to be treated differently from any other officer on account of his being the son of the Chief Executive of the nation. The experience acquired by him in the field did much to fit him for the position of Secretary of War, which he afterward held. This month had brought me another promotion. I received a commission as brevet colonel of volunteers, dated February 24, for «faithful and meritorious services.»

LEE ASKS A PERSONAL INTERVIEW.

On the evening of March 3, just as the general was starting to the mess-hut for dinner, a communication was handed to him from General Lee, which had come through our lines, and was dated the day before. After referring to a recent meeting under a flag of truce between Ord and Longstreet, from which the impression was derived that General Grant would not refuse to see him if he had authority to act for the purpose of attempting to bring about an adjustment of the present difficulties by means of a military convention, the letter went on to say: «Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that, upon an interchange of views, it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned. In such event, I am authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed interview may render necessary or advisable.» There came inclosed with this letter another stating that General Lee feared there was some misunderstanding about the exchange of political prisoners, and saying that he hoped that at the interview proposed some satisfactory solution of that matter might be arrived at. General Grant, not being vested with any authority whatever to treat for peace, at once telegraphed the contents of the communication to the Secretary of War, and asked for instructions. The despatch was submitted to Mr. Lincoln at the Capitol, where he had gone, according to the usual custom at the closing hours of the session of Congress, in order to act promptly upon bills presented to him. He consulted with the Secretaries of State and War, and then wrote with his own hand a reply, dated midnight, which was signed by Stanton, and forwarded to General Grant. It was received the morning of the 4th, and read as follows: «The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor and purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.» The general thought that the President was unduly anxious about the manner in which the affair would be treated, and replied at once: « . . . I can assure you that no act of the enemy will prevent me from pressing all advantages gained to the utmost of my ability; neither will I, under any circumstances, exceed my authority or in any way embarrass the government. It was because I had no right to meet General Lee on the subject proposed by him that I referred the matter for instructions.» He then replied to Lee: «In regard to meeting you on the 6th instant, I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as are purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me.»

A VISIONARY PEACE PROGRAM.

It was learned afterward that an interesting but rather fanciful program had been laid out by the enemy as a means to be used in restoring peace, and that this contemplated interview between Grant and Lee was to be the opening feature. Jefferson Davis had lost the confidence of his people to such an extent as a director of military movements that Lee had been made generalissimo, and given almost dictatorial powers as to war measures. As the civilians had failed to bring about peace, it was resolved to put Lee forward in an effort to secure it upon some terms which the South could accept without too great a sacrifice of its dignity, by means of negotiations, which were to begin by a personal interview with General Grant. One proposition discussed was that after the meeting of Grant and Lee, at which peace should be urged upon terms of granting amnesty, making some compensation for the emancipated slaves, etc., by the National government, it should be arranged to have Mrs. Longstreet, who had been an old friend of Mrs. Grant, visit her at City Point, and after that to try and induce Mrs. Grant to visit Richmond. It was taken for granted that the natural chivalry of the soldiers would assure such cordial and enthusiastic greetings to these ladies that it would arouse a general sentiment of good will, which would everywhere lead to demonstrations in favor of peace between the two sections of the country. General Longstreet says that the project went so far that Mrs. Longstreet, who was at Lynchburg, was telegraphed to come on to Richmond. The plan outlined in this order of procedure was so visionary that it seems strange that it could ever have been seriously discussed by any one; but it must be remembered that the condition of the Confederacy was then desperate, and that drowning men catch at straws.

HIGH PRICES IN RICHMOND.

It was seen that Grant, by his operations, was rapidly forcing the fight to a finish. The last white man in the South had been put into the ranks, the communications were broken, the supplies were irregular, Confederate money was at a fabulous discount, and hope had given place to despair. The next evening one of our scouts returned from a trip to Richmond, and was brought to headquarters in order that the general-in-chief might question him in person. The man said: «The depreciation in the purchasing power of ‹graybacks,› as we call the rebel treasury notes, is so rapid that every time I go into the enemy's lines I have to increase my supply of them. On my last trip I had to stuff my clothes full of their currency to keep myself going for even a couple of days. A barrel of flour in Richmond now costs over a thousand dollars, and a suit of clothes about twelve hundred. A dollar in gold is equal in value to a hundred dollars in graybacks. Then so much counterfeit Confederate money has been shoved in through our lines that in the country places they don't pretend to make any difference between good and bad money. A fellow that had come in from the western part of the State told me a pretty tough yarn about matters out there. He said: ‹Everything that has a picture on it goes for money. If you stop at a hotel, and the bill of fare happens to have an engraving of the house printed at the top, you can just tear off the picture and pay for your dinner with it.»

GRANT RECEIVES A MEDAL FROM CONGRESS.

On the 10th of March the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, who had paid one or two visits before to headquarters, arrived at City Point, and brought with him the medal which had been struck, in accordance with an act of Congress, in recognition of General Grant's services, and which Mr. Washburne had been commissioned to present. A dozen prominent ladies and gentlemen from Washington came at the same time. On the afternoon of the next day General Grant went with them to the lines of the Army of the Potomac, and gave orders for a review of some of the troops. That evening some simple arrangements were made for the presentation of the medal, which took place at 8 P. M. in the main cabin of the steamer which had brought the visitors, and which was lying at the City Point wharf. General Meade suggested that he and the corps commanders would like to witness the ceremony, and in response to an invitation they came to City Point for the purpose, accompanied by a large number of their staff-officers. Mr. Washburne arose at the appointed hour, and after delivering an exceedingly graceful speech eulogistic of the illustrious services for which Congress had awarded this testimonial of the nation's gratitude and appreciation, he took the medal from the handsome morocco case in which it was inclosed, and handed it to the general-in-chief. The general, who had remained standing during the presentation

speech, with his right hand clasping the lapel of his coat, received the medal, and expressed his appreciation of the gift in a few well-chosen words, but uttered with such modesty of manner, and in so low a tone of voice, that they were scarcely audible. A military band was in attendance, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Grant a dance was now improvised. The officers soon selected their partners from among the ladies present, and the evening's entertainment was continued to a late hour. The general was urged to indulge in a waltz, but from this he begged off. However, he finally agreed to compromise the matter by dancing a square dance. He went through the cotillion, not as gracefully as some of the beaux among the younger officers present, but did his part exceedingly well, barring the impossibility of his being able to keep exact time with the music. He did not consider dancing his forte, and in after life seldom indulged in that form of amusement, unless upon some occasion when he attended a ball given in his honor. In such case he felt that he had to take part in the opening dance to avoid appearing impolite or unappreciative.

SHAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MR. WASHBURNE was assigned quarters in camp next to General Grant. The next day was Sunday. The congressman was the first one up, and when he went to shave he found there was no looking-glass in his quarters; so he stepped across to the general's office in his shirt-sleeves, and finding a glass there, proceeded to lather his face and prepare for the delicate operation of removing his beard. Just as he had taken hold of his nose with his left thumb and forefinger, which he had converted into a sort of clothes-pin for the occasion, and had scraped a wide swath down his right cheek with the razor, the front door of the hut was suddenly burst open, and a young woman rushed in, fell on her knees at his feet, and cried: «Save him! oh, save him! He 's my husband.» The distinguished member of Congress was so startled by the sudden apparition that it was with difficulty that he avoided disfiguring his face with a large gash. He turned to the intruder, and said: «What 's all this about your husband? Come, get up, get up! I don't understand you.» «Oh, general, for God's sake, do save my husband!» continued the woman. «Why, my good woman, I 'm not General Grant,» the congressman insisted. «Yes, you are; they told me this was your room. Oh, save him, general; they 're to shoot him this very day for desertion if you don't stop them.» Mr. Washburne now began to take in the situation, and led the woman to a seat, and tried to comfort her, while she began to tell how her young husband had been led, through his fondness for her, to desert in order to go home and see her, and how he had been captured and court-martialed, and was to be executed that day, and how she had heard of it only in time to reach headquarters that morning to plead for his life. By this time the general was up, and hearing from his sleeping-apartment an excited conversation in the front room, dressed hurriedly, and stepped upon the scene in time to hear the burden of the woman's story. The spectacle presented partook decidedly of the serio-comic. The dignified member of Congress was standing in his shirt-sleeves in front of the pleading woman, his face covered with lather, except the swath which had been made down his right cheek; the razor was uplifted in his hand, and the tears were starting out of his eyes as his sympathies began to be worked upon. The woman was screaming and gesticulating frantically, and was almost hysterical with grief. I appeared at the front door about the same time that the general entered from the rear, and it was hard to tell whether one ought to laugh or cry at the sight presented. The general now took a hand in the matter, convinced the woman that he was the commanding general, assured her that he would take steps at once to have her husband reprieved and pardoned, and sent her away rejoicing. His interposition saved the man's life just in the nick of time. He cracked many a joke with Mr. Washburne afterward about the figure he cut on the morning of the occurrence.

ARRIVAL OF SHERIDAN'S SCOUTS.

SHERIDAN had started out from Winchester on the 27th of February with nearly 10,000 cavalry. On March 5 news was received that he had struck Early's forces between Staunton and Charlottesville, and crushed his entire command, compelling Early and other officers to take refuge in houses and in the woods. For some time thereafter only contradictory reports were heard from Sheridan, through the Richmond papers which came into our hands; and as he was in the heart of the enemy's country, and direct communication was cut off, it was difficult to ascertain the facts. General Grant felt no apprehension as to the result of Sheridan's movements, but was anxious to get definite reports. On Sunday evening, March 12, the members of

the mess sat down to dinner about dark. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Rawlins, who was also visiting headquarters, were at the table. Toward the end of the meal the conversation turned upon Sheridan, and all present expressed the hope that we might soon hear something from him in regard to the progress of his movements. Just then a colored waiter stepped rapidly into the mess-room, and said to the general: «Thah 's a man outside dat say he want to see you right away, and he don't 'pear to want to see nobody else.» «What kind of looking man is he?» asked the general. «Why,» said the servant, «he 's de mos' dreffle-lookin' bein' I ebber laid eyes on; he 'pears to me like he was a' outcast.» With the general's consent, I left the table and went to see who the person was. I found a man outside who was about to sink to the ground from exhaustion, and who had scarcely strength enough to reply to my questions. He had on a pair of soldier's trousers three or four inches too short, and a blouse three sizes too large; he was without a hat, and his appearance was grotesque in the extreme. With him was another man in about the same condition. After giving them some whisky they gathered strength enough to state that they were scouts sent by Sheridan from Columbia on the James River, had passed through the enemy's lines, bringing with them a long and important despatch from their commander, had ridden hard for two days, and had had a particularly rough experience in getting through to our lines. Their names were J. A. Campbell and A. H. Rowand, Jr. As Campbell had the despatch in his possession, I told him to step into the mess-room with me, and hand it to the general in person, so as to comply literally with his instructions, knowing the general's anxiety to have the news at once. The message was written on tissue-paper and inclosed in a ball of tin-foil, which the scout had carried in his mouth. The general glanced over it, and then read it aloud to the party at the dinner-table. It consisted of about three pages, and gave a vivid account of Sheridan's successful march, and the irreparable damage he had inflicted upon the enemy's communications, saying that he had captured twenty-eight pieces of artillery, destroyed many mills and factories, the James River Canal for a distance of fifteen miles, and the bridges on the Rivanna River, and stating that he was going to destroy the canal still further the next day, and then move on the Central and the Fredericksburg railroads, tear them up, and afterward march to White House, where he would like to have forage and rations sent him; and notifying the general that his purpose, unless otherwise ordered, was then to join the Army of the Potomac. The general proceeded to interrogate Campbell, but the ladies, who had now become intensely interested in the scout, also began to ply him with questions, which were directed at him so thick and fast that he soon found himself in the situation of the outstretched human figure in the almanac, fired at with arrows from every sign of the zodiac. The general soon rose from his seat, and said good-naturedly: «Well, I will never get the information I want from this scout as long as you ladies have him under cross-examination, and I think I had better take him over to my quarters, and see if I cannot have him to myself for a little while.» By this time the dinner-party was pretty well broken up, and by direction of the general several members of the staff accompanied him and the scouts to the general's quarters. It was learned from them that Sheridan, deeming it very important to get a despatch through to headquarters, selected two parties, consisting each of two scouts. To each party was given a copy of the despatch, and each was left to select its own route. Campbell and Rowand started on horseback from Columbia on the evening of the 10th, following the roads on the north side of Richmond. They were twice overhauled by parties of the enemy, but they represented themselves as belonging to Imboden's cavalry, and being in Confederate uniforms and skilled in the Southern dialect, they escaped without detection. When they approached the Chickahominy they were met by two men and a boy, with whom they fell into conversation, and were told by them that they had better not cross the river, as there were Yankee troops on the other side. Before the scouts were out of earshot they heard one of the men say to the other, «I believe those fellows are d—d Yankees,» and soon they found that the alarm had been given, and the Confederate cavalry were pursuing them. They rode forward to the Chickahominy as rapidly as they could proceed in the jaded condition of their horses, and when they reached the stream they took off everything except their undershirts, tied their clothes on the pommels of their saddles, and swam their horses across the river. Campbell had taken the roll of tin-foil which contained the despatch from the lining of his boot, and put it in his mouth. On the other side of the stream they found a steep, muddy bank and a row of piles.

As the horses could not struggle out, the men abandoned them, and got into a canoe which providentially happened to be floating past, and by this means got ashore. The Confederates by this time had opened fire on them from the opposite bank. The scouts made their way on foot for eleven miles, in their almost naked condition, to Harrison's Landing on the James River, where they met a detachment of our troops. The soldiers supplied them with trousers and blouses such as they could spare, and took them by boat to City Point. They had ridden 145 miles without sleep and with but little food. The second pair of scouts sent by Sheridan made their way by canal and on foot to the south of Richmond. After six unsuccessful attempts to get across the lines, one of them reached headquarters several days later. The scouts were given a meal of the best food of which the headquarters mess could boast, and put into a comfortable hut, where they lost no time in making up for lost sleep. The next day General Grant made all preparation for sending supplies and troops to meet Sheridan at White House. The general complimented the scouts warmly upon their success, directed that they be supplied with two good horses and an outfit of clothing, and sent them around to White House on a steamer to await Sheridan there; but on their arrival they could not restrain their spirit of adventure, and rode out through the enemy's country in the direction of the South Anna River until they met their commander.

Campbell was only nineteen years of age. Sheridan always addressed him as «Boy,» and the history of his many hairbreadth escapes that year would fill a volume. Campbell has always remained a scout and is still in the employ of the government in that capacity at Fort Custer; Rowand is now a prominent lawyer in Pittsburg, Pa.

This day (March 13) possesses a peculiar personal interest for me, for the reason that it is the date borne by two brevet appointments I received—one of colonel and the other of brigadier-general in the regular army—for «gallant and meritorious services in the field during the rebellion.»

GRANT DRAWS THE NET TIGHTER AROUND THE ENEMY.

SHERIDAN reached White House on March 19, after having made a campaign seldom equaled in activity, through a difficult country and during incessant rains. He had whipped the enemy at all points, captured 17 pieces of artillery and 1600 prisoners, and destroyed 56 canal-locks, 5 aqueducts, 23 railroad bridges, 40 canal and road bridges, together with 40 miles of railroad, numerous warehouses and factories, and vast quantities of military supplies.

On March 20 Stoneman advanced toward east Tennessee, and on the same day Canby moved his forces against Mobile. Sherman had whipped all the troops opposed to him in his march through the Carolinas, and destroyed communications in all directions. He and Schofield met with their armies at Goldsborough, North Carolina, on the 23d of March, and about all the points on the Atlantic coast were now in our possession.

When Sheridan started to join Grant, Hancock had been put in command of the Middle Military Division. The various armies were all working successfully with a common purpose in view, and under one watchful, guiding mind the web was being woven closer and closer about the Confederate capital, and the cause of secession was every day drawing nearer to its doom.

General Grant's only anxiety now was to prevent the escape of the enemy from Richmond before he could be struck a crushing blow. No campaign in force could be made at this time by moving around to the west of Lee's army and heading it off in that direction, for the reason that the rainy season still continued, and rendered the roads difficult for infantry and impassable for wagons and artillery, and because Sheridan's cavalry had not yet joined our army in front of Petersburg. Every possible precaution was taken meanwhile to prevent Lee from withdrawing his army. Scouts and spies were more active than ever before; about 30,000 men were kept virtually on the picket-line, and all the troops were equipped and supplied, ready to make a forced march at a moment's notice in case Lee should be found moving. It was now ascertained that Sheridan could start from White House on March 25 to join the Army of the Potomac, and on the 24th orders were issued for a general movement of the armies operating against Petersburg and Richmond, to begin on the night of the 28th, for the purpose of marching around Lee's right, breaking up his last remaining railroads, the Danville and the South Side, and giving, if possible, the final blow to the Confederacy.

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST VISIT TO GRANT.

ON March 20 General Grant had telegraphed the President: «Can you not visit City Point

for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest would do you good.» This invitation was promptly accepted, and on the 24th word came that he was on his way up the James aboard the *River Queen*. About nine o'clock that evening the steamer approached the wharf, and General Grant, with those of us who were with him at the moment, including Robert Lincoln, went down to the landing and met the President, Mrs. Lincoln, their youngest son, «Tad,» and several ladies who had come from Washington with the Presidential party. The meeting was very cordial. It lasted but a short time, however, as Mr. Lincoln and his family were evidently fatigued by the trip, and it was thought that they might want to retire at an early hour. His steamer was escorted by a naval vessel named the *Bat*, commanded by Captain John S. Barnes, an accomplished officer of the navy.

GRANT'S FORESIGHT.

GRANT, with his usual foresight, had predicted that Lee would make a determined assault at some point on our lines in an endeavor to throw our troops into confusion, and then make his escape before our men could recover from their consternation and be prepared to follow him closely. As early as February 22 the general-in-chief sent a very characteristic despatch to Parke, who was temporarily in command of the Army of the Potomac during Meade's absence: «As there is a possibility of an attack from the enemy at any time, and especially an attempt to break your center, extra vigilance should be kept up both by the pickets and the troops on the line. Let commanders understand that no time is to be lost awaiting orders, if an attack is made, in bringing all their resources to the point of danger. With proper alacrity in this respect, I would have no objection to seeing the enemy get through.»

On the evening of the 24th of March, General Meade came to headquarters to meet Mrs. Meade, who had arrived by steamer at City Point, and General Grant suggested to him that he had better remain over till the next day, which he did. General Ord also stayed at headquarters that night.

ATTACK ON FORT STEDMAN.

ABOUT six o'clock the next morning, March 25, the camp was awakened and was soon all astir by reason of a message from the Petersburg front saying that the enemy had broken through our lines near Fort Stedman and was making a heavy attack. Soon after it was found that the telegraph line had been broken, and as messages would now have to come most of the distance by couriers, there was increased anxiety as to the movement. General Grant saw at once that his prediction of a month before had been fulfilled, but believed that the cautions given would be observed, so that he did not experience much apprehension. We had wakened him the moment the announcement came by rapping upon the door of the room occupied by him and Mrs. Grant; and in reply to his questions the despatch was read loud enough for him to hear it without opening the door. He dressed at once, and as this was a process which never occupied many minutes, he was soon out in front of his quarters, where he was met by Meade and others. Meade was greatly nettled by the fact that he was absent from his command at such a time, and was pacing up and down with great strides, and dictating orders to his chief-of-staff, General Webb, who was with him, in tones which showed very forcibly the intensity of his feelings. The President, who was aboard his boat anchored out in the river, soon heard of the attack, and he was kept informed of the events which were taking place by his son Robert, who carried the news to him.

General Grant, with his usual aggressiveness, telegraphed to the Army of the James: «This may be a signal for leaving. Be ready to take advantage of it.» It was nearly two hours before any very definite information could be obtained, but the news began to be favorable, and by half-past eight o'clock it was learned that our whole line had been recaptured, many prisoners taken, and that everything was again quiet. Mr. Lincoln now sent a telegram to the Secretary of War, winding up with the words: «Robert just now tells me there was a little rumpus up the line this morning, ending about where it began.» Generals Meade and Ord returned as soon as they could to their respective commands, and took vigorous measures against the enemy.

It seems that the Richmond authorities had come to the conclusion that their position was no longer tenable, and that their army must retreat as soon as possible. A successful attack on our right, it was hoped, would throw our troops into confusion, and while we were maturing plans for the recapture of the lost portion of our lines, and drawing in troops from our left for this purpose, Lee would find an opportunity to make a forced march with his army toward the Carolinas.

This attack was one of the most dramatic events of the siege of Petersburg. It was commanded by General J. B. Gordon. There had been placed at his disposal for the purpose about one half of Lee's entire army. For some time men had been leaving the ranks of the enemy and making their way to us through the lines at night. The arms which they brought in were purchased from them at a fair price, and everything possible was done to encourage these desertions. The attacking party, knowing of this practice, took advantage of it, and succeeded in having his skirmishers gain an entrance to our lines in the guise of deserters, and suddenly make prisoners of our pickets. Just before dawn our trench guards were overpowered, our main line was broken between two of our batteries, and Fort Stedman, after a brief but gallant resistance, was captured, and its guns turned against our own troops. Several more batteries to the right and left were soon taken, and as friends could not be distinguished from foes, owing to the darkness, it was for a time difficult for our troops to use artillery. Further assaults, however, were handsomely repulsed; as soon as there was sufficient light a heavy artillery fire was concentrated on the enemy, and at a quarter to eight o'clock Hartranft advanced against Fort Stedman, and recaptured it with comparatively small loss.

The movement was well planned, and carried out with skill and boldness, but it proved a signal failure. It was a desperate military gamble, with very few chances of winning. It was a curious coincidence that on the same day that Lee was preparing for his assault on our right, Grant was writing his orders for a general movement of the Union armies against the enemy's right.

THE PRESIDENT TELLS SOME ANECDOTES.

General Grant proposed to the President that forenoon that he should accompany him on a trip to the Petersburg front. The invitation was promptly accepted, and several hours were spent in visiting the troops, who cheered the President enthusiastically. He was greatly interested in looking at the prisoners who had been captured that morning; and while at Meade's headquarters, about two o'clock, sent a despatch to Stanton, saying: «. . . I have nothing to add to what General Meade reports, except that I have seen the prisoners myself, and they look like there might be the number he states—1600.» The President carried a map with him, which he took out of his pocket and examined several times. He had the exact location of the troops marked on it, and he exhibited a singularly accurate knowledge of the various positions.

Upon the return to headquarters at City Point, he sat for a while by the camp-fire; and as the smoke curled about his head during certain shiftings of the wind, and he brushed it away from time to time by waving his right hand in front of his face, he entertained the general-in-chief and several members of the staff by talking in a most interesting manner about public affairs, and illustrating the subjects mentioned with his incomparable anecdotes. At first his manner was grave and his language much more serious than usual. He spoke of the appalling difficulties encountered by the administration, the losses in the field, the perplexing financial problems, and the foreign complications; but said they had all been overcome by the unswerving patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, and the superb fighting qualities of the troops. After a while he spoke in a more cheerful vein, and said: «England will live to regret her inimical attitude toward us. After the collapse of the rebellion John Bull will find that he has injured himself much more seriously than us. His action reminds me of a barber in Sangamon County in my State. He had just gone to bed when a stranger came along and said he must be shaved; that he had a four days' beard on his face, and was going to take a girl to a ball, and that beard must come off. Well, the barber got up reluctantly and dressed, and seated the man in a chair with a back so low that every time he bore down on him he came near dislocating his victim's neck. He began by lathering his face, including his nose, eyes, and ears, stropped his razor on his boot, and then made a drive at the man's countenance as if he had practised mowing in a stubble-field. He cut a bold swath across the right cheek, carrying away the beard, a pimple, and two warts. The man in the chair ventured to remark: ‹You appear to make everything level as you go.› ‹Yes,› said the barber; ‹and if this handle don't break, I guess I 'll get away with most of what 's there.› The man's cheeks were so hollow that the barber could n't get down into the valleys with the razor, and the ingenious idea occurred to him to stick his finger in the man's mouth and press out the cheeks. Finally he cut clear through the cheek and into his own finger. He pulled the finger out of the man's mouth, snapped the blood off it, glared at him, and cried: ‹There, you lan-

tern-jawed cuss, you 've made me cut my finger!) And so England will discover that she has got the South into a pretty bad scrape by trying to administer to her, and in the end she will find that she has only cut her own finger.»

After the laugh which followed this story had exhausted itself, General Grant asked: «Mr. President, did you at any time doubt the final success of the cause?» «Never for a moment,» was the prompt and emphatic reply, as Mr. Lincoln leaned forward in his camp-chair and enforced his words by a vigorous gesture of his right hand. «Mr. Seward, when he visited me last summer, gave a very interesting account of the complications and embarrassments arising from the Mason and Slidell affair, when those commissioners were captured on board the English vessel *Trent*,» remarked General Grant. «Yes,» said the President; «Seward studied up all the works ever written on international law, and came to cabinet meetings loaded to the muzzle with the subject. We gave due consideration to the case, but at that critical period of the war it was soon decided to deliver up the prisoners. It was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we would be so powerful that we could call her to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably had n't many days longer to live, and he ought to make his peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better begin on him. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses's, that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and he hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It was n't long before he melted, and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast of forgiveness. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door when the sick man rose up on his elbow and called out to him: (But see here, Brown; if I should happen to get well, mind, that old grudge stands.) So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand.»

It was a singular sequel to this conversation that the officer to whom he was then speaking became Mr. Lincoln's successor in the Presidential chair, and carried out this determination by securing a settlement of the account known in history as the «*Alabama* claims,» and the payment from England of fifteen and a half millions of dollars as compensation for damages inflicted upon our commerce.

The President now went aboard his boat to spend the night. The next morning he wandered into the tent of the headquarters telegraph-operator, where several of us were sitting. He pulled out of his pocket a telegram which he had received from the Secretary of War, and his face assumed a broad smile as he said: «Well, the serious Stanton is actually becoming facetious. Just listen to what he says in his despatch: (Your telegram and Parke's report of the scrimmage this morning are received. The rebel rooster looks a little the worse, as he could not hold the fence. We have nothing new here. Now you are away, everything is quiet and the tormentors vanished. I hope you will remember General Harrison's advise to his men at Tippecanoe, that they can «see as well a little farther off.»)»

MR. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

THREE tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured: «Poor little creatures, don't cry; you 'll be taken good care of,» and turning to Bowers, said: «Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly.» Bowers replied: «I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for.» Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrated the kindness of the man's disposition,

and showed the childlike simplicity which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature.

SHERIDAN'S FINAL ORDERS.

GENERAL GRANT had sent word to Sheridan, whose troops were now crossing the James, to come in person to headquarters, and early on the morning of March 26 he arrived. Rawlins and several other officers were in front of our quarters at the time, and upon seeing Sheridan, who had been separated from us for so long a time, we hurried forward to greet him. Rawlins, in his enthusiasm, seized both of Sheridan's hands in his own, wrung them vigorously, and then went to patting him on the back. Sheridan returned all the greetings warmly, and Rawlins now informed him that General Grant had made up his mind to send the cavalry through to join Sherman, destroying all communications as they went. Sheridan looked greatly annoyed at this information, and Rawlins agreed with him that such a move ought not to be made. Sheridan was told that the general-in-chief was awaiting him in his quarters, and went in and had a long talk. The general showed him the written instructions which he had prepared, and to which Rawlins had just referred. They directed him to proceed with his cavalry around Lee's right, and then to move independently under other instructions. Sheridan felt convinced, from what was said verbally, that he was expected to cut loose and move down to Sherman's army. Some of the staff now entered the room, and found Sheridan arguing against the policy of such a move. When he rose up to go, the general followed him out and had a few words of private conversation. We learned afterward that he told Sheridan that the part of the instructions to which he objected was merely a blind; that he intended to end the contest at once where we were, and that Sheridan was to operate against Lee's right, and be in at the death. He said: «In case the operations of the cavalry should not be an entire success, the people would take it for granted that a definite movement which they had been expecting had been a complete failure, and they would be greatly discouraged. So I wanted the impression to prevail that a different movement had been contemplated. I really have no intention of sending you to Sherman.» This was the general's little secret, which he had kept from all of the staff, and revealed to the cavalry commander Sheridan only at the last moment. Sheridan was made happy by this conversation, and immediately told it to Rawlins, who was as much delighted as Sheridan himself.

LINCOLN REVIEWS THE ARMY OF THE JAMES.

IT was decided that upon this day Mr. Lincoln would review a portion of the Army of the James on the north side of the James River, and Sheridan was invited to join the party from headquarters who were to accompany the President. The boat started from City Point at eleven o'clock.

At breakfast General Grant said to me: «I shall accompany the President, who is to ride ‹Cincinnati,› as he seems to have taken a fancy to him. I wish you would take Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant to the reviewing-ground in our headquarters ambulance.» I expressed my pleasure at being selected for so pleasant a mission, and arranged to have the ambulance and two good horses put aboard the headquarters boat, which was to carry the party up the river. Captain Barnes, who commanded the vessel which had escorted the President's steamer, was to be one of the party, and I loaned him my horse. This was a favor which was usually accorded with some reluctance to naval officers when they came ashore; for these men of the ocean at times tried to board the animal on the starboard side, and often rolled in the saddle as if there was a heavy sea on; and if the horse, in his anxiety to rid himself of a sea-monster, tried to scrape his rider off by rubbing against a tree, the officer attributed the unseaman-like conduct of the animal entirely to the fact that his steering-gear had become unshipped. A naval hero not long before had borrowed a horse ashore, and attempted to make his seat firmer on deck by grappling the animal's beam-ends with his spurs, which caused the horse to run a little too free before the wind; and when the officer could not succeed in making him shorten sail by hauling in on the reins, he took out his jack-knife and dug it in the animal's flanks, swearing that if he could not bring the craft to in any other way he would scuttle it. Navy officers were about as reluctant to lend their boats to army people, for fear they would knock holes in the bottom when jumping in, break the oars in catching crabs, and stave in the bows through an excess of modesty which manifested itself in a reluctance to give the command, «Way enough!» in time when approaching a wharf.

The President was in a more gloomy mood than usual on the trip up the James. He spoke with much seriousness about the sit-

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL GRANT INSPECT A BODY OF PRISONERS CAPTURED ON THE PETERSBURG FRONT.

(SEE PAGE 598.)

uation, and did not attempt to tell a single anecdote. As the boat passed the point where Sheridan's cavalry was crossing the river on the pontoon-bridge, he manifested considerable interest in watching the troopers, and addressed a number of questions to their commander. When the boat reached the landing on the north side of the river, I helped the two distinguished ladies who had been intrusted to my care into the ambulance, and started for the reviewing-ground, about two miles distant. The horsemen got the start of us and made good time; but as the road was swampy, and part of it corduroyed with the trunks of small trees, without much reference to their relative size or regularity of position, the ambulance could make but slow progress. Some additional springs had been put under it, and cross-seats arranged so as to make it ride more easily than the ordinary army-ambulance; but the improved springs only served to toss the occupants higher in the air when the wheels struck a particularly aggravating obstacle. Mrs. Lincoln, finding we were losing time, and fearing we would miss part of the review, expressed a wish to move faster, and I reluctantly gave the order to the driver. We were still on a corduroyed portion of the road, and when the horses trotted the mud flew in all directions, and a sudden jolt lifted the party clear off the seats, jammed the ladies' hats against the top of the wagon, and bumped their heads as well. Mrs. Lincoln now insisted on getting out and walking; but as the mud was nearly hub-deep, Mrs. Grant and I persuaded her that we had better stick to the wagon as our only ark of refuge. Finally we reached our destination, but it was some minutes after the review had begun. Mrs. Ord, and the wives of several of the officers who had come up from Fort Monroe for the purpose, appeared on horseback as a mounted escort to Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. This added a special charm to the scene, and the review passed off with peculiar brilliancy. Mrs. Grant enjoyed the day with great zest, but Mrs. Lincoln had suffered so much from the fatigue and annoyances of her overland trip that she was not in a mood to derive much pleasure from the occasion. I made up my mind that ambulances, viewed as vehicles for driving distinguished ladies to military reviews, were not a stupendous success, and that thereafter they had better be confined to their legitimate uses of transporting the wounded and attending funerals.

Upon the return trip on the boat, the President seemed to recover his spirits. Perhaps the manifestation of strength on the part of the splendid Army of the James which he had witnessed at the review had served to cheer him up. He told one excellent story on the way back. In speaking of a prominent general, and the failure of the numerous attempts on the President's part to make the officer's services useful to the country, and the necessity finally of relieving him from all command, he said: «I was not more successful than the blacksmith in our town, in my boyhood days, when he tried to put to a useful purpose a big piece of wrought-iron that was in the shop. He heated it, put it on the anvil, and said: ‹I 'm going to make a sledge-hammer out of you.› After a while he stopped hammering it, looked at it, and remarked: ‹Guess I 've drawed you out a little too fine for a sledge-hammer; reckon I 'd better make a clevis of you.› He stuck it in the fire, blew the bellows, got up a good heat, then began shaping the iron again on the anvil. Pretty soon he stopped, sized it up with his eye, and said: ‹Guess I 've drawed you out too thin for a clevis; suppose I better make a clevis-bolt of you.› He put it in the fire, bore down still harder on the bellows, drew out the iron, and went to work at it once more on the anvil. In a few minutes he stopped, took a look, and exclaimed: ‹Well, now I 've got you down a leetle too thin even to make a clevis-bolt out of you.› Then he rammed it in the fire again, threw his whole weight on the bellows, got up a white heat on the iron, jerked it out, carried it in the tongs to the water-barrel, held it over the barrel, and cried: ‹I've tried to make a sledge-hammer of you, and failed; I've tried to make a clevis of you, and failed; I 've tried to make a clevis-bolt of you, and failed; now, darn you, I'm going to make a fizzle of you›; and with that he soused it in the water and let it fizz.»

It was nearly dark when the party returned to City Point. After dinner the band was brought down to the steamboat, and a dance was improvised. Several ladies were aboard, and they and the officers danced till midnight. Neither the President nor General Grant joined, even in a square dance, but sat in the after part of the boat conversing. Sheridan stayed overnight at headquarters, and started early in the morning for the cavalry headquarters on the Petersburg front.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

IX.

THERE was silence in the town following the morning's excitement. Gunners were resting in the English camp, and no stone burst over the tile roofs. The lull of that booming made stillness quiver in the ears, and nobody trod past the gates. White clouds moved luminous across the blue. The low sky of France, unswept by wind, tempering its sunshine by a divinely bright grayness, lay brooding growths over that whole country, from the great plain of the Beauce north of Orléans, the granary of France in good times, where many horizons cannot contain the sheaves, to the long waste of the Sologne southward. Both were then unplowed and unplanted, trampled by hoofs, and turning green only with the irrepressible moist verdure of spring.

Jeanne lay asleep in a paneled room, which she shared nightly with the treasurer's little daughter, under a vaulted ceiling of blue stone with many weird white griffins cut on its arch. The sashes of three round-topped windows were opened inward. No sound came from the court, for Bertrand polished the armor with a piece of soft leather, and the joints of his own harness moved silently on rivets. When he spoke again, his voice did not mount to the sloping window-sills.

«Some of these knights complain that since Franciscan monks began to roam about the country, teaching people their doctrine, we have nothing but mysteries and revelations. In God's name, how can they ill-treat a pucelle who led them to-day past a cowed foe, that they have been running from ever since you and I were born?»

Pierre shook his head, and so freed himself of anxiety.

«I know nothing of these Southern humors. The best thing I have seen in France is that good well of St. Martin at Tours. I have been thirsting for it,» said Pierre, lowering his narrowed eyes to the basking ground, «ever since we came away.»

The two young men were startled by a cry through the open sashes:

«My arms! my arms! Quick! quick! my arms! The blood of Frenchmen is running on the ground!»

Bertrand gathered up the pieces of armor, and ran with Pierre through a long, narrow passage which led to Jeanne's chamber. She was standing in the middle of the floor, where she had leaped from the bed. Her eyes had the rapt look left in them by her visions. Her squire with swift fingers, and her brother with clumsier efforts, buckled on breastplate and backpiece. Thigh- and front-plates were adjusted, leaving the back of the leg free to press the horse; the feet covered with mailed shoes; the armpieces and gauntlets made fast; the helmet, the belt and sword. She flew to the courtyard. No Louis de Coutes was in sight with her horse. Pierre brought it, bitting its mouth and strapping on the high-backed saddle while Bertrand fastened the mailed housings. They helped her mount from the bench, and her squire flew back for her standard. There was no time to bring it forth; he passed it to her through the window.

«Follow!» she cried to them, as Pierre opened the gate; and both flung themselves on their horses. They began to hear a tumult and shouts of disaster eastward. They swerved behind her across one street, and flying horse-hoofs struck fire from stones paving that billowy, rising and falling, slightly bent thoroughfare to the old Roman road called Rue Burgundy. Bloody-headed citizens passed carrying wounded men. Bertrand shouted to Pierre through his teeth, as they rode knee to knee:

«The fools went out to take the bastile of St. Loup without her.»

A third of a league and three minutes brought them to the Burgundy gate, which was already open to let in a rabble of retreating French. On these came—archers and men-at-arms, captains, citizens, and crossbowmen, those mounted pressing in first, those on foot flying wild-eyed. And

after them, in full career, were the pursuing English.

Jeanne rose in her stirrups with the lift of an eagle, and raised her banner high above the panic-driven mob. Now was heard a woman's voice, a leader's voice, an angel's voice, bell-like, spreading its tones wave upon wave, until they seemed to reach the horizon, to ripple over the Beauce, to die away in the Sologne, to drive eastward far across the bastile of St. Loup:

«Amys! Amys! ayez bon courage! Sus! Sus! Ils sont tous nostres!» [1]

Like an arrow, the maid and the white banner shot through the Burgundy gate at the English, and they paused and wavered. The foremost pursuers shrank down bodily, and moved backward, facing her. At her sweet and terrible cry they turned, howling in English or Franco-Norman:

«The witch! The witch! To cover—the witch is let loose!»

The rallied French followed her. Those who had fled farthest ran wild with courage on her track. It had been their custom so many years to scatter before the English that the sight of English backs frenzied them. All the knights roused in the city joined in the pursuit; the Bastard of Orléans, with his retinue, came flying from the ducal house by St. Catherine's gate; the young Duke of Alençon, La Hire, De Xantrailles, De Metz, each with his men shouting to the rescue, flew over the Roman road, crossed the double moats, and scaled the works of St. Loup.

They drove, they slew, they swept the enemy. The maid was in the church around which the bastile was built, pulling refugees from the belfry, sending back prisoners. Everywhere St. Catherine's sword was seen as lightning. Shouts rang beyond Orléans and the English camp. Before the camp, roused by trumpets, could hurry reinforcements around the walls, St. Loup was taken, sacked, riddled, destroyed. The eastern stronghold of the English was gone.

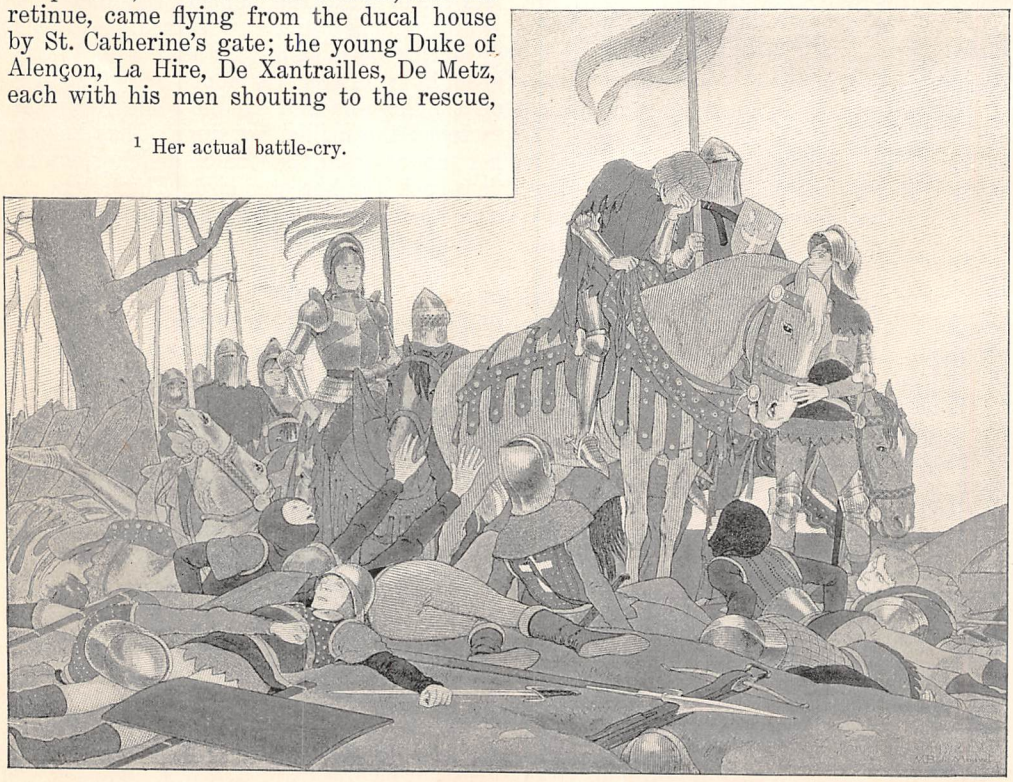
When it was finished, the sweating soldiers, flushed and roaring with success, abated the noise of their joy over France's first victory in years, for the pucelle was down on her knees protecting a dying Englishman.

«Let him alone!» she cried, striking a lance from his breast. «Do not hurt him any more! Why will they not go back to their homes? I cannot bear to see them die!»

This was the witch—this tender face, like the face of some dear maid at home, dropping tears under a lifted vizor. Her enemy died with this image upon his eyeballs.

But in the city all the bells rang, and people ran laughing through the streets.

[1] Her actual battle-cry.



JEANNE WEEPS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Now had their maid given proof that she was sent. St. Loup was taken, and the English were cut off from Jargeau. The soldiers would have lain upon the pavement and let her ride over their bodies. They were for going out to attack the Tourelles next morning, but became religious as soon as it was known that the maid desired to keep that day holy, it being Ascension day. «She is forever taking the *bon Dieu*,»[1] they said to one another; «her common food is nothing but bread and watered wine.»

Both besieged and besiegers knew the most important English fortress was that called the Tourelles, on the end of the bridge. The English, by spreading their forces from boulevard to boulevard over a space of nearly two leagues, diminished their strength; but the fort on the bridge was well manned.

The bridge, a stone structure of the twelfth century, had nineteen arches, and from the city gate of St. Catherine to the south shore was more than a thousand feet long. Beyond the fifth arch it rested on and crossed a narrow island, where a chapel, a hospital, and a few houses remained. Here some houses were built also upon the bridge, and they had been converted into a small bastile. Above the twelfth arch was a venerable cross, and at the end of the bridge was the strong fort of the Tourelles, separated from the Sologne side by a drawbridge, and guarded on land by both a bastile and a boulevard. The French fortified these towers for their own safety. The English had assaulted and carried the place in October. That same day their commander, Salisbury, was killed in it by a stone cannon-ball. The retreating French broke down those arches giving entrance to St. Catherine's gate, and their enemies barricaded the broken end. To retake the Tourelles would not only clear the blockade half-way around Orléans: it would cut the English off from the object of their siege, which was invasion south of the Loire.

«I shall be wounded to-day betwixt my neck and my breast,» said Jeanne, as her squire armed her the second morning after Ascension day. Bertrand's lips whitened and stiffened.

«How do you know that?»

«The counsel has told me.»

She seldom noticed him when he was girding her buckles, but this time she put her hands affectionately on his shoulders. As he stood level with her own eyes he trembled with unsteadiness, which the maid could not understand, and he breathed with the rise and fall of her own breast in its steel cuirass.

«Bertrand, I am growing to love you almost as well as I do Pierrelo,» she said, with large and open natural affection. «You have been a man since you came into France. You have seen I was born for this labor. And what if blood must go out of me this day? I have told the dauphin I cannot last above a year or two, and he had best make use of me. Have you ever thought it a good to die?»

«Yes, I have so thought it,» he answered, facing her steadily, his eyes swimming in rapture stolen from her touch. Jeanne had not a woman's sense of this great passion. She would as freely and honestly have laid her hands on the knight of Novelopont, who had just received back from the dauphin the moneys he had expended on her journey into France, or the Duke of Alençon, whom she had promised to keep safe for his young wife. She was a comrade to every man whose strength went with hers against the invader.

«I will tell you,» said Jeanne, in a whisper; «since these voices have come to me, there is such anguish of homesickness to be gone with them when they leave me that my spirit leaps at thought of death. Oh, think of being through—well through—with what we are obliged to undertake! Yet I am so alive,» laughed the maid. «I enjoy my body; I love my family, and my home, and this world; but more than anything else under the sky I love sacred France. Bertrand, if you could hear my heart beat, the sound would be nothing but ‹France—France—France—France!›

«The battle this day will go hard with us,» said Jeanne, removing her hands from her squire, and letting him put on her helmet. She pushed up the grotesque pointed vizor, and her voice, coming from the case of steel, was weirdly prophetic.

«It will not be until my standard touches the steep side of that boulevard that we can go in. I do not know when the moment will be, but I shall be told. Bertrand, I want you to bear my standard in the assault of the Tourelles; but do not press into the foss and let the banner float against the works until I tell you; it will do no good until the English are given into our hands.»

Early as it was, the bombarding had begun, though gunpowder was used in such insufficient quantities, and the cannon around Orléans were trained at such angles, that projectiles tumbled perpendicularly from the height to which they were thrown over the city. Orleans answered with the mouths of

[1] Sacrament.

its pieces through embrasures in the walls. Like other towns, Orléans could make its own gunpowder, mixing the parts, however, so that minimum force was generated in the burning. But there were no firearms to be carried by the marching soldiers. Archers and arbalétriers formed the most considerable portion of any body of troops. The rule throughout Christendom was to support any number of men-at-arms with three times as many archers.

Cavalry, as the word is now understood, did not exist. Men-at-arms and archers both went mounted or afoot, as their undertakings required, and in action they were necessarily separated and independent of each other. Soldiers who hewed with guisarmes and pole-axes, or drove with lances, hammers, and swords, could not be embarrassed by archers, over whose pickets and bodies they must ride or run from behind, and whose bolts they must risk after passing if both advanced together, for battle was then a mighty cluster of hand-to-hand duels. Knights, nobles, princes, and even kings, threw themselves at the head of their followers into these combats. No man stood in his place to be shot at; but he picked him out a lusty opponent, and if he had the good fortune, progressed foot by foot over fallen bodies into the enemy's ground.

At dawn that seventh day of May nearly every soldier in Orléans, obeying the maid, had gone shriven to mass. No lewd women had been allowed to join the march from Tours or Blois. The barracks were indeed like monks' cells, and every profane word was punished by discipline, at her orders, and herein the captains regarded their sovereign's command to submit themselves to her direction better than in matters of war.

One commander neglected the duty of confession, remembering it only as he galloped past the misty cathedral front with his retinue. He struck his mailed hip and swore, and Poton de Xantrailles, riding near him, laughed aloud.

«Hug thy holy bones and chuckle, Poton,» retorted La Hire. «A man that hath nothing but a clean conscience inside his armor, and gives his mind to handling a shield as thou dost, is safe anywhere.»

There was a glut of men at the Burgundy gate. Horses could scarcely move in the crowd. Jeanne's standard showed near the portal, and behind it, over the Bastard, was displayed the great red banner of Orléans, covered with needlework. The governor of the city, having received conflicting orders from that council held the day the troops entered, refused to open the Burgundy gate. He had been told that the attack on the English camp was to be made through Porte Renart, and he was not the man to give way, even though both pucelle and Bastard commanded him.

«Break his head with his keys, and throw him over the wall!» shouted La Hire, who, sputtering with the effort to keep back words unfit for the pucelle's ears, swore with tremendous zeal by the baton.

Orléans was surrounded by a foss which, under the gates, expanded to deep paved courts. As the Porte Burgundy was forced from within, the drawbridge fell with a clang, and the crowd burst out, gentler riders and less aggressive foot-soldiers being thrown backward by the recoil. Each captain sought to put in order again his retinue of twenty-five or thirty lances and seventy-five archers. Jeanne's confessor, who always rode with her as both priest and surgeon, was pushed on his palfrey, which replaced the jaded Domremy beast, across the front of La Hire's great horse.

«Behold the reward of swearing by the baton,» shouted De Xantrailles over the general discomfort. «La Hire hath not confessed himself, but he is permitted to go out with the broad side of a friar for a breastplate.»

«La Hire will confess himself now,» retorted Jeanne's convert. «Turn thee, Brother Pasquerel, for when we pass yon portal, adieu, religion. La Hire hath committed the usual sins of a man-at-arms, as well as he could behind the pucelle's back, who gives a man no chance even to wash his mouth with a good sweet oath, and he begs for absolution.»

The friar, reining alongside that squat, broad suit of armor, murmured at the casque which was inclined toward him. Whether he spoke forgiveness or reproof to the sinner, La Hire accepted it with a hearty «Amen.» He set spurs to his horse and shot through the gate.

«Now, God,» said he aloud and free-hearted, «be pleased to do for La Hire this day what La Hire would do for thee if he were God and thou wert La Hire.»

There was no longer a bastile of St. Loup to prevent the easy transportation of troops across the river. Boats landed the army on the south shore, where they had first halted. The English camp on the west side took no part in the action of this day, except continuing to bombard the city.

The little bastile called St. Jean le Blanc

had been taken by the French in a sortie on the day after Ascension, its garrison retreating to the bridge boulevard. This was the first time that Jeanne had seen chausse-trappes—small pieces of iron which, falling in any position, turned a foot-piercing point uppermost. The English threw chausse-trappes behind themselves, and every lance, English or French, had them as part of his equipment.

The French archers advanced within shot of the Tourelles, each carrying with him a tough, sharp picket to drive into the ground if such bristling defense should be needed against horses. With arrows laid in a row under his feet ready to the grasp, he sent his feathered shots into the bodies of the enemy. A horizontal snow-storm thus swept the Tourelles. Long practice was required to make an expert archer, while lances had only to drive and dare, to hew with guisarme or strike with hammer, protecting themselves with their pavas, or shields. Crossbowmen also, setting their weapons point downward on the ground, and holding them with foot in stirrup and bow across their knees, while they whirled double handles to adjust arrows in grooves, shot bolts by a trigger which exceeded the strength of the human hand on a bowstring. The range of crossbowmen was much greater than the range attained by archers, though the English were said to excel them with good single yew bows and yard-long shafts.

Five hundred men fought in the Tourelles, and they were made a host by William Gladsdal, a mere squire, who, though far below other captains in social rank, had merited and received entire command of the south shore. He drew his force into the outwork or bastile on the bank, which was unusually steep from the bottom of the moat to the top of the earthen crest. Boiling oil, molten lead, stones, arrows, lances, axes, maces, or clubs fought down the ascending French. Carrying St. Loup by assault was a light feat of arms compared with driving a man like Gladsdal from his position. His men shouted insulting words at the witch of the Armagnacs. The noise of attack and repulse was terrific. Huge pincers dragged timbers from the bastile. The French, stooping forward with their shields slung over their backs for defense, ran up scaling-ladders to seize their enemies at the top; and again and again were the ladders flung down, with stones, molten lead, and boiling oil on the heads of the climbers. Shouts,—«England and St. George!» «France and St. Denis!» «Remember Agincourt!»—the cries of captains, the clang of axes on armor, the crack of oak when split, the twang of bow-strings, and the steady singing of arrows—all this confusion of battle was heard by Jeanne with swooning ears. From the first ladder planted she had fallen, with an arrow piercing that joint of her armor where the shoulder moved on the neckpiece.

A knight lifted her out of the ditch. She felt the jarring as he dragged her back from the press.

«You are hurt, pucelle; here, take my horse.»

«Who are you, messire?»

He threw up his vizor and showed his face. «De Gamaches, who flouted you in council. But I was mistaken in you, pucelle. Bear me no malice, and take my horse.»

«I bear no one malice, Messire de Gamaches, and I will gladly take your horse.»

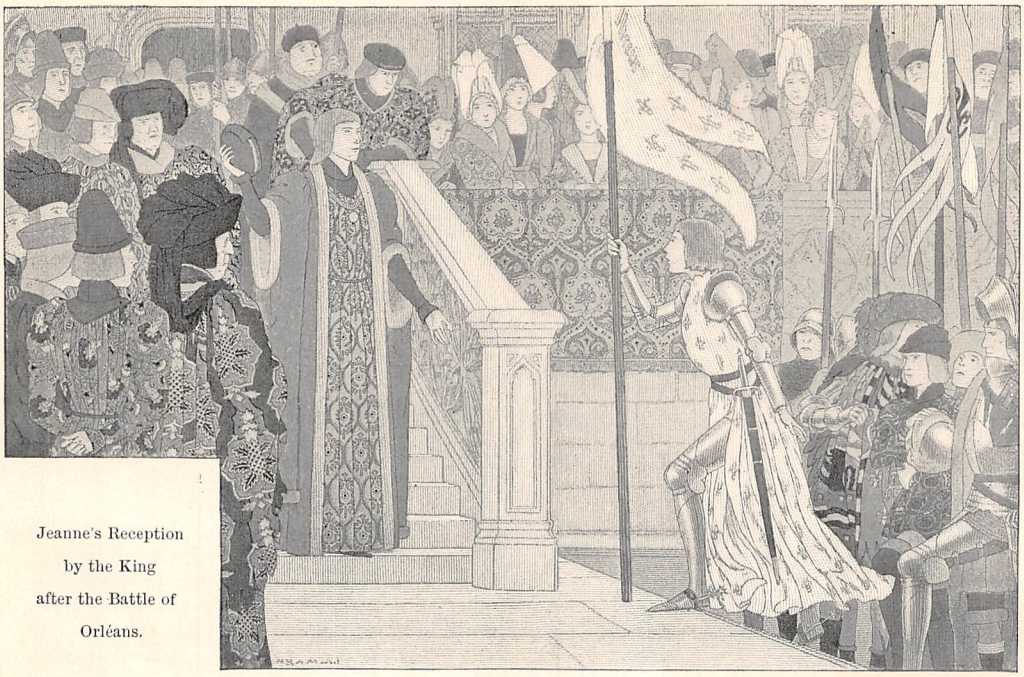
Bertrand's arm steadied her in the saddle. She saw her banner half furled in his hand. She swooned in a vineyard beyond the ruined faubourg, the bolt of anguish still piercing her. Brother Pasquerel, and Pierre, and many more drew around her, hesitating to pull it out, though they took her armor off and bathed her face. The point stuck out behind her the length of her finger. She herself sat up and laughed, to take the anguish from their faces, and jerked it out, drenching her breast with blood. Pierre held her steadily, but Bertrand doubled forward on his knees and hid his eyes from that blood and from the sacred baring of her shoulder, which the friar oiled and bound up.

She prayed voicelessly, lying on the earth among the vines; and when the first faintness was past she rose to her knees.

The attack on the Tourelles had not begun until ten o'clock, all the troops being first conveyed across the river. It was afternoon when Jeanne noticed the decreasing noise of battle. Discouraged assailants, led vainly by the Bastard, D'Alençon, La Hire, and De Xantrailles, were drawing back from the Tourelles out of bow-shot, and in spite of their captains making for the boats.

«En nom De!» besought the maid, «run—bear word to the Bastard! Tell him to let them eat and drink and rest. The men are faint. When their strength comes again we will go in, for the place is ours.»

Noise of cannonading continued on the north shore, and smoke spread there like a stratum of tinted mist. The cannon in the Tourelles and the boulevard, which had done little execution in a hand-to-hand struggle,



Jeanne's Reception by the King after the Battle of Orléans.

now threw stones into the fields across the ruined faubourg. Perhaps the French, while they ate and drank such food as had been brought from the town, with missiles like small globes dropping about them, remembered, and cursed their leaders in remembering, that it was not the pucelle's counsel to attempt these works. She had wished first to attack the English camp, but, with good sense as strong as genius, made herself subservient to the captains.

All the western plain and river turned rosy as the sun slipped low. There was an old path winding into the trampled vineyard, and it became pink under the pink sky. The two towers of the Tourelles, one round, the other many-angled, swam aloft in a sea of yellowing light. That embankment by the river, where an unprotected battery had been taken the day before, betwixt St. Jean le Blanc and the bridge, stood up clean-cut in the magnifying air.

Gladsdal's garrison, serving their guns, and less troubled by the scattered French than by marksmen on the city walls, saw with astonishment that their assailants were again massing. More than that, they saw the white armor of the witch who had been killed rise up in the weird horizontal sunset light.

«There are white birds fluttering about her head!» some of them gasped to others; «do you see the white birds?»

«She was carried off with an arrow through her body, and here she comes at mad gallop!»

The maid dashed breakneck into the ditch, her banner carried by a squire racing beside her. It touched, it swept the earthen wall. Again that sweet bell-voice, which carried the soul of France to certain victory, rolled over the doomed Tourelles:

«Ayez bon courage! Ils sont tous nostres!»

Men-at-arms flung their shields over their backs, and plunged from ladder-tops into the bastile—archers, knights, captains, nobles.

They carried it; they forced the boulevard behind it. The English ran to the drawbridge to retreat into the Tourelles. At the Orléans end of the bridge the pucelle's voice was answered by rejoicing cries. St. Catherine's gate flew open, the garrison and citizens of Orléans running with timbers to cover the broken arches and assault Gladsdal on their side. Old Jehan of Lorraine, the master cannoneer, who had once fallen into English hands and lost his piece when it was trundled on its movable table outside the gates, danced in rapture on the wall; for the ball that he sent from his battery, as the boulevard was carried, cut away the Tourelles drawbridge under the English, and Gladsdal and his men were dashed into the river. On went the shouting French, casting across the gap planks torn from outworks. The Tourelles, the prisoners therein, the bridge, the battle, were theirs,

and they marched with the maid through St. Catherine's gate into Orléans.

«She drives the English, and then she weeps over them as they die,» exulted the soldiers. It had been indeed a great waste of life. «More prisoners should have been taken and held to ransom,» declared La Hire; «men who receive but eight deniers a day for military service need all the Englishmen they can catch.»

This often-described battle, which turned the tide of invasion and changed the history of the world, was ended; for next morning the English raised the siege, and setting fire to their line of remaining works, drew away. A blockade which had lasted eight months, and worn out all the military resources of the kingdom, was broken by the maid in three days. Te Deum was chanted in the cathedral, and people ran shouting in the streets all night long, for the bells rang without ceasing in Orléans.

X.

On a warm afternoon late in July, when the sun was getting low behind the Domremy hills, Mengette watched skylarks rise from the ground. She had two flocks of geese on the uplands, her own and Isabel Romée's, and kept them apart, nipping grass, and from wandering into the young vines below, for all the vineyards were weighted with green grapes bunched near the earth. The vines were like bushes tied to stakes with wisps of straw. Wide, open fields spread along the ridge to an oak jungle southward. Once, when the young maids were racing on this ridge, Jehannette had seemed to blow like a leaf, outstripping them all, and they looked at her as at one who had died and come to life again. Mengette remembered that this had caused her to feel her first pang of separateness from her playmate. And now Jehannette, parted from Domremy but six months, was at Rheims making the dauphin to be crowned!

Jean Morel and Gerardin d'Épinal had brought the news from Châlons, where they saw her and the marching army. The siege of Orléans was raised, and the English had been driven from Jargeau, from Meung and Beaugency, and had been beaten in the battle of Patay. Where these places were Mengette did not know, but she had the words by heart. Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency, and Patay all taken in ten days! Jean Morel and Gerardin d'Épinal said that Jehannette was leading a host which increased every hour; for whoever had a horse clapped saddle on it and joined the cavalcade, bearing his own expenses. Troyes had opened its gates and surrendered to the dauphin and the maid—Troyes, where the treaty disinheriting him had been made by his mother and the English! Town after town delivered up its keys and returned to its natural allegiance. The pucelle, without a battle, was sweeping all the North into her sovereign's hands!

«(The Pucelle) is the name they give her,» said Gerardin, proud that Jehannette had held his child at the baptismal font; «and she goes like a great general, in cloth of gold, on magnificent horses, changing them so that they are never jaded. The soldiers have an awe of her as of something divine. In the field she sleeps in her armor, and the life of her body is hidden from them; yet she flung herself off her horse, and shook Jean and me both by our hands, as soon as she saw us. They say the dauphin would have kissed her when she came to him after raising the siege of Orléans, but not even he hath the effrontery to handle her. And how high is the look of her countenance! She laughs like little Jehannette yet, but I would as lief have St. Margaret's or St. Catherine's eyes on me as hers. She wears burnished mail so white that it shines dazzling, and has squires and servants to wait on her. We saw Pierre and Bertrand de Poulengy, and for confessor she hath the friar who set forth to the wars with Pierre. And everybody in Châlons looked once at the Dauphin Charles and his retinue of nobles, and all the time thereafter at the Pucelle.»

Jacques and Isabel had gone to Rheims, to see the dauphin crowned and to bring home their children. They had been absent more than a week. The curé and Jacquemine and Durand Laxart went with them, but Mengette felt quietly sure they would not return with Jehannette in their company; and if not with Jehannette, neither with Pierre. She endured vicarious pangs for her dear playmate uprooted from home, though how much worse it would be for Jehannette to come home and find Domremy so changed!

The curé and Jacques being both without horses, Durand Laxart took the priest in his cart, while Jacques had been obliged to borrow the Widow Davide's beast, which was grudgingly lent, though she would receive for the loan a measure of wine at the vintage. The journey from Domremy to Rheims was over sunny country, where the mud of spring was long dried up. But Jacques d'Arc was going to see a glorified daughter, and the

Widow Davide did not know where her Haumette was. Human bitterness grew in the woman at such raising up and pulling down. Mengette knew the Widow Davide's tongue began to work the very day Jean Morel and Gerardin d'Épinal brought their wonderful story. She was cross in her wine-shop when Domremy rang its church bell, and crosser when Greux, though Burgundian in its preferences, rung also for the maid of Lorraine. A rider spurred up the long ascent to Bury-la-Côte; and there Durand Laxart danced wildly in the street, and Bury-la-Côte rang its bell also. Thus from town to town up the Meuse valley sped news of the maid; and from Domremy to Vaucouleurs, where the people made a public procession of thanks, the bells, through which she heard her voices best,—the bells which were like her own pealing cry,—rang her victories.

As soon as the priest, excused from his offices, and Jacques and Isabel were on the road to Rheims, jealousy of the D'Arc family spread over Domremy like fog from the river. Its sinuous twistings were in every house, and Mengette saw the women turn their heads when she went toward Greux with her geese, instead of giving her a «good day.» The Pucelle's closed, shed-shaped home seemed to rouse antagonism. Mengette saw her neighbors pointing at it and laughing. They had once talked about Jehannette's visions, and all knew her long waiting and sorrow. Did it amuse them that she had burst from her years of preparation into swift, miraculous action, gaining for the French five great battles in two weeks, and leading the dauphin in victorious progress through a hostile country to his coronation? Mengette had no envy, and did not understand that the Pucelle's sudden rise before all Christendom might affect her neighbors like their own downfall.

The wine-shop door was shut in Choux's face, his cronies sitting with the cool garden under their eyes at the back of the house. Unused to being banished from the wine-shop without having his ear pinched, Choux waited in the street, hunched on the stone coping which surrounded the manure-heap; and the Widow Davide came out, and denounced him openly as a sorcerer with a voice from the devil, a consorter with people who did things by witchcraft. His own foulness made more wholesome by the stable odor in which he sat, he thrust his face at her, and called boldly on Valentin to torment her at night, which sent the Widow Davide clattering into the church for holy water and a cautious prayer or two against the evil eye.

Choux's face projected more and more like a beast's in front of his ears. Mengette's abhorrence of him in ebb and flow tossed her clean virgin spirit, but she held on to duty, and made regular confession of it. Father Fronte laid no penance on her, even when she owned to wondering if Choux would never die; for when his hissing grew unendurable, the old order of things lost their charm, and she reached the state of constantly desiring to have him under ground, tied in his last clean cap and deaf to voices. After Isabel's reproof he and Valentin had shrieked no more aloud, but they took to whispering; and Mengette's skin prickled all over when she heard them filling darkness with fierce sibilations, like a pair of colossal ganders. She knew there was a Valentin, though Isabel had scarcely believed in his existence and soon forgot him. Nightly, month after month, his invisible company oppressed the house and gave it an uncanny name. The priest privately exorcised him, and punished Choux by withdrawing the church's consolations for a time; but that old sinner no longer cared for the bon Dieu. Father Fronte began to regard him as a poor idiot, the sport of fiends, more to be pitied and endured than corrected.

Jacquemine now had much of Pierre's work to do, and sulked continually, being far from strong; and when Mengette gladly helped him, he could talk of nothing but his troubles. Yet, in spite of these things, Mengette never came on a day when she did not live with zest. The July afternoon put Domremy out of her head. Creamy air, smooth and soft upon the cheeks, strewed wisps of gray or opal color against green hills. The Meuse was nearly hid in bushes. She could see Jean Morel and Gerardin d'Épinal at work in their vineyards below the oak woods. These travelers, who had gone as far as fifteen leagues to Châlons, were behind in tying up the vines; but they worked with the stir of the world in their blood. They knew the vintage was going to be good, and declared the last Burgundian riders had trampled the march of Lorraine. As for that wicked Queen Isabel, she now sat in Paris quaking from morning till night, though the sun was there so hot that dunghills reeked; and what would she do when her crowned son turned from Rheims to march with the Pucelle on Paris?

A skylark rose from a wide level between the flocks of geese, wheeling and singing, sweet and lilting, until he was out of sight,

though his voice seemed as near as ever. Mengette stood with her face turned upward, searching for his dot of body against dazzling light; motes swam before her eyes in the upper air; then the lark appeared, wheeling downward. His rejoicing did not cease an instant. When higher than a hundred feet, he dropped like a stone, head downward, described one more circle, and alighted in the grass. All the time his singing was so joyful that it made Mengette laugh. He did not mind her near approach, but was up again, for pure gladness, and out of sight again, his voice bubbling in every direction over the sky; then down he wheeled and dropped, circled once more, and hid himself in the grass. So he kept it up until the sun was almost gone. Mengette's neck ached with supporting her back-tilted head while he was aloft, and her lips were stretched with the laughter of delight. She loved him, and had loved his fathers before him all her summers. Her dazzled eyes could hardly see the stony land mottled with specks of white.

Therefore when an outcry broke from Domremy street, in front of the church, she looked down the long hill shoulder, blind to its cause. Her own house and the garden behind it, crowded with growing things, were a blur till her eyes were fitted to the lower light. The black wheat, or buckwheat, which made her winter bread, was all in flower, a gray smear within the wall.

Mengette could hear Choux screaming her name, and her first startled thought was that the devil might be carrying him off. She felt her whole body blanch with fright. Then she began to see people running, and a man and a woman dragging Choux by the shoulders, his hump and heels scraping the ground. Domremy had risen against sorcery.

It was a sin, but Mengette's next thought was fear that the two flocks of geese might mix or stray or damage vines if she left them, so strong is the hold of small cares on poverty. But compassion, unready in her brain, was swifter in her muscles. Directly another flying figure added itself to the village mob. Mengette, breathless, dragged at Choux to liberate him from the mob's hands. Her neighbors, who knelt in church with her, were like wild beasts.

«Let go this sorcerer!» screamed Widow Davide; «we have had enough of voices and visions and witchcraft. Let them believe who will that Jehannette d'Arc doth her great miracles of siege-raising by the help of the saints. We know this old beast hath long communicated with devils. He ought to be burned; but fagots are too good to waste on him—we will drown him in the Meuse.»

Mengette put herself in front of Choux, who shrilled like a chicken with something in its neck. This spasmodic shriek, and his odor, and his prehensile, sucking grip, from which there was no escape, made her turn faint. With the ferocious self-preservation of age, he held her before him; and she felt his thumbs, which curved sharply backward with a claw at the end, sink their joints into her hips. His thick, bestial lower lip blubbered first at one side of her waist and then at the other, as he watched his antagonists. Mengette trembled.

«You have never been well liked yourself for harboring the old wretch,» warned the Widow Davide's nephew, who had helped drag Choux.

«It matters not,» answered Mengette.

«People despise you,» declared the Widow Davide, hands on hips, and nose thrust into the maid's ghastly face.

«It matters not,» answered Mengette.

«Let us have him, or we will throw you into the river with him.»

«It matters not,» answered Mengette, her tongue bound to one phrase; for she could not argue with them, or threaten them with the curé, or think of any good thing which might turn their minds. And there was old Simone of Greux, who could barely totter on two canes, licking his sunken mouth with fierce desire to slay, and shrilling, «Put them both in the Meuse!»

And there were the children who loved to stroke Mengette's milk-white gander, staring at her as at a cursed thing. She had early learned what is so hard for the young to learn, that many things must be endured alone. But there is no loneliness like isolation as the protector of an abhorrent thing. Some of the excited villagers drew back, touched to their souls by her hunted eyes. The rest, provoked by resistance, with frenzied clamor dragged both Mengette and Choux to the deep washing-pool.

Choux's throat closed to sound, and his face extended long and horse-like in front of his ears. Mengette could see it, though his hold on her back was not broken, as she struggled against the hands of her executioners until her petticoat and bodice were torn to shreds. Her lithe body twisting and her arms beating in the midst of a crowd were seen by Jean Morel and Gerardin d'Épinal in their vineyards. They ran shouting at the top of their voices.

Men who had been farther than Châlons

might not have prevailed at that time to stop unjust violence, but two dreadful things helped them—the sight of a maid's naked, scratched arms and breast and dropping petticoat, and news from Greux that the priest had already passed Bermont chapel on the Bury-la-Côte road which led from Rheims.

The crowd fell apart. Every woman was ready to cover poor Mengette and take her home. They began to blame one another, and those who had only stood and looked on went into their houses with a virtuous air, determined that the priest should know they had nothing to do with it. Choux and sorcery were forgotten. They all wished to be standing by their doors, or driving in the cows, or to be bringing great innocent panniers of lucerne on their backs, or gathering home the children and the geese, when they welcomed the priest as he returned along Domremy street.

But before the angelus rang, nearly every soul, warned out by Father Fronte's command, gathered in the church. Choux was not there. He crouched in his chamber; and Valentin was not heard to whisper all that night. Mengette was not there. She lay in her cupboard bed, and though it was July, the serge-covered down sack lay over her feet, for twilight brought in the coolness of the hills. Isabel Romée sat beside her, too exalted to feel that bitterness against her neighbors for their behavior which she must have felt if she had not been to Rheims.

But Jacques and Jacquemine were in the dark church, where almost invisible sinners cowered on the prayer-benches. The terrors of that religion whose rights of trial and punishment they had usurped hung over a pastoral people unused to public ferment. The Widow Davide knelt on the stone floor; she was often mourning her daughter there, and sank lower and lower in a contrite heap.

Two candles only lighted the altar. The curé came out of the sacristy, and taking one of them, ascended a pulpit near the center of the church, and set it on the reading-desk before him. White groins and arches were half discernible overhead. In one transept was an image of St. Catherine, and there Jehannette d'Arc used to pray. The priest led his people through a short benediction service, and then he said:

«I have heard all that you attempted to do this day to Choux, who is a sinner, and to Mengette, who would have perished a martyr. And why were you moved to it? I know your hearts, full of jealousy and envy. You were not mad against sorcery: you were mad against royal favor that hath not been shown to you. None of you have complained of any damage done to you by Choux; but when my back is turned you rise up to put him to death, and shamefully misuse an innocent maid, because of your spite and malice.»

The church was very still. Jacquemine, in his place, felt fierce to punish these peasants who had not been to Rheims.

«I have been to Rheims,» said Father Fronte. «I have seen our dauphin crowned a king; I have seen the Pucelle, who grew up among us with holy visions in this valley, where some of you run to violence, stand before her sovereign to be questioned what she desired for all her services. She asked but one thing: ‹Take the tax forever off Domremy and Greux.› The king takes the burden of tax off Domremy and Greux. Your priest and Jacques d'Arc bring you the news. I have no more to say. Go home.»

The congregation did not stir. Father Fronte also stood still in the little circle of candlelight. He could hear their labored breath. They all, like one great sorrowful child, burst into weeping, and wept aloud.

XI.

ISABEL could hear that contrite noise in the church through Mengette's open door and windows. Both women understood it, but they continued their talk about Rheims. Isabel had brought home all the geese from the uplands, and given evening bread and drink to this prostrate family as well as her own. The hill twilight of home filled her heart to the brim. Mengette's slight outline was stretched in exhaustion under the down sack, which she drew to her armpits as the air grew cooler, her face shining white above it. The pot-hanger dangling from the back of her fireless chimney was lost in the dark, and both door and windows framed nothingness. She forgot her trouble in the splendor of a realized vision, which Isabel could not keep from painting on the Domremy night.

«So all hath been fulfilled. While we spun or sewed or worked in the vineyards, the months have changed Jehannette like many years. At first I did not know her in her armor. We all stood to see the king and his troops enter Rheims on Saturday evening, for he received his worthy anointing on Sunday; and there was my child riding at his side with a white banner, so glorious a creature, the people so adoring her with cries and weeping, that I hid my face against a wall, and shook with a kind of palsy, and saw not

her brother; he rode behind her. But when she came flying to the inn where we slept,—for she was lodged with the king's company at the archbishop's château,—and with her head bare cast herself into our arms, Jacques fainted down upon the floor. She kissed him and tended him. I could see she was our same Jehannette. She inquired for you, and named everybody in Domremy. Her heart was set on coming home with us, since her task was fulfilled at Rheims; but the king and all the army held to her with pleadings, and reproached her for desiring to turn back while the English are still in France.»

«And Pierrelo, also—he was well?» put in Mengette.

«Well and ruddy, and all a soldier. Pierrelo hath become wasteful, living among nobles; but he paid into Jacques's hand the money which our horse brought in Tours, and more besides, from spoils and ransoms of the English. Jehannette will not take either spoils or ransoms, or money from the king, except to pay her household. The king would have given honors to both Jacques and Durand Laxart; but they would have nothing, so he made our Jacquemine bailiff of Vaucouleurs. Messire de Baudricourt hath joined the army with his retinue, and he and Durand were made to tell over and again the story of her setting out for France. Durand Laxart boasted a thousand times, ‹And I carried her to Vaucouleurs!› wandering around the fair streets, beside himself and laughing aloud. Jehannette gave him her old bodice and petticoat that she hath carried with her on all her journeys, having no longer hope of wearing them again. And he sat with the things across his knees, and looked at her in her mail, the tears running down his face, the king himself having said that no man had done more for France than Durand Laxart.

«The king hath a pleasing, fair presence, and he is but four years older than Jacquemine. He kept his vigil in the cathedral all Saturday night, as the custom hath ever been on a sovereign's last night before coronation; and outside in the great square were crowds rejoicing. All night long, also, the workmen hung banners and tapestries and cloth of gold, and there were chimes like thousands of bells ringing together.»

«Does that great cathedral where the kings are crowned seem to be more than a church?»

«Outwardly it is like a carven cliff of stone, and took my breath from my throat at the first sight. Within, when a few voices chant, the sound swells until an army seems chanting; but when an army doth chant, the mighty rolling volume is like nothing I shall hear again on this earth. Also, there were wheels in wheels of tinted light shedding glory. The pillars are set up as they would support the sky, and all our family could sit on the base of one. Besides these seats around the pillars, three rows of stone benches are formed by the rise of the walls above the pavement.

«Then there was the procession of the Sainte Ampoule containing the holy oil, which an angel brought from heaven for anointing our kings. Priests carried it under a canopy—a little round flask the size of my thumb, but larger about the bottom and shoulders, and smaller about the middle and top, all crusted with red and green gems, with a stopper of gold. Out of this did the archbishop anoint the king on his head, his shoulders, within the joints of his arms and the palms of his hands, slits being cut and embroidered in his robe to this use. It was all done according to ancient custom. And then did two nobles lift the crowned king in his chair, and show him to the people. He was proclaimed, and chimes and voices and music of instruments rolled in the arches; and I, being with Jacques within the choir, could see my child stand on the lowest step of the high altar with her banner. O Mengette, I am the happiest woman in France, whatever comes of all this, for it is clear I am the mother of a deliverer; but it was at first hard for me to believe that St. Michael stooped to our garden, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret continually instructed her.»

«You believe it now, godmother?»

«Have I not seen with my own eyes the things resulting therefrom? They are more wonderful to me than the coming of saints.»

Before next dawn Mengette was crossing the moist, dark lane to milk her godmother's cows, knowing that Isabel would be weary from the journey. It was not light enough to see artichokes standing stiff like huge green dahlias in the village gardens, or even to distinguish poppies thick in little squares of wheat, their crimson heads embroidering the yellow mass; but all hidden sweetness was on the air, and the smell of the yellow linden flowers was a complete delight. Thus the sleeping Domremy, the dew-reeking, half-seen, natural Domremy, made up to Mengette for the cruelty of its inhabitants. She did not wish to meet a living soul, and was seeking her work in the end of the night to avoid the earliest risers; for Mengette had wild instincts, and felt the scratches on her

outraged breast branding her with disgrace. That her neighbors had been called to public rebuke and public repentance made no difference to her. She hated no one, but she desired to make a retreat from the world, and it was fortunate that Gerardin d'Épinal had hired her to work in his vineyard that day.

The D'Arc house was not built to shelter its own cattle, like other cottages, but had a thatched stone stable beyond its garden. Oxen and cows, brought carefully in to repose for the night under shelter, sighed their content in the darkness; and Mengette, as she entered, made haste to say, «God and St. Bridget bless you!» so the cows would not kick over the milk.

She shivered with the lonesome chilliness of early morning; but at mid-forenoon the warm land glowed about her, a fervid breath rising from the earth. When Mengette had employment, her geese were obliged to remain shut up in their own end of the house, quavering as if their nostril-holes scented the delicious summer landscape outside; for Choux avoided that common employment of old people and children, and would not lead a goose out to graze.

When all laborers paused for the mid-forenoon meal, Jacquemine d'Arc came among the low vines searching for Mengette. She did not stand up until he detected her bare head above her strange clothes; for, her every-day wear being shredded to rags, she was obliged to fall back on her mother's chest.

Jacquemine was in his best, and he chose his way like a magistrate, so that Gerardin d'Épinal at the other side of the vineyard, whose experience as a traveler was considerable, might feel his new dignity. Gerardin chuckled in his piece of loaf as he crunched it with hard teeth, and silently prophesied about the people of Vaucouleurs, and their submission to a bailiff like Jacquemine d'Arc. «He will go in with a strut and a bellow, like a little bull of the Vosges,» laughed Gerardin; «and come out over the wall, tossed by bigger horns than his own. Bertrand de Poulengy is of no greater stature than Jacquemine, yet he doth fill the eye like a man, while this creature might as well be a bush, so little regard have people to his humors. Doubtless the king laughed in his royal sleeve at his new bailiff; but Vaucouleurs will count it an ungracious return for sending him the Pucelle.»

Some regret for the hard-working maid who was bound by contract to Jacquemine also glanced through the peasant's mind. «She could make a better marriage,» he reflected, «particularly now, while such indignation is felt for her; but even the Pucelle cannot turn this poor brother into a husband to be desired of any maid.»

«I am going to Vaucouleurs,» was Jacquemine's greeting.

Mengette remembered when his father had spoken the same words, and he had afterward accused Jehannette of disgracing the family. She looked up quickly from the knife and lump of bread in her hands, and he was shrewd to perceive her thoughts.

«Because the king made me bailiff of Vaucouleurs when I was in Rheims,» he said, coloring helplessly, «I did not on that account stint speaking the truth to my sister. I told her plainly the people here in Domremy said she raised sieges by witchcraft.»

Mengette's sunburnt cheeks whitened, and she looked down. She had no spirit left. His words did not dispraise the people of Domremy, but she blamed him little; he was himself happy. The elfish naughtiness of this lad whom she had helped to rear, his spites and frank self-love and jealousies, had always touched her pity; but the shock which her traditions had received unsettled her even toward Jacquemine. She wished she had hid herself at Bermont spring instead of coming to work in the vineyard.

«Will you stay in Vaucouleurs?»

«I shall live there. A bailiff is not like a captain of a town, who may live where he pleases; but he must set up his house among the people he governs. I am no fool,» said Jacquemine, with a twist of his foxy head. «This great ha-hu of Jehannette's may not last. My brother Jean will get wind of it at Vauthon, and his wife's family will urge him to make his profit out of it; but I am the eldest, and the first honor is by right offered to me. Bailiffs are not bailiffs merely to amuse themselves. I intend to squeeze Vaucouleurs.»

«What was done for Pierrelo?»

«Oh—Pierre—he hath everything like a great noble. You should see him caracole on a horse. And he hath put on clothes and armor that swell his person to increased bigness. ‹La! I am the brother of the Pucelle!›—that is all his thought. Doubtless he told the dukes and captains she had no elder brother, for they knew nothing about me.»

«I would I could see him and Jehannette.»

Jacquemine's sandy eyebrows drew together with resentment.

«It is plain you are not glad to see me, and

Durand Laxart's horse stands saddled ready for me while I climb up hither to set a day for our marriage. The bailiff of Vaucouleurs can marry when he pleases. We are no longer obliged to wait until Choux's death.»

To Mengette, whose world was scarcely a league square, such a translation to new spheres was blinding.

«O Jacquemine,» she cried out with a rush of joy, «I now want to leave Domremy.»

«It is soon arranged. There is Henri Royer in Vaucouleurs, who is well disposed toward us, and will help me to seek a suitable house. A bailiff is not to be lodged as common peasants lodge. I saw in Rheims in what excellent regard the citizens of the three estates are held. There are in this realm three ranks called the three estates, Mengette—the clergy, the barons and knights, and the citizens.»

«But what will your father do for help in his fields?»

«He will be obliged to hire a laborer. When he loses me he will lose a son indeed; but both my father and mother have spoken of the marriage. They see it will be necessary, and I have remained the last of their children.»

«How will Choux be received in Vaucouleurs, Jacquemine?»

«Choux will stay where he is. He can still sleep in your house, and my mother can feed him.»

Mengette thought about it. The lifting of her lifelong burden brought a deep breath of relief from her bosom; but the old custom, the old discomfort, the old duty, which her father had told her death alone could free her from, were drawn back with her next inhalation.

«No; I must not throw the care of him upon any one else.»

«He shall not go to Vaucouleurs—I will tell you that.»

«Then I must stay in Domremy, and still feed and shelter him.»

«Do you love old Choux?»

Mengette covered her face with one arm, and shuddered.

«Why, then, do you hold by him?»

Her eyes, as she opposed her lover, took again the hunted look.

«There is a pitying, Jacquemine, which is like religion. I cannot disregard it; happiness would turn to a curse.»

«Do you choose to stay here with him, working in the fields, rather than to go with me?»

«I cannot choose, Jacquemine; it was all settled without my choosing.»

He flung his nervous body a few steps from her, and looked back. «Then it is adieu between us.»

«Jacquemine, you came up here to quarrel with me. You scarce gave me a good day or a kiss on the cheek, and there was only Gerardin, who knows how long we have been betrothed. You were not like this before the king made you bailiff of Vaucouleurs; but it is true, I am not fit for your wife.»

She turned to her work, and he came back. They faced each other for more words, when Choux appeared, carrying his hump less lightly than before its bruising, to take his share of the forenoon meal from his feeder. The stealthy odor of him crept within the vine fragrance, and Jacquemine looked at him over one shoulder, and gave him the field.

Mengette yielded her knife and lump of bread to the old creature. The chief member of her foster family, the one through whom she had hoped for relatives and happiness, stalked on downhill, without again looking back, to claim for himself dignities and honors, and left her for life to this degraded company. Choux made little noises of satisfaction over his food, grunts and smacks of the palate, bestial, unlike the honest grinding and hearty human enjoyment of a peasant.

Mengette hid herself among the vines as far as she could from him, and knelt there, doubling her body forward, and weeping upon her knees.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

A WIND-STORM ON THE CARIBBEAN.

ONE day upon the white, brown-veinèd sand
Sped an aërial sprite. Fell news he bore.
Scarce had he passed when, lo! upon the shore
Struck in deep menace many a steel-clad hand
Of the wave-army. Then, 'twixt sea and land
Rose the stern strife, high raging more and more,
Till all the land lay sodden, wet, and sore,
And the sea-soldiers' plumes with fury fanned.
Caught in the conflict, hissed the snaky palm;
And far, far out among the gleaming host
Of billows rolled a ship that prayed for calm
And sunny havens. As a weeping ghost
She dripped and shivered till, like a sweet psalm,
The sea sang, and she saw the smiling coast.

Louise Morgan Sill.

CONCEALED WEAPONS.

«BUT, my dear,» said the admiral, «your aunt would surely be more helpful to you here than I.»

Marion looked out of the window, across the green grass of the campus, down the terrace, and over the sea-wall, from which the waters of the river spread away like a royal purple mantle, picked out with silver sails of pleasure-boats and straggling sloops. Before she replied she had mechanically counted over all the sails in sight.

«I don't know, uncle. I seemed moved to speak to you. But if you would rather not—»

«No, no, my dear; not at all. I was thinking only of you, and that a woman might better understand how to advise with you. However, I will endeavor to be as womanly as one avowedly a man of action may. And so young Arnold covets you, does he? He must have done so almost at first sight. Well, I don't blame him.»

He smiled into his niece's serious eyes, but her face remained unchanged, and the admiral went on with more gravity:

«If I had been blessed with daughters of my own, I should know better how to speak to you. As it is, you will have to help me a little. Should I draw you out gently, or straightly question you? What would you like me to do?»

«I should like to know all that you can tell me of Mr. Arnold.»

The admiral lifted his eyebrows slightly. His favorite cat had been sitting on the table by his elbow, and he whisked her away with his handkerchief, then straightened the papers which lay before him, and set his stick of sealing-wax, his pen, and paper-knife in a methodical row.

«I suppose,» he said dryly, «that the young woman of to-day is more sensible, and that I am an old fogy. In my generation she was the 'lovely burden'; and if the burden sometimes outweighed the beauty, we at least had the theory of romance. To come to business, Marion, as I warned you on your arrival, I know but little of any one here, my present duty being still new. Regarding Mr. Arnold, I think it probable that you know more concerning him than I. Had I dreamed of his representing more than one in the dozen hovering about you, or had he spoken to me first, it would have been different. For his present, I can only tell you that he has led his class statistically and in spirit, and that he has passed through the furnace of a social favoritism unscathed. For his future I can prophesy as useful and brilliant a career as the government permits to an officer of its navy; but of his past, his people, and his private means, which is just the information I suppose you want, I know nothing whatever.»

As he ended the admiral looked up at his

niece's profile. She was sitting motionless on the couch opposite him, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes still gazing out of the window. There was an expression which he did not understand upon her face. The admiral's voice softened.

«I can, of course, find out all you wish to know concerning Mr. Arnold, Marion; but, except on one condition, I have no reason, no right, to pry into his affairs, and I am old-fashioned enough to feel that no one has the right to ask you the question which I must now ask, except the one being to whom your answer means everything. To me a woman is as the sphinx—to guess her heart's riddle is to dash her from her heights.» He rose to seat himself on the couch by Marion's side. «Your having no father, Marion, and the fact that your mother intrusted you to your aunt and me only after many misgivings, make me doubly responsible. Therefore—will you let me ask you if you love Mr. Arnold, my dear?» It was the admiral who blushed. Marion looked into his face with the same unbroken seriousness.

«I don't know, uncle.»

«You do not know! What does that mean, my dear? Do you want more time for consideration, or do you wish first to learn if it would be wise to let yourself love him?»

«I already know that nothing on earth could be more unwise for me.»

«Then, as I said, you know far more about him than I. Do you be my informant. Come, help me a little, my dear. I am only a rough old sea-dog, you know. You must teach me to be womanly with you. As an individual I believe in Mr. Arnold. Is it his parentage that is at fault?»

«Yes, his parentage.»

The admiral shook his head doubtfully. «Well, then,» he said with a half-smile, «you know just what you would have to face in your mother's opposition. To tell the truth, I should a little dread taking my share of it. ‹Thou shalt have ancestry› is her eleventh commandment.»

Marion moved restlessly. «I know. She would never give her consent to Mr. Arnold.»

The admiral held his gray-mustached upper lip between his finger and thumb, looking out thoughtfully at his niece from under his white eyebrows.

«How bad is it, Marion? After all, the service is a cloak for many sins of birth. I suppose Arnold himself confessed this shortcoming to you?»

«No; I learned it from his mother and sister.»

«His mother and sister, eh? Are they here?»

«They came yesterday for a week's visit.»

«And you have seen them?»

«Yes; I saw them to-day.»

Certain little lines that the admiral had noticed about his wife's eyes and mouth when in bodily pain he now recognized drawn in Marion's face, where they disturbed him. He raised his hand involuntarily as if to smooth them away, but Marion withdrew quickly. Her lip quivered.

«Not yet, please, uncle.»

«Go on, my dear,» said the admiral. «I understand. What were the mother and sister like?»

«It would be easier to tell you that they were unlike anything that might have been expected. You have probably seen them walking about the grounds—they are conspicuous enough. The daughter is a tall, unwholesome-looking parody on her brother. Her costume this afternoon was a number of ribbon-bows tacked together, apparently. She might as well have worn a crazy-quilt. The mother is a large woman. She dresses in black, and every article she wears is too small or too short. Her sleeves do not meet her gloves by three inches; the flesh sticks out between them like red bracelets. Her bonnet is too small also, and is tied tightly under her chin; her face seems to gush out between the strings—»

«Marion!» the admiral remonstrated. «Marion!»

His niece laughed unnaturally.

«I wanted you to see it all just as I did. If the bare description shocks you so deeply, what do you suppose the reality was to me?»

«I think I am more bewildered than shocked. I did promise you that I would try to be womanly; but not being a milliner, and, indeed, peculiarly ignorant of woman's dress, your description conveys about as little to me as the price of the materials would. And then, my dear, I did not expect to have to remind you that dress is not a criterion. These women may be provincial, and yet of good enough standing.»

«I thought of all that, but they are not from the provinces. They come from a large city.»

«You have talked with them, then? When did you meet them? Tell me your story in your own fashion. I will not interrupt you again.»

«I met them walking in the grounds when I was strolling this afternoon with Mr. Arnold. They were in a distant path, and he

could easily have avoided the introduction. It was of his own seeking. He seemed fond of them.»

«Do you place that to his discredit, Marion?»

«I don't know. I am not able to connect him with them as yet; they seem of another flesh and blood.»

«Is that all that you have to tell me about them?» asked the admiral.

His niece had paused. She went on slowly:

«No; that is not all. One of the officers passed us, and drew Mr. Arnold away for a few moments' talk. While he was gone the sister began telling me how they had planned their visit as a surprise to her brother, and how her father had meant to come with them, but some people ‹dropping in› had detained him at the last moment. I said that I was sorry, and all the rest that I should have said. I really behaved well, uncle.»

«I don't doubt that, my dear,» replied the admiral; «I don't doubt that for a moment.»

«I said I thought I should have let the people wait, and then she said no, I would not; for they had come to negotiate some rather important loans.»

The admiral's face brightened. «A broker! Come, that 's not bad at all. There 's nothing disreputable there, anyhow. Even your mother would have to acknowledge that.»

«So it seemed to me. I was thinking just that while the girl was speaking. She was mentioning further that her father was a property broker when the mother, who had moved aside, turned back again to tell me of her husband's disappointment, and how his eyes had filled with tears when they left him behind. They seem an affectionate family. She said he had to stay at home, for —» Marion lifted her eyes desperately to her uncle's face—«she said,» she repeated, «that he could not leave home because»—her voice rose hysterically—«because ‹a couple of folks that could n't wait dropped in,› and that a jewelry-store was ‹a precarious business, anyhow.›»

«What!» exclaimed the admiral, starting to his feet. «A property broker—a jewelry-store! But that can only mean pawnbroking! It can't be, Marion.»

«It is, uncle. The ‹properties› were jewelry. The mother seemed unconscious that she had betrayed a secret, but the daughter was deeply embarrassed. She tried to pass it all off, but—oh, it was horrible!—she only made the truth plainer.»

«A pawnbroker! And you tell me that his son has dared ask my niece to marry him!»

«No, uncle, no; pray listen to me. You yourself could not have been more careful than Mr. Arnold has been of his honor.»

The admiral paced the room, his eyes flashing. His face was on fire; his hands were alternately tugging at his white mustache and ruffling his thick white hair.

«His honor! What the devil do I care about his honor when my niece is in question? I beg your pardon, my dear; I spoke in heat, but, indeed, with provocation. A pawnbroker! Good heavens!»

«But, uncle, Mr. Arnold has never asked me to marry him. When he joined me again, we left his mother and sister, and he and I walked on together. He knew nothing of what had passed, but I was foolish and shaken, and had to rest on a bench, finally. I said it was the heat. I am afraid I was a little hysterical, for I startled him, and he had let me know that he cared for me before he realized what he was saying. Afterward he was as dismayed as you are now. Indeed, you must not blame him. He was terribly agitated, and asked nothing of me, except that I would forget all that he had no right to say until he could speak to you. He is coming to you to-night. Uncle, what shall you say to him?»

The admiral's walk ceased abruptly. «Say to him?» he repeated. «Poor boy, what can one say? If it were anything else on earth!»

Marion covered her face with her hands.

«You pity him,» she cried sharply; «you only pity him; but I—I—» She laid her arm on the side of the couch and bowed her head into it. The admiral paused before her. For a moment his hands hovered irresolutely above her shaken shoulders; then, throwing his palms outward with a gesture of helplessness, he straightened himself and walked away to the window. His back was still toward the room when he spoke:

«My child—» He cleared his throat and began again—«My child, we must take the world as we find it, not as we would like to make it. Mr. Arnold loves you, and if you love him, the question is, What can I do to comfort you? What can I say to him that is not too cruel?»

Facing his niece again, the admiral went on: «You see, I am perilously near being womanish when I promised you to be only womanly.»

As Marion raised her face, he seated himself on the couch near her, his hands on his knees, his head bent toward her. Though not touching her, his manner had tenderness sufficient.

«If it were any other occupation,» he reflected aloud; «if it were anything less grotesque and absurd, less the subject of ghastly pleasantries—»

«You can remind me of nothing that I have not already considered, uncle. It was the hideous absurdity of it all which made me ill out in the grounds. As I thought of it suddenly from that standpoint, I burst into hysterical laughter and tears. That was the beginning of my weakness and Mr. Arnold's self-betrayal. Oh, uncle, you don't think he ever helped his father, do you? I keep imagining him as a little boy doing the little things—making out the tickets, and arranging the shop-window. Do you think I should ever grow used to those associations, ever be happy in mingling with his family?»

The admiral started, and sat very erect upon the couch.

«Marion,» he said, «does this mean that you are seriously considering such a step?»

«I don't know, uncle. As I told you at first, I seem to have lost the power of thinking.»

«My dear child, if you have come to me to think for you, I can only repeat your own words to you, and repeat them with most solemn belief. Nothing on earth could be more unwise for you. It is an impossible position.»

«Yet you said the service was a cloak for many sins of birth. Other officers have come from the people. This would be our world, and it has seemed to me not overnice in such matters.»

«You have not been here long enough to see what underlies the veneer of official civility. Some things might be forgiven or concealed, but poor Arnold's disability is as a bar sinister that admits of neither. Your taking such a step is not to be considered. It means misery from the first. You, who are daintiness itself, and who have been protected from every wind that blows, can have no conception of the coarseness that you would have to endure daily. You could not stand it. Your every effort would be to wean your husband from his natural ties of affection, and from the hour you succeeded you would despise him. No, my dear; it is not to be thought of. If the utter sacrifice of yourself is not a sufficient reason to restrain you, remember your mother, and the blow it would be to her hopes for you.»

Marion's face hardened. «Mama! Her hopes for me will be blasted at anything far short of a coronet. She has not yet forgiven me that I am not the wife of a possible heir to one, with a sot for a husband.»

«In that matter you had my warm support, Marion.»

«I know I did, uncle. You have always been kind to me. Of course mama would violently oppose Mr. Arnold; and do you know, I am ashamed that it is so, but the thought of the struggle with her nerves me when I might otherwise falter—why I don't know.»

The admiral drew back a little, scanning Marion's flushed face. Her features were exceedingly delicate; the force with which she had spoken had not brought out a coarse line.

«My child,» he said, «do you mean that? If your love alone does not nerve you to consider this step, nothing else should—least of all a mother's opposition.»

«Mama's opposition would not be for love of me. Mama ought to have been born a Celestial. As it is, I should have been piously sacrificed on her ancestral altar but for you, uncle, and what she still terms my wilfulness.»

«I know,» said the admiral. «And yet this would break her heart, Marion. It cannot be, my dear, both for her sake and for yours. It is quite out of the question.»

He spoke gently, and the words were not commanding. It was a certain finality in his voice, born of long and undisputed authority, that his niece answered with spirit.

«I think I shall decide to break mama's altars, at which I do not worship, rather than my own heart.»

The admiral looked up quickly. Their eyes met. He spoke shortly, almost sternly.

«You have decided, Marion?»

«I am deciding now.»

She sat with her finger pressed against her lips, her face grave, and her eyes downcast

The admiral rose to pace the floor, quarter-deck fashion, his arms folded on his breast. His favorite cat, uncoiling herself from a warm corner near the fire, ran to rub her head against his leg, as was her wont. Until her sharp wail roused him the admiral did not know that he had crushed her tail beneath his foot; even then, with an absent-minded «Excuse me,» he passed on, absorbed in his thoughts. Marion was wondering if, as it seemed to her, her presence was forgotten, when the admiral's walk ceased, and he seated himself at his table, where she had first found him. He spoke without looking up, his fingers occupied with a bunch of keys which he drew from his pocket.

«Marion,» he said, «I have been thinking

that, while a man attains his majority at a given period, as a rule a woman comes of age, early or late, with her first heartburn. You know it is a time-honored custom that a son of the house should be introduced to the ghost or the skeleton of the family the day he comes of age. The rule might as well apply to a daughter. I mean now to show you our family ghost; but first, can you tell me the special line on which we hang our family pride?»

«The Eeliott line,» Marion answered, «spelled with two *e*'s and two *t*'s.»

Her voice was mocking, and the admiral smiled. He had selected a key from the bunch.

«You know your lesson well,» he said dryly. «The name might as well be spelled with three *e*'s and three *t*'s, while we are about it. It is the skeleton of the Eeliott family that you are to see. I keep it locked in this cupboard with this key.»

He unlocked the door of a closed compartment under his table, and drew out a long box of curious and irregular shape, covered with dull red leather, on which were stamped quaint arabesque figures in burnished gold. The odor of age about the case was strong. Marion drew back as the admiral laid it in her lap.

«You need n't be afraid,» he said; «it is only a paper ghost. Open the box, Marion.»

The inner-case lining, of heavy, gorgeously tinted silk decorated with a sprawling pomegranate pattern, protected a roll of parchment as yellow as ivory. Attached to the roll by mixed red and silver ribbons were two red seals. Marion touched the faded ribbons softly with her finger-tips.

«The Eeliott colors,» she said. The admiral tossed them to one side with a short laugh.

«Yes,» he repeated; «the Eeliott colors. Unroll the paper.»

As she lifted and unrolled the parchment Marion uttered an exclamation. The page shone out with all the glory that emblazoning gives in colors as fresh as the day they were painted. The text, broken here and there by rich initials, was crowned with the royal arms of England, the rose, and the royal ermine. On a corner of the skin, surrounded by festooned roses, hung the painted shield of the Eeliott family. Marion looked at the shield critically.

«Those are surely the Eeliott arms,» she said; «and yet is n't there something a little wrong about it?»

«A little,» said the admiral. «Read the writing, my dear,—read it aloud.»

Marion read the text from the top of the gorgeous page to the written signatures at the end:

To all and singular
to whom these Presents shall come Isaac Heard Esquire Garter Principal King of Arms and Thomas Lock Esquire Clarenceux King of Arms of the South East and West Parts of England from the River Trent Southwards send Greeting. Whereas Marion Eeliott wife of the Honorable Francis Herbert, by Letter to the Most Honorable C—— D——commonly called Earl of A——Deputy with the Royal Approbation to his Father the Most Noble A—— D—— Duke of C—— Earl Marshall and hereditary marshall of England requested the Favor of his Lordship's Warrant for an exemplifying and confirming to her and her Descendants the Arms of her reputed Father John Eeliott, Lord Knight of the Kingdom of Ireland deceased with such Variations as may be necessary according to the Laws of Arms.

And forasmuch as his Lordship did by Warrant under his Hand and Seal bearing date the twentieth day of March last authorize and direct Us to exemplify and confirm the said Arms accordingly. *Know Ye therefore* that We the said Garter and Clarenceux in pursuance of the Consent of the said Deputy Earl Marshall and by Virtue of the Letters Patent of our several Offices to each of Us respectively granted under the Great Seal of Great Britain do by these Presents exemplify and confirm to the said Marion Eeliott the arms following that is to say *Paly of six argent and gules a Bend Sinister engrailed counter-changed* as the same are in the Margin hereof more plainly depicted to be borne and used for ever hereafter by her the said Marion Eeliott and her Descendants according to the Laws of Arms without the Let or Interruption of any Person or Persons whatsoever.

In Witness whereof We the said Garter and Clarenceux Kings of Arms have to these Presents subscribed our Names and affixed the Seals of our several Offices the sixth day of April in the twenty—— year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third by the Grace of God King of Great Britain France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c: and in the year of our Lord One Thousand and seven hundred and——

The skin rolled itself together strongly, as though it still had life, as Marion laid it down.

«What does it mean?» she said. «I don't understand a word of it.»

«Your great-grandmother, Marion Eeliott, understood it,» said the admiral. «She understood it so well that she kept this locked in her closet to the day of her death, where I, as executor, found it. Why she did not burn the document is one of those things which are inexplicable. That no one in her lifetime saw it, save herself, I am almost

positive. Since then I know that my eyes alone have seen it, and now yours.»

«What does it mean?» Marion repeated.

The admiral bent forward to open the roll. He read a line aloud:

«(The arms of her *reputed father.*) Reputed father! Don't you know what that means, Marion? Your great-grandmother, known as Marion *Eeliott*, had no such maiden name, and her crest might as well have been a bar sinister couchant, or three balls rampant, or anything else she chose to carry. You surely know the meaning of a bend sinister, my dear. We are not a mushroom family in the maternal line, but toadstool—old enough, in all conscience, and poison at the root.»

Marion drew the parchment toward her, looking again at the emblazoned shield with its fatal lines from left to right. The color rose in her face.

«Do you mean, uncle, that we are not—not legitimate?»

«I mean, my dear niece, that on our grandmother Eeliott's side we are not low-born, but base-born. That high name on which we hang our chiefest pride is our shame. That Lord Eeliott was the father of our ancestress is undoubted; who her mother was, the Lord, or more likely the devil, only knows. Would you care to hear the whole story, Marion, or does this kind of truth shock you? I thought you rather scornful of ancestry.»

«This is different, uncle. I thought we were at least of honest blood. I want to know all that you can tell me; but—no, I don't like it; it does shock me.»

«This story,» said the admiral, «has also a kind of humor about it, almost as grim as the story of Mr. Arnold's order of bar sinister. Your namesake and maternal ancestress did not like it, either. She was brought up in her father's American home as his daughter, presiding over his household, and arrogantly foisted upon the community, who accepted her for their own reasons, I suppose. Probably they were ignorant of her true position. When I found this document hidden away in the old lady's closet, among her silks and laces, I was sufficiently stirred to look up every scrap of writing bearing on the subject. Among a heap of old letters belonging to Lord Eeliott, I unearthed one from his father, written in England, and rather sardonically urging his son to sow all his wild oats on this side of the water, that the crop might not come up in the old country. Our ancestress was one of those blades. How many others there were of Lord Eeliott's crop, who knows? Before leaving America Lord Eeliott married his daughter to your great-grandfather, with a bribe thrown in of so many thousand pounds down. That, too, I read between the lines of the papers I ran through. Ancestors are not unlike sleeping dogs, Marion. It is better to let them lie, as a rule. If the first Marion Eeliott had been wise enough to do so, she would have been spared the mortification of this parchment. You have seen her portrait, my dear?»

«Yes; and I cannot imagine her humbled. Uncle, are you sure that all this is true?»

«You have the parchment before you. I have to look at it to convince myself sometimes, after listening to your mother's talk of our family history on the Eeliott side. Old Marion Eeliott grew to think it could not be true, and that humility and the pit whence it came were not for such as she. Others had forgotten, and she would forget. After her father's death she evidently conceived the idea of quartering his arms with her husband's. She must have written to England, to the Heralds' College, claiming them. Heaven knows what influences and what money she brought to bear. That the college is incorruptible is well shown here. What do you suppose were her feelings as the covered parchment unrolled? *Her reputed father, and a bend sinister.* Do you think she saw the grim humor of it, Marion?»

Marion was looking seriously at the parchment.

«I cannot tell, uncle. To me it is only shameful. And so this is what mama has been worshiping all these years. Why did you never tell her?»

«Why should I overthrow her altars? Up to this time there has been no reason for doing so. And so you see no humor in the story? Well, perhaps Mr. Arnold may, as we recognize humor in his. Here, my dear; you have my permission to use this parchment as you choose. It is your weapon, and with it you are well armed for your battle with your mother.»

He rolled the parchment as he spoke, and returning it to its box, laid the case in Marion's hands. She received it mechanically, looking up surprised.

«I—what am I to do with it?»

«Marry Mr. Arnold, if that is what you really desire. Why not, now that you know the truth about yourself? Before you opened that case you had a certain family tradition to live up to; now you are freed. If you care for Mr. Arnold enough to forgive his three

balls rampant, and submit your bar sinister couchant for his forgiveness, I don't see that any one can interfere. If your mother opposes you too strongly, you have only to lay this before her to seal her lips.»

Marion lifted her eyes searchingly to the admiral's face.

«Uncle,» she asked, «why have you done this?»

The admiral winced slightly. «Why, my dear?» he replied. He rose, and laid his hand on Marion's head, meeting her earnest gaze. «Why? Because I want you to realize that it is wholly in your power to marry Mr. Arnold or not, just as you desire. If he were not a gentleman by nature, I would not have run this risk. He is a gentleman, if to be one is to know what is due to others and to render it, to know what is due to himself and to expect it. Beyond a certain point, parents can do nothing if their child chooses to marry the hangman or the man to be hanged. As for you, Marion, if you wish to marry Mr. Arnold, what renders it possible lies there in your hands. Take it away with you, my dear, and make your own use of it.»

As he spoke he pointed to the case, which still lay loosely in his niece's grasp.

Without a word, Marion lifted her eyes, for a moment looking full into his. There was no wavering on either side. With a quick gesture she caught up the box and laid it on the table by her uncle's hand; yet the movement was curiously deliberate. She did not look up at the admiral as she passed him on her way from the room.

The admiral sat motionless at his desk, the case before him, and his favorite cat climbing up to his knee. As the door closed he slowly leaned back in his chair, drew a deep breath, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief.

«'T was as I thought,» he muttered: «opposition was her buoy. A shred of it left her to cling to, she 'd have plunged in headlong.»

He laid his hand on the cat's furry head, more as if gaining comfort from the touch than bestowing it. There was a kind of shame in his fine old face.

«And I promised her to be womanly!» he said aloud. «I was feline! Pussy, I crave your pardon. You at least show your weapons in the moment of scratching, don't you?»

Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

URSULA.

I SEE her in the festal warmth to-night,
Her rest all grace, her motion all delight.
Endowed with all the woman's arts that please,
In her soft gown she seems a thing of ease
Whom sorrow may not reach or evil blight.

To-morrow she will toil from floor to floor
To smile upon the unreplying poor,
To stay the tears of widows, and to be
Confessor to men's erring hearts. . . . Ah me!
She knows not I am beggar at her door.

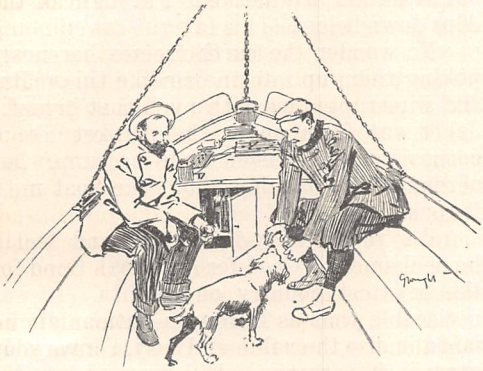
Robert Underwood Johnson.

UP THE MATTERHORN IN A BOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «A DAY IN TOPHET,» «A JUDICIAL ERROR,» ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

PART II.



«I OFFERED SOME TO JABEZ.»

THE milky island over our starboard side seemed to sink gradually. We first lost sight of the cotton-wool waves around its cliffs, then the chalk cliffs themselves, then the snowy summits. There was nothing but the sun and the *Cloud Queen* left in space.

Jabez was still cheering for the United States. He gathered in his breath to the point of explosion, and discharged volley after volley of barks at the flag, at the balloon overhead, at salient points in his own recollection of things he had not had time to do real justice to before. The rebound from each volley cast him back against the sides of the craft like a gun overcharged with powder; and presently, having barked at everything in sight, and several invisible subjects, he sat down lolling, and searched the horizon for some new topic.

«It is possible,» said Hill, removing his pipe for a moment, «that we may be rather uncomfortable up there. Glaisher experienced a semi-paralysis at the height of five and a half miles, and lost consciousness altogether at six. Coxwell suffered from cold, but retained the possession of his faculties sufficiently to pull the valve-rope and release gas enough to lower them into a warmer temperature, where both revived. Now in case I should lose my head or become incapable of directing the *Cloud Queen*, and you find that you also experience warning sensations, try to remember this: the third switch, marked «No. 3,» sets the suction-pump at work, and that would pull us down without loss of gas. Don't touch the valve-rope except as a last resort, for I shall have to release the pressure very materially within the next few minutes in order to prevent our being torn to pieces by the gas inside. You see, as the external air becomes lighter and its pressure decreases, the expansive force of the confined gas becomes proportionately greater. That is the chief danger we have to fear at this height—unless we should both become unconscious and freeze to death.»

Neither prospect was attractive. Hill replaced his pipe, fumbled about under the seat, and drew out two thick Scotch blankets. He handed one to me, wrapped the other about himself, and turned up his collar. Then he threw a switch on the board before him, and I heard the paddle-wheel begin to whir-r-r in the balloon above us.

«It *is* getting cold,» said he, looking at his thermometer as if to assure himself that such a conclusion was justifiable. Cold! it was cold! We smoked our pipes out, and presently fell to slapping our sides with our hands, as coachmen do on winter days when the frost bites. Jabez liked it at first, but as it grew colder and colder he realized the futility of trying to get out a winter coat on such short notice, and took refuge under the blanket.

«Feel queer?» asked Hill.

I consulted my feelings, and replied in the negative.

«Well, I should n't wonder if we stood it pretty comfortably. You see, we 've been cruising around in high altitudes all day, and getting used to rarefied air. It 's as easy to get used to as a rare beefsteak; all you want is a little practice—though I have felt pretty sick myself practising, and at that time I saw a man die on the mountains in South America. We had gone up that infernal little railroad from Lima to Chicla—ever been there? Well, passengers who fail to stop on the way

up and get used to short rations of air find it pretty hard foraging at the top. You feel just like a fish out of water—gasping for breath, and no breath to be had at any price. It 's an awful sensation; it 's drowning in the air. I 've never had any use for angling since then: I know too well how the fish feels when he drowns out of water.»

The sky about us grew bluer and bluer, and even the sun had long since ceased to appear natural. It was a great deal easier sitting still than making any effort, but I crawled over to the edge, rested my chin on the taffrail, and looked down. The mountains lay in corrugated ridges under us, streaked with infinitesimal chasms lying like hair-lines on the surface. Everything had shrunken, and objects on the earth might have been at the small end of a telescope.

«I think it is time,» said Hill, «to put on a little fuel.» He took a flask out of his pocket, poured some of its contents into a glass, and handed it to me. It was good old brandy, and it tingled my blood into warmth. I offered some to Jabez, who was shivering, and looking as if he would like to know when the next train left for Chamonix; but he reproached me with his eyes for trying to corrupt a temperance dog who was six miles away from home.

«Now,» said Hill, «unsling your glasses and make the most of time. You will probably never have another chance like this to look at the pygmean world. There is the republic of France; and there is the domain of the little king—though all domains look little at this height, and all kings look not at all. Now come over to this side. There is Humbert's territory—Humbert's and the Pope's. And now look over in that direction—over Kaiserward. Do you see that little slab of country just over that farther hummock of ground? That 's Alsace-Lorraine; there have been more scraps over that territory than over a contest for mayor of Mudville. Would you give Jabez for the whole of it, up here? Off in those dim distances lie Germany and England. The Turk is busy kicking up shines just over in the other direction; and past that little blot of deep blue—like an overturned ink-bottle—Africa lies beyond the Mediterranean. I wish we had a Lick telescope. Great guns of Washington! I *wish* we could get high enough to see America.»

Of course I echoed the sentiment. We had been annoyed by the constant necessity of clearing the fog of our breaths from the lenses, and now, lowering my glass a moment for that purpose, I was startled when I glanced at Hill. His nose was quite white. For a moment I thought he was feeling the effects of the high air, but the next minute I realized that it was cold instead.

«Great Scott!» I exclaimed, «your nose is frozen.» He put his hand up to his face, with a start, and looked at me.

«So is yours,» he said. It was true. We abandoned our survey of Europe and devoted our attention to ourselves. I thought of the Alps down below.

«No wonder the earth freezes her noses poking them up into the air like this.» But Hill interrupted me with a yell that brought Jabez out from under the blanket like a catapult shot, and even made me jump. Our aëronaut was dancing about the boat until it rocked.

«We 're up forty-three thousand feet!» he declaimed. «Good for America! Good for the greatest country on earth!» (It was noticeable that as European nations diminished in size the value of America invariably grew in importance.) Hill dropped into his seat with a thud, and gazed at the register with admiration. «That beats the Dutch!» he exclaimed presently in an awe-struck tone. He looked at me, at the balloon, at Jabez, and back again to his instruments. But pretty soon his face clouded. He again looked at the balloon—anxiously this time. I looked too, but could see nothing unusual. Hill clutched his instrument and bent over it.

«According to this infernal machine, we are descending at the rate of a mile a minute,» he said.

«I don't believe it,» said I.

«I hope you 're right,» he answered; «but I observe we no longer hear the paddle-wheel revolve, and I should like to know when in Sam Patch it stopped—and me not know it!»

The facts were plain enough. I became aware that an ominous silence reigned where the whir of the wheel had previously sounded, and I also knew that we had both been so excited that neither one of us could say when it had actually stopped. It might have been two or three minutes before; at any rate, it had stopped. I looked overboard. Mont Blanc was rising beneath us, and I felt justified in respecting the conclusions of the machine on the dropping question.

They say that when a man is drowning he reviews all the scenes in his past life in a few seconds, crowding the events of the long, slow years together into the moment or two he believes he has left, and that he thinks

with wonderful clearness. I have no doubt whatever but that in the two or three minutes that followed while we sat waiting for the crash we both did the same, though I am bound to testify for Hill that whatever his thoughts were, there was no trace of anxiety or apprehension on his countenance. His eyes were fixed upon his instruments, and the two or three remarks he made were in his ordinary tone. As for myself, I had been so recently above the clouds, I had seen the old civilized world reduced to such a pygmy by distance, I had been so imbued by the thought of the littleness of the biggest greatness, that I appeared to myself too much of an atom to take serious account of. I felt no terror; rather a quickened interest—a wonder if the end of all things to me as a unit of the human universe would come in the next few minutes.

«I hope the instruments won't be smashed,» said Hill, with great earnestness. «Confound it! I wish I could be sure. If we can only drop somewhere in the track of mountain-climbers, or a herder, or somebody—*any*body to find these reports and take them back! They would be of the greatest possible interest to science.» He had been scribbling busily in a little book, and this he now slipped under a projection of the keyboard before him. «Is n't it strange,» he added, «that the frailest things, like feathers or pieces of paper, survive a fall of three or four miles without injury, while flesh and blood, or metal even, are not to be found?» He sighed profoundly, but I knew the sigh was not for himself, but rather for his records.

It was impossible for me to tell whether we were descending at the terrific rate registered. So far, after the first sensation of upward flight, after getting away from sliding things by which to reckon like a Chinaman's slate, we might have been motionless, for all I knew. The temperature had grown suddenly warmer, as I knew from the way my nose ached. It felt as chilled fingers or toes do when brought suddenly into the warmth of a room, and I could see by the way Hill nursed his that the prospect of immediate eternity had not altogether distracted his attention from the ache in his anatomy. Presently he said very quietly:

«There! we 've struck the aërial gulf stream. I guess we are safe enough now. We are not going down anything like so fast.»

This was true enough, but we were sinking into night. We had long since got out of range of the sun, and as the gray old earth rolled over in its airy bed it grew darker and darker under its own shadow. I could see that Hill was straining his eyes, and as I looked out I caught a glimpse of Mont Blanc near at hand—Mont Blanc only a stone's throw away, as grim and ghostly in the darkness as the specter of the Brocken. Then I was suddenly aware of little, fine, granular bits of snow falling on my face and hands. In a few seconds we were in the midst of great white flakes whirling about us like big feathers, and all sight of mountains, or anything at hand save these noiseless companions, was blotted from view. Hill was fumbling with his switches and buttons, but without avail. There appeared to be no response from any of them, if I might judge from the absolute silence into which we sank deeper and deeper.

«Why don't you fire off your light-gun?» I asked.

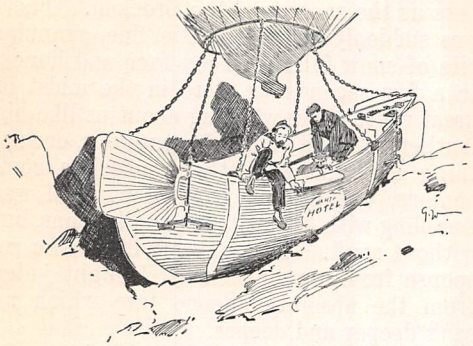
«The confounded thing does n't work, or I would have done so long ago. That 's the trouble with electricity: it 's as liable to go back on you as a fickle girl.»

He scratched a match, and in that brief moment of illumination we were able to distinguish nothing but softly falling flakes against a blank wall of impenetrable darkness. Its light also shone upon Hill's face anxiously inspecting his instruments, and upon the snowflakes like a swarm of ghostly bees in the background.

«We are falling very gently,» said he, presently; «but I should like to know why we have n't hit something. With Mont Blanc as near as it looked, we should have struck terra firma five minutes ago. We must be drifting away in this cloud.» But even as he spoke the snow ceased, or we passed out of the belt of it. At the same moment we were aware that the *Cloud Queen* had met with some obstruction. She was grounding somewhere, but, curiously enough, the top part, or balloon proper, was grounding first. We had not felt a jar or vibration in the craft in which we sat, but there were raking sounds overhead, and bits of snow and ice fell upon us. Jabez regarded these as assaults from unseen enemies, and resented them accordingly. There was a peculiar property in the sound of his barking now, as if it came back from a wall. We were sure that we were on the mountain-side. At no time had the sounds of contact above been sufficient to arouse alarm, and now they ceased altogether. Everything was silent again for a minute or two, and then we felt the *Cloud Queen* ground in reality on the bottom. There were two or

three soft bumps, a lurch or two, and everything was quiet.

«I had a tallowed wick here somewhere,» said Hill, lighting another match and hunting about for it. «Wait until I find it, and we



«HILL CLAMBERED OUT OF THE BOAT.»

will soon see where we are, to say nothing about getting the light-gun in order.»

When the wick finally flared up I saw a glittering wall of ice, as sheer as a house, at my right. There was another wall of blue ice at the left, and as high as we could see at both sides these icy cliffs extended. Forward and back of us there seemed to be caverns stretching away, and a great pile of soft snow, or what appeared to be new-fallen snow, lay just ahead. There was evidently some sort of projecting eave over us, and we had come down the side that was not obstructed by that roof or eave. Perhaps its protruding edges were what the *Cloud Queen* had brushed on her way past. Hill clambered out of the boat in silence, taking the wick with him. Jabez followed, sniffing curiously at everything he passed; and I stretched my stiff legs, while man and dog went down the gorge together, casting long shadows behind, but striking off innumerable sparks as the light of the taper was caught by and reflected from hundreds of glittering projections and irregularities in the icy walls. They went only a little way, and then Hill returned and stood beside me.

«Well, I 'll be hanged!» he exclaimed. «Where do you suppose we are?»

«Give it up.»

He looked at me reflectively, and then at the ball of wick in his hand.

«As near as I can make out,» he said, «by the aid of this lightning-bug of a lamp, we are at the very bottom of the very deepest crevasse in all Mont Blanc.»

I suppose I looked blank myself; at any rate, the sight of my face set him off. He leaned against the ice behind him, and laughed until the taper flickered and shook in his grasp.

«Talk about ballooning!» he exclaimed when he had recovered his equanimity. «When I invited you to go into the air with me, you did not expect my invitation also included side-trips into the earth and down wells, did you? I don't wonder you look dazed; but just hold the light, man, while I gear up the machinery a bit. I don't know how it is with you, but what *I* want is tea.»

He set to work cheerfully, and presently the fumes of a good supper arose appetizingly. The electric current once in order, he also gave me an exhibition of the light-gun's powers that seemed nothing short of magical. That singular invention defied all known laws for the transmission of light, and I could see what a terrible illuminating-engine it might become in the hands of an enemy in a balloon, for instance, inspecting at his leisure the fortifications beneath him. By a combination of the lenses, the workings of which he never explained to me, he could throw ahead what appeared to be globes of light, detached from the light in the gun, to all appearances, and yet illuminating like lamps as they passed through the air or remained motionless, suspended against or over anything he wished specially to inspect. The effect of these luminous and, to all appearances, independent bodies of light was weird and ghostly in the extreme, and I could imagine the consternation one of them would create in a fortress. To be sure, the life of a light-ball was only a few seconds if the operator wished to avoid any visible connection with it; but, as Hill said, that was «worlds for photographic purposes.»

«I adjust the focus,» said he, «at a hundred feet, we will say. Then, by an arrangement of the refracting crystals inside, I produce a round, concentrated globule of intense light, which is magnified from one to a thousand times by the lens, according as I set it, and deposited, as you might say, upon the wall of darkness one hundred feet ahead of the muzzle of the light-gun. If one could get high enough in the rare and purified air to work direct with the luminiferous and cosmic ether, with a light-gun of sufficient power, it would be possible to produce moons—say a moon for each county, eh? ‹No more oil-lamps or gas- or arc-lights on street corners, but moons for everybody—every man his own moon-maker.› How would that read for an ‹ad.›?»

«First-class,» said I; «but how about clouds?»

Hill sighed profoundly. «That 's the trouble,» said he. «We all know how clouds hoodoo a real, simon-pure, genuine moon product; and as artificial moons would have to be made above the cloud strata in order to take advantage of the ether with luminous possibilities—well, somebody has got to invent a process by which clouds can be dispelled, before county moons can be put on the market. But I am more interested just now in the supper market.»

I felt that I was, too; and as Jabez never yet preferred a moon to a beefsteak, we all agreed upon that subject, and ate our well-cooked meal in a palace the like of which no Mogul king ever dined in. And afterward we slept very comfortably in spite of our frost-bites, for the ice-cavern seemed warm by contrast with the cold we had suffered from in the sky. Next morning I was awakened by the sound of hammering on metal directly over my ears, and opened my eyes to see Hill at work upon his crippled inventions.

«That is the rising-gong,» said he, as I started up.

«Is it? It sounds to me more like Cramp's shipyard. I suppose it would be inappropriate to say, 'The top av the morning to yez,' would n't it?»

«The top! It looks to me more like the bottom of everything—morning, day, mountain, the whole terrestrial business, in fact. Just cast your eyes up, my friend, and tell me how you think we ever got down here, and, what would be more to the point, how you think we are ever going to get out of here.»

I looked up, and saw a thin blue ribbon of sky no wider than a lady's belt—or so it seemed to my inexperienced eyes. Yet there lay the balloon, or reclined, rather, apparently full of gas, but altogether lacking buoyancy. It was half supported by the sides of the crevasse, and the ice-walls that had seemed so close together in the night were in reality far enough apart to admit a bag capable of carrying ninety thousand cubic feet of gas, although less than half this quantity had been actually used, as more would have been dangerous when making allowance for the expansion caused by outside air-currents of different temperatures.

«Do you remember asking me what was to hinder the gas from congealing in high altitudes?» asked Hill.

«Yes; and you said that you were going to paddle it around—to keep it churned up; and you also propounded a conundrum about the relative weights of ice and water.»

«That 's right,» said Hill; «there 's nothing the matter with your memory yet. Well, I 'm blessed if that congealing process is not precisely what has taken place. The minute the paddle stopped Jack Frost got to work. That bag might just as well be filled with ditch-water so far as any self-sustaining property goes.» He took off his cap and rubbed his head, in thoughtful contemplation of the spectacle before him. «Look here,» he added, giving the valve-rope a jerk. There was no hiss of escaping gas, no shrinkage of the enveloping fabric.

We were in a strange, green sort of twilight at the bottom of the crevasse, and the walls about us might have been glass,

«HE LEANED AGAINST THE ICE.»

they were so clear and transparent. At the extreme top we could detect an overhanging, eave-like mass, beautifully curved and chiseled at the edges by the wind. After a while the sun shone upon it, and we concluded that it was the mountain-side of our roofless cavern, and that the opposite edge was possibly much lower. We also discovered that the crevasse was wider just there than anywhere else, curving at both sides like a round well. Into that well—the only spot in all the Alps, probably, where such an object as the *Cloud Queen* could have descended—it had been our luck to drop.

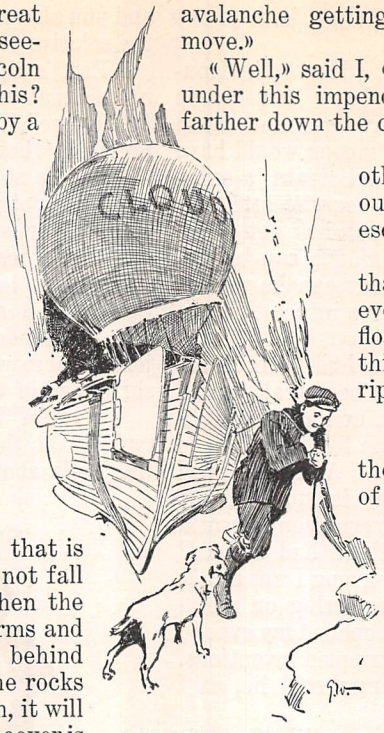
«Do you remember, a great many years ago,» asked Hill, «seeing a schooner aground in Lincoln Park in just such a way as this? She had been driven ashore by a great storm that wrecked many similar craft, but it was her luck to be carried by the waves through the only spot along the whole lake front where there was no breakwater. We have accomplished pretty much the same feat.»

It did indeed appear so, and the *Cloud Queen* looked to me to be a great deal worse off than the schooner had been.

«You see that overhanging eave up there?» continued Hill. «Do you know what that is? That is destruction; that is the foot of a glacier. It may not fall to-day, nor to-morrow; but when the time comes, and the sun warms and melts the accumulating mass behind sufficiently to loosen it from the rocks to which it is at present frozen, it will start upon its journey, and whoever is down here might much better be elsewhere. A part of it will inevitably be swept over the fissure mouth above, carried by its own momentum; but a cataract of ice and snow will pour down—enough, perhaps, to fill this well up as though it had never been.»

I must confess that this revelation shook my spirit more than the prospect of immediate destruction had the night before.

«Of course,» added Hill, probably seeing me change color, «as I said, it may not fall to-day, nor to-morrow, nor while we are here. But that is just the point. I have explored this fissure in both directions, and so far as I can see, our chances of getting out are about equal to a beetle's in a glass jar. You see,» I—he smiled grimly,—«it 's only one of those errors of human judgment to which we are all liable. When I started for the clouds I naturally took no outfit for climbing; in fact, I could have made only a limited provision for that sort of expedition—like wings and gum shoes, for instance, and you know the market for wings is poor. But mountain-climbing—that 's different. We need—and we lack—ice-axes, nails in the soles of our shoes, guides, ropes, experience, and a few other important items. We 're about as well off for mountain-climbing as we are for cloud-climbing; and in the meantime there 's the avalanche getting ready—packing up to move.»



«WE DRAGGED THE BOAT.»

«Well,» said I, «we need not camp right under this impending doom. We can go farther down the cañon, as it were.»

«That 's true; but, on the other hand, the balloon is our only visible means of escape, so far as I can see.»

«You don't mean to say that you think the balloon, even if it could be made to float again, could get out of this narrow place without ripping itself to pieces?»

«She got down that way.»

«To be sure; but look at those jagged sides. Some of those projections are like knife-blades.»

«They were just as sharp last night,» persisted Hill, doggedly.

«Yes; but suppose there were cuts in the bag; you would n't know it now. How can you find out with certainty until the gas thaws?»

«I've inspected the bag pretty thoroughly, and there is not a thread cut, to the best of my belief.»

«I hope you 're right. If you are, it simplifies our getting out of this predicament.»

«Ah,» said Hill, sighing and shaking his head, «there 's the rub! Instead of simplifying our unfortunate position, it complicates it. How long do you suppose it would take to thaw forty or fifty thousand cubic feet of congealed gas,—in an ice-house, at that,—and at what expenditure of electrical force? Now my storage-battery contains only enough power to refill the balloon once, with an allowance of enough amperes to keep the light-gun supplied with force, or the descending-pump, and to boil an occasional tea-kettle. If I exhaust half the force thawing the congealed gas, I shall have remaining only enough watts to half fill the balloon—which would not mean sufficient buoyancy to float it.»

«Cheerful prospect!» said I, sitting down on the edge of the boat. «How many days did you say you provisioned for?»

«Six—not reckoning Jabez. His rations reduce the *per diem* to about four. However, we can only hope, like Mr. Micawber, that 'something will turn up.'»

«It would be more apt to turn down here.»

«That's right. But let us breakfast. Things won't look so gloomy on full stomachs.»

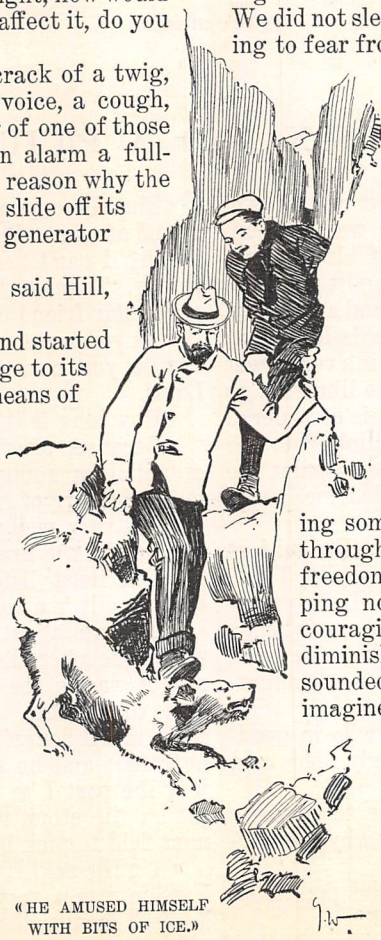
I helped him to detach the chains from the balloon, and we dragged the boat far enough away to be, as we calculated, out of range of the avalanche when it should conclude to start on its trip. Then we cooked our breakfast and discussed the situation.

«Here 's another thing I did n't mention,» said Hill. «You know what a confounded row the generator makes when at work, but you may not know that avalanches are sometimes started by sounds; the slightest vibration in the air may shake them off their perches when they are poised for falling. Why, in some Alpine villages the ringing of church bells is prohibited during the avalanche season; and I have heard experienced guides dilate upon the necessity for silence at some points on the mountains known to be particularly menaced by that sort of danger. Climbing-parties are cautioned to step lightly and to speak in whispers. Now if that glacier overhead is balancing for flight, how would the noise of the generator affect it, do you think?»

«Well,» said I, «if the crack of a twig, or the sound of a human voice, a cough, or a sneeze, or the ringing of one of those twopenny Alpine bells, can alarm a full-grown avalanche, I see no reason why the whole mountain should not slide off its base when you start the generator going.»

«That 's just about it,» said Hill, resignedly.

We ate our breakfast, and started out to explore the ice-gorge to its end, hoping to find some means of egress. As nearly as we could determine by the compass,—which might be deflected by mineral deposits in the mountain, for all we knew,—the crevasse ran northwest by southeast from the spot where the balloon had fallen. In some places the ice-walls seemed to meet overhead, and in no place was there a wider opening at the top than that well-like hole over the *Cloud Queen*. We decided its length to be perhaps three quarters of a mile, or a mile; but this was only at the bottom. At the top it was bridged here and there, and probably appeared to be a number of deep crevasses rather than the one deep slit in the ice and rocks we had found it to be. At one end there was a narrow, perpendicular wall of rock that we could have climbed had it not overhung at the top like the branches of a tree. A monkey could not have escaped by it. At the northern end there was nothing but ice-walls, as bare and smooth as glass. Irregular piles of ice and snow, varying in depth, and showing by their formation that they had poured down from above, lay here and there along the bottom of the fissure. This gave color and foundation to Hill's theory of what might be expected from that quarter, and we took great pains to drag the boat and its supplies to a place free from these indications and with no overhanging eaves. We discussed various plans, abandoning them all as impracticable; and so the first day passed. It was a short day, for it grew dark very early down where we were, and the night was the longest I ever experienced. We did not sleep well, although we had nothing to fear from avalanches at night.



«HE AMUSED HIMSELF WITH BITS OF ICE.»

Jabez was the only one of the family who had a good time. He had nothing to worry about, and so maintained a cheerful spirit—as almost any one can in those circumstances. He amused himself with bits of ice or rock, growling and barking like a whole kennelful of dogs, even when I expostulated with him and told him he was liable to scare up an avalanche when he least expected or wanted it. When we organized exploring expeditions in the hope of finding some overlooked rift in the rock through which we might crawl to freedom, he pioneered ahead, stopping now and then to wave an encouraging tail, and to bark with undiminished ardor; but even his voice sounded unnatural down there. We imagined it had lost its tone of merry hope. Anything he said or we said sounded as sepulchral as saying «Boo!» in a barrel.

We were at lunch on the second day when something fell, striking the wall near by with a sharp clink. We both sprang to our feet.

The falling object had buried itself in the snow so quickly that we could not see what it was, but concluded it could have been only some small rock. But Jabez was not content with suppositions. After the manner of his race, he determined to investigate this performance by digging out whatever had presumed to intrude itself into his own special domain. He was hard at it when another object fell, striking the balloon squarely on top, and bounding off into a deep drift of snow on the other side, and Jabez made for it with furious barks, not, however, until he had dug out the first meteoric visitor, and flung it with a growl and a shake of the head against the wall. Again there was a sharp, metallic ring, and Hill sprang forward.

«ENGLISH.»

«Good heavens!» he exclaimed, picking it up, «it 's an ice-ax!»

We hurried over to the spot, looking anxiously up for further foreign visitors. Jabez had answered the question. The snow was flying over his back as we approached, but seeing us, he at once stopped his vigorous digging, seized something between his teeth, and pulled at it with all his might. It was a piece of Scotch tweed of a tan plaid pattern, and it was attached to some resisting body. Hill took one look at it before we too fell to digging.

«English,» said he,—«I'll bet a keg of nails!»

(To be continued.)

Marion Manville Pope.

A PERSON AND A PICTURE.

THE field was yellow and brown; behind the stone wall was another field full of blackberries and sweet-fern, and then came black pine-trees and a blue sky.

I had come out to watch Louis Riel paint a picture. Louis, as you know, is a very great artist, who is asked to decorate libraries, go to dinners, and all that; and it is considered no end of a fine thing to be allowed to see him paint. But why he wished to paint the things I have described puzzled me, and I said so.

«To begin with,» said Louis, «the subject is absolutely nothing; and secondly, I can make anything out of nothing» (Louis values himself); «and in the third place, when a man lives by doing certain things, he must do those things when he receives a remunerative offer from somebody else.»

«To be sure,» said I; «but who in goodness wants a picture of two ugly fields and some ugly pine-trees?»

«That is a question I decline to answer,» said Louis; «but I will tell you why the person wants the picture.»

«Go ahead,» said I; «will the person be sane?»

«The person,» said Louis, «is a particular friend of mine. Do you mind picking up that brush? I can't bend over without upsetting things. Thanks. Well, the person is a very particular friend of mine—»

«As you were saying,» said I.

«Do you care to hear the story?» said Louis.

«How long is it?» I asked.

«Because, whether you want to hear it or not, I 'm going to tell it to you for the mere pleasure of hearing myself talk.»

«Oh, very well,» said I, lying back comfortably in the grass.

«You must listen, though,» said Louis, «because it 's a very sentimental story.

«It began about ten years ago to-day. It was in the afternoon—the person, my friend, said it was in the afternoon—that he first came to this field. He never told me why he came, and it does n't make any difference, but he came; and he sat on that stone wall—just the part I 'm doing now; and while he sat on the stone wall a girl came into the next field to pick blackberries.»

«A girl,» said I; «think of it!»

«She was a very pretty girl,» continued Louis, «because the person is one of the best

judges in the world, and he told me so. She was just eighteen.»

«How old was the person?» I asked. «Fifty?»

«The person was just twenty-two.»

«And you 're thirty-two—and it was ten years ago. Go on.»

Louis paid no attention.

«The person,» said he, «talked with the girl, and helped her pick blackberries.»

«Most improper,» said I. «Who was the girl?»

«She was a farmer's daughter, and she taught school in winter—»

«And talked with anybody that came along,» said I.

«The person was very good-looking,» said Louis, squeezing out some ultramarine.

«Go on,» said I.

«And he came to the field every day till the end of his vacation.»

«Did the blackberries last?» I asked.

«There were many blackberries,» said Louis; «and when the person left there were still a few on the vines.»

«Tell me more about *before* the person left.»

«The person was very young and foolish; in fact—»

«He asked her to marry him?»

«He asked her to marry him.»

«And she said she would?»

«Yes, she said she would; but she said he must wait a year to see if he still cared about her.»

«The results of higher education,» said I.

Louis shrugged his shoulders, pityingly.

«Was the person allowed to see her during the year?» I asked.

«No, he was not; and he was to write only at the very end of it.»

«Sensible girl! I have money that says he never wrote.»

«It 's mine, then, because he did.»

«Well, what happened?»

«She did n't answer.»

«The person was playing in great luck,» said I.

«The person came down by the first train, and they told him that the girl and her family had gone away to visit an aunt, or something; and as they did n't know where the aunt lived, the person could n't follow.»

«Well?» I asked.

«The person went abroad with his family, and wrote several times, and got no answer; and that 's all. Only he wants a picture of the place, and so I am painting it for him.»

«The girl is probably married to some lusty farmer,» said I.

«I think the girl is dead,» said he.

Louis turned his head to one side, the better to see what he had done.

«She must have been very unhappy after the person left,» said I. «What do you suppose she did?»

«I imagine she picked the rest of the blackberries.»

«Of course,» said I. «I 'm going to sleep.»

Louis went on painting, and I watched him between half-closed lids.

I saw him turn pale and drop his brush.

«What 's the matter?» I asked hurriedly.

«Look! It 's she!»

I raised myself till I could see over the stone wall. A woman was beginning to pick blackberries into a tin pail.

«How do you know it 's she?» I asked; «you never saw her.»

«Of course not; but I think it is. I 'm going to ask.»

«Oh, you know her name?»

«Yes; the person told me.»

Louis ran, and leaned over the stone wall.

«I beg your pardon,» said he; «are you Mildred Bartlette?»

«Not any more,» said the woman, and went on picking blackberries.

Louis came and stood before his picture, and he looked from it to the sky.

«I think the light is not very good,» said he; «let 's push along.»

We walked on in silence for some time.

«Are you going to finish the picture?» I asked.

«I think I shall not finish it,» said he.

«But the person who ordered it?» I objected.

«He is a very particular friend of mine, and if I tell him he does n't want it, why, he will understand that I mean it for his good.»

«Yes,» said I; «what 's the use of roses and lavender?»

We walked on in silence for some time.

«Do you suppose the woman is still picking blackberries?» I asked.

«She was when I last saw her,» said Louis; but I 'm very sure he spoke without thinking.

Gouverneur Morris, Jr.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Is the Senate Justly Criticized?

FLIPPANT and unreasoned attacks upon any branch of our government are greatly to be deprecated. They tend to bring American institutions into popular contempt; they discredit authority and discourage patriotism. At the same time it is evident that there is equal or greater danger in the withholding of legitimate criticism. If evils are not seen, understood, and denounced, they will grow till the injury may be well-nigh irreparable.

For a number of years that body which the fathers first called the «second branch» of the Federal legislature, and which is now called the Senate, or «upper house,» has been the subject of popular suspicion and ridicule. Its conspicuous defenders have, unfortunately, come more frequently than otherwise from within its own membership. It has become the fashion to berate the Senate. To so great an extent has this been the case that there are many who forget that the Senate still contains not only able, but upright and public-spirited senators, men who are most unjustly included in any general condemnation.

There are several occasions for the criticism. One is the fact that the Websters, Clays, and Sumners are no longer living; that the Senate contains no men of comparatively first-class caliber. Even if this is acknowledged to be true, the fact would not in itself be sufficient to excuse the present popular disdain of the Senate. A senator could very well retort that the Grants, Shermans, and Sheridans, and the Emersons, Lowells, and Longfellows, have also passed away. It may be true that the average of ability is lower, but it would require a detailed and elaborate comparison to make such a fact clearly evident. Under this head a legitimate criticism might be suggested in the averment that the Senate—indeed, our whole political life—has, under the boss system in politics, fallen into such disrepute that the upper house of Congress is not as attractive as formerly to men of commanding abilities. But in such a criticism cause and effect would be inextricably confused.

Again, and here criticism is not easily thrown aside, it is held that the senatorial representatives of some of the States, of some, even, that are considered the most important, are intellectually and morally inferior and unfit; that, indeed, the very presence in the Senate of certain of these men is in itself an outrage and a scandal. When men of the character mentioned not only help to make up the membership of a legislative body, but are able to take a prominent, and at times a commanding, position in its councils and in its decisions, we come at once upon a reasonable ground for public prejudice.

But it is not only that such men have become members of the body,—apparently in good, regular, and influential standing,—but the means by which certain of them reached their positions reflect dishonor upon the chamber to which they belong. For if it is seen that the boss, the demagogue, and the corruptionist may obtain, and do obtain, by chicanery and corruption, seats in a representative assembly, and especially if it is seen that such members are sometimes not less, but more powerful than others, then it is inevitable that the respect for that assembly should diminish among the people.

Another occasion for criticism lies in the rules and customs of the body itself, whereby single senators or a small group undistinguished for wisdom or character, may delay, and even defeat, the most pressingly needed legislation. Instances of disastrous obstruction have been of late years so conspicuous that they are constantly in the minds of the people, and they are coupled with, and not palliated by, other notorious instances of the very absence of that «coolness, system, and wisdom» which, according to the expectation of Madison, were to distinguish the proceedings of the Senate as compared with those of the lower house of Congress.

Public opinion being the power behind all government, it is especially important that that part of the government which legislates should be keen to discriminate between, on the one hand, ignorant clamor, selfish propagandism and demand, and, on the other, that intelligent, disinterested, and genuine public opinion which it is imperative that legislators should regard. One reason for prejudice against and reasonable criticism of the Senate is based upon the fact that of late years it has in its action proved more subservient to the former than to the latter influences. It is true that the actual drawing of the arbitration treaty, its popular indorsement, and its indorsement by a majority even of the Senate, constitute a great victory for the humane principle involved; and yet the lukewarmness of many senators who voted for the measure, and its final rejection owing to its failure to obtain a two-thirds vote, are truly alarming symptoms of the indifference of our «upper house» to the enlightened public opinion of the country, no matter how widely and decisively expressed.

The length of the term of a senator, being half as long again as that of the President, was intended, of course, to have a conservative tendency. What this device has lately tended to conserve is that «courtesy of the Senate» which, added to the senatorial share in Executive appointments, has given rise to rapacious attacks upon the prerogative of the National Executive. The length of the senatorial term has created a «good-fellowship» resulting in that mutual accommodation or log-rolling which constitutes one of the most notorious causes of complaint against the upper chamber.

It is interesting to note that some of the most conservative of the makers of the Constitution desired that

the Senate should not only give equal representation to the several States as such, but that it should also especially represent property. It was even suggested that the President should be worth not less than one hundred thousand dollars, a judge fifty thousand, and congressmen a proportionate sum. One member of the convention wished «the Senate to bear as strong a likeness as possible to the British House of Lords, and to consist of men distinguished for their rank in life and their weight of property.» This was not because of devotion to merely selfish property interests, but for the same reason that some of the fathers of the republic desired that the voters of the United States should be freeholders, believing that they would be «the best guardians of liberty.»

It was Benjamin Franklin who said, in opposition to the property qualification for members of the government: «If honesty is often the companion of wealth, and if poverty is exposed to peculiar temptation, the possession of property increases the desire for more. Some of the greatest rogues I was ever acquainted with were the richest rogues.» The property qualification was not adopted; but although there are probably not as many very rich men in the Senate as is popularly supposed, there has grown up, strangely enough, a property representation in the Senate, not at all in the interest of liberty and good government. There seems, indeed, to be color for the suspicion that the old method of corporations, capitalists, and speculators, in employing professional lobbyists or attorneys for either corrupt or legitimate legislative uses, has been in part, though not wholly, superseded in the State legislatures and in Congress. In the case of State legislatures it is well known that nowadays a great deal of «protection» is secured to corporate or large private interests by means of so-called political contributions (really blackmail) to the State bosses, whose creatures in the legislature can be relied upon for services in emergencies. A corporation magnate either has himself elected by a subservient legislature to the United States Senate, or he procures through local committees the election of senators who are sure to take a favorable view of legislation in which he and his friends are interested. There is probably much less bribery of the old-fashioned, brutal kind in Congress than there was thirty years or so ago; there is less corruption there in general. There are few men in the Senate who are under gross suspicion; but there are, in addition to these, senators whose conduct in relation to legislation in which they or their backers are interested may be said, in the language of moderation, to be indelicate; there are enough of both classes to create scandal, and largely to account for the wide and most unfortunate ill repute into which the Senate has fallen.

One of our leading and most thoughtful statesmen, still active in politics and affairs, said the other day that he had no desire to enter the Senate; he could do his work outside of it, and would not then be subject to the ill repute that attaches to that body. He thought the Senate deserved its present most unfortunate reputation—a reputation more unfortunate for the country and for our system of government than for the particular body or individuals affected.

We have no desire to overrate existing evils in the Senate or elsewhere in our machinery of government. If one representative body in America is, for the time being, neither in its membership, methods, nor action what it should be, it is the fault more of the people than of the system, though a more popular system of electing senators may be desirable. As for the people, they are not fairly represented by the Senate as a whole only because they refuse to take political matters to heart, except in great emergencies. No one has a right to criticize the Senate, or anything else of which he thinks ill in national, State, or city government, unless he himself is doing his full duty as a citizen. Indifference, neglect, on the part of the voter account for most of our troubles. The people of the cities are beginning to take hold of local government more generally and with greater earnestness. Perhaps it is by this way that will come our deliverance from the evils of our national politics.

The Forest Commission's Great Public Service.

At first glance it might seem that the action of Congress during the extra session, in suspending all but two of the Western forest reserves, proclaimed by President Cleveland on the 22d of February on the recommendation of the Forest Commission of the National Academy of Sciences, was a staggering defeat of this important cause. On closer consideration, we do not share this opinion. Mr. Cleveland's action was not only patriotic in itself, but, following upon the reserves previously proclaimed by himself and by Mr. Harrison, it sets a standard of progress which will be constantly in the mind of President McKinley, upon whose administration the responsibility now rests of dealing with this belated and critical problem. To the objection that the plan for the reserves was of too great extent (posterity will doubtless pronounce it blamable moderation) the reply is that some such large scheme was needed to arouse the public, and especially the West, to consider at all the need of a conservative policy toward the national forests. This objection was doubtless expected by the commission, in view of the fact that the lands are still unsurveyed, and the mere rectification of their frontiers would have disappointed nobody. The hardships upon the settler might easily have been repaired without suspending the reserves. That these hardships should have existed is an indictment of Congress in general for its long-continued neglect to enact a just administrative system for the reserves, and particularly of certain Western senators who have defeated it.

But if the Senate has not been convinced,—and again the House of Representatives has proved itself the more conservative body,—the country is being rapidly educated. The net result of the several debates in the two houses is that every community in the Northwest has been busy with the discussion of the subject; and while, for the most part, the drift of sentiment has been in opposition to the reserves, yet after the clamor of the small and noisy class of those who are for «the old flag and an appropriation,» has subsided, the good sense of the self-sustaining American will assert itself. It will then be discovered that, after all, the truest friends of the West are not the so-called «practical» men who are willing to draw upon her dwindling forest capital until it is exhausted, but the alleged «theorists» who wish to see it

securely cared for in a way that will yield interest for all time. In fact, the poor-settler argument, which was urged upon Congress with lacrymose sentimentality and a wordy sort of patriotism very like «flapdoodle,» should have fallen to the ground before the known willingness of the friends of the reserves to provide for all reasonable local needs.

For all agree that forests do not exist simply to give greater variety to a map. They are of use solely to minister to the needs of the people. What could be more «practical» or more liberal in its consideration of the settler and miner than the view of the province of these reserves as set forth by the «theorists» of the Forest Commission? We quote from their report to the Secretary of the Interior on May 1, 1897:

> A study of the forest reserves in their relations to the general development and welfare of the country shows that the segregations of these great bodies of reserved lands cannot be withdrawn from all occupation and use, and that they must be made to perform their part in the economy of the nation. According to a strict interpretation of the rulings of the Department of the Interior, no one has a right to enter a forest reserve, to cut a single tree from its forests, or to examine its rocks in search of valuable minerals. Forty million acres of land are thus theoretically shut out from all human occupation or enjoyment. Such a condition of things should not continue, for unless the reserved lands of the public domain are made to contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the country, they should be thrown open to settlement and the whole system of reserved forests abandoned. Land more valuable for its mineral deposits, or for the production of agricultural crops, than for its timber, should be taken from the reservations and sold to miners and farmers, the mature timber should be cut and sold, settlers within or adjacent to the boundaries, unable to procure it in other ways, should be authorized to take such material from reserved forests as is necessary for their needs, and prospectors should be allowed to search them for minerals.

And yet, in the face of this declaration, which is embodied in the legislation adopted, an alliance of the West and the South succeeded in rallying twenty-five votes in favor of the total abolition of the reserves. This is all the more remarkable because the vote was taken at the very time when Congress was giving great attention to the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi floods, the chief object to be attained by the reserves being the prevention of similar calamities. It was the blind leading the blind. Mr. Cable's remark that «a man may be depended upon to shoot away from the uniform he has on» seems to be in need of revision.

An even greater public service on the part of the commission is the thorough treatment of the forest problem in the report from which we have quoted. This is the first time, we believe, in the official history of the government when there has been anything like an adequate grappling with this question. The report covers succinctly the whole field, with significant reference to the costly experiments of other countries in retrieving calamities similar to those which are impending here, and sets forth with graphic detail the unceasing dangers which menace the forests from fire, nomadic sheep-husbandry, and the depredations of mines and lumber companies. This would, however, be of little value were it not supplemented by the proposal of a practical system of forest preservation, both temporary and permanent, carefully thought out by men whose business it has been to make a study of this topic. The heart of this system is *control which rests on the moral and physical support of the army.* This was to have been expected: for, indeed, there can be no other conclusion when it is considered that the dangers to be provided for are those which largely involve in the rank and file intelligent police service, and in the administrative officers cultivated intelligence, firm adhesion to duty, and removal from temptations to corruption. All these qualities experience shows to be characteristic of the army. No progress can be made that is not based on the fundamental principle that local control of national interests is invariably bad control. The system recommended by the commission, while it would admit of the enlistment of local forest guards, would insure a trained and intelligent supervision on the part of army officers—a desideratum, in our opinion, not to be obtained from any system of civil administration.

It is to be hoped that Congress will not consider that its duty to the forests ends with the suspension of the new reserves and the enactment of a system of temporary rules for the old. The question should be studied in exactly the spirit in which it has been studied by the commission, and it should be recognized that the problem is one of such enormous importance as to justify a prompt but careful working out in legislation of the principles recommended by the report. When it is remembered that the members of the commission—of whom Professor Charles S. Sargent is chairman—have given their eminent services without compensation, they should at least receive at the hands of Congress the gratitude and compliment of consideration for their ideas.

Meantime, as the subject is likely to be before the people from now until the 1st of next March, when the act of suspension is to terminate, we may renew our hope that it will receive also from the commercial and educational institutions of the country the attention commensurate with its importance. The report of the Forest Commission is to be obtained from the Secretary of the Interior, and it ought to be in the hands of every newspaper, board of trade, chamber of commerce, scientific body, and educational institution in the country.

Memorable Words.

MANY things combined to make the ceremonies connected with the unveiling of St. Gaudens's monument to Robert Gould Shaw on Memorial day, in Boston, an occasion of unusual significance and importance. As the readers of the June CENTURY had special opportunity to learn, not only were the deed and the hero, or rather the heroes, well worthy of a splendid memorial, but the monument itself was well worthy of the persons and the action commemorated. The latter is a point often curiously neglected, it being apparently, in the opinion of many promoters of such memorials, an absolutely unimportant detail, as if one statue were as good as another. The general interest in, and universal praise of, so noble a work of art as this by St. Gaudens should be the means of setting a standard in the matter of public monuments which committees cannot disregard.

It was one of the felicities of the occasion that the sculptor was not overlooked, as is frequently the case. Again and again the heartiest acknowledgment was made of the evident fact that a masterpiece of modern

art had been that day displayed to the admiration of men. It was felt that the words of the mother of the hero, gracefully quoted by Colonel Lee of the Monument Committee, expressed the literal truth when she said to the sculptor: «You have immortalized my native city; you have immortalized my dear son; you have immortalized yourself.»

Then, again, the parade was a model of its kind, not tediously extended, but appropriate and suggestive in all its details, including as it did the New York Seventh Regiment, of which Shaw was a member, and including also veterans, white and black, who had been associated with him in the field.

Again, the proceedings in Music Hall were of a high order. Fortunate the State and city whose officials can take their natural parts in such exercises as these with such rare dignity and ability! Functions of this sort are among the duties of public officials, and it should not have to be remarked as exceptional when the participation of so-called «public functionaries» on public occasions of this character proves to be entirely satisfactory. And yet, in our day, how often are great States and great cities represented in like ceremonies in a manner to make self-respecting and patriotic citizens ashamed!

Governor Wolcott's address was as stirring as it was brief, as was also that of Mayor Quincy, who, in this passage, uttered with eloquence a profound sentiment:

It is not often those whom the world esteems the most successful or the greatest who leave the most valuable examples and lessons to posterity. It is rather the man whose life or death touches some deep chord of universal sympathy,—appeals to the imagination or the sentiment of all mankind. When far greater soldiers are forgotten, our descendants will still cherish the memory of the gallant youth who fell with «his hurts before,» leading a hopeless charge, blazing the path of freedom for a race in bondage.

Professor William James, whose brother was associated with Shaw in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment,[1] while tenderly picturing the youth who fell at Fort Wagner, made the occasion memorable by adding to the praise of the heroes of war solemn and timely words, exquisitely chosen, that hold the true lesson of Shaw's pathetic and glorious career:

Ages ago war was the gory cradle of mankind, the grim-featured nurse that alone could train our savage progenitors into some semblance of social virtue, teach them to be faithful one to another, and force them to sink their selfishness in wider tribal ends. War still excels in this prerogative. . . . Man is once for all a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle instinct out of us; and military virtue is the kind of virtue least in need of reinforcement by reflection, least in need of orator's or poet's help.

What we really need the poet's and orator's help to keep alive in us is not, then, the common and gregarious courage which Shaw showed when he marched with you, men of the Seventh Regiment. It is that more lonely courage which he showed when he dropped his warm commission in the glorious Second to head your dubious fortunes, negroes of the Fifty-fourth. That lonely kind of valor — civic courage, as we call it in peace times — is the kind of valor to which the monuments of nations should most of all be reared; for the survival of the fittest has not bred it into the bone of human beings as it has bred military valor; and of five hundred of us who could storm a battery side by side with others, perhaps not one would be found ready all alone to risk his worldly fortunes in resisting an enthroned abuse. The deadliest enemies of nations are not their foreign foes; they always dwell within their borders. And from these internal enemies civilization is always in need of being saved. The nation blest above all nations is she in whom the civic genius of the people does the saving day by day, by acts without external picturesqueness; by speaking, writing, voting reasonably; by smiting corruption swiftly, by good temper between parties, by the people knowing true men when they see them, and preferring them as leaders to rabid partizans or empty quacks. Such nations have no need of wars to save them. Their accounts with righteousness are always even; and God's judgments do not have to overtake them fitfully in bloody spasms and convulsions of the race. . . .

The lesson that our war ought most of all to teach us is the lesson that evils must be checked in time, before they grow so great. The Almighty cannot love such long-postponed accounts, or such tremendous settlements. And surely he hates all settlements that do such quantities of incidental devil's work. Our present situation, with its rancors and delusions, is the direct outcome of the added powers of government, the finances and inflations of the war. Every war leaves such miserable legacies, fatal seeds of future war and revolution unless the civic virtues of the people save the state in time. Shaw had both kinds of virtue. As he then led his regiment against Fort Wagner, so surely would he now be leading us against all lesser powers of darkness, had his sweet young life been spared.

But the most significant feature of the occasion was the appearance, as one of the chief orators, of a member of the colored race—one who, though born a slave, is now recognized as one of the country's most thoughtful and useful educators and genuine patriots. If there were any in that audience in whose minds lingered a question as to the wisdom and utility of Shaw's magnificent self-sacrifice, that question was answered not only in the words, but in the known character and career of the speaker, Booker T. Washington. It may easily be imagined how moving were words like these spoken at such a time and place:

Not many days ago, in the heart of the South, in a large gathering of the people of my race, there were heard from many lips praises and thanksgiving to God for his goodness in setting them free from physical slavery. In the midst of that assembly a Southern white man arose, with gray hair and trembling hands, the former owner of many slaves, and from his quivering lips there came the words: "My friends, you forget in your rejoicing that in setting you free, God was also good to me and my race in setting us free." But there is a higher and deeper sense in which both races must be free than that represented by the bill of sale. The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to the white man is but half free. The white man who would close the shop or factory against a black man seeking an opportunity to earn an honest living is but half free. The white man who retards his own development by opposing a black man is but half free. The full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner, and all that this monument stands for, will not be realized until every man covered by a black skin shall, by patience and natural effort, grow to that height in industry, property, intelligence, and moral responsibility where no man in all our land will be tempted to degrade himself by withholding from his black brother any opportunity which he himself would possess. . . .

If through me, an humble representative, nearly ten millions of my people might be permitted to send a message to Massachusetts, to the survivors of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, to the committee whose untiring

[1] Adjutant Garth Wilkinson James was wounded at Fort Wagner, but not fatally.

energy has made this memorial possible, to the family who gave their only boy that we might have life more abundantly, that message would be, Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain, that up from the depths of ignorance and poverty we are coming, and if we come through oppression, out of the struggle we are gaining strength. By the way of the school, the well-cultivated field, the skilled hand, the Christian home, we are coming up; that we propose to invite all who will to step up and occupy this position with us. Tell them that we are learning that standing-ground for a race, as for an individual, must be laid in intelligence, industry, thrift, and property, not as an end, but as a means to the highest privileges; that we are learning that neither the conqueror's bullet, nor fiat of law, could make an ignorant voter an intelligent voter, could make a dependent man an independent man, could give one citizen respect for another, a bank-account, nor a foot of land, nor an enlightened fireside. Tell them that, as grateful as we are to artist and patriotism for placing the figures of Shaw and his comrades in physical form of beauty and magnificence, that, after all, the real monument, the greater monument, is being slowly but safely builded among the lowly in the South, in the struggles and sacrifices of a race to justify all that has been done and suffered for it.

One of the wishes that lay nearest Colonel Shaw's heart was that his black troops might be permitted to fight by the side of white soldiers. Have we not lived to see that wish realized, and will it not be more so in the future? Not at Wagner, not with rifle and bayonet, but on the field of peace, in the battle of industry, in the struggle for good government, in the lifting up of the lowest to the fullest opportunities.

Sergeant Carney, next to Shaw, was the hero of Fort Wagner. Though shot twice, he crawled from the battle-field to the hospital, declaring, in his anguish, that the colors held aloft in his hands had never touched the ground. When the speaker turned to this dusky hero, then upon the stage, the excitement, the acclamations, made a scene long to be remembered.

In the mere accomplishment of oratory, in the power to speak rather than read, in the skill to seize and bear along the minds and the emotions of listeners, in dramatic climax, it was the colored man who excelled. But the substance of Washington's address was of such generous and noble quality that the art with which it was delivered becomes a matter of secondary importance.

We have spoken before of the verification of Motley's prediction that song and art would long exalt the fame of Shaw. Another American poet has added a wreath of stately, most musical, and fitting verse to the tributes already dedicated to his memory. The later poem is not to lay upon a grave, but to decorate a monument. Aldrich's «Ode» does not, like the earlier verse, celebrate death, but heroic life and «undying youth»:

A pæan, not a knell,
For heroes dying so!
No need for sorrow here,
No room for sigh or tear,
Save such rich tears as happy eyelids know.
See where he rides, our Knight!
Within his eyes the light
Of battle, and youth's gold about his brow;
Our Paladin, our Soldier of the Cross,
Not weighing gain with loss—
World-loser, that won all
Obeying Duty's call!

OPEN LETTERS

General W. F. Smith at Petersburg.

IN the April CENTURY the author of «Campaigning with Grant» says of «W. F. Smith's Attack on Petersburg,» the italics being mine:

Smith at half-past seven threw forward his troops in strong skirmish-lines. After a short struggle the enemy was forced back from his intrenchments in front of our center and left, and Smith's second line then made an attack upon the rest of the works. The Confederates were now driven back at all points, four guns were captured and turned upon the retreating troops, and *before dark* the whole line of intrenchments, about two miles long, had been carried, and three hundred prisoners and sixteen pieces of artillery captured.

Now, if I started at half-past seven to do all that work, it could not have been finished before dark, and time and darkness are important elements in the question. There is no foundation for that assertion as to time, for it was after nine o'clock before the assault was over. The assertion that I captured the whole line of intrenchments is also without foundation. From near the Jordan's Point road to the Appomattox, on the left, the enemy's works were intact, and their capture occupied the army several months. That very portion of the works, as will be seen, was the subject of a suggestion with reference to the disposition to be made of Hancock's troops on their arrival. I quote with reference to Hancock:

The head of Hancock's troops reached a point a mile in the rear of Hinks's division . . . about half-past six, and two divisions of Hancock's corps were ordered to push on and coöperate in the pending movement. Hancock himself rode forward to where Smith was, to learn the exact situation and participate in the attack; and though senior in rank, waived his rights in this respect, and left Smith in command of the operations, for the reason that he was more familiar with the ground and the movements of the troops up to that time. It was now after dark, and Smith contented himself with ordering up the two divisions of Hancock's corps to occupy the works which had been captured. This was not accomplished until about eleven o'clock *and the object of the movement had failed.* . . . It was a moonlight night; Kautz and Hinks were quite familiar with the country; . . . a bold dash . . . would undoubtedly have secured the prize, and made a vast difference in the campaign which followed.

The entire statement as to Hancock's command, and its participation in the movement of that day, is wholly

erroneous. The records say that. About four o'clock P. M. of June 15, 1864, under authority from General Grant, I wrote a note to General Hancock, detailing the situation, and suggesting that he should assault with his command in the vicinity of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad—that is, on the left of Hinks, who held the left of my infantry line. General Hancock received that despatch at 5:40 P. M., and he states that two of his divisions were massed on the *left and rear* of General Hinks at 6:30 P. M. This was about half an hour before I began the assault, and the locality was precisely the one from which I had suggested that his attack should be made. General Hinks wrote to me afterward that during the progress of his assault he had offered to send a staff-officer to the general of Hancock's leading division to guide his division to the portion of the line on the left which he (Hinks) could not cover in his assault. Of this, however, I at the time knew nothing, as I was engaged in making the assault on the strong bastion in front of Brooks's division. In my note to Hancock I had not asked him to support me directly, but to go in and carry out an attack beyond my reach. I did not see General Hancock until my assault was over, and after I had returned from the front, having while there given Hinks orders to reverse the slopes in the rear of the captured works to put him in a defensible position; and that order was not given until after the reception of official despatches from the signal-stations announcing many reinforcements arriving in Petersburg. The statement that Hancock waived rank is utterly without foundation. That I knew nothing of the arrival of Hancock's troops, and that I did not see him until after nine o'clock, are shown by the fact that at that hour, and after the receipt of despatches announcing the arrival of reinforcements to the enemy, I signaled to Butler: «I must have the Army of the Potomac reinforcements immediately.» I should certainly not have sent such a despatch after I knew that Hancock's troops were at hand, or after my interview with him. The assertion that I gave orders to Hancock's troops is without foundation. The record shows what orders were given, and who gave them; and according to my report made on the 16th of June, Gibbon's division did not relieve my colored troops until midnight. The troops of General Kautz were of no service to me during the assault. (See his report.[1]) Hinks and his command did excellent service.

The following statement is also made in the article:

> General Smith said that before taking the last works that *he had captured, he had heard rumors* that the enemy was crossing the James to reinforce Petersburg.

In my note to Hancock I said: «General Lee is reported crossing at Chaffin's Bluff.» There was no rumor about this; it had come from the signal-station at Cobb's Hill, and was a report as to facts. At 6:50 P. M. the following message was sent to me: «A train of fourteen cars loaded with troops just passed toward Petersburg. The enemy also appears to be sending troops *on the roads west of Petersburg*. Another train of twenty-two cars has just passed toward Petersburg loaded with troops.» On the same page of the War Records are two other signal despatches—one of 7:30 P. M., saying, «A train of thirteen cars has just passed toward Petersburg; also a heavy gun by the turnpike»; and one of 8:30 P. M.: «Two trains have passed toward Petersburg. Too dark to see what they were loaded with, or the number of cars.» At 9:30 P. M. I received the following while at the extreme front: «Hancock has been ordered up by General Grant's and my orders. Another army corps will reach you by 10 A. M. to-morrow. It is crossing. *They have not got ten thousand men down yet.* Push on to the Appomattox.» This last was from General Butler. Now, are these rumors, as the author of «Campaigning with Grant» states? As I had not ten thousand men in the morning, and had lost several hundred, I should have been reckless to have plunged into the woods, in an unknown country, at ten o'clock at night, to meet such a force as was reported by Butler and his signal-officers, besides having to attack, before reaching the Appomattox, a town where every house was a fortification, and all this in the middle of the night. In addition to the Confederate reinforcements reported as arriving, the sixteen pieces of artillery which I had captured indicated the presence of a goodly number of men.

Farther on the paper says that General Grant

> had just reason to feel grievously disappointed over the failure of the admirable plan conceived for the capture of Petersburg. . . . It was no wonder that he felt keen disappointment when Smith's command failed to seize the golden opportunity he had prepared; but brilliant generals, like eminent sculptors, in executing their best conceptions sometimes find that their tools break in their hands.

If Grant had «an admirable plan conceived for the capture of Petersburg,» and had set me as the agent to carry out that plan, he knew on the morning of June 16 whether or no I had «failed to seize the golden opportunity he had prepared.» At 1 P. M. of that day Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed to Secretary Stanton as follows: «I went over the conquered lines with Grant and the engineer officers. The works are of the very strongest kind, more difficult even to take than was Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga.» In a paper written by Colonel Lyman of the staff of General Meade, he (Colonel Lyman) states that General Grant, on leaving the captured works on the 16th, met General Meade, and called out: «Well, Smith has taken a line of works stronger than anything we have seen this campaign. If it is a possible thing, I want an assault made at six o'clock this evening.» (Military Historical Society of Massachusetts.) On the 17th, at 11 A. M., still a day later, Grant telegraphed to Halleck: «The Eighteenth Corps (Smith's) was transported from White House to Bermuda Hundred by water, moved out near to Petersburg the night of its arrival, and surprised, or rather captured, the very strong works northeast of Petersburg before sufficient force could be got in there by the enemy to hold them.» On July 1, 1864, sixteen days after the assault on Petersburg, Grant wrote a long letter to Halleck, saying: «I have feared that it might be necessary to separate him [General Butler] and General Smith. The latter is really one of the most efficient officers in service, readiest in expedients, and most *skillful in the management of troops in action.* I would dislike removing him from his present command unless it was to increase it, but, as I say, may have to do it yet if General Butler remains.» On the 6th of July, at 10 A. M., twenty-one

[1] Vol. XL, Part I, p. 729, Official Records.

days after the assault on Petersburg, Grant telegraphed to Halleck as follows: «Please obtain an order assigning the troops of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina serving in the field to the command of Major-General W. F. Smith, and order Major-General Butler, commanding department, to his headquarters, Fort Monroe.» This request, granted, would have put me in command of the Army of the James. On the 7th of July the order was published in these words: «The troops of the Department of North Carolina and Virginia serving with the Army of the Potomac in the field under Major-General Smith will constitute the Eighteenth Army Corps, and Major-General William F. Smith is assigned to the command of the corps. Major-General B. F. Butler will command the remainder of the troops in that department, having his headquarters at Fort Monroe.» By the telegrams and letters from Grant from the 16th of June to the 7th of July, is it not shown, beyond any doubt whatever, that he was persistent in his efforts to increase my command, and not acting as toward one with reference to whom «displeasure was aroused»? Is there any indication that he thought his tools had broken in his hands? The quotations above made are from Grant's writings in the War Records.

In the May CENTURY the paper «Campaigning with Grant» says that General Grant

> was constantly embarrassed by some of his subordinates. General W. F. Smith was engaged in quarrels with his superior officers as well as with his associates. An acrimonious personal warfare was progressing between Butler and him. . . . Grant finally made up his mind that he would either have to relieve General Smith or several prominent commanders, and the result was that Smith was given a leave of absence, and was never recalled.

On June 21 I forwarded to headquarters some correspondence with General Butler, and asked to be relieved from duty in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, which request was not granted. On July 1 Mr. Dana telegraphed to Secretary Stanton: «Butler is pretty deep in controversial correspondence with Baldy Smith, in which Grant says Butler is clearly in the wrong.» On the same day Grant wrote to Halleck as already quoted, adding a suggestion that Butler be given a command where «there is a dissatisfied element to control.» This suggestion was not deemed practicable, and General Grant on July 6 telegraphed to Washington, asking for an order putting me in command of the troops then in the field under Butler, and ordering Butler to Fort Monroe, and this order was issued on July 7.

About July 1, I applied for leave of absence on account of my health, which was very much impaired, and received the following letter from General Grant:

> CITY POINT, July 2, 1864.
>
> GENERAL W. F. SMITH:
>
> Your application for leave of absence has just come to me. Unless it is absolutely necessary that you should leave at this time, I would much prefer not having you go. It will not be necessary for you to expose yourself in the hot sun, and if it should become necessary, I can temporarily attach Humphreys to your command.
>
> U. S. GRANT.

These extracts and orders show conclusively, from General Grant himself, that up to the publication of the order of the 7th I was not embarrassing General Grant by my quarrels; and as the only contention I had had was with General Butler, not having had even the shadow of a quarrel with any other «superior officer or associate,» I cannot understand how such an error should have crept into such a paper.

W. F. Smith.

«Scientific Kite-Flying»—An Acknowledgment.

IN the symposium on scientific kite-flying in the May CENTURY, in which reference is made to the work at the Blue Hill Observatory, no mention is made of Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, the director of the observatory. It should be known to your readers that no continuously and graphically recording instruments had ever before been elevated into the air by means of kites until the work was taken up at Blue Hill; that no such records were anywhere else available for scientific study when THE CENTURY articles were written; that the work at Blue Hill is the most thorough exploration of the free air within a mile of the ground ever made in any manner; and that all the deductions concerning the conditions of the air were drawn by the staff of the observatory. Finally, and most important of all, this investigation was carried on, in connection with the other work of the observatory, with the private fortune of Mr. Rotch, for the sole purpose of increasing the world's fund of scientific knowledge.

H. Helm Clayton,
Meteorologist of the Blue Hill Observatory.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Scientific Dilemma.

DEAR LADY: My duties as head of the college,
Professor of science and general knowledge,
Metaphysics, including psychology
(Also including, perhaps, biology),
May try my lately recovered strength
Unless—but I 'll tell you the matter at length.

A couple of months or more ago
I was overworked, as perhaps you know.
My plans for the moment were quite upset;
The doctor ordered me off. We met.

You, of the kindest of hearts the possessor,
Wandered about with the grave professor,
Protesting that after the youth Byronic,
You found him a healthful mental tonic.

We chanced on a bench that a thoughtful mechanic
Had cut in a rock (which is plainly volcanic)
O'erlooking the sea. In the air one discerns
Both saline and floral solutions in turns;
Whilst the thrush (ornith., of the family Merulidæ)
Sings with a grateful and soothing garrulity.

Here would we sit, and while you regarded
The bay, with its islets and points interlarded,
The flora, etc., that mark the vicinity,
I was considering mental affinity.

With you by my side, I chanced to detect
In the moon an unusual lunar effect,
Most peaceful, most restful. I showed it to you.
You noted the fact, and observed how the dew,
Like a coverlet woven of clouded glass,
Was tenderly spread and tucked in o'er the grass,
Then approved by a glance from the setting sun
Ere withdrawing his warmth, his day's work done,
To sink to his rest in the distant sea.
All this you observed, and you showed it to me.
And I further noted, concerning the sun,
When his next day of work was but just begun,
How in kissing the meadow he gently withdrew
This soft, spreading sheet—and I showed it to you.

Why every work upon natural history
Lacks these phenomena did seem a mystery
Till I discovered and proved to be true
One datum astounding unnoted by you;
Viz.: that our careless and unsystematic
Observances, neither dynamic nor static—
Impressions, mere play of an unemployed hour—
Were hidden from *two* eyes, but patent to *four!*

'T was plain as a star in a cloudless night
That we had combined our physical sight;
And then I conceived, with reckless celerity,
A thought that savored, perhaps, of temerity.

What would result if we two combined
Our *mental* sight in a single mind?
'T was plain, our powers of realization
Would double without deterioration.
And carefully hiding from you my intent,
I started at once to experiment.

I tried to reduce—I beg pardon, submit—
My mental horizon to yours, to fit
My thoughts in the track of your psychical range;
And, behold! they evinced instantaneous change.

That I fully succeeded in merging my mind
In yours was quite proved by a curious kind
Of regard for your welfare. I found I respected
Your tiniest whims, while mine I neglected;
Or rather it seemed that your aims had grown
To be, as a matter of fact, my own;
And, science ignoring, I rested a season,
Content to observe without caring to reason.

Shortly, however, with growing concern
And restless impatience, I hungered to learn
If our combination of mental strength
Was affecting *your* thoughts. To my joy, at length
You seemed to evince, after struggles terrific,
An irksome attention to themes scientific,
As though for the moment your mind were full
Of my vocation—and found it dull.

Such a discovery truly I knew
Meant eternal fame, and I fairly flew
For the earliest train, forgetting that I
Had quite omitted to bid you good-by—
For which I apologize. Reaching the town,
I sorted my data and wrote them down;
But ere they were read to the College of Science
I longed to feel able to bid defiance
To possible error, and deemed it best
To subject my idea to a further test.

Imagine my feeling of utter dismay
As I found that my thoughts (which were miles away)
Still lingered beside the deep blue sea,
While a thrush still sang from the maple-tree
(Saccharine; genus— Wait! am I assified?
Do I forget how the maple is classified?),
While the setting sun spread a mirror of dew
From which to reflect soft rays—on you!
And I suffered from curious perturbations
(Pectoral, taking the form of pulsations)
Which never as yet have been given a name;
For never as yet have conditions the same
Combined to arouse in the human breast
A similar state of excited unrest.

My theory is that, subjecting my mind
Too completely to yours, they have intertwined;
And while I am chained to themes unprolific,
You, I suppose, have become scientific.

'T is very disquieting. Can you suggest
Some remedy that, at the least, we might test?
I 'm almost unhinged, while you have attained
The knowledge for which I have struggled and strained—
A knowledge to you but a burden, a care.
Its loss means for me scientific despair,
Through which I discern a strange suspicion
(Not founded on reason, but intuition)
That, somehow or other, our minds' delinquity
May be ascribed to a lack of propinquity.

Walter D. Robinson.

Waiting in the Wings.

(AMATEUR THEATRICALS.)

I STAND behind a painted tree,
And watch my long-haired lover flee
From fearful ills that threaten him.
He is so handsome, such a lord,
By all the gazing girls adored;
For his sake pretty eyes are dim:
But he thinks not of all these things,
But of me, waiting in the wings.

And now behind the footlights bright
I stand amid the dazzling light;
The people all applaud and shout.
A painted face bends over mine,
And calls me «love» with raptures fine:
But let not my own dear one doubt
That 't is to him my whole heart sings—
To him who 's waiting in the wings.

And now together, hand in hand,
A robber and a queen, we stand,
And gaze into each other's eyes.
Though he 's an outlaw bold and bad,
And I 'm a queen dethroned and sad,
He has no curses, I no sighs.
This is the joy the evening brings—
Together, waiting in the wings.

Marion Evans.

Fishin'.

TALK about your kinds o' sport,
Fishin' alwis was *my* forte!

July mornin', still an' faire,
Harness up the ol' gray mare—
Start at four o'clock, we 'll say,
So 's to reach the crick by day.

Ketch your minnies at the dam,
More 'n fifty at a slam;
Then wade down below the shoals;
There you 'll find the fishin'-holes.

Let your cork go driftin' down
Where the current eddies roun'—
Down to where the willer tips
Thet above the river lean,
Long an' slim like buggy-whips,
Tap the water with their green.
Hol' your breath an' wait, an' then
Ketch yourself half listenin'
To a bird that shouts an' sings
'Cause the sun hes teched its wings.

Zip! your cork goes out of sight!
Whiz! your line 's a-pullin' tight!
Give him time to get his gait—
Now you 've got him, shore es fate!
Easy—easy—let him run—
Let him fight an' have his fun!
Now! pull in! he 's comin' back—
Don't ye 'low 'im any slack!

Work him over to the shore—
Get him safe upon your string—
Hurry back an' try for more—
Fishin' jes beats anything!

Bass quit bitin' by an' by,
When the sun gets good an' high;
Then 's the time to take a rest,
Eat a bite, an' smoke, an' jest—
Lyin' there beneath the trees—
Drowse, an' dream, an' take your ease.

Pecker-wood upon a limb,
Jay-birds laughin' down at him,
Redbird on the other shore
Hollerin' fer «Tee-a-dore!»
Bumblebees a-whizzin' by—
Ev'rything seems pr'tty nigh
Keepin' up a kind o' tune
Fitten' to the summer noon.
An' I jes lay back an' sing,
«*Fishin' does beat anything!*»

Don't git home till kinder late;
Sary, waitin' at the gate,
Looks at all my fish an' says
She won't scold *this* time, she guess',
An' she 'lows she never see
Sech a fisherman es me.
Then she gets me up a snack;
Says she 's glad that I got back
'Thout a-gitten' killed er drown'
An' my body never foun'.
Then when Sary's say is said
I jes mosy off to bed,
Tired es a hunted deer;
Droppin' off to sleep, I hear
Katydids thet rasp an' sing—
Fishin'—jes—beats—anything.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

«They 'll Never Miss Me.»

LUCINDY JANE, aged thirty-five,
Was the most unselfish girl alive.
«Mother was sick, and father was pore,»
But she managed to keep the «wolf from the door.»
Her brothers and sisters, «real gifted,» she said,
«Had to be schooled and clothed and fed.»
So she did the washing, and scrubbed the floors,
And mended the clothes—did all the chores.
When the boys forgot the Sunday's wood
She split it herself, as well as she could.
If they asked her to go to a huskin' or bee,
She said, «I 'm too busy; they 'll never miss me.»

Old Deacon Calkin, fervent and thin,
Took every occasion to «jist drop in
To talk to Lucindy,» her soul to win.
«'Cause workin' on Sunday 's a dreffu sin:
It 's breakin' the law of God,» he said;
«And 'll bring down judgment on your head.
When the last trumpet's thunders roll,
And all the sky is a written scroll,
You 've got to face the Almighty then,
And render account, with the sons of men.»
Lucindy heard with her quiet smile,
Mending the last week's wash the while.
«I b'lieve, my soul, Deacon Calkin,» said she,
«That the Lord knows all about Sunday and me.
Don't talk about none o' your ‹glories to be,›
And ‹trumpets› and ‹scrolls› and ‹judgments› to me.
If ever I 'm laid in a long, cool grave,—
A poor old, tired, and worn-out slave,—
They may blow all the trumpets from Dan to Bershee:
I 'll just keep shady as shady can be,
And lie there and *rest;* they 'll never miss me.»

Virginia Morgan.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS.

NOTES OF A PARISIAN.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

I.

THE château of Frohsdorf, where the heir of Henri IV and of Louis XIV passed his last days in a peaceful twilight, was a massive building, square, without architectural beauty, but set in a harmonious landscape of woods and hills. One reached it by way of Vienna; and all the employees of the railways, and the peasants round about, knew the faithful adherents of the Legitimist party. Every year saw them return, almost at a fixed date, to pay the tribute of a sincere and zealous and wholly Platonic attachment to their prince. German customs and the German tongue accompanied the visitor to the threshold of the door; once beyond it he was in France. Portraits of the Bourbons adorned the great staircase—Louis XVIII in the ermine mantle, Charles X in his coronation robes, and (more touching) Louis XVI, Marie-Antoinette, and Louis XVII, the child-martyr. Here and there was the escutcheon of the three fleurs-de-lis, gold on a blue ground. The servants were French. All this but increased the sense of exile which assailed the visitor on entering. Residents in foreign countries generally adopt some of the native habits; a few of the bibelots of the country usually find a place by the side of objects brought from afar. Here, the determination everywhere visible to have nothing but French things about seemed like a mute protest against the accomplished fact.

When I first had the honor of seeing the Count de Chambord, he was in his sixtieth year. It was in 1880, three years before his death. As I was a very young man at the time, I accompanied my parents, and not being expected to join in the conversation, I had the better opportunity to observe my surroundings and to listen to all that was said. Persons who were to be received in audience at Frohsdorf waited to be admitted in a large salon, furnished and curtained in faded red velvet banded by tapestry of an obsolete fashion. These pieces of tapestry were the handiwork of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who was called «Madame la Dauphine» in the reign of Charles X. The poor princess, over whose youth the Temple prison and the tragedies of the Revolution had thrown so dark a shadow, had died in exile, expelled from her native land by a second revolution. It was said that in the last years of her life she concealed a few diamonds and loose pieces of money in her work-bag as a provision against the possibility of having to flee once again without resources or shelter. From the room furnished with her needlework the visitor passed into a second salon, where he was presented to the Count and Countess de Chambord. This

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formality accomplished, every one sat down. The room had not an air of elegance, nor did elegance enter into the habits of the *châtelains*, if their dress could be taken as a sign. The Countess de Chambord, who was both plain and deaf, cared little about her toilet and gave it no attention; and she had exercised in this respect, as in many others, an influence upon her husband. As if in constant anticipation of the uniform which it was never to be his fate to wear, the Count de Chambord had come to pay no heed whatever to the cut of his clothes. The Princess's deafness kept her from taking much share in the talk; but she smiled now and then, or spoke a few casual words. The Count de Chambord, on the other hand, talked a great deal. He was quick and witty at repartee, and enjoyed humor in conversation. His blue eyes, which were very keen and bright, could flash at such moments. His remarks about people could be sarcastic, but they were never ill-natured. He was a thorough Parisian, and loved to expand freely amid his little court of faithful friends, who took turns in performing about his person what they called *le service d'honneur*. He gave one the impression of seeming then to forget, for a brief interval, the hard fate which, making him the depositary of a fallen principle, condemned him to stand aside, a passive spectator, while the procession of the living passed before him. The extreme regard which he had for his dignity prevented him from ever unbending for long at a time. The least reference to politics sufficed, in any case, to darken his mood. It brought him back to the sense of a tedious duty, of an existence which had no outlet. How long did he retain the hope of reconquering his throne? I had, as I looked at him, almost the certitude that he had ceased to harbor any illusions as to the possibility of a restoration. It is probable that he had lost hope toward 1856, when Napoleon III was at the summit of his fortunes, and that it awakened in him again after the empire had come to lamentable ruin with the Franco-Prussian war. But the conviction was soon forced upon him that France, instead of coming nearer to him, was drawing farther away from him every day. From that time on he had one idea only—to maintain his house and its principles above all parties, beyond the reach of intrigues, safe from assault; to enforce universal respect for them, and to bury them intact and spotless.

Life at Frohsdorf had never been gay, and toward the last it had become very dull. The Count de Chambord had been a great rider and hunter (his lameness had come from a fall from his horse), but he had been compelled to give up all such outdoor exercises. The household's daily diversions, outside of the mail from France, which brought little but political news, were few and tame. They consisted of walks in the clipped alleys of the grounds, of drives through the environing valleys, of services in the castle chapel, in which hung a portrait of St. Louis, and of audiences accorded to an occasional visitor. The meals were quickly disposed of; the subjects of conversation at these times were not varied, and the one topic which would have seemed most natural, namely, the French political situation, was generally eschewed. The gentlemen in waiting of the «service of honor» had always the resource, once they had withdrawn to their own apartments in the evening, of scanning the Paris newspapers for the latest gossip of the new play at the Palais Royal or the new novel by Daudet; in the anticipation of a speedy return to the banks of the Seine and the asphalt of the boulevards, they found the solitude of Frohsdorf supportable. It was different with the exile. France had been open to him since 1870, but he knew that his presence there might cause disturbances, and he kept away. He was morally exiled, as well, in this habitation where everything still retained the provisional character of the first few years. The tenants of the castle had installed themselves casually, as if for a brief sojourn. The sojourn had now lasted nearly forty years, and yet they had never consented, by settling themselves more completely, to give it the stamp of a definitive abode. By an irony of fate, the name of their retreat signified «joy-village» (*Froh-dorf*). Yet how fittingly might Dante's words have been inscribed over the entrance: *Lasciate ogni speranza!* (Abandon all hope!)

The master of Frohsdorf, since he could not be King of France, was content to be Count de Chambord. He judged the title to be worthy of him. The magnificent château of Chambord had been offered to him, by national subscription, the year of his birth, and he could not have borne a name more truly French. In speaking to him one addressed him simply as Monseigneur. He did not like to be designated as Henri V, albeit he had been proclaimed king in 1830, and several acts had even been executed under his authority. He never permitted, in speaking or writing, the words «Sire» or «Your majesty.» In all such matters he showed tact as well as wisdom. But his followers

Count de Chambord. Count de Mun. General Charette.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD RECEIVING A ROYALIST DEPUTATION IN FROHSDORF PARK.

would have preferred a bolder and less scrupulous chief. They sought perpetually to push him beyond legal limits. For a long time they talked much of a *coup d'état*, of an appeal to the army, of a sudden appearance in Paris. Later, when the Pretender's age had rendered all such designs more than ever unrealizable, the royalists took refuge in exuberant and sterile manifestations. They congregated on fixed dates—on July 15, the Prince's fête-day, and on September 29, his birthday. Royalty was proclaimed on all these occasions, not only as a right, but as a fact; declarations were made that it was close at hand. The opportunity was improved to draw up violent indictments against the republic. To monarchy was attributed the power of healing all social ills, even as a mere touch of the king's hand had once, in the popular superstition, had the power to cure all persons afflicted with the «king's evil.» The functions of July 15 were more particularly of a religious nature. On September 29 there were banquets, to which a democratic character was given. They took place at Paris in some cheap restaurant in the workingmen's quarter. In the provinces the fête was celebrated in some granary, festooned with greens and with white sheets covered with the fleurs-de-lis cut out of gold paper. The notabilities of the Royalist party were present, and presided with a sort of smiling condescension. Landed proprietors hired big carriages, and appeared with their farmer tenants and the servants of their household. A royalist journalist, who had come from Paris, addressed the assemblage over the dessert, and, the joviality of the repast aiding, his burning peroration was followed by cries of «Vive le roi!» Many of those indulging in the cries did not fail to vote, all the same, for the republican candidates at the next elections. Finally an «address to the king» was proposed and enthusiastically approved.

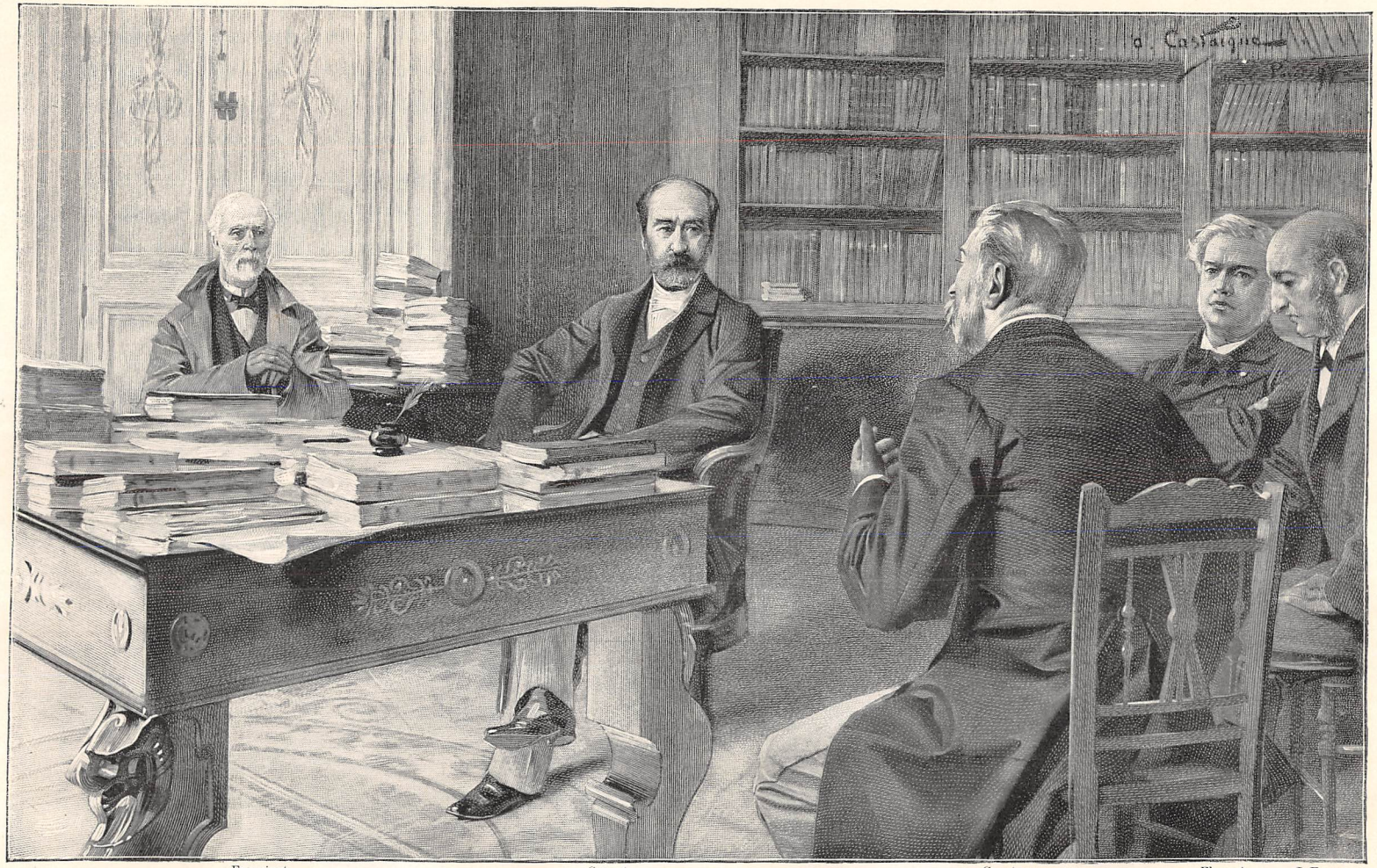
These love-feasts did not greatly disturb the government, but they excited the sarcastic remarks of the Orleanists, and caused them to smile with pity. The monarchical party was divided, until about the year 1880, into two well-defined camps—that of the Legitimists and that of the Orleanists. There had been no open breach since 1873, when the Count de Paris had repaired to Frohsdorf, and become formally reconciled to the Count de Chambord; by doing so Louis Philippe's grandson had seemingly renounced, in a way, the revolutionary rights which had descended to him from his grandfather, in order to become the heir presumptive of the Count de Chambord, his cousin, who was childless. Though the two princes might be reconciled, their partizans were not. Some were faithful to the white flag, others rallied around the tricolor; and this difference in the color of the flag was the symbol of many other differences of ideas and of temperament. The Orleanists were like those heirs who, while they are sure of eventually coming to their own, find it slow in arriving, and cannot refrain from showing some impatience in consequence. They had a ferocious joy, ineffectually concealed under feigned emotion, in the news of the Count de Chambord's illness. The progress of his malady was rapid, and it soon became known that a fatal issue was inevitable. The Legitimists lost their heads, and accused the iron chancellor, Bismarck, of having had the Prince poisoned. It was the same accusation that had been formulated a few months before by the republicans with regard to the death of Gambetta. The period which followed the decease of the Count de Chambord was one of increasing disillusions. It had been so continually reiterated among their adherents that the Orléans princes would «do something» as soon as they had «the right,» that every one had ended by believing that they would. Now that the right was theirs as the sole representatives of legitimacy, they did nothing. Very little reflection sufficed to show how impossible it was that they should do anything. One may conspire against a sovereign, overthrow a monarchy. What power can be used against a republic based on the ballot? To all Pretenders the republic replies: «You wish to take my place? Very well. You have the right to do so. Get a majority. Get them to elect you.» An electoral majority large enough to modify the constitution in favor of the individual to whom democracy gives its confidence, that is the only chance in a republic. General Boulanger might have attained his end in that fashion, and even he failed. With the Count de Paris it was out of the question. He could not at any time have commanded a sufficient number of votes. And it would have been incompatible with his dignity as Pretender to sue for them in person.

Moreover, the Count de Paris, as the son of a prince who had proclaimed his devotion to the French Revolution, and of a Protestant German princess whose mind was both liberal and enlightened, had received, partly from his mother and partly from circumstances,

an education as little as possible adapted to make him a fit representative of the principle of «divine right.» His mother, early left a widow, had brought him up with a view to a life the uncertainties of which weighed upon her. That life, in effect, proved to be neither very opulent, for the possessions of the Orléans family were confiscated by Napoleon III, nor very interesting, for more than half of it was passed in the monotony and depression of exile. In addition, the Count de Paris had seen American civilization at close quarters in the War of Secession, and when he returned to England had become interested in trades-unions, and had studied their mechanism. These were not occupations likely to win for him the sympathy of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, that being the quarter of Paris where chiefly resides the old Legitimist aristocracy. It acknowledged him, nevertheless, as the new head of the monarchical party according to the law of monarchical succession, and even accepted his standard, the tricolored flag, which it could not ask him to abandon. But he was compelled to pay for this concession. His name was that of his grandfather, Louis Philippe. From then on he was to sign his letters «Philippe» only, so that it might be well understood that if ever he were king he would take the title of Philippe VII, and not of Louis Philippe II. He was obliged to grant audiences, to reorganize «Royalist committees,» to subsidize the newspapers which served his cause—in brief, to do all that is incumbent upon a Pretender and a party chief. The nobility treated him as if he were the actual sovereign. Letters came from the provinces, in which fathers of families whom he had never seen asked «his consent upon the marriage of their sons,» as had formerly been the custom at court. Balls and receptions of royal state were given in his honor. On entering he passed through a hedge of halberdiers, powdered lackeys, and chasseurs bearing lighted torches. For the rest all this was harmless enough. Public opinion paid no heed to it. The resolutions of the «committees» were purely Platonic, the Royalist newspapers had few readers, and the electoral indications showed little change. The government continued, therefore, to be unmoved. It was only disturbed when occurred, in quick succession, the marriages of Princess Marie d'Orléans, daughter of the Duke de Chartres, to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and of Princess Amélie, daughter of the Count de Paris, to the Duke of Braganza, who was a little later to become king of Portugal. It was one of the favorite arguments of the Royalists that the alliances contracted by the sons, brothers, nephews of a sovereign consolidate political ties, and that while republican France was condemned to isolation in this regard, monarchical France would have the means of forming close friendships with foreign nations. Although the future was to deprive this argument of all force, circumstances at the time gave it some validity. The first of these princely marriages took place at the Château d'Eu, the summer residence of the Count de Paris, situated near Dieppe. The Queen of Denmark and several royal highnesses were present, but the ceremonies had a private character, nevertheless. The second marriage was celebrated at Lisbon, but it was thought well to have it preceded at Paris by an enormous reception, which was essentially of a political nature. This was in the spring of 1886. Invitations, the wording of which recalled the habits of courts more than those of private individuals, were sent to all persons having any relations with the Prince. The reception was brilliant—too brilliant, for this time Parliament took umbrage, and passed a law which exiled alike the two Pretenders, the Count de Paris and Prince Jerome Napoleon, and their eldest sons, the Duke d'Orléans and Prince Victor Napoleon.

I had the honor of seeing the Count de Paris again, in England, on December 1 of that same year. He did not look like the same man. He had grown a beard, which changed him greatly. His face showed a certain sadness. The fête at Paris, the Lisbon ceremonies, the excitement of the discussions relative to the exile law, and of the final vote upon it, the departure for England, and the manifestations of which he had been the object upon that occasion, had induced a sort of factitious excitation within him. He had sailed from the neighborhood of Eu, acclaimed by Royalists who had come from Paris, and by the peasants of the countryside, who had long known him, and he had been told so often that his exile would but serve his best interests, that France would soon recall him, etc., that he had allowed himself to be convinced. His good sense had now regained the upper hand. He could not but see how indifferent to his fate was public feeling in France, and the belief that his position as Pretender, in spite of himself, would cost him his peace of mind, and that he would die in exile, was strong upon him.

After a short stay at Tunbridge Wells, the



Freycinet. Carnot. Constans. Floquet. J. Ferry.

PRESIDENT CARNOT IN HIS STUDY.

Count de Paris had taken up his abode at Sheen House, a large dwelling just outside of London, near Richmond. It was not far from Orléans House, rich for him in memories of his youth, of his marriage, of days in which his lot had been more modest, perhaps, but also happier. Sheen House had been hired furnished. I noticed that everything about it had the same provisional look that I had observed at Frohsdorf. The large drawing-room was thoroughly English. A tricolored silk flag with a gold fringe was the only token reminding the spectator of the Odyssey of the tenants of the house. They had made no effort as yet to convert this chance place of residence into a home. But the *gentilshommes de service* were there, and the correspondence, and the whole artificial and fictitious course of life which surrounds a king without a throne in a foreign land, had begun at Sheen House, as formerly at Frohsdorf.

The Count de Paris talked to me a long time that day about the English universities. He was on familiar ground, and he appeared disposed to take up his study of the labor question in England where he had left it. But he had forgotten that a great change had taken place in the mean time, and that in becoming the depositary of the monarchical heritages he had also become the slave of his adherents and the sport of parties. He continued to be so to the day of his death. His instructions issued at electoral crises were uncertain and vacillating. He intoned the praises of liberty and of imperialism, of parliamentary government and of monarchical despotism in turn. The youngest and most enterprising members of the Royalist party induced him, against his will, to form an alliance with General Boulanger, and the defeat of the Boulangists impaired his prestige. He was never consoled for having lost the right to reside at the Château d'Eu, where his life had had the large freedom of that of a great landed proprietor. There was at Eu a collection of portraits representing the princes and princesses of the house of Orléans. Among them was the portrait of the d'Orléans who voted for the death of Louis XVI, his cousin, and who, during the revolution, was called Philippe-Égalité. When the Count de Paris showed a visitor of distinction through his gallery he would designate this personage in passing with a «That is my unfortunate grandfather.» In the intimacy of daily life, however, the little princes were wont to speak of their ancestor as «grandpapa Égalité.» This detail illustrates the homelike atmosphere of cozy familiarity in which the future Duke d'Orléans grew up, with his sisters, the two eldest of whom have become, one the Queen of Portugal, and the other the Duchess d'Aosta, and his brother, the young Duke de Montpensier. The Count de Paris adored his children. He occupied himself personally with their education, and took part in their games and sports, as did also the Countess de Paris, who was a good horsewoman and fond of hunting.

Of all the members of the Orléans family, none as yet has had so marked a physiognomy as the Duke d'Aumale, third son of King Louis Philippe. His name is closely connected with the conquest of Algiers. He was almost constantly in Africa during his father's reign, and on various occasions covered himself with glory in attacks upon the Arabs. The old Prince de Condé, who had no children, made him heir to all his fortune, and bequeathed to him, among other estates, the château of Chantilly. There he lived, surrounded by the marvelous collections which he had formed, and which are to go to the French Academy now that he is dead. The Duke d'Aumale laid the sword aside for the pen, and became an historian. The Academy opened its doors to him, and Chantilly once more became what it was in the days when Bossuet pronounced his famous «funeral oration of the Prince de Condé»—the home of arts and of letters. All the celebrities of France have been received under the roof of Chantilly; every distinguished foreign guest who went to France was seen there likewise. The Duke d'Aumale took pleasure in himself showing his art collections on such occasions. He had many things restored at Chantilly,—the entrance-railing, the porch, the vestibule, the great staircase with its wrought-iron balusters, the chapel, the ball-room, the library,—and all with faultless taste and extreme care.

Two sons were born to the Duke d'Aumale of his marriage with the Princess of Salerno, the Duke de Guise and the Prince de Condé. They both died in early youth. The Duke d'Aumale was left alone. His brothers and nephews surrounded him with interest and affection; but it was the Academy chiefly which took the place of a family to him. It was under the dome of the Institute, with his illustrious colleagues about him, that he was really happy. Hence the gift of Chantilly to the Academy, to be converted into a museum after his death. It is said that the Duke d'Aumale had but one regret, and that was that he could not have had an active part

in political life. He proved in more than one instance that his sympathies were republican; but the name he bore prevented him from aspiring to govern the republic. Would he have made a good President? There is every reason to believe it. The French, however, know by experience that the republic in the hands of a prince becomes, perforce, the antechamber of monarchy.

II.

No little curiosity was felt in Paris when President Carnot's first reception occurred at the Élysée. He was the fourth President which the republic had had since its foundation. M. Thiers had never lived at the Élysée, the seat of government during his Presidency having been at Versailles. But his receptions had remained legendary. He retained in official life all his bourgeois habits. Jules Simon, with that delicate raillery, gentle and inimitable, which gave character to his most insignificant anecdotes, was telling me one day how M. Thiers, at a large breakfast, had drawn toward him a fruit-dish which ornamented the middle of the table, and in which were some choice peaches, and had prepared to sever one of these, saying to his neighbor, «Shall I give you half of my peach?» Mme. Thiers had been looking at the peach with an indignant air. «I thought,» said Jules Simon, «that she was angry with her husband for not having known enough to wait for the servants to pass the fruit. But that was not the trouble. Not able to contain herself longer, she exclaimed, ‹But, *mon ami*, those peaches are for dinner!› And docilely the President restored the peach to the fruit-dish.»

Under Marshal MacMahon everything changed. The government had returned to Paris. All the aristocracy, among whom the Marshal had many friends and relatives, repaired to the Élysée. The result was the anomalous fact that the *habitués* of the dwelling of the President of the republic were principally anti-republicans. The Royalists insisted on considering MacMahon as one of themselves, and looked to him to do something toward the reëstablishment of monarchy. When they became persuaded that their hopes were chimerical, they kept away more and more; and when M. Grévy was elected in MacMahon's place they stopped going to the Élysée altogether. M. Grévy remained in power for nine years. Reëlected at the expiration of his term, at the end of seven years, he was forced into resigning, two years later, on account of scandals in which his son-in-law was implicated. M. Grévy did not like to receive. The two official balls which he gave every winter were great bores to him. He never accepted an invitation to dinner, and escaped, as soon as summer came, to the Jura Mountains, where he owned a bit of land of which he was extremely fond. He had some pet ducks in a pond in the Élysée gardens, one of which, called Bébé, was the object of his particular predilection. When he had thrown them some bread-crumbs and played his daily game of billiards, he went back to his work and his books. His intelligence was very broad and subtile, and he kept himself rigorously abreast of all political matters. It has since been realized that he exercised a much more moderating and pacifying influence than he seemed to do at the time. The life about him was, however, colorless and monotonous in the extreme. Its most exciting events were the fencing matches which the President's son-in-law, who was a fanatical fencer, organized every Sunday morning in the hot-houses of the palace. The public complained bitterly of M. Grévy's parsimony. That the chief of the state or any of his ministers should economize on their salary is a thing which is not admitted in France. In the United States the salary of such high functionaries is a species of compensation for the time they devote to the welfare of their country. In France it is a subsidy furnished them in order that they may be in a position to represent the nation with dignity and brilliancy. The individual is paid in the United States; in France the function. Thence this point of honor, that the salary should be spent, and not turned into capital.

M. Carnot was elected President December 1, 1887. He was an outsider. No one had had much faith in the success of his candidacy, for the other candidates, MM. Jules Ferry, Freycinet, and Floquet, were better known, in spite of the celebrity attached to the name of Carnot; in spite, also, of the fact that M. Carnot himself had been a deputy for many years, besides having been minister several times. But the new President enjoyed among his colleagues a reputation for such scrupulous honorableness that votes turned in his direction without much difficulty. The receptions of the Presidency assumed at once a stamp of elegance and distinction. Under M. Grévy invitations to the Élysée balls had come to be sought chiefly by functionaries of the inferior orders. The standard had been lowered little by little. Men in shabby coats and wo-

men in high-necked silk gowns had passed in line before the chief of the state. Parisian society, always sarcastic, was greatly amused by all this. The «high-necked silk gown» had come to be one of its grievances against the government. The descriptions which the «Figaro» began to give of the transformations taking place at the Élysée interested the Parisians, therefore, strongly. Mme. Carnot presided over these changes with the charm and exquisite tact which have gained for her so many friends. The President showed himself everywhere; he opened exhibitions, he laid corner-stones, he dedicated monuments, and for every one he had a pleasant word and a smile. The ambassadors gave dinners in his honor. The first to do so was Count Hayos, ambassador of Austria-Hungary. He occupied an hotel in the Avenue de l'Alma at the time. It was an official dinner. Baron de Mohrenheim, the Russian ambassador, ventured a step further. He gave a large reception at which the official world and the Faubourg Saint-Germain were brought face to face. It was the first time in ten years. I still see that soirée as clearly as if I were there. The guests, after paying their respects to their hosts, passed through a large salon, where stood the President, surrounded by his officers. Near him sat Mme. Carnot. I entered at the heels of the Duke de Dondeauville, who bowed profoundly. The President, who had been his colleague in the Chamber, held out his hand. Behind me came the Marquis de M——, who deliberately turned his back on M. Carnot, under pretense of looking at a picture hung against the woodwork, and remained for some seconds in that position, his hands under the tails of his coat. I suppressed a strong desire to box the ears of this ill-bred person, whom I knew, and of whom I had, in any case, always entertained a sufficiently poor opinion. The President did not move a muscle, except to smile imperceptibly. He was so perfectly above all such insults!

Incidents of this kind, for the rest, presently ceased. Even outside of the constantly increasing number of those who rallied around the republic and in the monarchical circles, it became customary to treat M. Carnot, wherever he was met, with the respect to which he was entitled. And this was not the least of the services which this great citizen rendered his country, that he caused the supreme magistracy to be universally considered. Animosity toward him personally was laid aside, but it continued to be active enough toward other members of the Republican party, who well deserved the esteem even of their most violent political adversaries. In the first rank of these one must place Jules Ferry. When he appeared people vanished as if he had been a leper. His personal acquaintances slipped away in order to avoid speaking to him. Others affected not to see him. At the beginning of the winter of 1889 I found myself at an entertainment at Washington. My host talked to me for some time, and gave vent to the full force of his execration of a certain prominent politician. A little later I saw this politician himself, sitting on a sofa, in quiet conversation with several people. «Your hatred of Mr.—— does not go so far as to make you close your doors against him,» I observed to Mr. ——. «Oh,» he replied, «I detest him *politically*, and he knows it; but that is no reason I should ill-treat him *socially*.» Certainly there was no reason that the Parisians should «ill-treat socially» the great minister who, in spite of a few errors, accomplished so much. What had they to reproach him with? His private integrity was never called in doubt by any one. Even had his political course been mistaken, does one cover a man with insults for political faults? Jules Ferry was of too large a soul, and his philosophy was too proud, to admit of his fleeing before the tempest. He stood his ground and braved it out. Caricatures of him, scattered broadcast, had made his face everywhere familiar in Paris. The consequence was that he encountered indignities at every step—anonymous indignities, coming from the mass of the people, and which perhaps he preferred to the icy politeness of drawing-rooms where he was left to himself in contemptuous isolation. His wife's tenderness lightened these trials, and at last the hour of justice came. He was made President of the Senate in the early part of 1893. Three weeks later he died, almost suddenly, of an affection of the heart, which had been terribly aggravated by the attempt upon his life of which he had been the victim, and by the public animosity with which he had been pursued.

As I sat in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, one day, I amused myself by mentally reconstructing a government of the Right. I imagined that the monarchy had been reëstablished, and that the Count de Paris, now Philippe VII, King of France, had intrusted to me the task of forming a ministry, distributing its portfolios among his partizans. To my great surprise, I could not

succeed in drawing up a proper list. Everybody can be a minister, of course, and some of those whom one might choose at random for the office would not fill it worse than many others, provided they were not called upon to deal with situations of exceptional delicacy. But that was not what I was looking for. Nor was I looking for men who would be the equals of Gambetta and of Jules Ferry, for both were personalities quite out of the ordinary. I was searching the monarchical ranks for men with the force of character of MM. Dupuy, Spuller, or Burdeau; for men of the ability and tenacity and the capacity for hard work of MM. Méline, de Freycinet, Bourgeois, Goblet; for men of the financial competency of M. Rouvier, the diplomatic talents and science of M. Hanotaux, the wisdom and breadth of view of M. Challemel-Lacour. I could not discover them. Never before had the complete inferiority of the monarchical party in this respect come home to me more forcibly. What was the cause of it?

The great Chamber of the Palais Bourbon, with its somewhat pretentious decorations, its somewhat theatrical aspect, was before me. Nearly all the deputies were on their benches, for some serious struggle was in prospect. The Left, very numerous, infringed upon the Center. It was the visible incarnation of the republican principle and its incessant progress. The Right, much reduced, was still represented by the chiefs of the party, by those who, either because of their position or their past, impose themselves, in a way, upon their constituents. Off there, at the extreme left, was the little group of revolutionary socialists awaiting the hour in which they were to play a decisive rôle. Well! A mere glance at all those deputies there assembled sufficed to explain the decadence of one of the parties as compared with the other. With few exceptions, the line of demarcation seemed to me social far more than political. On the one side sat indolence; on the other, industry. On the right sat the men of leisure, Parisians whose activities are devoured by the thousand futilities of Parisian existence, *flâneurs* of the boulevards, who gossip at the club, dine out, look in at the theaters, and devote to public affairs whatever time they have left; and country gentlemen who hunt, drive four-in-hand, organize fêtes, preside at agricultural fairs, and follow only from a great distance the movement of universal progress. I observed their elegance, their well-groomed persons, the cut of their coats, which had come from the best tailors. On the other side were men who work, who had risen from below, sons of workingmen or small employees, who had made a place for themselves by will power and perseverance. One was a lawyer, another a physician, a third an engineer or a professor. The clubman and the self-made man, the society man and the worker, sat facing each other, and the victory of the second took on the aspect of a thing that was necessary, irrevocable, that could not be reversed.

It is difficult for Americans to understand the march of political events in France, and their details, because they lose sight of the struggle between the aristocrat and the democrat. One must have been a spectator of this struggle to comprehend its effects. Many of those who still have monarchical beliefs will only admit that the great rural proprietors, or at most the great industrial magnates and the great bankers, can have the pretension to govern their country. The idea that a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, has any right to sit in the Chamber or the Senate seems to them absurd.

And as for this lawyer, this doctor, this journalist, being called upon, for instance, to receive the Emperor of Russia in the name of France, that is what they absolutely cannot away with!

III.

I MET, the other day, on the Boulevard des Italiens, two friends, one of whom is a monarchist, the other a republican. Both were in high spirits. «*Mon cher*,» exclaimed the first, «monarchy is an accomplished fact! Who will now dare to tell us that the country wants a republic? Consider the enthusiasm excited by the Emperor of Russia's visit! At sight of Nicholas II the monarchical sentiment has reawakened in the breast of Frenchmen. . . . I repeat, monarchy is an accomplished fact!» Thereupon the second, holding me by the button of my coat: «*Mon cher*, the republic has, from now on, nothing more to fear. It is indestructible. The homage of the most powerful sovereign in Europe has demonstrated its strength. Who will dare to tell us that the republic has no prestige?» My friends were right, both of them, and also wrong. The Czar's visit has done no good to the monarchical cause, but it is not certain either that it will do good to the republic. A republican régime is a régime of labor, not of festivities; of reason and forethought, not of enthusiasm and vivid impressions. It must look to itself for

stability, and in this stability it must find its strength. The capital of a republic cannot become the favorite resort of kings and emperors without an influence being exerted on public manners and habits by the fact. A people which has maintained the republican form of government perseveringly, through innumerable dangers and difficulties, does not certainly revert to the principle of heredity. But it is always confronted by this temptation—to abdicate the liberties of which it is every citizen's duty to avail himself into the hands of chiefs. Thinking of these things, I had reached the Place de la Madeleine. I stood under the windows of that great and much-loved philosopher who was taken away from the affection of his friends, and the admiration of all, only a few months ago. Had Jules Simon been alive I should once again have climbed his five stairs to hear what the experience of his old age, which had remained so youthful, might have to say on these problems of our time. And he, surely, laying aside his piles of papers, letters, and pamphlets, would have told me, in a few suggestive and luminous sentences, what he had learned from the past and what he foresaw for the future. This it was—this double outlook upon yesterday and to-morrow, this preoccupation with the connection between past events and events to come—that, in my estimation, distinguished his genius. He could tell a story as few men can; he could *hope*, also, in spite of his eighty years, as few of the youngest can hope. Hope is not a virtue in America; it is a habit. In France the hopeful are the exception. But Jules Simon had always been hopeful, both for himself and for his country. They had lived through bad days together. Persecuted by Napoleon III because of his opposition to the coup d'état of 1851, he had been obliged to wait for the disasters of 1870 before occupying the place in political life to which his talents entitled him. To be made minister immediately after September 4, that was scarcely alluring. His memory of that dark period was vivid, but remarkably calm. I never heard a bitter word escape his lips. Jules Simon had seen every shade of opinion revolve around him. At one time he had been regarded as a dangerous radical, then as an ardent republican, then as a moderate. «Wait a little while,» he said to me, last year, «and I shall have become an acknowledged conservative; and all with almost no change of stand on my part.» It was true. He had not moved; he had always defended the same liberal ideas and urged the same reasonable solutions. He would perhaps have resigned himself to accept a monarchy had he thought it capable of affording a warrant of superior order and liberty. He preferred the republic because he believed it to be stronger, more resistant, more supple and durable.

When Taine, Simon's illustrious colleague at the Academy, began his «Origins of Contemporary France,» his preferences turned in the direction of imperialism. But his ideas underwent a modification when he came to his analysis of the genius of Napoleon. It is generally felt that Taine was rather severe in his treatment of the great emperor, and that he might have spared him certain criticisms. His book wounded the Bonapartists keenly. Princess Mathilde, the sister of Prince Jerome Napoleon, was a friend of Taine. She sent him her card, with the formula P.P.C.—*pour prendre congé*—to signify that their relations were at an end. Taine wittily translated it *pour prouver colère*, and brought the laughers over to his side.

Taine's salon was «neutral.» Royalists and republicans alike met there, for politics were rarely discussed. The talk turned on literature, science, progress, the evolution of ideas. Taine's hospitality was of the most delicate sort, and as a host he was well supported by his wife and daughter, for whom no subject of conversation was too high. While looking up information for his own work, during the week, he would collect a hundred details which might be of use in the special work of such or such a one of his guests; and Monday evening, when they arrived, he would go from one to another, generously distributing his knowledge, and adding to it the germs of new and fruitful ideas, which each might bear away with him and eventually develop. Taine's life was far from having been as stationary as Jules Simon's. His mental evolution never ceased. He seemed to be ascending an endless staircase, with long pauses at each landing, where he might conscientiously classify his recent observations. To one thing only did he tenaciously cling, and that was «method.» His microscope never left him.

He regretted that he had not been able to apply his method to American civilization. He looked always for the ensemble in the detail. He loved vast undertakings, but he treated them minutely. And America was too far away. It drew him and fascinated him, but since he could not study it at close quarters, he realized that it escaped his investigations. He divined that it presented a

mass of social problems which are not even clearly enough defined in Europe to call for a solution. His curiosity was alive to its phenomena, which have no counterpart in the history of peoples. The rapid growth of the United States, their new conceptions of government and society, were matters to him of perpetual wonder and reflection. Jules Simon likewise turned his eyes frequently, in surprise and admiration, toward the New World. In his youth, and in Taine's, no one, Tocqueville notwithstanding, had foreseen the great intellectual and moral impetus which has transformed the United States. I once received from the venerable Dr. McCosh of Princeton a volume which he asked me to deliver to Jules Simon. He had written within it a flattering dedication to the French philosopher. In giving this volume into Jules Simon's hands, I described to him, as best I could, the buildings, the trees, the mental life, the habits and peculiarities, which render Princeton, and several other American universities, unlike any other spot on the globe. «Yes,» he cried, «that is the America which will really give the Old World something to think of—when the Old World shall have discovered it.» He referred to the common European ignorance of the force and intensity of the university movement in America.

Jules Ferry had foreseen this movement, in a measure, at the close of the civil war. He had even intended to devote serious study to it. But his political career never allowed him to put his project into execution. As to President Carnot, of the many topics which he permitted me to discuss with him on more than one occasion, none interested him more than the subject of the intellectual relations between the United States and France. And that is why I gave the name of Carnot to the students' annual debate on contemporary French politics which I instituted between the universities of Berkeley and Palo Alto at San Francisco, and at Tulane University, New Orleans. And the «Carnot medal» is already popular in California and Louisiana.

I never had any conversation about America with the Count de Paris. But he must often, during his career as Pretender, have recalled the days when he fought in the admirable troops that came together at the appeal of the immortal Lincoln. He had seen the great struggle of the American people, its valor and its indomitable energy, near at hand. He may have said to himself that a man might be proud to rule such a people. . . .

But one does not *rule* the American people. . . . One governs it—if it be quite willing.

Pierre de Coubertin.

ELUSIVE PRESENCE.

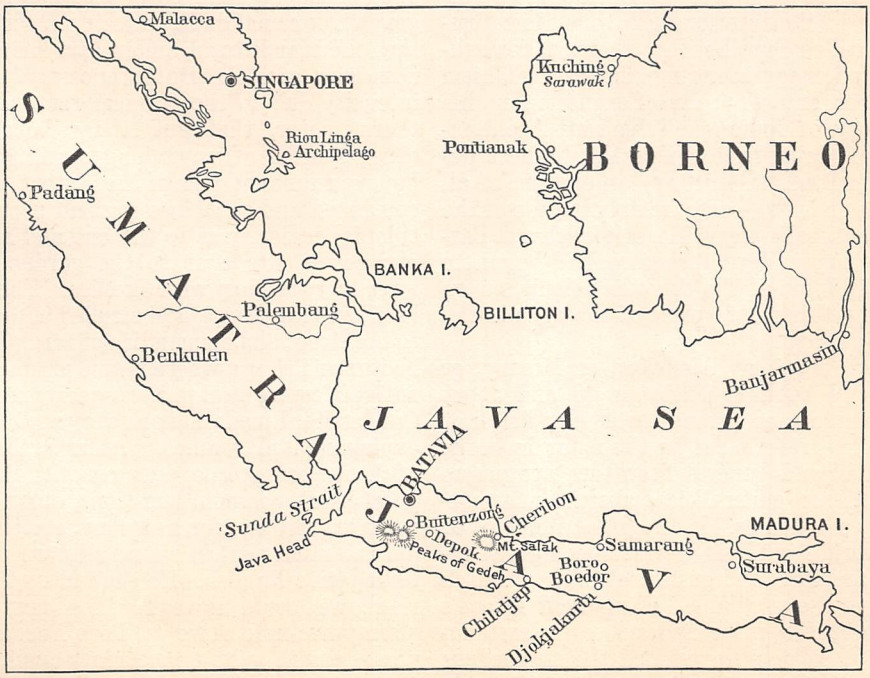
AND didst thou come, thou long-lost, longed-for one,
That day when, thinking not of thee, I cried
For respite from my foes on every side—
Didst point the refuge whither I could run?
And didst thou come, that evening drear and dun,
When, thinking not of thee—too sorely tried,
I looked and saw the western clouds divide,
And the fair setting of the full-orbed sun?
And didst thou come on that dark, sighing dawn,
Shadowed with troubles of the day to be,
When, suddenly, obeying thy still call,
Were all those surging fears dismissed and gone!
And dost thou come all hours, and blessing all,
Except the hour when most I think of thee?

Edith M. Thomas.

PRISONERS OF STATE AT BORO BOEDOR.

THE fact is not generally appreciated that there are ruins of Buddhist and Brahmanic temples in middle Java surpassing in extent and magnificence anything to be seen in Egypt or India. There, in the heart of the steaming tropics, in that summer land of the world below the equator, on an island where volcanoes cluster more thickly and vegetation is richer than in any other region of the globe, where earthquakes continually rock and shatter, and where deluges descend during the rainy half of the year, remains nearly intact the temple of Boro Boedor, covering almost the same area as the great pyramid of Gizeh. It is ornamented with hundreds of life-size statues and miles of bas-reliefs presenting the highest examples of Greco-Buddhist art—a sculptured record of all the arts and industries, the culture and civilization, of the golden age of Java, of the life of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries in all the farther East—a record that is not written in hieroglyphs, but in plainest pictures carved by sculptor's chisel. That solid pyramidal temple, rising in magnificent sculptured terraces, that was built without mortar or cement, without column or pillar or arch, is one of the surviving wonders of the world. On the spot it seems a veritable miracle.

It is one of the romances of Buddhism that this splendid monument of human industry, abandoned by its worshipers as one cult succeeded another, and forgotten after the Mohammedan conquest imposed yet another creed upon the people, should have disappeared completely, hidden in the tangle of tropical vegetation, a formless, nameless, unsuspected mound in the heart of a jungle, lost in every way, with no part in the life of the land, finally to be uncovered to the sight of the nineteenth century. When Sir Stamford Raffles came as British governor of Java in 1811, the Dutch had possessed the island for two centuries; but in their greed for



DRAWN BY JOHN HART.

SKETCH MAP OF SINGAPORE AND JAVA.

gulden had paid no heed to the people, and knew nothing of that earlier time before the conquest when the island was all one empire, the arts and literature flourished, and, inspired by Hindu influence, Javanese civilization reached its highest estate; nor did the Hollander allow any alien investigators to peer about this profitable plantation. Sir Stamford Raffles, in his five years of control, did a century's work. He explored, excavated, and surveyed the ruined temples, and searching the voluminous archives of the native princes, drew from the mass of romantic legends and poetic records the first «History of Java.» His officers copied and deciphered inscriptions, and gradually worked out all the history of the great ruins, and determined the date of their erection at the beginning of the seventh century. At this time Sir Stamford Raffles wrote: «The interior of Java contains temples that, as works of labor and art, dwarf to nothing all our wonder and admiration at the pyramids of Egypt.» Then Alfred Russel Wallace said: «The number and beauty of the architectural remains in Java . . . far surpass those of Central America, and perhaps even those of India.» And of Boro Boedor he wrote: «The amount of human labor and skill expended on the great pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill-temple in the interior of Java.» Herr Brumund called Boro Boedor «the most remarkable and magnificent monument Buddhism has ever erected»; and Fergusson, in his «History of Indian and Eastern Architecture,» finds in that edifice the highest development of Buddhist art, an epitome of all its arts and ritual, and the culmination of the architectural style which, originating at Barhut a thousand years before, had begun to decay in India at the time the colonists were erecting this masterpiece of the ages in the heart of Java.

There is yet no Baedeker, or Murray, or local red book to lead one to and about the temples and present every dry detail of fact. The references to the ruins in books of travel and general literature are vague or cautious generalities, absurd misstatements, or guesses. In the great libraries of the world's capitals the archæologists' reports are rare, and on the island only Dutch editions are available. Fergusson is one's only portable guide and aid to understanding; but as he never visited the stupendous ruin, his is but a formal record of the main facts.

We had applied for new *Toetlakings-Kaarts*, or admission tickets, to the interior of the island; and as they had not arrived by the afternoon before we intended leaving Buitenzorg, we drove to the assistant resident's to inquire. «You shall have them this evening,» said that gracious and courtly official, standing beside the huge carriage; «but as it is only the merest matter of form, go right along in the morning, ladies, anyhow, and I shall send the papers after you by post. To Tissak-Malaya? No? Well, then, to Djokjakarta.»

We took train for the first day across the Preanger Regencies, through the greenest and most gloriously beautiful tropical scenery ever found or possible to be imagined; spent the night in the vast Doric-porticoed *passagran*, or government rest-house, at Tissak-Malaya; left, with only a tantalizing hour at the most picturesque *passer*, or outdoor market; and rode for a long, hot day across the swamps and low-lying jungles of the *terra ingrata* of middle Java. Just before sunset we reached Djokjakarta, a provincial capital, where a native sultan resides in great state, but poor imitation of independent rulership. We had tea served us under the great portico of the Hotel Toegoe, our every movement followed by the uncivilized piazza stare of some Dutch residents—that gaze of the summer hotel that has no geographic or racial limit, which even occurs on the American littoral, and in Java has a fixedness born of stolid Dutch ancestry, and an intensity due to the tropical fervor of the thermometer, that put it far beyond all other species of unwinking scrutiny. The bovine, ruminant gaze of those stout women, continued and continued past all provincial-colonial curiosity as to the cut and stuff of our gowns, drove us to the garden paths, already twinkling with fireflies. The landlord joined us there, and strolled with us out to the street and along a line of torch-lighted booths and shops, where native products and native life were most picturesquely presented. Our landlord made himself very agreeable in explaining it all, walked on as far as the gates of the sultan's palace, plying us with the most point-blank personal questions, our whence, whither, why for, for how long, etc.; but we did not mind that in a land of stares and interrogative English. He showed us the carriage we could have for the next day's twenty-five-mile drive to Boro Boedor—«if you go,» with quite unnecessary emphasis on the phrase of doubt. He finally brought us back to the portico, disappeared for a time,

and returning, said: «Ladies, the assistant resident wishes to meet you. Will you come this way?» And the courteous one conducted us through lofty halls and porticos to his own half-office parlor, all of us pleased at this unexpected attention from the provincial official.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

MOUNT SALAK, FROM THE RESIDENT'S GARDEN, BUITENZORG.

A tall, bony-faced man in the dark cloth clothes of ceremony, with uniform buttons, waved a semi-military cap, and said curtly: «Ladies, it is my duty to inform you that you have no permission to visit Djokja.»

It took some repetitions for us to get the whole sensation of the heavens suddenly falling on us, to learn that a telegram had come from official headquarters at Buitenzorg to warn him that three American ladies would arrive that afternoon, without passports, to visit Djokja.

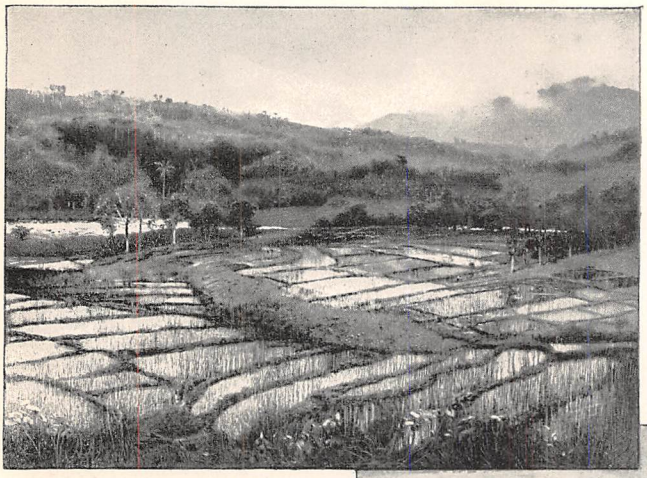
«Certainly not, because those Buitenzorg officials told us not to wait for the passports —that they would mail them after us.» Then ensued the most farcical scene, a grand burlesque rendering of the act of apprehending criminals, or rather political suspects. The assistant resident tried to maintain the stern, judicial manner of a police-court magistrate, cross-examining us as closely as if it were testimony in a murder trial we were giving, and was not at all inclined to admit that there could be any mistake in the elaborately perfect system of Dutch-colonial government. Magnificently he told us that we could not remain in Djokja, and we assured him that we had no wish to do so, that we were leaving for Boro Boedor in the morning. The Pickwickian message from Buitenzorg had not given any instructions. It merely related that we should arrive. We had arrived, and the assistant resident evidently did not

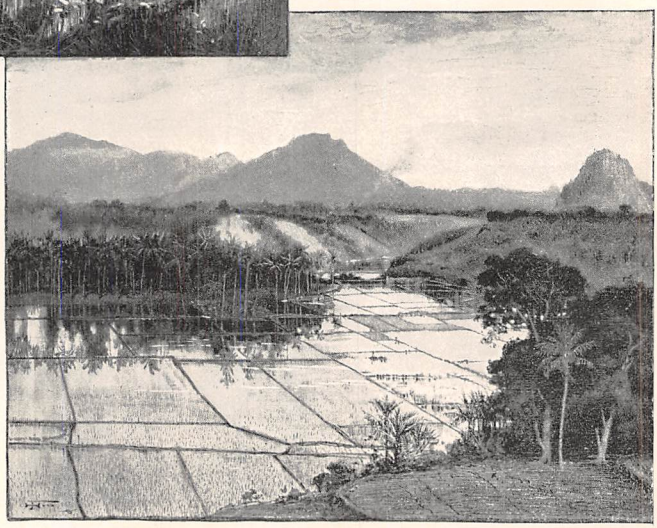
know just what to do next. At any rate, he intended that we should stand in awe of him and the government of Netherlands India. He «supposed» that it was intended that we should be sent straight back to Buitenzorg. We demurred, in fact refused—the two inflammable, impolitic ones of us, who paid no heed to the gentle, gray-haired elder member of our party, who was all resignation and humility before the terrible official. We produced our United States passports, and quite the same as told him that he and the noble army of Dutch officials could have it out to the finish with the American consul; we had other affairs, and were bound for Boro Boedor. He waved the United States passports aside, curtly said they were of «no account,» examined the letters of credit with a shade more of interest, and gave his whole attention to my «Smithsonian passport,» or general letter «to all friends of science.» That beautifully written document, with its measured phrases, many polysyllabic words in capital letters, and the big gold seal of St. Gaudens's designing, worked a spell; and after slowly reading all the commendatory sentences of that great American institution «for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men,» he read it again:

«Hum-m-m! Hum-m-m! The Smithsonian Institution of Washington—National Geographic Society—scientific observation and study — anthropology — photography — G. Brown Goode, acting secretary! Ah, ladies, since you have such credentials as *this*,»—evidently the Smithsonian Institution has better standing abroad than the Department of State, and G. Brown Goode, acting secretary of the one, is a better name to conjure with away from home than Walter Q. Gresham, actual secretary of the other,—«since you come so highly commended to us, I will allow you to proceed to Boro Boedor, and remain there while I report to Buitenzorg and ask for instructions. You will go to Boro Boedor as early as possible in the morning,» he commanded, and then asked, «How long had you intended to remain there?»

«That depends. If it is comfortable, and the rains keep off, we may stay several days. If not, we return to-morrow evening.»

«No, no, no!» he cried in alarm; «you must stay there at Boro Boedor. You have no permission to visit Djokja, and I cannot let you stay in my residency. You must stay at Boro Boedor or go back to Buitenzorg.»





DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

RICE-FIELDS.

To be ordered off to the Buddhist shrine at sunrise put the pilgrimage in quite another light; to be sentenced to Nirvana by a local magistrate in brass buttons was not like arriving there by slow stages—meditation and

reincarnation; but as the assistant resident seemed to be on the point of repenting his clemency, we acquiesced, and the great man and his minions drove away, the bearer of the *pajong*, or official umbrella of his rank, testifying to the formal character of the visit he had been paying. The landlord mopped his brow, sighed, and looked like one who had survived great perils; and we then saw that his sight-seeing stroll down the street with us had been a ruse, a little clever scouting, a preliminary reconnaissance for the benefit of the puzzled magistrate.

We left Djokja at sunrise, with enthusiasm somewhat dampened from former anticipations of that twenty-five-mile drive to Boro Boedor, «the aged thing» in the Boro district of Kedu Residency. We had expected to realize a little of the pleasure of travel during the barely ended posting days on this garden island, networked over with smooth park drives all shaded with tamarind-, kanari-, teak- and waringen-trees, and it proved a half-day of the greatest interest and enjoyment. Our canopied carriage was drawn by four little rats of ponies, driven by a serious old coachman in a gay sarong and military jacket, with a huge lacquered vizor or crownless hat tied on over his *battek* turban, like a student's exaggerated eye-shade. This gave the shadow of great dignity and owlish wisdom to his wrinkled face, ornamented by a mustache as sparsely and symmetrically planted as walrus whiskers. He held the reins and said nothing. When there was anything to do, the running footman did it—a lithe little creature who clung to a rear step, and took to his heels every few minutes to crack the whip over the ponies' heads, and with a frenzied «Gree! G-r-r-*ee! Gr-r-r-e-e-e!*» urge the mites to a more breakneck gallop in harness. He steered them by the traces as he galloped beside them, guided them over bridges, around corners, past other vehicles, and through crowds, while the driver held the reins and chewed betel tobacco in unconcerned state. We rocked and rolled through beautiful arched avenues, with this bare-legged boy in gay petticoat «Gr-r-ree-ing» us along like mad, people scattering aside like frightened chickens, and kneeling as we passed by. The way was fenced and hedged and finished, to each blade of grass, like some aristocratic suburb of a great capital, an endless park, or continuous estate, where fancy farming and landscape-gardening had gone their most extravagant limits. There was not a neglected acre on either side for all the twenty-five miles; every field was cultivated like a tulip-bed; every plant was as green and perfect as if entered in a horticultural show. Streams, ravines, and ditches were solidly bridged, each with its white cement parapet and smooth concrete flooring, and each numbered and marked with Dutch preciseness; and along every bit of the road were posted the names of the kampongs and estates charged to maintain the highway in its perfect condition. Telegraph and telephone wires were strung on the rigid arms of cotton-trees, and giant creepers wove solid fences as they were trained from tree-trunk to

DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

WAYSIDE PAVILION ON POST-ROAD.

DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

tree-trunk—the tropics tamed, combed, and curbed, hitched to the cart of commerce and made man's abject servant.

Every few miles there were open red-tiled pavilions built over the highways as refuges for man and beast from the scorching sun of one season and the cloud-burst showers of the rainy half of the year. Twice we found busy passers going on in groves beside these rest-houses—picturesque gatherings of men, women, and children, and displays of fowls fruits, nuts, vegetables, grain, sugar, spices, gums, and flowers, that tempted one to linger and enjoy, and to photograph every foot of the passer's area. The main road was crowded all the way like a city street, and around these passers the highway hummed with voices. One can believe in the density of the population—twenty-four million people on this island of 49,197 square miles, about the size of the State of New York—when he sees the people trooping along these country roads; and he can well understand why every foot of land is cultivated, how even in the benevolent land of the banana every one must produce something, must work or starve. Men and boys toiled to the passer, bent over with the weight of one or two monstrous jackfruits or durians on their backs. A woman with a baby swinging in the *slandang* over her shoulder had tied cackling chickens to the back of her belt, and trudged on comfortably under her umbrella; and a boy swung a brace of ducks from each end of a shoulder-pole, and trotted gaily to the passer. The kampongs, or villages, when not hidden in palm and plantain groves behind fancy bamboo fences, were rows of open houses on each side of the highway, and we reviewed native life at leisure while the ponies were changed. The friendly, gentle little brown people welcomed us with amused and embarrassed smiles when our curiosity as to sarong-painting, lacquering, and mat-weaving carried us into the family circle. The dark, round-eyed, star-eyed babies and children showed no fear or shyness, and the tiniest ones—their soft little warm brown bodies bare of ever a garment save the cotton slandang in which they cuddle so confidingly under the mother's protecting arm—let us lift and carry and play with them at will.

We left the main road, and progressed by a narrower way between open fields of pepper, manioc, indigo, and tobacco, with picturesque views of the three symmetrical and beautiful mountains, Soembung, Merbabo, and Marapie, the first and largest one as pure in line, as exquisite and ideal a peak, as Fujiyama, and Marapie, the «fire-throwing,» a sacred peak in Buddhist times, when cave-temples were hewn in its solid rock and their interiors fretted over with fine bas-reliefs. A group of people transplanting rice, a little boy driving a flock of geese down the road, a little open-timbered temple of the dead in a frangipani grove—all these, with the softly blue-and-purple mountains in the background, are pictures in enduring memory.

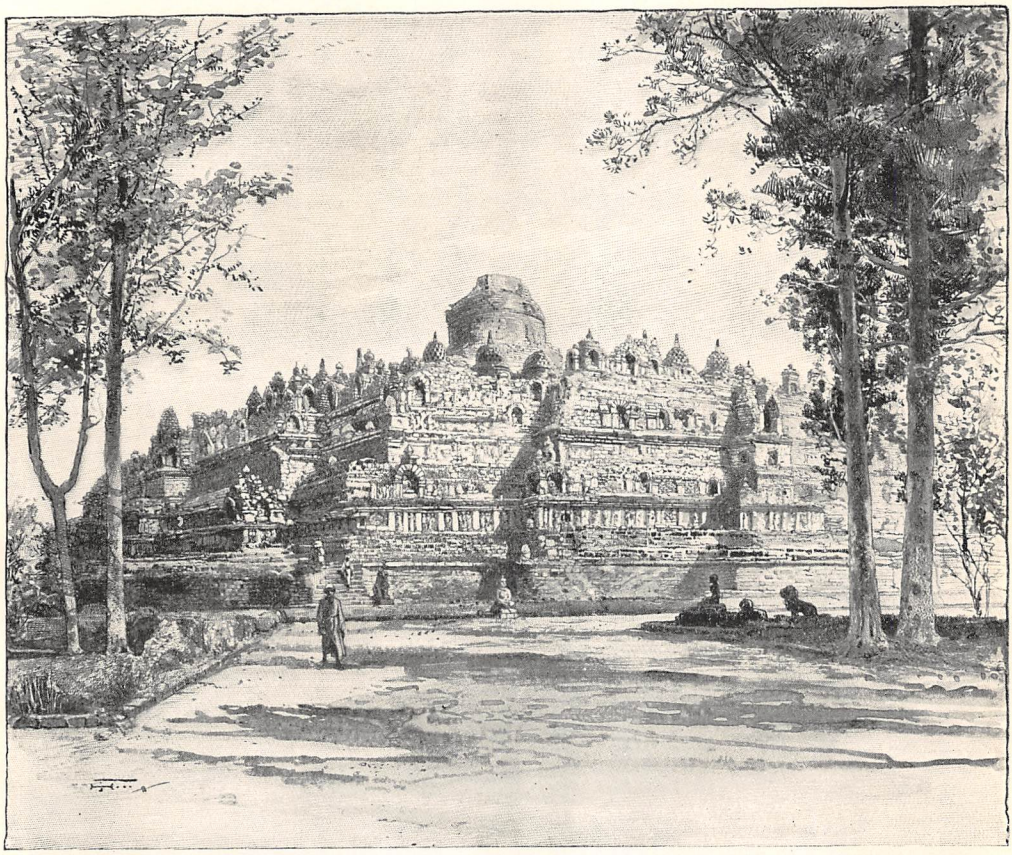
A gray ruin showed indistinctly on a hill-top, and after a run through a long, arched avenue we came out suddenly at the base of the hill-temple. Instead of a mad, triumphant sweep around the great pyramid, the ponies balked, rooted themselves past any lashing or «Gr-r-ree-ing,» and we got out and walked under the noonday sun, around the hoary high altar of Buddha, down an avenue of tall kanari-trees, lined with statues, gargoyles, and other such *recha*, or remains of ancient art, to the passagran, or government rest-house.

The deep portico of the passagran commands an angle and two sides of the square temple, and from the mass of blackened and bleached stones the eye finally arranges and follows out the broken lines of the terraced pyramid, covered with such a wealth of orna-

DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

TRANSPLANTING RICE—WITH TEMPLE OF THE DEAD AND FRANGIPANI GROVE IN THE BACKGROUND.

ment as no other one structure in the world presents. The first near view is almost disappointing. In the blur of details it is difficult to realize the vast proportions of this twelve-century-old structure—a pyramid the base platform of which is five hundred feet square, the first terrace walls are three hundred feet square, and the final dome rises to a height of one hundred feet. Stripped of every kindly relief of vine and moss, every gap and ruined angle visible, there was something garish, raw, and almost disordered at the first glance, almost as jarring as newness, and the hard black-and-white effect of the dark lichens on the gray trachyte made it look like a bad photograph of the pile. The temple stands on a broad platform, and rises first in five square terraces, inclosing galleries, or processional paths, between their walls, which are covered on each side with bas-relief sculptures. If placed in single line these bas-reliefs would extend for three miles. The terrace walls hold four hundred and thirty-six niches or alcove chapels, where life-size Buddhas sit serene upon lotus cushions. Staircases ascend in straight lines from each of the four sides, passing under stepped or pointed arches the keystones of which are elaborately carved masks, and rows of sockets in the jambs show where wood or metal doors once swung. Above the square terraces are three circular terraces, where seventy-two latticed *dagobas* (reliquaries in the shape of the calyx or bud of the lotus) inclose each a seated image, seventy-two more Buddhas sitting in these inner, upper circles of Nirvana, facing a great dagoba, or final cupola, the exact function or purpose of which as key to the whole structure is still the puzzle of archæologists. This final shrine is fifty feet in diameter, and either covered a relic of Buddha, or a central well where the ashes of priests and princes were deposited, or is a form surviving from the tree-temples of the earliest, primitive East when nature-worship prevailed. The English engineers made an opening in the solid exterior, and found an unfinished statue of Buddha on a platform over a deep well-hole;



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

BORO BOEDOR, FROM THE PASSAGRAN.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

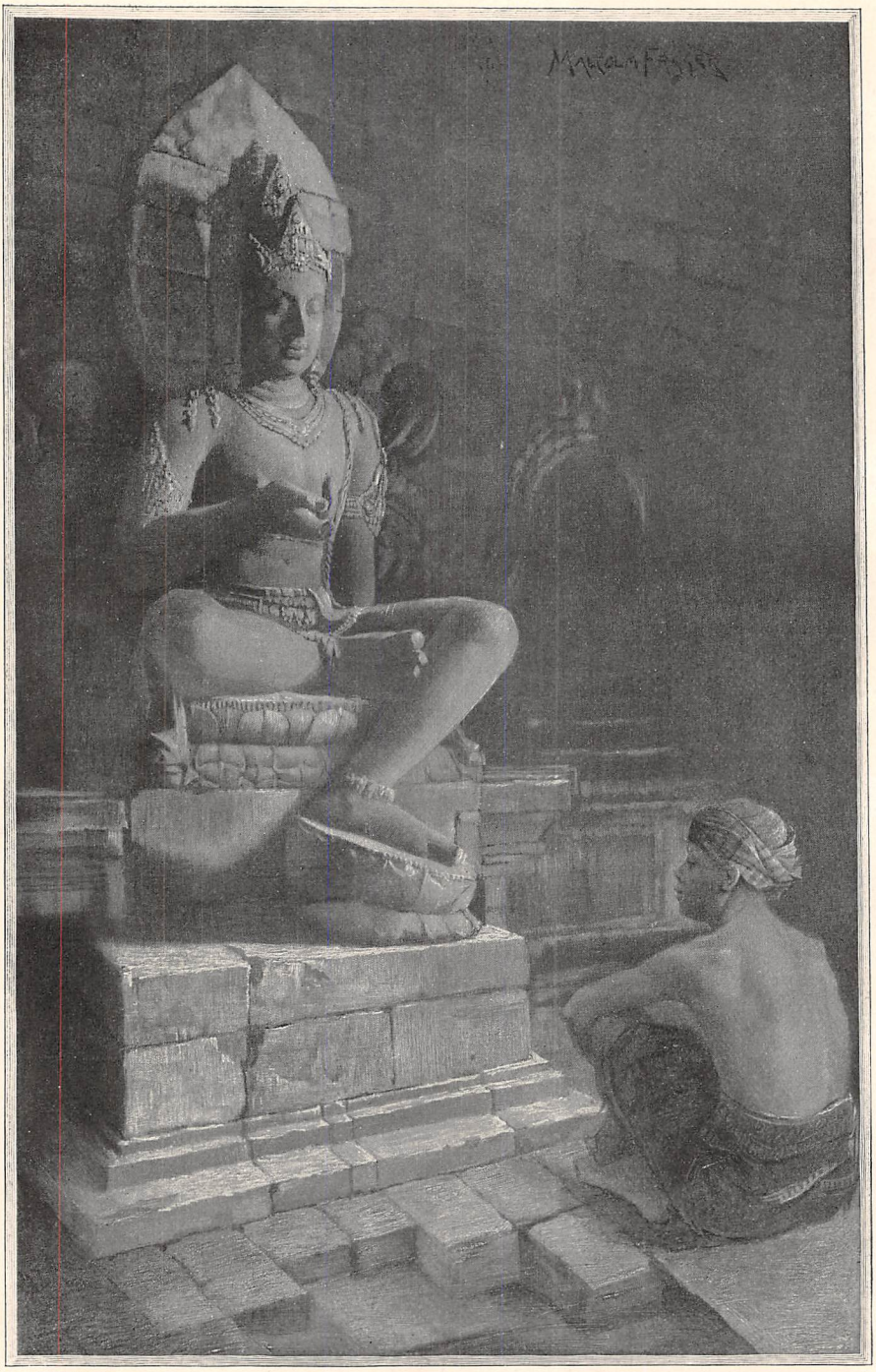
ON THE SECOND TERRACE.

and its head, half buried in debris, still smiles upon one from the deep cavern. A staircase has been constructed to the summit of this dagoba, and from it one looks down upon the whole structure as on a ground-plan drawing, and out over finely cultivated fields and thick palm-groves to the matchless peaks and the nearer hills that inclose this fertile valley of the Boro Boedor—«the very finest view I ever saw,» wrote Marianne North.

Three fourths of the terrace chapels and the upper dagobas have crumbled; hundreds of statues are headless, armless, overturned, missing; tees, or finials, are gone from the bell-roofs; terrace walls bulge, lean outward, and have fallen in long stretches; and the circular platforms and the processional paths undulate as if earthquake-waves were at the moment rocking the mass. No cement was used to hold the fitted stones together, and other Hindu peculiarities of construction are the entire absence of a column, a pillar, or an arch. Vegetation wrought great ruin during its buried centuries, but earthquakes and tropical rains are working now a slow but surer ruin that will leave little of Boro Boedor for the next century's wonder-seekers, unless the walls are soon straightened and strongly braced.

All this ruined splendor and wrecked magnificence soon has an overpowering effect on one. He almost hesitates to attempt studying out all the details, the intricate symbolism and decoration lavished by those Hindu builders, who, like the Moguls, «built like Titans, but finished like jewelers.» One walks around and around the sculptured terraces, where the bas-reliefs portray all the life of Buddha and his disciples, and the history of that great religion—a picture-Bible of Buddhism. All the events in the life of Prince Siddhartha, Gautama Buddha, are followed in turn: his birth and education, his leaving home, his meditation under Gaya's immortal tree, his teaching in the deer-park, his sitting in judgment, weighing even the birds in his scales, his death and entrance into Nirvana. The every-day life of the eighth century is pictured, too—temples, palaces, thrones and tombs, ships and houses, all of man's constructions, are portrayed. The life in courts and palaces, in fields and villages, is all seen there. Royal folk in wonderful jewels sit enthroned, with minions offering gifts and burning incense before them, warriors kneeling, and maidens dancing. The peasant plows the rice-fields with the same wooden stick and ungainly buffalo, and carries the rice sheaves from the harvest-field with the same shoulder-poles, used in all the farther East to-day. Women fill their water-vessels at the tanks and bear them away on their heads as in India now, and scores of bas-reliefs show the unchanging customs of the East that offer sculptors the same models in this century. Half the wonders of that great three-mile-long gallery of sculptures cannot be recalled. Each round disclosed some more wonderful picture, some more eloquent story, told in the coarse trachyte rock furnished by the volcanoes across the valley. Even the humorous fancies of the sculptors are expressed in stone. In one rilievo a splendidly caparisoned state elephant flings its feet in imitation of the dancing-girl near by. Other sportive elephants carry fans and state umbrellas in their trunks; and the marine monsters swimming about the ship that bears the Buddhist missionaries to the isles have such expression and human resemblance as to make one wonder if those primitives did not occasionally pillory an enemy with their chisels, too. In the last gallery, where, in the progress of the religion, it took on many features of Jainism, or advancing Brahmanism, Buddha is several times represented as the ninth avatar, or incarnation, of Vishnu, still seated on the lotus cushion, and holding a lotus with one of his four hands. Figure after figure wears the Brahmanic cord, or sacrificial thread, over the left shoulder; and all the royal ones sit in what must have been the pose of high fashion at that time—one knee bent under in tailor fashion, the other bent knee raised and held in a loop of the girdle confining the sarong skirt. There is not a nude figure in the whole three miles of sculptured scenes, and the costumes are a study in themselves; likewise the elaborate jewels which Maia and her maids and the princely ones wear. The trees and flowers are a sufficient study alone; and on my last morning at Boro Boedor I made the whole round at sunrise, looking specially at the wonderful palms, bamboos, frangipani-, mango-, mangosteen-, breadfruit-, pomegranate-, banana-, and bo-trees—every local form being gracefully conventionalized, and, as Fergusson says, «complicated and refined beyond any examples known in India.» It is such special rounds that give one a full idea of what a monumental masterpiece the great Buddhist *vihara* is, what an epitome of all the arts and civilization of the eighth century those galleries of sculpture hold, and turn one to dreaming of the builders and their times.

No particularly Javanese types of face or figure are represented. All the countenances



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE RIGHT-HAND IMAGE AT MENDOET.

are Hindu, Hindu-Caucasian, and pure Greek; and none of the objects or accessories depicted with them are those of an uncivilized people. All the art and culture, the highest standards of Hindu taste and living, in the tenth century of triumphant Buddhism, are expressed in this sculptured record of the golden age of Java. The Boro Boedor sculptures are finer examples of the Greco-Buddhist art of the times than those of Amravati and Gandahara; and the pure Greek countenances show sufficient evidence of Bactrian influences on the Indus, whence the builders came.

Of the more than five hundred statues of Buddha enshrined in niches and latticed dagobas, all, save the one mysterious figure standing in the central or summit dagoba, are seated on lotus cushions. Those of the terrace rows of chapels face outward to the four points of the compass, and those of the three circular platforms face inward to the hidden, mysterious one. All are alike save in the position of the hands, and those of the terrace chapels have four different poses accordingly as they face the cardinal points. As they are conventionally represented, there is Buddha teaching, with his open palm resting on one knee; Buddha learning, with that hand intently closed; Buddha meditating, with both hands open on his knees; Buddha believing and convinced, expounding the lotus law with upraised hand; and Buddha demonstrating and explaining, with thumbs and index-fingers touching. The images in the lotus bells of the circular platforms hold the right palm curved like a shell over the fingers of the left hand—the Buddha who has comprehended, and sits meditating in stages of Nirvana. It was never intended that worshipers should know the mien of the great one in the summit chalice, the serene one who, having attained the supreme end, was left to brood alone, inaccessible, shut out from, beyond all the world. For this reason it is believed that this standing statue was left incomplete, the profane chisel not daring to render every accessory and attribute as with the lesser ones.

Humboldt first noted the five different attitudes of the seated figures, and their likeness to the five Dhyani Buddhas of Nepal; and the discovery of a tablet in Sumatra recording the erection of a seven-story vihara to the Dhyani Buddha was proof that the faith that first came pure from the mouth of the Oxus and the Indus must have received later bent through missionaries from the Malay Peninsula and Tibet. The Boro Boedor images have the same lotus cushion and aureole, the same curls of hair, but not the long ears of the Nepal Buddhas, who in the Mongol doctrine had each his own paradise or quarter of the earth. The first Dhyani, who rules the paradise of the Orient, is always represented in the same attitude and pose of the hands as the image in the latticed bells of these upper, circular or Nirvana terraces of Boro Boedor. The images on the east side of Boro Boedor's square terraces correspond to the second Dhyani's conventional pose; those on the south walls, to the third Dhyani; the west-facing ones, to the fourth Dhyani; and the northern ones, to the fifth Dhyani of Nepal.

There are no inscriptions anywhere in this mass of picture-writings, and when the British engineers came to Boro Boedor, in 1814, the inhabitants of the nearest village had no knowledge or traditions of this noblest monument Buddhism ever reared. Ever since their fathers had moved there from another district it had been only a tree-covered hill in the midst of forests. Two hundred coolies worked forty-five days in clearing away vegetation and excavating the buried terraces. Measurements and drawings were made, and twelve plates from them accompany Sir Stamford Raffles's work. After the Dutch recovered possession of Java, their artists and archæologists gave careful study to this monument of earlier civilization and arts; and Herr Brumund's scholarly text, completed and edited by Dr. Leemans of Leyden, accompanies and explains the great folio volumes of four hundred plates, after Wilsen's drawings, published by the Dutch government in 1874. Since their uncovering the ruins have been kept free from vegetation, but no other care has been taken. In this comparatively short time legends have grown up and local customs have become fixed, and Boro Boedor holds something of the importance it should in its immediate human relations.

For more than six centuries the hill-temple was lost to sight, covered with trees and rank vegetation; and when the Englishmen brought the great sculptured monument to light, the gentle, easily superstitious Javanese of the neighborhood regarded these *recha*—statues and relics of the ancient, unknown cult—with the greatest reverence. They adopted them as tutelary divinities, as it were, indigenous to their own soil. While Wilsen lived there the people brought daily offerings of flowers. The statue on the first circular terrace at the right of the east

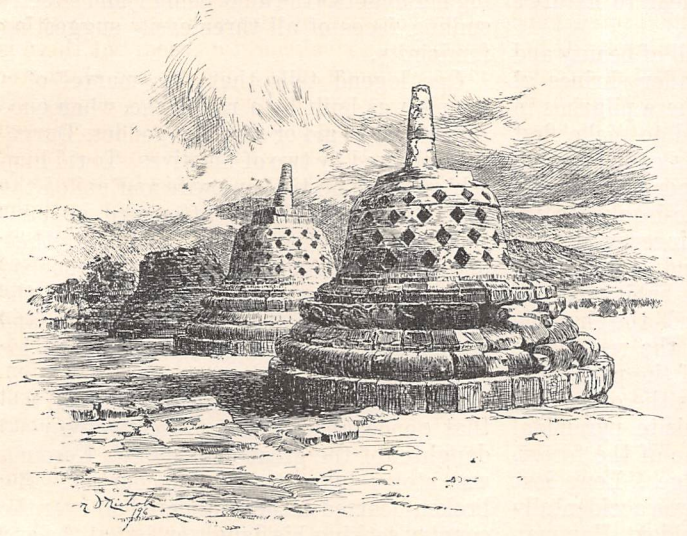
staircase, and the secluded image at the very summit, were always surrounded with heaps of stemless flowers laid on moss and plantain-leaves. Incense was burned to these recha, and the people daubed them with the yellow powder with which princes formerly painted and even humble bridegrooms paint themselves on festal days, just as Burmese Buddhists daub gold-leaf on their shrines, and, like the Cingalese Buddhists, heap champak and tulse, jasmine, rose, and frangipani flowers, before their altars. When questioned, the people owned that the offerings at Boro Boedor were in fulfilment of a vow or in thanksgiving for some event in their lives—a birth, death, marriage, unexpected good fortune, or recovery from illness. Other worshipers made the rounds of the circular terraces, reaching to touch each image in its latticed bell, and many kept all-night vigils among the dagobas of the Nirvana circles. Less appealing was the custom, that grew up among the Chinese residents of Djokjakarta and its neighborhood, of making the temple the goal of general pilgrimage on the Chinese New Year's day. They made food and incense offerings to the images, and celebrated with fire-works, feasts, and a general May-fair and popular outdoor fête.

After the temple was uncovered the natives considered it a free quarry, and carried off carved stones for door-steps, gate-posts, foundations, and fences. Every visitor, tourist or antiquarian, scientist or relic-hunter, helped himself; and every residency, native prince's garden, and plantation lawn, far and near, is still ornamented with Boro Boedor's sculptures. In the garden of the Magelang Residency, Miss Marianne North found a Chinese artist employed in «restoring» Boro Boedor images, touching up the Hindu countenances with a chisel until their eyes wore the proper Chinese slant. The museum at Batavia has a full collection of recha, and all about the foundation platform of the temple itself, and along the path to the passagran, the way is lined with displaced images and fragments, statues, lions, elephants, horses; the *hansa*, or emblematic geese of Buddhism; the *Garovda*, or sacred birds of Vishnu; and giant genii that probably guarded some outer gates of approach. A captain of Dutch hussars told Herr Brumund that, when camping at Boro Boedor during the Javanese war, his men amused themselves by striking off the heads of statues with single lance- or saber-strokes. Conspicuous heads made fine targets for rifle and pistol practice. Native boys, playing on the terraces while watching cattle, broke off tiny heads and detachable bits of carving, and threw them at one another; and a few such playful shepherds could effect as much ruin as any of the imaginary bands of fanatic Moslems or Brahmans. One can better accept the plain, rural story of the boy herders' destructiveness than those elaborately built up tales of the religious wars, when priests and people, driven to Boro Boedor as their last refuge, retreated, fighting, from terrace to terrace, hurling stones and statues down upon their pursuers, the last heroic believers dying martyrs before the summit dagoba. Fanatic Mohammedans in other countries doubtless would destroy the shrines of a rival, heretic creed; but there is most evidence in the history and character of the Javanese people that they simply left their old shrines, let them alone, and allowed the jungle to claim at its will what no longer had any interest or sacredness for them. To this day the Javanese takes his religion easily, and it is known that at one time Buddhism and Brahmanism flourished in peace side by side, and that conversion from one faith to the other, and back again, and then to Mohammedanism, was peaceful and gradual, and the result of suasion and fashion, and not of force. The old cults faded, lost prestige, and vanished without stress of arms or an inquisition.

With five hundred Buddhas in near neighborhood, one might expect a little of the atmosphere of Nirvana, and the looking at so many repetitions of one object might well produce the hypnotic stage akin to it. The cool, shady passagran at Boro Boedor affords as much of earthly quiet and absolute calm, as entire a retreat from the outer, modern world, as one could ever expect to find now in any land of the lotus. This government rest-house is maintained by the resident of Kedu, and every accommodation is provided for the pilgrim, at a fixed charge of six florins the day. The keeper of the passagran was a slow-spoken, lethargic, meditative old Hollander, with whom it was always afternoon. One half expected him to change from battek pajamas to yellow draperies, climb up on some vacant lotus pedestal, and, posing his fingers, drop away into eternal meditation, like his stony neighbors. Tropic life and isolation had reduced him to that mental stagnation, torpor, or depression so common with single Europeans in far Asia, isolated from all social friction, living, human interests, and natural sympathies, and so far out of touch with the living, moving world of the

nineteenth century. Life goes on in placidity, endless quiet, and routine at Boro Boedor. Visitors come rarely; they most often stop only for *riz tavel*, and drive on; and not a half-dozen American names appear in the visitors' book, the first entry in which is dated 1869.

I remember the first still, long lotus afternoon in the passagran's portico, when my companions napped, and not a sound broke the stillness save the slow, occasional rustle of palm-branches and the whistle of birds. In that damp, heated silence, where even the mental effort of recalling the attitude of Buddha elsewhere threw one into a bath of perspiration, there was exertion enough in tracing the courses and projections of the terraced temple with the eye. Even this easy rocking-chair study of the blackened ruins, empty niches, broken statues, and shattered and crumbling terraces, worked a spell. The dread genii by the doorway and the grotesque animals along the path seemed living monsters, the meditating statues even seemed to breathe, until some «chuck-chucking» lizard ran over them and dispelled the half-dream.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

ON THE UPPER CIRCULAR TERRACE—THE LATTICED BELLS, OR LOTUS-BUD DAGOBAS.

In those hazy, hypnotic hours of the long afternoon one could best believe the tradition that the temple rose in a night at miraculous bidding, and was not built by human hands; that it was built by the son of the Prince of Boro Boedor, as a condition to his receiving the daughter of the Prince of Mendoet for a wife. The suitor was to build it within a given time, and every detail was rigidly prescribed. The princess came with her father to inspect the great work of art, with its miles of bas-reliefs and hundreds of statues fresh from the sculptor's chisel. «Without doubt these images are beautiful,» she said coldly, «but they are dead. I can no more love you than they can love you»; and she turned and left her lover to brood in eternal sorrow and meditation upon that puzzle of all the centuries—the Eternal Feminine.

At last the shadows began to stretch; a cooler breath came; cocoanut-leaves began to rustle and lash with force, and the musical rhythm of distant, soft Malay voices broke the stillness that had been that of the Sleeping Beauty's enchanted castle. A boy crept out of a basket house in the palm-grove behind the passagran, and walked up a palm-tree with that deliberate ease and nonchalance that is not altogether human or two-footed, and makes one rub his eyes doubtingly at the unprepared sight. He carried a bunch of bamboo tubes at his belt, and when he reached the top of the smooth stem began letting down bamboo cups, fastened one at the base of each leaf-stalk to collect the sap. Everywhere in Java we saw them collecting the sap of the true sugar-palm and the toddy-palm, that bear such gorgeous spathes of blossoms; but it is only in this region of middle Java that sugar is made from the cocoa-palm. Each tree yields daily about two quarts of sap that reduce to three or four ounces of sugar. The common palm-sugar of the passers looks and tastes like other brown sugar, but this from cocoa-palms has a delicious, nutty fragrance and flavor, as unique as maple-sugar. We were not long in the land before we learned to melt cocoa-palm sugar and pour it on grated ripe cocoanut, thus achieving a sweet supreme.

The level valley about Boro Boedor is tilled in such fine lines that it seems in perspective to have been etched or hatched with finer tools than plow and hoe. There is a little Malay temple surrounded by graves in a frangipani grove near the great pyramid, where the ground is white with the fallen «blossoms of the dead,» and the tree-trunks are decked with trails of white and palest

pink orchids. The little kampong of Boro Boedor hides in a deep green grove—such a pretty, picturesque little lot of basket houses, such a carefully painted village in a painted grove,—the village of the Midway Plaisance, only more so,—such a set scene and ideal picture of Java, as ought to have wings and footlights, and be looked at to slow music. And there, in the early summer mornings, is a busy passer in a grove that presents more and more attractive pictures of Javanese life, as the people come from miles around to buy and to sell the necessities and luxuries of their picturesque, primitive life, so near to nature's warmest heart.

All the neighborhood is full of beauty and interest, and there are smaller shrines at each side of Boro Boedor, where pilgrims in ancient times were supposed to make first and farewell prayers. One is called Chandi Pawon, or more commonly Dapor, the kitchen, because of its empty, smoke-blackened interior resulting from the incense of the centuries of living faith, and of the later centuries when superstitious habit, and not any surviving Buddhism, led the humble people to make offerings to the recha, the unknown, mysterious gods of the past.

Chandi Mendoet, two miles the other side of Boro Boedor, is an exquisite pyramidal temple in a green quadrangle of the forest, with a walled foss and bridges. Long lost and hidden in the jungle, it was accidentally discovered by the Dutch resident Hartman in 1835, and a space cleared about it. The natives had never known of or suspected its existence, but the investigators determined that this gem of Hindu art was erected between 750 and 800 A. D. The workmanship proves a continued progress in the arts employed at Boro Boedor, and the sculptures show that the popular faith was then passing through Jainism back to Brahmanism. The body of the temple is forty-five feet square as it stands on its walled platform, and rises to a height of seventy feet. A terrace, or raised processional path, around the temple walls is faced with bas-reliefs and ornamental stones, and great bas-reliefs decorate the upper walls. The square interior chapel is entered through a stepped arch or door, and the finest of the Mendoet bas-reliefs, commonly spoken of as the «Tree of Knowledge,» is in this entranceway. There Buddha sits beneath the bo-tree, the trunk of which supports a pajong, or state umbrella, teaching those who approach him and kneel with offerings and incense. The angels overhead, the birds in the trees, and the lambs on their rocky shelf, listening to the great teacher, and the figures, are worked out with a grace and skill beyond compare. Three colossal images are seated in the chapel, all with Buddha's attributes, and Brahmanic cords as well, and the long Nepal ears of the Dhyani ones. They are variously explained as the Hindu trinity, as the Buddhist trinity, as Buddha and his disciples, and local legends try to explain them even more romantically. One literary pilgrim describes the central Adi Buddha as the statue of a beautiful young woman «counting her fingers,» the mild, benign, and sweetly smiling faces of all three easily suggesting femininity.

One legend tells that this marvel of a temple was built by a rajah who, when once summoned to aid or save the goddess Durga, was followed by two of his wives. To rid himself of them, he tied one wife and nailed the other to a rock. Years afterward he built this temple in expiation, and put their images in it. An avenging rival, who had loved one of the women, at last found the rajah, killed him, turned him to stone, and condemned him to sit forever between his abused partners.

A legend related to Herr Brumund told that «once upon a time» the two-year-old daughter of the great Prince Dewa Kesoumi was stolen by a revengeful courtier. The broken-hearted father wandered all over the country seeking his daughter, but at the end of twelve years met and, forgetting his grief, demanded and married the most beautiful young girl he had ever seen. Soon after a child had been born to them, the revengeful courtier of years before told the prince that his beautiful wife was his own daughter. The priests assured Prince Dewa that no forgiveness was possible to one who had so offended the gods, and that his only course of expiation lay in shutting himself, with the mother and child, in a walled cell, and there ending their days in penitence and prayer. As a last divine favor, he was told that the crime would be forgiven if within ten days he could construct a Boro Boedor. All the artists and workmen of the kingdom were summoned, and working with zeal and frenzy to save their ruler, completed the temple, with its hundreds of statues and its miles of carvings, within the fixed time. But it was then found that the pile was incomplete, lacking just one statue of the full number required. Prayers and appeals were useless, and the gods turned the prince, the mother, and the child to stone,

and they sit in the cell at Mendoet as proof of the tale for all time.

With such interests we quite forgot the disagreeable episode in the steaming, provincial town beyond the mountains, and cared not for Toetlakings-Kaart or assistant resident. Nothing from the outer world disturbed the peace of our Nirvana. No solitary horseman bringing reprieve was ever descried from the summit dagoba. No file of soldiers grounded arms and demanded us for Dutch dungeons. Life held every tropic charm, and Boro Boedor constituted an ideal world entirely our own. The sculptured galleries drew us to them at the beginning and end of every stroll, and demanded always another and another look. A thousand Mona Lisas smiled upon us with impassive, mysterious, inscrutable smiles, as they have smiled during all these twelve centuries, and often the realization, the atmosphere of antiquity was overpowering in sensation and weird effect.

Boro Boedor is most mysterious and impressive in the gray of dawn, in the unearthly light and stillness of that eerie hour. Sunrise touches the old walls and statues to something of life; and sunset, when all the palms are silhouetted against skies of tenderest rose, and the warm light flushes the hoary gray pile, is the time when the green valley of Eden about the temple adds all of charm and poetic suggestion. Pitch-darkness so quickly follows the tropic sunset that when we left the upper platform of the temple in the last rose-light, we found the lamps lighted, and huge moths and beetles flying in and about the passagran's portico. Then lizards «chuck-chucked,» and ran over the walls; and the invisible gecko, gasping, called, it seemed to me, «*Becky! Becky! Becky! Becky! Becky! Becky!*» and Rebecca answered never to those breathless, exhausted, appealing cries, always six times repeated, slowly over and over again, by the fatigued soul doomed to a lizard's form in its last incarnation. There was infinite mystery and witchery in the darkness and sounds of the tropic night—sudden calls of birds, and always the stiff rustling, rustling of the cocoa-palms, and the softer sounds of other trees, the shadows of which made inky blackness about the passagran; while out over the temple the open sky, full of huge yellow, steadily glowing stars, shed radiance sufficient for one to distinguish the mass and lines of the great pyramid. Villagers came silently from out the darkness, stood motionless beside the grim stone images, and advanced slowly into the circle of light before the portico. They knelt with many homages, and laid out the cakes of palm-sugar, the baskets and sarongs, we had bought at their toy village. Others brought frangipani blossoms that they heaped in mounds at our feet. They sat on their heels, and with muttered whispers watched us as we dined and went about our affairs on the raised platform of the portico, presenting to them a living drama of foreign life on that regularly built stage without footlights. One of the audience pierced a fresh cocoanut, drank the milk, and then rolling kanari and benzoin gum in corn-fiber, lighted the fragrant cigarette, and puffed the smoke into the cocoa-shell. «It is good for the stomach, and will keep off fever,» they answered, when we asked about this incantation-like proceeding; and all took a turn at puffing into the shell and reinhaling the incense-clouds. The gentle little Javanese who provided better dinners for passagran guests than any island hotel had offered us came into the circle of light, with her mite of a brown baby sleeping in the slandang knotted across her shoulder. The old landlord could be heard as he came back far enough from his Nirvana to call for the boy to light a fresh pipe; and one felt a little of the gaze and presence of all the Dhyani Buddhas on the sculptured terraces in the strange atmosphere of such far-away tropic nights by the Boedor of Boro.

When we came «gree-ing» back by those beautiful roads to Djokja, and drew up with a whirl at the portico of the Hotel Toegoe, the landlord of beaming countenance ran to meet us, greet us with effusion, and give us a handful of mail—long, official envelops with seals, and square envelops of social usage.

«Your passports are here. They came the next day. They are so chagrined that it was all a stupid mistake. The assistant resident at Buitenzorg telegraphed to the resident here to tell the three American ladies who were to arrive in Djokja that he had posted their passports, and to have every attention paid you. He wished to commend you and put you *en rapport* with the Djokja officials, that you might enjoy their courtesies. Then the telegraph operator changed the message so as not to have to send so many words on the wire, and he made them all think you were some very dangerous people whom they must arrest and send back. The assistant resident knew there was some mistake as soon as he saw you.» (Did he?) «He is so chagrined. And it was all the telegraph

operator's fault, and you must not blame our Djokja residency.»

Instead of mollifying, this rather irritated us the more, and the assistant resident's long, formal note was fuel to the flame.

LADIES: This morning I telegraphed to the Secretary-general what in heaven's name could be the reason you were not to go to Djokja. I got no answer from him, but received a letter from the chief of the telegraph, who had received a telegram from the telegraph office of Buitenzorg, to tell me there had been a mistake in the telegram. Instead of «the permission is not given,» there should have been written, «the papers of permission I have myself this moment posted. Do all you can in the matter,» etc. Perhaps you will have received them the moment you get this my letter.

So I am so happy I did not insist upon your returning to Buitenzorg, and so sorry you had so long stay at Boro Boedor; and I hope you will forget the fatal mistake, and feel yourself at ease now, etc.

Evidently the little episode was confined to the bureau of telegraphs entirely, the messages to consul, secretary-general, and Buitenzorg resident all suppressed before reaching them. Certainly this was no argument for the government ownership and control of telegraphs in the United States. There were regrets and social consolations offered, but no distinct apology; and we were quite in the mood for having the American consul demand apology, reparation, and indemnity, on pain of bombardment, as is the foreign custom in all Asia. Pacification by small courtesies did not pacify. Proffered presentation to native princes, visits to their bizarre palaces, and attendance at a great performance by the sultan's actors, dancers, musicians, and swordsmen, would hardly offset being arrested, brought up in an informal police-court, cross-questioned, bullied, and regularly ordered to Boro Boedor under parole. We would not remain tacitly to accept the olive-branch—not then. The profuse landlord was nonplussed that we did not humbly and gratefully accept these amenities.

«You will not go back to Buitenzorg now, with only such unhappy experience of Djokja! Every one is so chagrined, so anxious that you should forget the little contretemps. Surely you will stay now for the great *topeng* (lyric drama), and the wedding of Pakoe Alam's daughter!»

«No; we have our Toetlakings-Kaarts, and we leave on the noon train.»

And then the landlord knew that we should have been locked up for other reasons, since sane folk are never in a hurry under the equator. They consider the thermometer, treat the zenith sun with respect, and do not trifle with the tropics.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

«JACK.»

THERE 'S more than instinct in the jocund play
Of «Jack,» the little Scot, dear as a child.
Alas! that arrogance has so misstyled
The intelligence of brutes, and said them nay
At this life's close. Denying them, there may
Be no Supreme law such as man has filed
Against them. I could well be reconciled
To share with all of them a judgment-day
And life eternal. Not a blasphemous thought
(Witness, O Thou who knowest me) is mine:
But this dog's life, so innocent, is fraught
With intimations of such high design
That I could wish we never had been taught
To think man only holds the spark divine.

John H. Boner.

(*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XXVIII.

BY the 7th of September Marquis Lafayette was holding the neck of the peninsula of York. A more daring man than Cornwallis would have tried a fall with this army, but he waited for a fleet to relieve him, and behold! none came save that of De Grasse. By September 26 sixteen thousand men were added to those of the marquis, and lay about Williamsburg. Our quiet old hawk had my lord in his clutches, and meant no long delay.

Not to be in advance of the army, his Excellency, who left Philadelphia before us, lingered a few days on the way to visit the home he had not seen for six long years, and we of the staff followed him the day after. Both in town and on the march through Delaware I was occupied as I had never been in my life. The French marched with us, and to keep things straight duplicate orders in both tongues were needed, and there were notes, letters, and despatches to be done into French or English. An aide who spoke French fluently was apt to be in the saddle whenever his pen was not in use.

The life was to me of advantage, because I came daily into contact with officers, young and old, who had seen the finest company in Europe, and from whom there was much to learn. It is Chastellux, I think, who has said that Mr. Washington possessed the charm of such manners as were rare among our officers. With these gentlemen, our allies, the way of doing every little act of the life of society seemed to have been studied and taught, until these gracious and amiable forms were become, as one may say, a part of the man.

No wonder they found us clumsy fellows. Too many of our gentry were not in the war, or were opposed to it. Many regiments were strangely officered, and this, as Graydon says in his memoirs, was especially the case as to the New England troops. But a man with no manners and with brutal habits may fight as well as a marquis.

Now toward the close of the war, if we were still as to looks but a Falstaffian contingent, the material in men and officers had been notably sifted, and was in all essential ways fit for the perilous service to which we were about to address ourselves.

At Mount Vernon we camped—we of the staff—in and out of the house, and were bountifully fed, nor did I ever see his Excellency more to advantage than here. He personally looked after our wants, and lost for a time much of the official reserve with which he guarded himself elsewhere.

At table after dinner he was in the habit of asking one of his aides to propose toasts for him. The day before we left, as we were about to rise from table, Colonel Tilghman said, «One more toast, with your permission, Excellency,» and cried out, «My Lord Cornwallis, and may he enjoy the hospitalities of our army!»

Our host laughed as he rarely did, saying, «We must first catch our fish, Mr. Tilghman.»

I ventured to say, «He is in the net already.»

His Excellency, looking round at me, said gravely, «Pray God the net hold good!» After I had offered the toast of Lady Washington's health, and our thanks for the pleasant days of rest and good cheer, he left us, desiring Mr. Tilghman to see that we had wine enough.

On the 14th we reached Williamsburg. The army rapidly came in by divisions, French and American. Before the 25th we had from the fleet cannon and intrenching-tools, and all our available force was to hand.

I can make clear in a few words the situation of the enemy. The peninsula of York lies between the James and the York rivers. On the south bank of the latter sits the little town of York. Seven redoubts surrounded it. The town was flanked right and left by deep ravines and creeks falling into the York River. Intrenchments, field-works, and abatis, with felled trees, lay to landward.

Gloucester Point, on the opposite shore of the river, was well fortified, and before it lay a small force of British war-ships, the channel being obstructed lower down by sunken

vessels. The French fleet held the river below the town, and we the peninsula.

On the night of the 25th, after a brief visit to the fleet, our chief lay down in the open under a mulberry-tree with one of its roots for a pillow, and slept well, as was audible enough to us who lay at a distance.

That night his lordship abandoned his outworks and drew within the town. We seized these lines next day, losing Colonel Scammel, formerly of the staff, in whose amusing songs and gay talk our chief had used to take much pleasure. On the 28th the armies marched twelve miles down the peninsula, and camped two miles from the town, driving in the pickets and some parties of horse.

By October 1, the weather being fine, we had completed a half-moon of intrenchments, resting at each wing on the river. Two advanced redoubts we threw up were severely cannonaded, so as to interrupt the men at work.

His Excellency, somewhat anxious, came out of his tent, and calling Mr. Tilghman and me, who were writing, rode forth, followed by his faithful black Billy, whom we used to credit with knowing more of what went on than did we of the staff. Mr. Evans, a chaplain, was fain to see more of the war than concerned him, and came after us. As we approached, Billy, riding behind me, said as the cannon-shot went over us:

«Dem redcoats is p'intin' us mighty well.»

Then a shot ricochetted, striking the ground in front and covering us with dust. Mr. Evans, who was standing by, and had now seen quite enough of it, said, «We shall all be killed,» and then looked ruefully at his new beaver, well dusted and dirty.

«You had better carry that home to your wife and children,» said the chief. «This is not the place for you, sir.»

Neither was it much to my own liking, and I was not sorry when we rode back.

On the night of the 9th of October his Excellency put a match to the first gun, and for four days and nights a furious cannonade went on from both sides.

Late on the night of the 10th Jack came to my tent, and we walked out to see this terrible spectacle, climbing a little hill which lay well away from our lines. For a time we were quite alone.

A monstrous dome of smoke hung over the town. Now and then a gust of sea wind tore it apart, and through the rifts we saw the silver cup of the moon and the host of stars. We lay long on the hillock. I suppose the hour and the mighty fates involved made us serious and silent. Far away seventy cannon thundered from our works, and the enemy's batteries roared their incessant fury of reply.

Presently I said, «Jack, how still the heavens are, and under them this rage of war! How strange!»

«Yes,» said Jack; «once I said something of this tranquilness in the skies to our great Dr. Franklin. He is very patient with young fellows, but he said to me: ‹Yes, it is a pleasing thing, even to be wrong about it. It is only to the eye of man that there is calm and peace in the heavens; no shot of cannon can fly as these worlds fly, and comets whirl, and suns blaze; and if there is yonder, as with us, war and murder and ravage, none can say.› It all comes back to me now,» said Jack, «and I thought to tell you.»

«It is a terrible sight,» said I, as the great tumult of sound grew louder. «Let us thank God the cause is a just one.»

«And there are the stars again,» said Jack, «and the moon.» And we were silent once more, watching the death-struggle of a failing cause.

Our own mad world was far other than at peace. The great bombs rose in vast curves overhead, with trails of light, and, seeming to hesitate in mid-air, exploded, or fell on town or ship or in the stream between. As we looked, awe-struck, hot shot set fire to the *Charon*, a forty-four-gun ship, nigh to Gloucester, and soon a red rush of fire twining about mast and spar rose in air, lighting the sublime spectacle, amid the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry, and multitudinous inexplicable noises, through which we heard now and then the wild howl of a dog from some distant farm-yard.

At last the war-ship blew up, and a wonderful strong light lighted the town, the river, and the camp. As it fell the dog bayed again, a long, sharp, wavering cry.

This seemed to me to impress Jack Warder more than anything else in this din of war. He said now and again, «There is that dog,» and wondered what the beast thought of it all. It is curious upon what the minds of men fix on grave occasions. I meant to ask Jack why he spoke over and over of the dog when before us was the bloody close of a great historic tragedy: a king humbled; a young republic at sword-point with an ancient monarchy.

It seemed to me a man's mind must grow in the presence of such might of events. The hill, a half-mile from the lines, was a good vantage-ground whence to see and hear.

Jack and I smoked many pipes, and, as he was not for duty in the trenches, lay here most of that cool October night, wrapped in our cloaks. Sometimes we talked; more often we were silent, and ever the great cannon roared from trench and bastion, or were quiet awhile to let their hot lips cool.

Once Jack fell to talk of how he and I were changed from the quiet Quaker lads we had been, and did I remember our first fight, and Colonel Rupert Forest, and Master Dove? That greater master, War, since then had educated and broadened us. He was more philosophic than I, and liked thus to speculate; but of Darthea he said never a word, though we spoke of many things that memorable night.

At last, when it was near to dawn, Jack jumped up, crying, «Oh, confound that dog!» He had, what I never had, some remnant of the superstitions of our ancestors, and I suspect that the howl of the poor beast troubled him. I guessed at this when he said presently, «I suppose we shall have to carry the place by storm.»

«Now don't tell me you will get hit,» said I. «You always say that. There are enough dead men to set every dog in Virginia a-howling.»

Jack laughed, but I had shamed him out of any desire to repeat his predictions of disaster, and with the signal-rockets in air, and the resounding thunder of this storm of war ever rising and falling, we went at last to our tents.

For two or three days his Excellency kept me busy; but since, except every third or fourth day, Jack had no active work, his diary at this time is very fully kept. I see from its pages that he thought over and over in this leisure of what we had so largely discussed on that night when we lay upon the hill.

«October 11,» I find written.—«Hugh and I had a long talk over our own lives. It is a good thing and wise at times to take stock, as merchants say, of one's self and of one's friends. Indeed, if a man could contrive a moral likeness of his inner self such as he may have of his body, and this at different ages, it were an interesting and perhaps, too, a useful thing. It might much surprise him as the years went on. I think of myself as not so changed as Hugh. I am indeed more shy. As time goes on I arrange to hide it. I am less ambitious. Duty seems to me more and more a thing which I must do by reason of habit, that being strong with me owing much to the constant example set by my friend's life. If I have in me something of the woman's nature, as Mistress Wynne used to declare, I do not now so much dislike the notion. It may explain why, as I mature, nothing in life seems to me so greatly to be desired as the love of my fellows. If I think a man I esteem has no affection for me, I will fetch and carry to get it. Thank God I need not for Hugh. For him I would give my life, should he want it, and what more can a man do for his friend? Yes, there is a greater test, but of that I need not think, since she does not love me, nor ever could I think to win her love.

«My Hugh is a big handsome fellow nowadays, builded to be of the bigness of his father, but cleaner fashioned, from early use of his muscles. He has the strong passions of these hot Welsh, but is disciplined to control them, though not always. He is more serious of late, and has thoughts which surprise me, and show that his mind has grown. I used to think he was too abrupt with people, but he has a gift I have not—the power to capture the fine ways which these French gentlemen possess, so that nowadays he has quite lost the stiff ways in which we were brought up. But this art I have not, nor ever shall have.»

Now all this is more or less true, and as I have said whatever was ill of myself, I like to let another, if a too partial judge, say of me, for the flattery of our blood, what may one day pleasure my children to read.

On the night of the 12th of October our second parallel was opened by Baron Steuben's division, in which was Jack's command. It brought us within three hundred yards of the enemy's works. Here our people, while at the labour of digging, were greatly annoyed by the flanking fire of two redoubts, one on each side, and lying nearly as far out to right and left as were now our advanced trenches.

On the 13th Colonel Tilghman came to ask me to write the needed orders for an assault on these two redoubts. He told me that Marquis Lafayette had asked that his own aide-de-camp, Captain Gimat, should lead the storming-party of Americans from the troops for duty on the 14th, but Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton had insisted on his own right to this honourable risk, he being, on the day set for the assault, in command in the trenches.

This officer, my lifelong friend, had, in February of '81, resigned from the staff, of which resignation too much has been said. It in no way affected the regard for him which our chief entertained, and the occasion of his

leaving the staff was not one, I thought, to justify my friend in so doing, as indeed I made bold to tell him.

He had now written a spirited letter to our chief, claiming the right of command, as he had that day the tour of duty in the trenches. His Excellency, with his strong sense of justice, had decided in Mr. Hamilton's favour, and it was thus settled that he should head our assaulting column, and the marquis have command of the whole detachment, which was to be made up of picked men from the divisions for duty in our works.

I wrote the required orders, and set them forth in the orderly-book. The same day toward nightfall Jack appeared at my tent. He said his company was selected to be of the assault, adding, with a fine colour and very cheerful, that here in a packet were letters he had writ to his father and to my Aunt Gainor, and here, too, another—this with a little hesitation—for Miss Darthea.

I laughed, and said I was a bad person to be his executor, as I meant in some way to contrive to be of the party; how, I did not yet know. He begged me not to risk myself on a business out of my line of duty, but I was firmly set as to the matter, and he went away more serious than I thought worth while. In fact, I was tired of the every-day sameness of staff-duty and incessant letter-writing.

Later in the evening I was sent for to the tent of his Excellency. I found him with the Comtes de Deuxponts and de Rochambeau. I was wanted to act as interpreter. Although his Excellency could comprehend what was said, he possessed no such knowledge of French as to be able to speak it.

The business was soon despatched, and as I lingered the general asked what other matter needed attention. Upon this I replied that I greatly desired to be of the storming-party.

He returned, «I presume of course, sir, that you are not for duty on the 14th?»

I said, «No.»

«Then your business is with the staff. I am unwilling to permit gentlemen to step aside out of their work.» He spoke in his usual deliberate manner, and with a certain sternness such as he well knew how to assume.

I saluted, but stood still a moment, and then said, «I trust, Excellency, that I have fulfilled my duties to your satisfaction.»

«Entirely. I should have made it plain to you had it been otherwise.»

«And I have never asked a favour of your Excellency. I have been twice wounded, have had no home leave for four years, and have spent five months in a British jail.»

I saw a faint smile come over his grave face. «You boys are all alike. Here is Colonel Hamilton in a rage because the marquis would have given his place to Captain Gimat, and now it is an obstinate Welshman must go and get into mischief. I wish the whole army had your spirit, sir.»

I ventured to observe that Colonel Armand had been permitted to serve as a volunteer, and that I had hoped that I too should be allowed a like favour.

His Excellency smiled, and returned, «As a volunteer, Mr. Wynne—well, as a volunteer. Ask Colonel Hamilton. I trust that is satisfactory. Are the orders and detail all made out?»

I said yes, and, thanking him, went away.

Colonel Hamilton, whom I saw early on the 14th, was as much surprised at the result of my request as was I, and was pleased to say he should be glad of my company, and would I be on hand in the trenches before dark?

The French of the old regiment D'Auvergne, which that night won the right to be called D'Auvergne *sans tache*, were to carry the redoubt to the right of the enemy's line. The Baron de Viomenisle was to lead them. Gimat was to have a chance with us.

«There are Connecticut men, and Massachusetts and Rhode Island men, with a reserve from Pennsylvania. The North has the whole business,» said Hamilton, «and your friend Warder has the luck to be with us.»

The redoubt Number Ten on the enemy's left, and nearest the river, fell to us, and Hamilton by no means meant that we should be later in the work than our allies.

I am forced to be thus particular because, although in God's providence I knew it not, I was about to pass through another crisis of my adventurous life. Before dusk I was in the trenches, and lying down amid a crowd of silent men. Hamilton walked to and fro among them, seeing that all were ready, and at last tied a piece of surgeons' bandage around my left arm, a precaution also taken as to the men, that they might be distinguished in the darkness from the enemy.

Pioneers with fascines and ladders were a little later put out in front of the trenches, and with them the sappers and axemen under Captain Kirkpatrick. Within the crowded trenches and behind them the detachment of four hundred men lay ready.

It was cold, and a drizzling rain would

have made it needful, under ordinary circumstances, to keep the pans of the muskets dry; but all loads were drawn, and the marquis meant to trust to the bayonet alone. Jack was afoot, and in his gay fashion was saying something merry to his men. I heard the marquis cry, «Silence!» in queer English, and down the line I could hear officers repeating his order.

For a little while all was still.

«Good-by,» said my Jack. His hand was damp, and shook.

«You dear old idiot!» said I.

It was now close to eight, and of a sudden our cannon ceased. I dimly saw, a few yards away in the deep trench, the marquis looking back toward our camp. The enemy, glad, I dare say, of a chance to cool their guns, also stopped firing. I wished to heaven this horror of waiting were over.

Then a rocket rose high in air over our camp. «Ready, men!» said Hamilton, while I drew my long Hessian blade.

Six bombs in quick succession rose and went over us. I heard the marquis cry out, «*En avant!* Forward!»

«Forward, sappers!» cried a voice in front.

«Come along, boys!» cried Jack. And not giving the sappers more than time to scramble up, we were off in a swift rush through the darkness. The quickly formed line broke irregularly, as we ran over the space between us and the abatis, the sappers vainly trying to keep ahead.

As we rushed forward, my legs serving me well, I saw that they in the redoubt knew what was coming. A dozen rockets went up, Bengal fires of a sudden lighted their works, a cannon-shot went close to my head, and all pandemonium seemed to break loose.

At the stockade, an hundred feet from their works, our men pushed aside the sappers, and tore down the rude barrier, or tumbled over it. They were used to fences. Here Gimat was hurt, and Kirkpatrick of the pioneers, and a moment later Colonel Barber.

The hundred feet beyond were passed at a run, and the men with fascines cast them into the ditch. It was already half full of the wreck the cannon had made in the earthwork. We jumped in, and out; it was all mud and water. Ladders were set against the parapet, but the slope was now not abrupt, having been crumbled away by our guns, so that most of us scrambled up without delay. I saw Captain Hunt fall, the enemy firing wildly. If Sergeant Brown of the Fourth Connecticut, or Mansfield of the Forlorn Hope, were first on the parapet, I do not know. Hamilton got by me, and I saw him set a foot on the shoulder of a man, and jump on to the top of the redoubt. Why more or all were not killed seems to me a wonder. I think if the enemy had been cooler we had been easily disposed of. I saw the girl-boy leap down among the bayonets, and we were at once in a hurly-burly of redcoats, our men with and after us.

For a little there was fierce resistance and a furious struggle, of which I recall only a remembrance of smoke, red flashes, yells, and a confusion of men striking and thrusting. A big Hessian caught me a smart thrust in the left leg—no great hurt. Another with his butt pretty nearly broke my left arm, as I put it up to save my head. I ran him through, and felt that they were giving way.

To left and right was still a mad struggle, and what with the Bengal fires still blazing, and a heap of brush in flames at one side of the redoubt, there was light enough to see. Near about me was a clear space, and a pause such as occurs now and then in such a scrimmage. There were still men who held back, and to whom, as I pushed on, I called, «Come on! We have them!» A great wind from the sea blew the smoke away, so that it was easy to see. As I called out to the men who hesitated on the outer slope, as some will, I heard before me a voice cry, «This way, men!» and, turning, caught sight of the face of Arthur Wynne. He too saw and knew me. He uttered an oath, I remember, crying out, «At last!» as I dashed at him.

I heard ahead of me cries for «Quarter! quarter!» The mass of striving men had fallen back, and in fact the business was at an end. I saw Jack run from my left toward me, but he stood still when he saw what was happening, and instantly, as he came, Arthur and I crossed swords. What else chanced or who else came near I knew not. I saw for the time only that one face I so hated, for the heap of brush in the work was still blazing.

As is true of every Wynne I ever knew, when in danger I became cool at once. I lost no time, but pressed him hard, with a glad sense that he was no longer my master at the game. I meant to kill him, and as he fell back I knew that at last his hour had come. I think he too knew it. He fenced with caution, and was as cool as I. Just as I touched him in the right shoulder I felt a wounded Hessian clutch my leg. I fell squarely backward, my cousin lunging sav-

agely as I dropped. I had been done for had not Jack struck up his blade as I lay, calling out:

«Coward!»

I was up in a moment, pretty savage, and caught sight of my Jack fencing with my man, as calm as if we were in old Pike's gallery. As I stood panting—it was but a moment—I saw Jack's blade whip viciously round Arthur's and pass through his breast, nearly to the guard.

My cousin cried I know not what, fell to one side, and then in a heap across a dead grenadier.

«Better I than thou,» cried Jack, blowing hard. «He will play no more tricks. Come on!»

With a glance at my enemy I hurried past him over dead and wounded men, a cannon upset, muskets cast away, and what not.

«This way, Wynne,» said the marquis. «*C'est fini!* Get those fellows together, gentlemen.»

Our men were huddling the prisoners in a corner and collecting their arms. A red-faced New Hampshire captain was angrily threatening Major Campbell, the commander of the redoubt, who had just surrendered. Colonel Hamilton struck up the captain's blade, or I do believe he would have killed the major. He was furious over the death of Colonel Scammel, who was greatly beloved, and had been killed by Hessians after having given up his sword.

It was over, and I went back to see what had become of Arthur. He was alive, and having dragged himself to the inner wall of the redoubt, was now seated against it. Jack soon found a lantern, and by its light we looked at Arthur. He was covered with blood, but was conscious, and stared at me with dull eyes, without power to say a word.

«Take care of him, Jack,» said I, and went away down the crumbled slope and through the broken abatis, while overhead the bombs howled with unearthly noises and the cannonry broke out anew.

I was still angry that I had not killed the man, and went off to my tent in no very happy state of mind, so tired in body that I could not sleep for hours.

Says Jack, «October 15.—I can never cease to be thankful that, when we had them driven like scared sheep into the far side of the redoubt, I ran back to see what had become of Hugh. It was but a minute I had missed him, and when I saw him slip I had only just time to catch that devil Arthur Wynne's blade. He was used in old days to play with me like a child, but either I am become more skilful or he was out of practice, for I knew pretty soon that he was delivered over to me, and had small chance to get away unhurt. If my friend had killed him,—and that was what he meant, I fear, —would Darthea ever have married Hugh? I know not, but it has been ordered otherwise. There was indeed a way opened, as Friends say. A nice Quaker I am become!»

I was not of his opinion that night. Just before reveille I fell into a broken slumber. I awakened in a sweat, having dreamed that I had put a sword through my cousin, and was troubled that Jack was to tell Darthea. Thus it came to my mind—dulled before this with anger and unsatisfied hate—that I had made a fortunate escape. The morning brought wisdom. I was beginning to think that all was not well between Darthea and Arthur Wynne, and that to kill him would do anything but add to my chances with a woman so sensitive, nor would it much improve matters that his death had come out of the unhappy chances of war.

When in happier mood I began to dress at dawn, I found my left arm very stiff and sore. I must have been much distracted over night not to have felt it, and not to have seen that I was seriously bruised; my breeches were starched stiff with blood from a bayonet-prick. Jack's quarters were on the extreme right, and as soon as the lines broke after morning drill I rode over to find him.

He told me that Dr. Rush was come to camp the day before with other surgeons, and that Arthur was in a tent and cared for by our good doctor, who informed Jack that his sword had traversed the right lung, but had not gone through, as it seemed to me it must have done. The doctor thought he might possibly get over it. Out of his affection for my aunt he would see that Arthur had such care as she would desire for one of her kin, but was it not a most unfortunate accident?

«I assured him,» said Jack, «that it was most lamentable, but might have been worse —as I intended it should be,» added Jack, with a grin. He then asked me had I heard of that good Free Quaker, Colonel Forest, who had taken Major Campbell, saying, «I advise thee to surrender, or thou wilt repent it, d—— thee!» to the delight of Hamilton, who must tell his Excellency that night, having supped with him on his return.

I made haste to write to my aunt, and was able to send our letters North with the general's despatches to Congress. I said nothing

of my own encounter with Arthur, but made mention of Jack's affair as one of the chances of war.

Dr. Rush dressed my arm, and I went back to duty with the member in a sling, and aching like mad. His Excellency, seeing my condition, asked me if my right arm was in good order, but made no reference to the left. After I took his commands for the morning he said, seeing me limp, «Were you much hurt?»

I said, «No; I ran against something sharp in the bastion.»

He smiled, and that was the end of the matter. Fair women and brave men were to his Excellency's liking.

This was my last of active warfare. The marquis tried his hand at a sally, and made ready too late to get away over the York River; but the sally came to nothing, and the belated effort to run to still less.

I neglected to say that the French, having come to the abatis, waited in line while the pioneers used their axes to clear it away. Meanwhile, thanks to too good discipline, they suffered severely. As we rushed the whole thing, we lost far less. «It was very fine and *en règle*,» said Hamilton, «but I like our way better.» And so, I think, do I.

The good doctor liked to come to my staff tent in those days, to talk to me or to others. He seemed to think it necessary to inform me as to my cousin, and I dare say thought me cool about him.

«And if, doctor, I had stuck him through the left side?» said Jack, lying at ease on a bearskin in my tent.

«In that case,» said our doctor, in a quite professional way, «the heart or the great arteries had like enough been pierced.»

«And what then?» asked Jack of the doctor, who was sitting on the camp-bed.

«Probably death would have occurred.»

On this Jack looked up with those innocent eyes, and, pushing back the blond locks, said: «It is a great thing to know anatomy. If only I had made a little study of that science, Dr. Rush, I might have had better success at this pig-sticking business we call war.» The sly humour of the fellow set Hamilton to laughing, but the doctor did not smile.

«It might have been better for Hugh's cousin,» he said.

«Yes,» said Jack, sweetly; «perhaps.»

As they talked I was automatically putting into fine French a letter of his Excellency to Count d'Estaing, and I took in readily what was passing. When Jack said, «Perhaps,» I cried out, «It would be a fine thing, doctor, to have all this saving knowledge on both sides, so as to know where not to hurt one another.»

Hamilton was on the side of Dr. Rush. «It were more to the purpose,» he said, «to sit down and not to go to war at all.» This was set forth demurely, the colonel seeing how serious a dose our fun was for the great physician, who did somewhat lack the capacity to discover the entertainment to be found in this manner of jesting.

He returned gravely that this was his opinion, and that had he his way, war and drinking of spirits should alike cease.

To this we agreed in part as one man, for of war we were tired enough. As to the other matter, we did not mention it. To think of such a revolution was too astonishing in those days, nor have we come to it yet.

After that the doctor discussed Arthur's case with much learning and evident satisfaction. I might like in a day or two to see Captain Wynne. I was of opinion that it would do him harm, and when the great doctor said, «Perhaps, perhaps,» Jack began discreetly to talk war, and asked where was General Gates.

But by this time our doctor had become cautious. His favourite commander was dismissed with a word or two, and so our chat ended, Mr. Hamilton and the physician going away together, each pleased with the other, and, despite some differences in politics, to remain lifelong friends.

On the 17th of October, the Marquis Cornwallis having had a stomach full of fighting, and having failed of his schemes to get away across the York River, beat a parley, and after some discussion signed the articles of capitulation. The soldiers were to remain prisoners in Virginia and Maryland, the officers were to return to Europe upon parole. The beaten army at two on the 19th came down the road between the French and our lines, with the colours in their cases, and the bands playing a British march; for it is of the etiquette of such occasions that the captured army play none but their own tunes. Some wag must have chose the air, for they marched by to the good old English music of «The World Turned Upside Down»; such must have seemed sadly the case to these poor devils.

As I was of the staff, I was privileged to see well this wonderful and glorious conclusion of a mighty strife. Our chief sat straight in the saddle, with a face no man could read, for in it was neither elation nor

show of satisfaction as the sullen ranks came near.

At the head of the line rode General O'Hara. He paused beside our chief, and begged his Excellency to receive the excuses of my Lord Cornwallis, who was not well enough to be present, which no one believed nor thought a manly thing to do.

His Excellency bowed, trusted it was not very serious, but would not receive General O'Hara's sword. With quiet dignity he motioned him to deliver it to Major-General Lincoln, who now had these grateful amends for the misfortune of having had to surrender his own good blade at Charleston.

After this the long array of chagrined and beaten men went by, and, returning to York, were put under guard.

A day or two later a letter of my aunt's informed me of the disorder my father's condition had brought about on his tobacco-plantation in Maryland. This caused me to ask for leave, and, with the understanding that I might be recalled at any time, I received permission to be absent two months.

I set out on November 5 for Annapolis, with two horses and my servant. Arthur Wynne, being found unfit to go to Europe with the rest, was taken a week later by our doctor on a transport to the Head of Elk, and thence by coach to Philadelphia. There, as I heard, the doctor took him to his own house, much amazed that Mistress Gainor would not receive him. Arthur won the good doctor, as he did most people, and, despite all expectations, was said to be mending fast, being much petted by the Tory ladies; but if Darthea had seen him or not I did not then learn.

My affairs in Maryland, where we had many slaves and large interests, kept me busy until near the close of December, when I set out to rejoin the staff in Philadelphia, my leave being up.

During this winter of '81 and '82 my duties were light, and except to write a few despatches daily, and to attend his Excellency on occasions of festivity, I had little to do save to look after my father's affairs.

It is now fit that I return to the narration of such things as immediately concern my personal interests. Arthur Wynne was able to ride out by the end of January, as I heard, for I did not chance to see him. My father remained much as he had been for a year.

Darthea, to our great surprise, on Captain Wynne's return became desirous to yield to her aunt and to go to New York. My aunt said she would get them a pass through our lines in the Jerseys; but this proving difficult, they stayed in and about the city, spending much time at their old home in Bristol. Darthea was so clearly unwilling to see me that I was fain to give it up, and accept what I could not better. When I said I was sorry she wished to go away, my Aunt Gainor replied that I was a fool, and would never be anything else. I asked why, but she was away from my question at once, and went on to tell me what officers were to dine with her that day, and did his Excellency like Madeira? and why was her doctor so fond of quoting Mr. Adams's letters from Holland, where he now was on a mission, with his nasty sneers at Virginians and Mr. Washington? She gave me no time to reply. Indeed, this and much else I saw or heard in those days was quite beyond me.

My aunt's way of dismissing a question she liked not was to pour out matters which were quite irrelevant, when to stop her was altogether past hope. I had learned to wait. She, at my desire, made Jack her aid in her affairs, as I was fully occupied with my father's neglected business. Now, too, she was busy finding Jack a wife, and would tell me all about it, striding to and fro, and with vast shrewdness and humour discussing the young women we knew.

«Cat» Ferguson was very humble, and the Chews in great favour with his Excellency. I was fain to dismiss my wonder as to Darthea, and, unable to recur to the question I had asked, I went away to headquarters in the great Chew house in Third street.

The town was gone wild with feasting and dinners, and as the general liked his staff to attend him, I had more of these engagements than I cared about.

Arthur, still weak and on parole, lingered; but why he did not get permission to go to New York, as had been easy, I could not well understand.

In February, '82, I came home to my father's one morning at an earlier hour than usual, and to my surprise heard my cousin's voice.

«I fear, sir, I am not understood. I came for the deed you promised me.»

My poor father, a huge, wasted framework of a big man, was looking at him with lacklustre eyes. He said, «My wife will be with us presently. Wilt thou stay for dinner?»

I went in at once, saying, «I am more than amazed, sir, to see you here. As to the deed you would have stolen—»

«What!» he cried.

«I said ‹stolen,› sir. As to the deed you would have stolen from a man too feeble in

mind to guard his own property, I have only this to say,—» amid constant duties it had gone from my mind,—: «I shall put no obstacle in the way of your seeing it.»

«I have no other purpose,» he said quietly —«none. To you I could not go, and, sir, if you choose to consider my effort in any other light than an honest one, I have no more to say. We have enough causes of difference without that.»

«Quite enough,» said I. I was beginning to lose grip of my patience. «Quite enough. That they were not settled long ago an accident alone prevented.»

«I am not, sir, in a way fitly to answer you. Neither is this a place nor a presence for this discussion.»

«At least we can agree as to that,» said I; «but I did not seek it. At my own leisure I shall have to ask you certain questions which, as a gentleman and a man of honour, you will find it hard to answer.»

«I fail to comprehend,» he returned, with his grand air, looking all the better for his paleness.

I said it was not now needful that he should, and that in future he would understand that he was no longer a welcome guest.

«As you please,» he said.

I thought he showed little anxiety to hear at length what was in my mind.

Meanwhile, as we spoke, my father looked vacantly from me to him and from him to me, and at last, his old hospitable instincts coming uppermost, he said, «Thou hast not asked thy cousin to take spirits, Hugh.»

Arthur, smiling sadly, as I thought, said: «Thank you, none for me. Good-day, Cousin Wynne,» and merely bowing to me, he went out, I ceremoniously opening the door.

I had said no more than I intended to say; I was resolutely bent upon telling this man what he seemed to me to be and what I knew of his baseness. To do this it was needful, above all, to find Delaney. After that, whether Darthea married my cousin or not, I meant that she should at last know what I knew. It was fair to her that some one should open her eyes to this man's character. When away from her, hope, the friend of the absent, was ever with me; but once face to face with Darthea, to think of her as by any possibility mine became impossible. Yet from first to last I was firm in my purpose, for this was the way I was made, and so I am to this day. But whether I had loved her or not, I should have done my best out of mere friendship to set her free from the bonds in which she was held.

I had heard of Delaney as being in the South, but whether he had come out alive from the tussles between Morgan, Marion, and Tarleton, I knew not. On asking Colonel Harrison, the general's secretary, he told me he thought he could discover his whereabouts. Next day he called to tell me that there was an officer of the name of Delaney at the London Inn, now called «The Flag,» on Front street, and that he had been asking for me. I had missed him by five minutes. He had called with despatches from Major-General Greene.

To my joy this proved to be the man I wanted, nor was it surprising that he should thus luckily appear, since the war was over in the South, and a stream of officers was passing through Philadelphia daily to join the Northern army.

For a moment he did not know me, but was delighted when I named myself.

I said I had no time to lose, and asked him to meet me at my aunt's in the afternoon. I much feared that Arthur would get away before I was ready to talk to him.

Delaney had received my last letter and had answered it, but whither his reply went I cannot say. At all events, he had lingered here to find me. When we met at my Aunt Gainor's that afternoon, it took but a few minutes to make clear to her the sad tale of Arthur's visit to the jail.

My friend had no sooner done than the old lady rose, and began as usual to walk about, saying: «You will excuse me; I must think of this. Talk to Hugh.» What there was to think of I could not see.

Delaney looked on amused, and he and I chatted. She was evidently much disturbed, and while the captain and I talked, I saw her move a chair, and pick up and set down some china beast. At last she said: «Come in at nine to-night, Mr. Delaney. I want to think this over. I have still much I desire to ask you. It deeply concerns my nephew in a way I cannot now explain to you. May I have the privilege of another half-hour?»

Delaney bowed.

«Of course I do not want you, Hugh,» she added.

When you have known a woman as long as I had known my aunt, there are sometimes hints or warnings in her most casual expressions. When my aunt said I was not wanted that evening I knew at once that she was meditating something out of the common, but just what, I did not think to ask myself. My Aunt Gainor was all her life fond of what she called inventing chances, a fine phrase,

of which she was proud. In fact, this sturdy old spinster liked to interfere authoritatively in the affairs of men and women, and believed that for this she had a special talent, which in fact she discovered no inclination to bury; but what now she had in hand to do I knew not.

She was deeply grieved for a season to find that her plans went awry, or that men were disappointed, or that women would not go her way. «When she hurts you,» said Mrs. Ferguson, «she is like a child, and has a dozen silly devices for doctoring your wounds. We have fought many times, and made up as often. There is no real malice in her,» which was true.

Jack Warder once remarked in his lively way that Mistress Wynne had a richly coloured character. I fear it may have looked at times very black to some and very rose-tinted to others, but assuredly never gray in its tones, nor other than positive.

With me she took all manner of liberties, and with Darthea too, and if ever she were in doubt if it were well to meddle in our affairs I know not. A vast richness of human love and an urgent desire of rule lay underneath the life she showed the outer world of quadrille and dinners and gossip.

When she hurt us, or, as Darthea said, broke her china in trying to wash it, she fell back on our love with a quite childlike astonishment that what was come out of affection should give rise to resentment.

With a slight puzzle in my mind I went away with Delaney to dine at the London Coffee-house, which now showed our own new flag, where so often I had passed in under the cross of St. George.

«We have a new St. George now,» said Mr. John Adams, in one of those ill-natured letters to Dr. Rush which filled my aunt with rage. «*Sancte Washington, ora pro nobis.*» The Massachusetts statesman admired *our* grave and knightly St. George, but there are those who cannot fly a kite without the bob-tail of a sneer—which is good wit, I think, but not my own; it was Jack said that.

When Delaney left me to call again upon my aunt, I little dreamed of what part she meant him to play. He left the town early next day, and had it not been for Jack I should not for a long while have known fully what an hour brought forth.

«On the afternoon of February 28 of this 1782,» says Jack's diary, «I got a note from Mistress Wynne asking me to see her on business at nine. I found with her, to my pleasure, the good fellow Delaney, and was able to thank him for the service he had done us all in his noble care of Hugh. We talked over our battles, and presently comes in Darthea, whom now we see but rarely, for reasons best known to herself.

«I do believe Hugh has given up his love-affair as a thing quite hopeless, and no wonder. I think she still sees that rascal of an English captain, and perhaps he will not have her keep up a closer friendship with such as no longer desire his own acquaintance.

«Mr. Delaney was, like all men, charmed with Miss Peniston, and the talk went on busily enough, the young woman in good spirits and the captain most amusing.

«By and by he spoke quite naturally of the horrors of their life in the provost's prison, and upon this Darthea, becoming of a sudden seriously attentive, listened with fixed gaze. Our hostess, seeing her chance, said: ‹I meant to ask you more of that to-day, but my nephew hates even to hear of it. How long were you there?›

«‹I was taken at Germantown like Mr. Wynne, and was kept until June. After Wynne nearly killed that rascal Cunningham things were worse than ever.›

«‹And was Hugh so very ill?›

«‹He could not have been worse to live at all.›

«‹And was there no inspection amidst all those horrors? Do you suppose Sir William knew nothing of them? I can hardly credit that.›

«Darthea looked round at Mistress Wynne. She had been unusually silent. Now turning to Delaney, she said, with slow articulation: ‹I also am curious, Mr. Delaney. We heard many rumours and some unpleasant facts. Could Sir William Howe have known? I cannot think it.›

«‹But he must, after the inspections, and there were three to my knowledge.›

«‹Indeed?› said Mistress Wynne. ‹'T is most strange!›

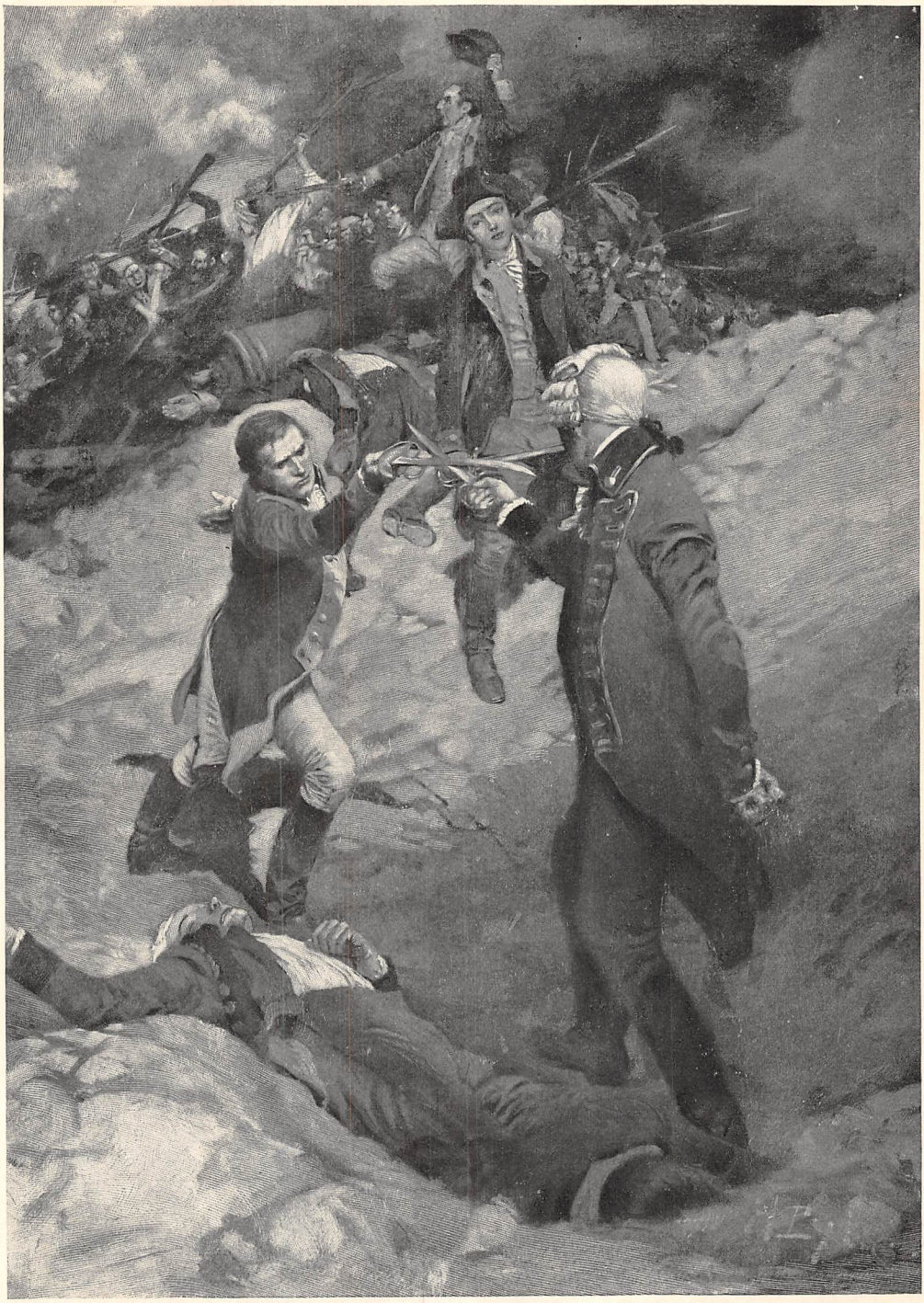
«Delaney hesitated, not liking, I suppose, to mention Arthur, her cousin, of whose close relation to Darthea, however, he was not aware.

«‹And one,› Mistress Wynne went on, ‹was, I hear, made by our kinsman.›

«‹Yes,› said Delaney, ‹and that did certainly amaze me. Captain Wynne—›

«‹Captain Wynne!› exclaimed Darthea, and, turning her head, she looked sharply at Mistress Wynne and then at me. I think that Delaney, being unfamiliar with her habits of speech, did not notice how strange was the tone in which she added, ‹We all know Mr. Arthur Wynne.›

«‹Indeed!› said Delaney; ‹but of course I might have known that.›



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

THE DUEL.

«‹Yes, yes! I interrupted you. Pray, go on; it is most interesting.›

«‹Very,› said Mistress Wynne. And now I saw what a wicked trap our spinster-fox had laid for poor Darthea. Delaney, a bit puzzled, glanced at me. I made no sign. It must not stop here.

«‹It is a queer story, Miss Peniston, and not much to the credit of his Majesty's officers.›

«‹What next?› said Darthea.

«‹Oh, the tale is brief and brutal. I was seated on the straw one day, with Hugh's head in my lap, putting water on his forehead and trying to quiet him, when the turnkey came in with an English officer. This gentleman looked about him at the few left alive, asked carelessly who broke the window-panes, and then suddenly seemed to notice Hugh. He asked who was this poor devil. The turnkey said, «Name of Wynne, sir.» Then the captain stood still a moment, staring at us, and, as if curious, bent down, asking me what Hugh was saying. Now my poor friend was muttering over and over, «Dorothea! Dorothea!»—some woman's name, I suppose, but what woman he never told me.›

«At this I saw Darthea flush, but perhaps remembering that Mr. Delaney might know her only as Miss Peniston, which was the fact, she controlled herself and said quickly: ‹He asked his name? Are you sure he asked his name? Could there have been no mistake?›

«Delaney looked the surprise he no doubt felt, and replied, ‹Yes; of that I am sure.›

«‹Do you think,› said Darthea, ‹he knew how ill Mr. Hugh Wynne was?›

«‹Certainly; I heard the turnkey tell him that a day or two would see Hugh in the potter's field with the rest. The doctor had said as much. This was true; he had told me it was useless for him to return, and indeed I thought so too. They buried a half-dozen a day. When told that this man Wynne had jail-fever, the captain seemed in haste to leave. At the door he turned and took another look at Hugh, and then went out. I asked his name next day, but the turnkey laughed, and said it was none of my business. I had a fancy that the inspector desired to remain unknown. I was sure of this when, a few days after, I described the officer to Hugh, who was then quite himself. When Hugh said at last, «Had he a scar over the left eye?» and I said he had, Hugh cried out in a rage that it was his cousin, and would talk of nothing else for days. I fear there can be no doubt that the inspecting officer was Captain Arthur Wynne.›

«‹Horrible!› exclaimed Mistress Wynne. ‹Incredible!›

«‹Yes; it seems to me a quite inconceivable thing, but I am certain, though the man looked a gentleman all over.›

«‹He looked a gentleman all over,› said Darthea, with strange deliberateness of speech.

«This while Mistress Wynne sat drawn up, her face set, and one hand moving on the arm of the chair, just the same queer trick her brother had. As for me, I watched Darthea. It was a merciless plot, and may have been needed; but in truth the way of it was cruel, and my heart bled for her I loved.

«As she spoke her tones were so strange that Mr. Delaney, who was clearly but an innocent though sharp tool, said: ‹I beg pardon, Miss Peniston. These sad stories are too dreadful to repeat. Miss Wynne would have it—›

«But Darthea was now quite lost to the common ways of life. She went on like a person questioning herself, as it sounded to me. ‹Arthur Wynne asked his name. Is that so?›

«Delaney said, ‹Yes,› now, as I saw, quite troubled, and wishing himself out of it, I dare say.

«‹And he knew he was in rags, starved, dying, and he left him?› continued Darthea. ‹He left him—to die.›

«‹Yes; but—›

«‹No matter. I must hear all—all!› she cried sharply—‹all! I am the person most concerned.›

«‹Darthea!› then exclaimed Miss Wynne, alarmed, I suppose, at her wild manner and breaking voice.

«But Darthea went on. ‹This is my business, madam. You are sure, sir? This is no time to trifle. I—I am—I must know! I must know! Would you say this to Captain Wynne were he here? Answer me, sir!›

«‹Certainly I would, Miss Peniston.›

«‹Mistress Wynne,› said Darthea, rising, ‹I have been brought here to let a stranger see my—my weakness. It is plain. Did you think I could hide it, madam? Pardon me, sir. You have done me a cruel service. I—I thank you. I bid you good-evening, Mistress Wynne. Was there no other way, no kinder way, to tell me? Will you take me home, Jack? I—I am tired.›

«We had all risen with her at the beginning of this last speech, I troubled, Miss Wynne very red, and only fit to say over and over, ‹Darthea! Darthea!› Mr. Delaney annoyed, and lacking knowledge of the situa-

tion; all of us awkward and confused save Darthea, who passed out into the hall, followed by Miss Wynne, and saying as she went forth, ‹I will never forgive you, madam, never! never! You are a wicked old woman! I shall never speak to you again. I did not think it.›

«I walked in silence beside her to Mrs. Peniston's home. ‹Thank you, Jack,› said she, in a sweet, low voice. ‹You did not know, did you, of this sad story?›

«‹Yes, dear lady, but of this disgusting plot, no.›

«‹But why did you, who are my friend, and Mr. Hugh Wynne, and all of you, leave me in the dark as to this—this man?›

«I said quickly that it was not well to have told her until Mr. Delaney could be found. He had but just now come. She had seemed to trust Captain Wynne's story; Hugh's was but the hearsay of a man just out of a deadly fever. We had waited.

«As I spoke, she stood with her calash bonnet fallen back, clear to see by the full moonlight, and looking with intent face across Arch street, as it might be with envy of the untroubled dead of generations who lay around the meeting-house. As I ended, she said:

«‹I have been a fool, Jack, but I loved him; indeed I did. Is there more? I know Hugh hates him. Is there more?›

«‹Too much, too much, Darthea,› I said.

«‹Then come in. I must hear all—all.› And she knocked impatiently.

«Presently we were in the parlour. ‹Fetch a light,› she said to the black who opened for us. When we were alone and seated, she said quietly: ‹Jack, you are my only friend. I do trust *you*—oh, entirely. Now what is it? I must know all. Why has Hugh Wynne been silent? It is not like him.›

«‹I have already told you why. Partly because, Darthea, you were away, or would not see us. That you know. Partly because Hugh had only his own word to give; but this I have told you.›

«‹Yes, yes,› she cried; ‹but what else?›

«‹I think,› said I, ‹knowing him well, that Hugh meant, when once he had Delaney's evidence, to tell his cousin face to face, and so force him to release you.›

«‹That is my business, not his,› she broke in. ‹What has Hugh Wynne to do with it? Am I a child?›

«‹It had been the kinder and the manlier way,› said I. ‹Now there is no need; but Hugh will be furious with his aunt.›

«‹I am glad of that. What else is there? You are hiding something.›

«‹There was that scene in the garden, Darthea.›

«She coloured at this. ‹Yes, I know; but there were reasonable excuses for that, and no one had time to think.›

«‹Two people had, Darthea.›

«‹We will let that pass, Jack. Don't play with me.›

«Then, driven to the wall, so to speak, I told her of the sad revelation André had made to Hugh, and how, being Hugh's enemy, Arthur had been base enough to involve him in an affair which might have been his ruin.

«‹Yes, yes,› she said, ‹I see; but who could know, or who think to use such knowledge?›

«I was taken aback at her seeming to have any doubt. I coldly set myself to tell her of Arthur's double-dealing about the estate, and of how he had made Hugh's father believe he was minded to consider the ways of Friends, and at last of how he had borrowed money and had set poor Hugh's half-demented father against him. I did not spare her or him, and the half of what I said I have not set down. The Arnold business I did return to, seeing that it struck her, or seemed to, less than it did me; for to my mind it was the worst.

«‹Darthea,› I said, ‹how could a man of honour or even of good feeling put any gentleman in such peril of worse than death? There were Tories enough to have done his shameful errand. But oh, dear Darthea, to suggest to send on such business an open, frank enemy,—his cousin too,—that was too bad for the lowest and vilest!›

«‹Hush!› she said, ‹I know enough. You have been both brave and good. You are the best man I know, Jack Warder, and the kindest. I wish I loved you. I am not worthy of you. Now go away.›

«I obeyed her, and this was so far the end of a miserable affair. What Hugh will say to Miss Wynne, God knows. As for me, I have given a rascal his dues; but I cannot do this and not tell him to his face what I have said behind his back.

«This was at night, but I had no better counsel in the morning.

«I went to find Mr. Delaney, but he was gone, having, as I heard later, put on paper what he had seen and heard in the Provostry.»

(To be concluded in the next number.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

XII.

«POTON DE XANTRAILLES is love-lorn,» said La Hire, with a wink at his friend's back; for the tall knight mounted and rode off to St. Denis without waiting for him. La Hire's own courser was held ready by a page, but he lingered, spreading himself and his cloak upon a chair, and holding a cup in his fist on the table where he had been drinking. He sat before the door of his quarters in the crowded lane of La Chapelle, which was then a small faubourg outside the ramparts of Paris. There was a stretch of fields to the city walls on the southern horizon.

«Since Poton hath been appointed governor of Coucy his mind runs to serious things, —mass and confession,—so that he hath no longer any stomach for good company. Take warning by Poton, Messire d'Arc, and let thoughts of women alone. La Hire never looks at a woman,» said the old sinner, rolling his eyes behind his chair, where Pierre could see a red petticoat half concealed by his wide cloak.

«What have we in La Chapelle or St. Denis to make a man love-lorn, Messire la Hire?» the pucelle's brother asked, laughing. He knew well whose black eyes snapped near the knight's broad shoulder. Though women of her class were forbidden the camp, he had many times seen Haumette Davide, gorgeous from a summer among Burgundians, slip about behind his sister's back. And he had talked with her, half in contempt and half in pity, loving the familiar sound of the whistling Domremy «*oui*,» which is like «whist!»

Pierre sat his horse with drawn rein for the pastime of enjoying La Hire's embarrassment. But he added in seriousness:

«Messire de Xantrailles is only cast down like the rest of us because we are kept idle in camp.»

The knight struck the table until his wine-flask staggered.

«We ought to take Paris to-morrow. By my baton, La Hire is tired of this. The king and La Trémouille have sat in St. Denis a week, holding the pucelle in leash, bemoaning the expenses of an army they keep idle; while the Duke of Bedford in Paris laughs at them, having a hundred and twenty thousand livres tournois a month as his revenue drawn from France.»

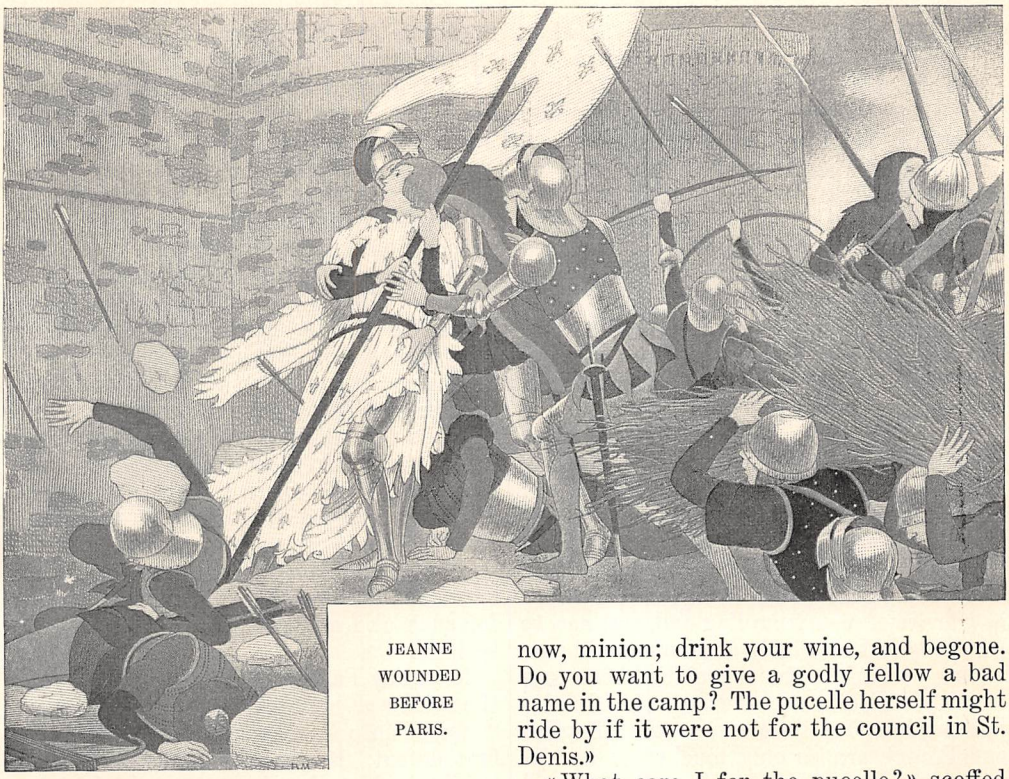
In his excitement La Hire raised and shook his arm, twitching the cloak farther off Haumette. Her reminder caused his face to fall into sudden distortion, and he arranged his draperies in haste; but in serious conference with the soldier Pierre forgot to be amused by the bacchanal. He looked through a passage left between houses at meadows sweeping away to the Seine, which, after cleaving Paris, makes a bend northward. He could not see the distant river, but all the fields were spread with September glory of pale-pink and pale-blue crocuses, star-cloth, a prodigal carpet for mailed feet and trundling artillery and the chafing of coursers' hoofs. Pierre could smell, above the barn-yard odors of this stone village crowded with many horses, a piece of wild mignonette he had stuck in his corselet because it reminded him of Domremy. There the little brownish-yellow blossom twinkled all summer, overclothing the sward in every direction.

«Messire la Hire, is La Trémouille part English?»

«No; but he is wholly bad French. Hark ye, my lad, who was Georges la Trémouille before the king took him up? Nothing but a dependent of the Duc de Richemont, and for being placed at court by that noble he hath bred enmity betwixt his patron and the king. He had a sister married to a low Scot little better than a stable-boy. You remember,» cried La Hire, with pleasure in bringing the facts to Pierre's own experience, «the little maid that embroidered the pucelle's standard in Tours?»

Pierre did remember her, to the roots of his hair. He sat his horse, helplessly detected in a feeling which La Hire had not the eyes to see.

«That was the Scotchman's daughter, the child of La Trémouille's sister. She hath been left on his hands by the Scotch painter's death since we marched from Rheims.»



JEANNE WOUNDED BEFORE PARIS.

«Who brought news of the Scotch painter's death, messire?»

«A messenger from the queen to the king, that I myself saw in St. Denis yesterday. His name—»

«But where now is the demoiselle?»

«Oh, she is with her grandmother in Loches; and the favorite's elder sister, De Beuil's wife, hath already stirred herself to tie the young calf to the royal crib. The Scotch demoiselle is now our queen's new maid of honor. Bring in all nations,» blustered La Hire. «France is meat for every crow on earth. By my baton, if the good Lord came down to France in these days, he would turn robber like the rest!»

Pierre felt strong need to slap La Hire's red face, where unshaven hairs bristled with general aggressiveness; but taking up the glove for the La Trémouille family against his friend was such madness that he put himself beyond another word by spurring off suddenly for St. Denis. Charles had appointed a council to consider an attack on Paris,—the king was not slack in holding councils,—and Pierre's duty was to attend the pucelle.

«It is time La Hire himself took to horse,» declared the knight, in a flurry of haste, bouncing around on his chair. «Come out now, minion; drink your wine, and begone. Do you want to give a godly fellow a bad name in the camp? The pucelle herself might ride by if it were not for the council in St. Denis.»

«What care I for the pucelle?» scoffed Haumette, resuming her seat on the table, and filling the cup she had carried into hiding. «Did I not know her in Domremy? She is no better than I am. Must I hide whenever the D'Arc family make a procession? No, by my faith! The Davides are as good as they are.»

«Ho!» cried the knight, starting up and seizing her by the shoulders. «Down again, Haumette! Squat, toad! Yonder comes the pucelle.»

«Let her squat before me,» retorted Haumette, holding stubbornly to the table.

«But it is the pucelle.»

«I also,» said Haumette, defiantly—«I am a pucelle of Domremy. There be two of us, Messire Broadback.»

La Hire's face became dinted all over, as if every fat pore opened its mouth in consternation. «Oh, get thee behind me, Sathan! By all the batons in Christendom, see the minion flaunt!»

He snatched his cloak, and bolted into the house out of sight. Haumette sprang upon the table. Her wide-featured, snapping-eyed beauty took on unspeakable insolence. «Bring here the horse,» she commanded La Hire's page; and not being hindered by his master, he led it to the table, and Haumette bestrode it. The courser reared, but the page still held

its huge iron bit, restraining its power, while she with the bridle directed its course.

Jeanne came riding beside the king from the direction of Paris, where they had been inspecting the ramparts, with a small escort. Her face was marked by weariness and discouragement. She wore instead of her helmet a hat with turned-up brim cut in battlements, which encircled her forehead like a crown. Wind and sun had taken away some of her whiteness, and anguish was growing in the hazel eyes from royal inertia; but she was a divine sight, which men remembered, and afterward described according to their diverse spirits.

The triumphal march of that glorious summer which had given back to their king Soissons, Château-Thierry, Compiègne, and many another town, with wide stretches of northern country, which had terrified the Duke of Bedford from Paris to Normandy, and back again to Paris, and had drained new levies of men from England, was now to be wholly lost or wholly consummated by its ending at Paris. The regent had been cautious about risking decisive battle, but Charles had outdone his invaders, so that English and French armies only touched in a skirmish near Baron, by Senlis. «Paris,» said the Duke of Bedford, «is the key of France.» And Charles seemed loath to stretch out his hand and seize the key of his realm. He could not advantageously use what was in loyalty given to him, while the Regent of England, in order to carry on war, was strong-handed enough to lay a tax even on the small pay of his soldiers.

All the hopelessness of Jeanne's colossal task took physical shape in a woman of the camp shocking against her with an ill-guided and struggling courser. She looked up from her saddle-bow at an impudent face defying her even to cleanse the troops. Her eyebrows drew together, her nostrils quivered, her hand brought up the sword of Fierbois like a flash, and smote it flat across Haumette Davide's back. The blade parted in two. One piece fell under the feet of La Hire's horse, and Jeanne stared silently at what remained on the hilt in her hand.

«By my faith!» said Charles, reddening with displeasure, «you have broken the sword of Fierbois on a camp-follower. Are there no cudgels in La Chapelle?»

She heard whispers behind her and outcries in the houses. The maid had broken her miraculous sword; it was a bad omen! La Hire's page picked up the fragment, still holding the snorting courser on which Haumette Davide clung and cowered; and Jeanne tried to fit the parts together. The camp armorer came running, but he shook his head at the sight. Those old blades which could be bent around the body—the making of them was a lost art, and the mending of them was an art yet undiscovered.

Jeanne left the sword in his hands without a second look. Her eyes dwelt on the creature she had struck. It was not her instant recognition or piteous repentance which pierced Haumette Davide. Nor was it her blinding greatness that made the depraved one crouch before her. It was some nameless power, some revealing of light from another world.

When Jeanne d'Arc had passed on, Haumette slipped from the horse and crept to a secluded place where she could sit on one of the cylindrical stones bestowed at wall sides to keep wheels from chafing.

«I wish she had run me through with her sword,» said Haumette; «it would be too good for such as I am, but her sword would not be hurt.»

Next day Paris was assaulted. At night the maid was brought by a rabble of troops wounded into La Chapelle, having met her first defeat. It was like a rout, where no knight could collect his retinue, and horses clashed harness with one another in the low evening light coming across level plains. The young Duc d'Alençon was beside her. She rode with her head on her breast, unaware that one mailed foot occasionally dripped blood through the clumsy iron stirrup.

Jeanne's victories had been culminations of effort. When the French flagged after long fighting, and their enemies also relaxed effort, then the spirit seemed to come mightily upon her. At early morning assault was made on the Porte St. Honoré, and lasted until evening. Straining with all her might, Jeanne yet waited for that certain sign that Paris was given to her, when the king and La Trémouille sounded a retreat. It was then twilight. Jeanne, without heeding the trumpet, led on in the midst of din and crash. Two knights, being sent for the purpose, seized her and forced her upon her horse. «En nom Dé, we are about to go in!» pleaded the struggling pucelle. But the tide of retreat had set out, and it carried her along.

«Take this not to heart,» urged D'Alençon, leaning toward her. «We will try Paris on another side. What do you think of the bridge of boats across the Seine at St. Denis? You shall see Paris nearer than you

have yet seen it, and by the left bank, though we ride far to strike where a stroke is least expected.»

«The bridge of boats was well planned; but, fair duke,» said Jeanne, throwing up her vizor, and showing the deep lights of her eyes to this companion in arms, «the city was ours this night. We should have gone in through the breach we had made. It was almost taken.»

«A night's rest and comforting of the bolt-wound in your foot will not come amiss. Without waiting on councils, we will take our people and dash across to a new attack at dawn. If your wound proves too sore, send me instant word by your page, pucelle.»

«The wound shall not hinder me; I scarce knew I had it until they pulled me from the breach. We will ride early, fair duke, and that must be a loud trumpet that recalls us to-morrow.»

She was ready to laugh, with the prospect of directly renewing the assault. And the La Chapelle woman in whose house and bedchamber she slept rose astonished, in the dark of the morning, to bring her the bread and watered wine on which she broke her fast. A young maid with a pierced foot in bandages and oil, she dressed in haste like joy itself, to go out through fog across a bridge of boats, to be shot at again by all the archers of Paris!

Bertrand de Poulengy came with her armor, and as he drew the straps with practised fingers she promised him relief.

«We will take Paris to-day, Bertrand; and afterward, by exchange of prisoners, we must get poor D'Aulon back. You have had double labor since he fell into the hands of the English at Baron. I grieve for poor D'Aulon.»

«I also,» said Bertrand, with gentle irony —«I grieve for poor D'Aulon.»

«I do esteem him, Bertrand.»

«I also,» said Bertrand. «As soon as the English had him my esteem rose. If they will only keep him, I shall in time love him like a brother.»

Jeanne glanced over her shoulder at her squire, who was diligent with her buckles.

«Indeed, D'Aulon never grieved me. But I have done myself more discomfort than any other has ever done me, by breaking the sword of Fierbois. It can never be mended. Oh, Bertrand, I did not come to the wars to break the sword of Fierbois on poor Haumette Davide!»

«Let it go, and heed it not,» said the squire, bringing her belt with a strong sword which she had taken the day before at the Porte St. Honoré. «Here is one that answers as well to give good blows and clouts with.»

She had herself thrown the long-sleeved levite over her mail, and as he knelt with her girdle, her unusually piteous face broke him down in his vow. He seized her hands and kissed them, and trembled with uncontrollable passion. The touch of her was so sweet to him, and ease from his long self-restraint was so blessed, that he held her with strength until she wrenched herself loose, throwing him forward upon his palms.

The squire stood up and faced her, his blue eyes dauntless with the rage of his love. Jeanne turned her back on him.

«I will go to Haumette Davide,» spoke Bertrand. «She is at least a woman. She will speak a word of pity to a wretch that has not had his torment eased in three long years. My faith, as well as the sword of Fierbois, shall be broken on Haumette Davide!»

He flung himself into the humid dawn, where fog trailed like wet threads in La Chapelle street between his face and the face of Louis de Coutes, who held Jeanne's courser.

The page gave little heed to the squire. Holding the bridles of war-horse and palfrey, he waited in haggard excitement to deliver news to the maid. Jeanne brought out her casque, which Bertrand had left unlaced, for Louis de Coutes to carry behind her on his saddle-bow. The squire was nowhere to be seen, and even Pierre failed to attend her. The low sky trailed on roofs, and drops of humidity began at once to dim her mail like an overcoating of minute beads.

«The Duc d'Alençon and Messire Pierre d'Arc have both gone to St. Denis,» said the page, without waiting for her inquiry.

«They are in haste, but by hard riding we shall overtake them. Are the troops all stirring?»

Louis stood bareheaded before her. The hair curled about his neck. «Pucelle, they went to the king. They bade me tell you the bridge of boats is cut adrift. No one can now cross to attack Paris.»

«When was this thing done?»

«Last night.»

«By whose command?»

«The king's.»

Jeanne's face stiffened; but she said directly: «The bridge of boats—en nom Dé, let it go; we can enter elsewhere than by the bridge of boats. We shall go in by the breach made yesterday at the Porte St. Honoré. Why has the duke gone to the king? He should be riding down hither with his troops. Mount, and after him! I think the men are

all mad this morning. We have no time for councils and visits of ceremony.»

«But, pucelle,» disclosed the page, «King Charles has ordered a retreat from Paris.»

The stern maid put her attendant on his defense.

«Am I to believe this story? Who left St. Denis in the night with such commands from the king?»

«His majesty's own herald. And there was haste; but you were not to be roused from sleep. The Duc d'Alençon rode off to St. Denis to inquire into the matter, and he himself sent you word that the bridge of boats is cut adrift.»

«The king has ordered a retreat from Paris?»

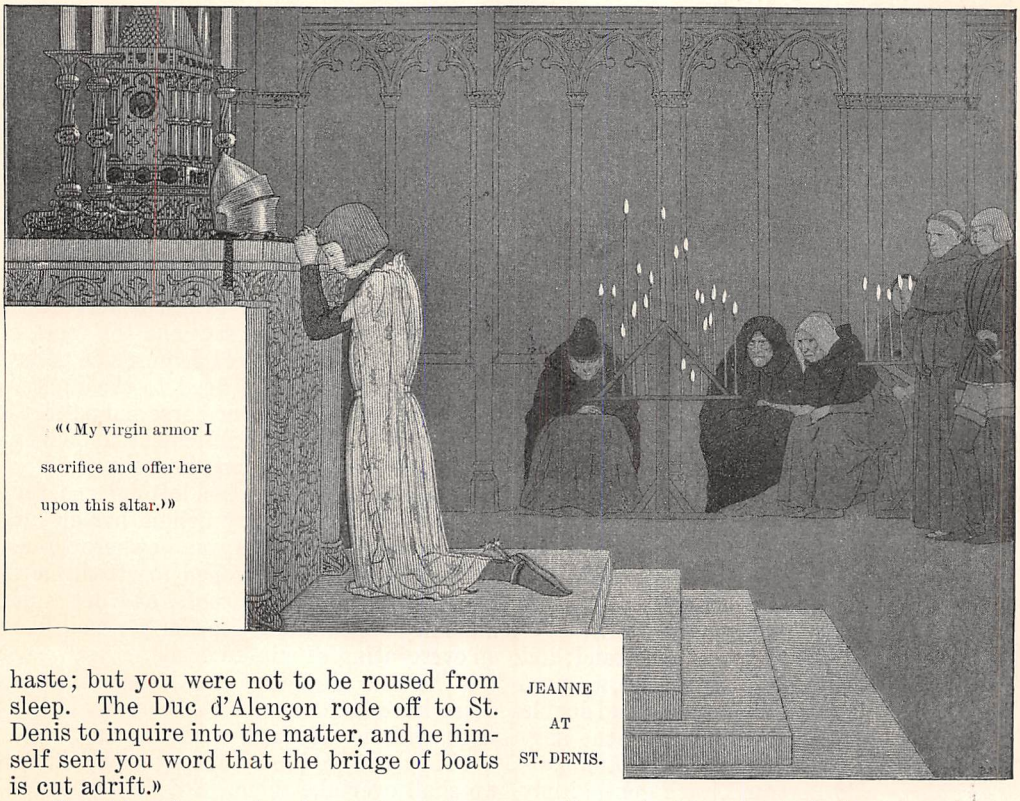
«It is the truth, pucelle.»

Jeanne put her arm on her courser's neck, and leaned with all the weight of her mail. She gasped as if some one had struck her in the breast; and Louis de Coutes, forced to be purveyor of this cruelty, was ready to curse his sovereign. Yet the courtier's instinct to make his own advantage out of another's discomfiture was boldly alert in his look. He was sorry for the military leader, but he was fiercely glad the woman had met a rebuff which might make her kind. The boy's eyes filled with honest tears, and he slid to his knees, holding the bridles in his arm.

«O my great mistress, I am of good family. Look not on me as your horse-boy. By our Lady, I can hold back no longer! I shall soon be knighted, and no woman need then despise me as a husband.»

«Stand up!» said Jeanne. «Have you no regard for your hose, furnished by a poor king who has just been forced to throw away Paris?»

«If I stand up at no kinder bidding, it will be to lay your squire low.»



«(My virgin armor I sacrifice and offer here upon this altar.)»

JEANNE AT ST. DENIS.

«Go to the king, Louis de Coutes, and tell him I now have no need of a page. Ask him any favor he can do you for my sake. We shall part at St. Denis.»

The enraged boy followed her as she took her own bridle from him to mount. «I will not be turned off like a varlet!» His large, light eyes and loose lips and the thick tip of his nose seemed distended by aggressiveness.

But he knew he had banished himself from the maid, and her reserve, as she looked down from the saddle, chilled him and sealed his mouth. She thanked him for his service, commended him again to the king, and rode off. Louis de Coutes struck the earth-stains on his shins, and glanced at neighboring windows. La Chapelle was stirring in the sullen dawn. He could do nothing but mount

his palfrey and follow at a distance, debarred from his page's duties.

Early as it was, the abbey of St. Denis, where the king lodged, showed preparations for departure. Charles carried with him such luxuries as he could, and he never for any military consideration omitted a dinner or a night's rest. But he was as near eagerness as his phlegmatic nature ever approached to be done with the campaign and on the southward road.

To retreat from the capital without taking it at that time meant to disband the army. Officers and their retinues signed indentures of service for a specified number of months, and without reënlistment they could not even go into winter quarters to be at the disposal of the sovereign, though many knights and nobles, among them La Hire, De Xantrailles, and the Duc d'Alençon, would retire into the North to hold towns and fortresses.

Seldom had so much been done by loyal subjects for an impoverished monarch. The pucelle herself had acted as his treasurer, husbanding his means to the utmost, and holding the retinues of his captains so devoted to her that they would have served for nothing but their bread. Those Northern cities that had returned to their allegiance needed the protection of the capital. Charles left them to shift for themselves. Master of Paris, where the Duke of Burgundy was the most popular man in the kingdom, he might have treated successfully with that alienated vassal.

The west door of the cathedral of St. Denis opened from a mean street crowded with many little shops. Jeanne entered it lame-footed, coming from her interview with the king, about the middle of the forenoon. Within she sat down on the steps which form a short terrace to a vast expanse of floor. Opposite, far away, stood the great altar bearing up a gold Christ between two tall candles. Echoes resounded in the Gothic arches from a service in one of the chapels. Jeanne set her helmet, which she still carried, on the floor beside her, a polished headpiece, like the top of a knight embedded in stone.

The king had commanded her to follow him to Bourges. Already the retreat from Paris was begun, though it would have to be covered by troops, and La Chapelle and St. Denis would not be entirely evacuated for several days. She leaned her face on her hands, too sore in body and spirit to creep down for a prayer before the nearest altar. A tardy sun was beginning to make glimmers through the clearstory windows high above.

Her enemies, of whom she had scarcely thought in the ardor of war and the fatigue of many marches, now pressed her in defeat, and seemed to follow her under the arches of St. Denis. The Regent of England and the Duke of Burgundy Jeanne left out of account. They were to be met in open field. But there was La Trémouille, covert and mocking, a man who had never been earnest in anything except the pursuit of his own pleasure. He had done as much to bring the campaign to naught as if he held secret league with the English. La Trémouille had also prevented the queen from journeying to Rheims, thus robbing her of coronation. And there was La Trémouille's friend, the Count-Bishop of Beauvais, who had some little quarrel against her concerning horses bought of him by her household, and perhaps a larger hatred for that most unreasonable of all reasons—jealousy of power. Moreover, there was the Archbishop of Rheims, the favorite's brother, who had taken that same strange attitude toward her. «En nom Dé!» whispered Jeanne, «if they thought more of the king's dignity, and less of their own, it would be the better for France.»

But there, also, were her friends, scores, thousands, men, women, children, stout knights and nobles and men-at-arms. Answering the silent roll-call of her need, one of them entered the cathedral. The inner door swung shut behind him. He was, like herself, all armed except his head, and carried a plumed hat in his hand when he saw her. The knight who had refused to follow her standard at Orléans was first to seek her in defeat at St. Denis.

The maid's eyes met his in a long gaze of sorrow. He stooped to one knee to talk with her. Their low voices did not spread from one little circle of sound in the echoing cathedral.

«Has anything further befallen us, Messire de Gamaches?»

«No, pucelle. I come to beg that there be no adieus betwixt us two.»

«Why, we must all part, Messire de Gamaches. But I tell you, and I have been informed truly, however it may go with you and me, there will not be an Englishman left on the soil of France within seven years.»

«God send there be no favorites left, either. Do you desire to follow the king?»

«I would far rather go home and tend my sheep, messire, which you would have had me do at Orléans!»

«You do not forget that I rebelled against following your standard before it had led us to so many victories?»

«I remember you offered me your horse when I took my first wound.»

«Not my horse alone, but my lands and myself I am ready to offer you now. Pucelle, I am of good family, though scarce your equal in arms.»

«Messire de Gamaches, there be plenty of women in France for wives. You may easily choose among them; I never saw a more accomplished knight. But I was born to other uses. The king had best employ my time, for it will not be long.»

«I have a regard for you, pucelle, that I have for no other, man or woman. We have been captains together, and I had liefer be commanded by you than by any other. When you take the field again I will follow your standard.»

«Messire, you have given me the only comfort I have had this day. When the king has so many good men ready in his hand, how can he disperse them? But it is the favorite's doing.»

«Yes, the apricots like little red apples will be past their season in Bourges, if La Trémouille makes no haste to disband the army. I have heard him mourn the loss of them, together with his ease.»

«Yet he tilted well by Senlis, messire.»

«A man must sometimes shiver a lance, or age will come on him in his youth. Pucelle, I am loath to let you go south to yonder court.»

Jeanne gave him both her hands in farewell. Their gauntlets met with a metallic sound. She thought, «When shall I see such goodly arrays of men gathered again?» Her eyes swam, her chin quivered. As these companions in arms had met, so they parted, with a long look of sorrow. The closing door swung silently behind De Gamaches, and Jeanne limped slowly down the steps, helmet in hand.

No more would that casque lead like a star in assaults. It had been broken by a stone at Jargeau. She traced the closed seam which an armorer had skilfully made.

One old woman with kerchief-bound head, and a wrinkled man in blue smock, knelt at their prayers. Pattering with unceasing lips, they watched the glittering figure, already loved in St. Denis, pass along the cathedral wall. Jeanne felt her wound to faintness as she descended to the crypt under this church, where all the kings of France, from Dagobert, were buried. Low stone galleries wound about vaults and chapels in which the great gray coffins were enshrined. Charles had given up these as well as his capital to the enemy. She dragged her foot along the stone path, or leaned her forehead against the side of a cold arch. The crypt was deadly chill.

Another mailed tread followed her, and she saw Poton de Xantrailles coming, tall and well-thewed, thin-faced and sharp-eyed, but downcast, as though he bent his head to escape the top of the crypt. Like all the captains, he was ready harnessed, for a general attack on Paris had been intended by way of the bridge of boats.

Jeanne felt her heart unendurably swelling toward the scattering army. De Xantrailles, with the gentle manners of courts, controlled himself, and gave her first a message from the king, who would know, since she had dismissed her page, young Louis de Coutes, if she desired to have Louis's brother Raymond instead.

«En nom Dé,» answered Jeanne, «let me have no more of the De Coutes family.» She laughed. «The knights are dispersing, and Paris is thrown away, and we must take thought only of pages. But understand well, I do not blame my king, Messire de Xantrailles.»

He stood high above the maid. His vizor was lifted. De Xantrailles had witnessed the glories of the court of Burgundy—a duchy that outdid many kingdoms in splendor, where tournaments were oftener celebrated than anywhere else in Christendom, and chivalry, instead of falling to decay, was at its height. But loyalty which excused the lax relinquishment of a kingdom he had not often seen.

«Have you heard the cause of this sudden retreat?» he inquired.

«No, messire.»

«Charles has just completed making a truce with the Duke of Burgundy until Easter.»

«The only truce with the Duke of Burgundy should be made at the point of a lance! He showed his sovereign nothing but contempt when a message was sent from Rheims beseeching him to throw in his lot with his people. The English only desire to use him.»

«You had scarce left the king, pucelle, when a knight came riding from Paris with sixty followers to join the royal party. He says the city was never so ready to yield. But we have made truce with Burgundy, so we go home.»

Tears, always ready in Jeanne from childhood, gushed down the oval cheeks. She turned and sobbed against the wall. Oh, it was bitter to be ruined at the goal by a courtier's misgovernment!

«Jeanne,» said De Xantrailles, trembling in the voice, «I am appointed governor of Coucy, the strongest fortress in France. I am of good family.»

The maid drew her breath sharply at these ominous words.

«I will demand you of your brother Pierre, and also of the king, as any maid should be demanded. Come with me to Coucy. The wife of De Xantrailles may at least live apart from a court ruled by the favorite.»

«En nom Dé, what ails these men?» cried Jeanne. «Have you all agreed to take pity on a poor scourge of England because she is thrown aside, and house her since she has no field for her arms? But I know why you come to me with tears in your eyes, thinking comfort may be found in marriage. It is the cry of France rending every one of us.»

She set her casque on the floor, and took him by both gauntlets, as she had taken that other good knight, De Gamaches. Her companion in arms worshiped her silently, without daring to draw her nearer his mailed body.

As if she could not bear any further words of parting from captains who felt this general bereavement as she felt it, Jeanne snatched up her helmet, and limped away from De Xantrailles along the crypt.

Behind the choir of St. Denis, and back of the great altar, was a little chapel to the Virgin. Bertrand de Poulengy was kneeling there. He heard a halting step behind him, and turned and saw the maid. With her eyes fixed on the statue, she began to unbuckle her armor. Exhausted and ghastly, and struggling with her unaccustomed task, she yielded him back his office of squire without a word of reproach, standing in the stained light which poured over her from high windows.

«I went to Haumette Davide,» he whispered to the maid. «She is going home to her mother with De Metz of Novelopont, when he has taken leave of you. Will you call me D'Aulon hereafter—the squire who never caused you any discomfort? Let me take his place while he is a prisoner.»

«I have no longer need of squire or armor,» answered Jeanne; «yet I cannot well do without you.»

«That is enough for me.»

«You are fit to approach this altar?»

«I am not unfit.»

The squire helped her carry all the pieces of her armor and place them about the feet of the statue. Jeanne knelt, and lifting her sword by the blade in both hands, with the cross-hilt over her head, placed it upon the altar.

«My virgin armor I sacrifice and offer here upon this altar. It is the cry of France!»

XIII.

«LITTLE king of Bourges» though Charles VII was called by his enemies, he had no palace there, and was obliged to use the château of his uncle, the Duc de Berri, who retired for the winter to another outside the walls. The château of Bourges was a wide, stately pile of stone, blackened instead of bleached by age, seated among threading streets and crowding houses, half-way up a slope of land at the top of which stood St. Étienne's cathedral. Common soldiers and attendants entered the château from the street below by a court opening into guard-rooms. But the Chevalier du Lys turned in at one of the great gates which, standing opposite, made a crossing street of the paved court fronting the palace.

Pages were always hastening up or down the stone steps, and horses waiting in the court, except at this hour when night fell and candle-light began to glimmer. A torch burned at each side of the steps, struggling with foggy air, and the stones were slippery with hardening moisture under the chevalier's feet. He passed through half-deserted antechambers,—for at dusk the king still sat at table,—and through long vaulted corridors to the great hall where the court assembled for its evening diversions. Sconced candles were already lighted along the pillared walls, and logs roared in the chimney. It was a mighty chimney, carved all around with stone oak-leaves. Half a dozen knights could have spurred into it, elbow to elbow, without grazing their casques on the top. Its swelling breast withdrew upward to a many-timbered ceiling. And there the firelight twinkled on polished joists, while below it spread a river of shine along the floor, partly bridged by three figures in front of the hearth.

The chevalier saw that they were his sister and the young demoiselles Agnes Sorel and Madeleine Power. They did not see him. Even Jeanne was dwarfed by the size of the great room. His heart gave a leap, and, uncertain whether he should enter while they three talked by themselves, he stood at the door holding his hat in his hand. The beauty of Agnes Sorel when wrath stirred her was like coruscating light. But he paid no attention to her or to what she said. He looked at

Madeleine Power. As soon as the Chevalier du Lys had received his patent of nobility, supported by a grant of land near Orléans, and had ceased to be called Pierre d'Arc, he asked one more favor of the king, without which the first two were thrown away upon him. But he was made to understand that La Trémouille had already contracted the demoiselle Power in a suitable alliance.

Jeanne and Madeleine stood with their arms around each other. All of Agnes's hair was drawn up from her clear forehead under a hennin, and her cheeks burned scarlet with excitement.

«This hour a thing hath been said to me,» exclaimed Agnes, with a pretty catch of her breath as she spoke, which was nobody's but Agnes Sorel's, «such as never should be said to maid by the mother-in-law of a king.»

«But Queen Yolande is very good-natured,» Madeleine objected. «I never heard her speak amiss.»

«Oh, her Majesty of Sicily intends me high honor, no doubt. But I was not brought up in a court. We are better nurtured at Loches.»

«What did she say?» inquired Jeanne, seeing the statecraft of Queen Yolande, and her latest attempt to juggle troops and men out of nothing for the siege of La Charité after the dispersion of the army.

«I will not tell you. It was an insult also to my king. Only a year ago so eager was I to come to court that I could scarce wait until my kinswoman resigned her place to me, and now I am sick to my soul of base creatures trying to ruin their sovereign before all Christendom. Any woman would set what wit she had against it. Look not over-conscious, demoiselle; we do not choose our relations in this world.»

«I never chose any but my father,» returned Madeleine.

«Poor child, you will choose no more, shut up in the queen's nunnery apartments. Oh, if I were queen of France I would come out of seclusion, and no other woman should share with me the rousing of the king.»

«He is wedded to Bourges and Sully,» said Jeanne, wistfully looking at the fire. «The sight of Paris should have roused him.»

Agnes Sorel laughed.

«Pucelle, I believe you see nothing in this court but the length and strength of men's legs and arms idling out of armor. Aside from war, you are as simple as an infant.»

The Chevalier du Lys heard this as he stood aside bowing deeply to let the king pass, and he knew it was so. Many soft-shod feet trod the pavement as the crowd of courtiers flocked after the king, who leaned on La Trémouille's arm. Silks and satins shone lustrously, nor were slashed sleeves wanting, to show robes of linen underneath. Pierre had heard De Xantrailles say that linen, and especially clean linen, was a luxury everywhere in France, except at the court of Burgundy.

He fell into the tide of human presences. Charles's household soon gave themselves up to the newly invented diversion of card-playing. The queen had a religious dislike of what she called idle bits of paper, and absented herself from the salon where the game was nightly played. Marie of Anjou, though an unusually compliant wife in many ways, had not the sympathetic breadth of her mother, Queen Yolande, who dealt with zest and fluttering hands, relaxing a mind filled with schemes for establishing the throne of France.

Little ceremony was observed; Charles demanded none of the worship which his cousin of Burgundy exacted. Seated at many small tables, with many small piles of coin at stake, the courtiers filled the room with hum of voices and laughter. Alan Chartier, the court poet, wandered from table to table, as it was his custom to do, holding a lute in the curve of his arm. The king had Agnes Sorel for his partner, and La Trémouille and his queen's latest maid of honor for his opponents. La Trémouille wasted no attentions on his niece, and Madeleine was first seen in hall that night after her winter of mourning. She learned her part doubtfully. Pierre could see her eyebrows drawing together. She lifted her black eyes and met his gaze with silent greeting, and this was all the greeting they two had been allowed since he came to Bourges. In his comings and goings from his lodgings in the street Trois Pommes, a little place near the city wall, and in the cathedral and palace corridors, he had watched for glimpses of Madeleine. Yet even at the lax court of Bourges she was so celled and restricted that he saw her only at a distance. After the rejection of his suit he had gladly followed his sister from court to her brief restricted campaign eastward. The Chevalier du Lys felt how alien his sister and he were with their new patent of nobility.

If Charles had concluded a treaty with the king of Scotland for help in his wars, it would have cost him the duchy of Berri or the county of Évreux. Jeanne d'Arc had cost him nothing, and was a greater terror to his foes, and with her thrifty peasant hand had doled his

war funds to the uttermost advantage. The least he could do for her was to rank her among nobles, so a patent was conferred on her and all her family. The heralds made her a coat of arms, giving her the masculine shield instead of the feminine lozenge, and the device of the crown upheld on the point of her sword between royal fleurs-de-lis. Du Lys was the new name of her family. But she made no change in her banner, and said to the heralds: «I remain Jeanne d'Arc. My father's name is good enough for me, though my brothers may like the other.»

During this dreary winter of her chained inactivity, a woman named Catherine of Rochelle came to court with visions; and there was news of a shepherd boy in the mountains who promised to do for the king what Jeanne had undertaken, and to do it better. The favorite also bestirred himself, and found employment which would take the maid out of his sight for a while. She was sent to take St. Pierre-le-Moutier, southeast of Bourges, which she took as by miracle, and La Charité, northward, which was so strongly fortified with watch-towers as to resist a siege. Bourges engaged her octrois, and Orléans also sent her succors, says a chronicle, but the court provided nothing. The ground was frozen hard, slippery with frost, and showers of crystals filled the air like diamond-dust. Jeanne was glad to have armor again upon her body, though it was an ill-fitting suit obtained from the Duc de Berri, and glad to be afield and see the sun describe his little arc in the south. But La Charité had to be abandoned. Once her spirit rose beyond control, and she rode, with her squire and her brother and a few attendants, to Orléans and Jargeau and Montfaucon. There the people still thought of France. But she heard what almost slew her. The state of the country was now worse than it had been before she took up arms. Invaders and robbers were alike made bold by Charles's withdrawal from the North; and the English forced exile or death on defenseless people who would not forswear their loyalty. Whole villages stood tenantless, the inhabitants having journeyed into other countries. Pestilence also followed the long famine. Everywhere the earth, rank with centuries of foul accumulations, yielded up their odor to dampness. It was told her that wolves prowled even in Paris, that skeletons of children lay on dunghills, and the cry of wandering wretches could be heard in the night—«I am dying of cold and hunger!» Yet Paris was then the pleasantest city in France, with covered bridges and orchards, vineyards and towered fortresses. The Bastille stood among trees. That winter trenches were cut and bodies laid in the ground like corded wood.

Pierre could see the intrigues about him. He knew that Queen Yolande constantly threw Agnes Sorel in the king's way, and that the Queen of France was resigned to desperate measures against La Trémouille. He saw the eyes of that young maid of honor, defiant against her pursuer, yet melting constantly in helpless tenderness upon the king. He saw and enjoyed the jealous rage of La Trémouille, who brought counter-forces to bear in a war suited to a favorite's talents; and many another hand-to-hand encounter Pierre could see betwixt courtiers sleepy-eyed with dissipation.

But Jeanne saw nothing. Whenever she came into hall, a supple, noble figure, her rapt gaze moving from face to face, she was a rebuke, being above all martial glory the maid, virgin in mind and person—the maid of France.

«Why should the paschal lamb be paraded?» was spitefully said behind her back. «Turn it out again to its native grass.»

«Oh, Jeanne d'Arc!» a courtier would groan to some face within the screen of a fan. «La-la! I am so sick of this pucelle. She can take pleasure in no human pursuit, but must be praying or riding and fighting. A lover would be more to the purpose at her age, but she will not even make love. The king might amuse himself better with a dwarf.»

Yet the maid laughed in fellowship and without bitterness when she came back flushed from St. Pierre-le-Moutier, or from rushing through the winter air on her courser. Her face was not sad, but it wore the puzzled look of one constrained to waste on lower things a space of time given for robust action. Housing and trivial amusements were hard for her to endure, when the pulse of France was again reviving in the North.

Jeanne remained leaning against the chimney, being left out when tables were set for cards. She was richly dressed, as the king required her to be, wearing over the fine cloth of her chevalier's costume a crimson velvet levite. The long, loose sleeves almost covered her hands, on one of which she wore the ring her father had given her at Rheims. A lean child like a wolf stood near, and watched her with sharp eyes, seeming to measure her capacity for war, and sagely to appreciate her as one of the engines for extending his future kingdom. A servant of the queen's bedchamber did reverent battle

with him to draw him from this spectacle for the night. But he escaped out of this person's hands with slippery ease, and roved at will among the tables.

Then Alan Chartier approached, playing softly on the lute he carried a chanson which Jeanne remembered. She met his eyes quickly. The court poet was this winter too often at her heels; yet she had sympathy with him, as one seeking also for expression, and sometimes falling into great sadness with life.

«What will you do with me, pucelle?» asked Alan Chartier, making accompaniment to his words on the lute-strings. «You have got a mastery over me that grows from day to day.»

«God be praised for that,» laughed Jeanne. «I have, then, at least one man-at-arms.»

«There is a woman soul in me, and in you there is the soul of a man. Will you put me to the further disadvantage of suing for your love?»

«*Nenni*,» answered Jeanne, using the strong peasant negative. «That I will not, messire.»

«The pucelle hath just received a declaration from Alan Chartier,» remarked Agnes Sorel to Charles. «He plays that purring tune when his affections are about to make a spring.»

«Jumps the cat that way?» responded the king, glancing up the room. His stunted dauphin, the wolf-like child, crept behind Agnes, and tweaked hairs on her white neck below the hennin.

«It was merely the Dauphin Louis amusing himself,» said a smiling dame at the next table to her, as she recoiled in pain.

«If the nurse does not remove that boy, I trust God may!» Agnes responded; and Charles himself laughed. But she caught a gentle caution from the smooth-shaven, clear-cut face of Jacques Cœur, the silversmith of Bourges, whose many favors to the king gave him access at any time to court. His friendly smile checked her impatience with a child to whose making had gone a mad grandfather and a corrupt and selfish grandmother.

Pierre dealt his cards indifferently. He had been shoved beside the wall to fill a table far from Madeleine Power, and cared little whether he won or lost coin. He could perceive what was befalling Agnes Sorel in spite of her strict bringing up; and with the complete rebellion of youth, he declared to himself that happiness bought at any price was better than such misery as his. Madeleine Power had never thought of him. She was promised in marriage to another man whose name he could not learn. And after he had watched for her with heartsick patience so many months, she glanced at him once, as at any varlet.

The evening waxing later, card-tables were put aside for dancing, and Pierre followed his sister into the upper corridors of the palace. Jeanne also had lodged in the street Trois Pommes, and afterward with the wife of Jacques Cœur; but this being the eve of the court's departure to Sully, she slept in the palace. They walked in silence, both having lost the fresh joy of life, until Pierre opened the door of a small tower chamber which Jeanne shared with a maid of honor. She kissed him on his cheeks, and said:

«Good night, Pierrelo. Be early in the saddle. Sully-sur-Loire is the château of La Trémouille; but at least we go toward Compiègne, where I have reason to believe our people may now be fighting.»

«You saw the demoiselle Paure in the hall, Jehannette?»

«Yes; both before and after the king entered.»

«Does the queen go to Sully?»

«The queen goes, but Madeleine Paure does not.»

Hatred of Sully that instant entered Pierre.

«I love her as if she were our Catherine, Pierrelo. But put all thoughts of marriage out of your head until France is better at ease.»

«Since no marriage is made for me, how can I do otherwise?»

«I did my best for thee, Pierrelo, though it is a marvel to me how men can desire to wed when they have no country. But here in this court they think of nothing but lute-playing and the talk of lovers. Are there not enough starving families now in France without founding more?»

«Jehannette, in some ways you do not grow at all, but remain a child.»

«That part of me which does not grow is not needed,» reflected Jeanne.

«But why does the demoiselle Paure remain here, if the queen goes to Sully?» inquired Pierre, desiring to find some excuse for remaining himself.

«She does not remain here. She goes to Loches, where her family are about to celebrate her marriage.»

Pierre turned sick. «Who is the man, Jehannette?»

«Young Louis de Coutes!» Jeanne smiled in the face of his misery. «That froward lad, my page. But he is of good family, as he him-

self assured me; one of the richest in Touraine, the demoiselle Agnes says, and the king will early knight him for good services.»

«Louis de Coutes! No wonder her family were close-mouthed with the bridegroom's name. A boy—a scribe fellow that wrote your letters and set down your accounts!»

«He is mine own age, Pierrelo, and much older in nobility than a chevalier called Du Lys.»

«He shall not have her! Doth she like this marriage, Jehannette?»

«I did not ask her,» answered Jeanne, with such candor that the miserable chevalier smiled.

«That insolent Louis de Coutes who drew sword against Bertrand at St. Denis!»

«Did he so?»

Pierre sent the whistling Domremy yes betwixt his lips. «And Bertrand gave him the wound that has kept him out of court this winter, while his family arrange for him this marriage. Louis de Coutes hath despite against us.»

«If it had not been Louis de Coutes, it had been some other man not a peasant from the march of Lorraine. We could not hope that the favorite would make any alliance with us. I have caused a letter to be sent to Tours asking that five hundred livres tournois be voted by the city to the marriage portion of Messire Paure's daughter. He painted my banner. It is the only reward I have ever asked for my services to France, except the lifting of the tax from Domremy.»

A candle in the chamber shone on Pierre, showing his hardening face, which had matured since the wind along the Meuse blew rings of hair over his forehead. The tan of a military summer was cleared from his lovable features by partial housing. A reckless look sprung into his gray eyes.

«I will not care. It shall be nothing to me.»

«Oh, Pierrelo, I wish we could go home!»

Pierre gave her a sidewise glance. «But what would we do in Domremy now, Jehannette? For me, it is my wish to go where La Hire and De Xantrailles and the Duc d'Alençon are. I would see some more fighting.»

Jeanne herself laughed eagerly. «Has Bertrand made all our preparations for the journey to-morrow?»

«He forgets nothing. I left him polishing your old mail.»

Pierre kissed his sister on both her cheeks, bade her good night again, and turned to leave the palace.

A few torches were fastened along the stone walls, overlaying with a new smear of blackness the breath of past torches as chill drafts of air flowed by. His echoing steps brought him nearer the staircase, and there Madeleine Power met him, running up from the hall below. They both paused and looked at each other, and Pierre knew she had come on purpose to intercept him. He heard the music. A wave of color carried the hardness from his face, and left it pliant with all that a man cannot say. To see her so near at hand was to be enthralled into forgetting what had happened and what might come.

This demoiselle in court dress was more a woman than the maid in her mother's old clothes at Loches, or the peasant who carried water from St. Martin's well. Pierre looked his last on her black eyes and bright hair. Madeleine was made small and perfect like an ivory miniature. A perfume as sweet as linden flowers went with her, conquering the rankness of the torches.

«Chevalier du Lys, I have something which belongs to you, and I would not return it by any other hand than my own.»

Pierre felt the old palace strike cold through him as he remembered the horse-money at Tours. There were the coins showing through the silk netting of a new purse. His voice and hands shook, but he made a doubtful face over his examination of it.

«This does not belong to me, demoiselle.»

«You have forgotten, but I have not. You dropped a bag in my pannier at Tours. At first I thought it was a miracle of the blessed St. Martin; but when my father heard about you he knew better.»

«If St. Martin parted his cloak to a miserable beggar, would he fail of gifts to pilgrims?»

«St. Martin gave only at need, chevalier. He knew my mother's family would not let my father and me starve.»

«Do you want me to take this purse?»

«It is clear the money is yours.»

«Then keep it as a peasant's offering to his lady's marriage.»

Her face fell. She looked at the hilt of his sword.

«It is ungentle to remind me of marriage.»

«I have been told that your marriage is soon to be celebrated.»

«There is much, chevalier, that I would like to ask your advice about. My father said you were a man to be trusted. But you have avoided me ever since you came to court.»

«Avoided you, demoiselle? I have watched for you every day.»

«If you had watched for me you must have found some way to show me kindness. I have

no friend now, chevalier. With the exception of the pucelle, there is no woman I love at court, and I see her seldom. No one in the world has need of me as my father had.»

The innocent child who had walked with him into St. Martin's cave, holding to his hand because the place was dark, looked at him again through the eyes of this maid of honor. He could hear his own heart pounding, and the rival with whom her marriage was to be celebrated passed out of his mind.

«Demoiselle Madeleine, I myself have such need of you that I swear to be your bachelor for life. Because my proposals were thought unfit for you, that shall make no difference with me.»

«You made proposals for me, chevalier? When did you make proposals?» Her face was white and haughty. It disturbed Pierre, but he answered with hardihood:

«As soon as I was raised to a rank which made the proposals possible.»

«My family refused them?»

«Your family refused them.»

Madeleine heard her aunt De Beuil ascending the staircase behind her on almost silent feet. She had expected to be followed as soon as she was missed. But she looked at Pierre with a swift and silent and hopeless acknowledgment.

Long after she had been walked in disgrace to the queen's apartments through the tunnel-like corridors of the palace, he stood leaning against the wall, stupefied by unreasonable joy, and trying to recall the flash which had fallen upon him. His mind went no further than that look, and he wrapped himself in the thought of it when he passed out through the palace gates.

There were few lights in the close-built town, on hillocks or in valleys where roofs pressed together. Pierre glanced up at the Roman towers where Jacques Cœur's new château was to be founded. No wonder the king loved Bourges. How pleasant and hospitable was the province of Berri! There had been a forecasting in his mind that, in spite of all drawbacks, some good awaited him in Berri.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

A CHOPIN FANTASY.

ON REMEMBRANCE OF A PRÉLUDE.

COME, love, sit here and let us leave awhile
This custom-laden world for warmer lands
Where, 'neath the silken net of afternoon,
Leisure is duty and dread care a dream.

(*The music begins.*)

That cliff 's Minorca, that horizon Spain.
There in the west, like fragrance visible,
Rises the soft light as the sun goes down
Till half the sky is palpitant with gold.
Follow it eastward to the gentle blue,
With faith and childhood in it, and the peace
Men agonize and roam for. See that fleet
That flutters in the breeze from the Camargue
Like white doves, huddled now, now scattering.
(They say all native boats are homeward bound
Against to-morrow's annual festival.)
What peace there is in looking from this height
On palms and olives, and the easy steps
By which the terrace clambers yonder hill!
How dark those hollows whence the roads of white
Ascend in angles to the high-perched town!
Needless the music of the convent bell:
'T is vespers in the heart as in the air.
This is the hour for love, that, like the breath
Of yonder orange, sweetest is at eve.

Here, safe entwined, what could be wished for two
Hid in an island hidden in the sea?
Now let me lay my head upon your lap,
And place your rose-leaf fingers on my lids,
Lest, catching glimpse of your resplendent eyes,
My ardor should blaspheme the coming stars!

. . . . .

How fast it darkens! One must needs be blind
To know the twilight softness of your voice.
And Love,—not blind, but with a curtained sight,—
Like one who dwells with Sorrow, can discern
The shading of a shadow in a tone.
There 's something troubles you, my sweet-of-hearts,
A hesitance in that caressing word;
Nothing unhappy—a presentiment
Such as from far might thrill the under-depths
Of some still tranquil lake before a storm.
Be happy, love, not ponder happiness.
Unerringly I know your woman's soul,
Content to have your happiness put off
Like well-planned feast against to-morrow's need,
And more enjoyed in planning than in use.
But oh, we men, God made us—what was that?
A drop upon your hand? Perhaps a tear
Lost by an angel who remembers yet
Some perfect moment of th' imperfect world,
And goes reluctantly her way to heaven,
Still envious of our lot? Another drop!
Why, 't is the rain. Stand here and see that sky—
Blackness intense as sunlight. What a chasm
Of silver where that lightning tore its way!
That crash was nearer! Here 's our shelter—quick!
Now it 's upon us! Half a breath, and—there!
No wonder you should tremble when the earth
Sways thus and all the firmament 's a-reel.
Tremble, but fear not—Love created Fear
To drive men back to Love, where you are now.
What rhythmic terror in the tideless sea
That wildly seeks the refuge of the rocks
From unknown dangers (dangers known are none)!
God! did you see within the headland's jaws
That drifting sail? Wait the next flash and—look!
Oh, heaven! to cruise about a hundred coasts,
Safe past the fabled monsters of the deep,
To break supinely on familiar shoals
Where one in childhood digged a mimic grave!

. . . . .

Thank God for those few, momentary stars,
And that slow-lifting zone of topaz light,
Like parting guest returning with a smile.
We care not now that the insatiate storm
Plunges with leaps of thunder on the east.

(*The music ceases.*)

Give me thy hand, dear one, though unto pain
I crush it to be sure that this be dream,
Knowing 't was Death that passed, and oh, how near!

Robert Underwood Johnson.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

WASONGOLA TAKING GLAVE'S CANOE THROUGH THE WABUNDU RAPIDS.

CRUELTY IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

CONCLUDING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

WITH PICTURES AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

JANUARY 17, 1895. Left Nyangwé, and reached Bayongé, below which the river closes and bursts about in narrowed limits, splitting its currents on small islands, and tumbling over sunken rocks. The Wagenia paddlers display good sense in navigating these waters. They have picked out the few possible channels, and with powerful strokes pass through the wild waters without danger, carrying a canoe over treacherous whirls and bubbling rapids which extend for about two miles.

January 18. Owing to the rain, I was forced to remain at Bayongé to-day. This is a post under Lemery. The natives have complained that they are compelled to bring rubber, which is bought by the officers of the Congo Free State; half of the price paid goes to the mgwana, or chief, of the district, and half goes to the natives. Many villages refuse to bring rubber; then they are attacked, and killed, or taken prisoners. While I was at Bayongé an expedition sent by Manahutto, under the orders of Lemery, arrived after having a fight with natives on the other side of the Wazimba. Many natives are said to have been killed, and thirty prisoners taken, mostly women. Lemery has compelled the natives to shift their settlements from the interior and to build on the shore of the river, to supply food, canoes, etc., their villages being convenient camping-places.

After seven hours' paddling I reached Mgwana Ndegé's. He is an energetic little fellow, representative of the Congo Free State. On my way to-day I shot several hippopotami. There was a herd of about twenty occupying the comparatively still and shallow waters at the head of an island. I took my canoe down below, then went ashore, and cut a way through the tangled bush of the island till I reached a spot suitable for shooting. I killed at least six; this number we saw flounder about helplessly, and plunge with weaker and weaker bounds till they sank. As the skies threatened rain, and there was no camping-place within one hour's traveling, I moved down stream to Mgwana Ndegé's, then sent back my canoes to pick up the dead animals. Upon their arrival, about six in the evening, they found that two had already risen; one had been cut about the neck and shoulder by thieving natives, who fled at the approach of my men. The two dead brutes were brought to camp, arriving about eight o'clock. It not being practicable to cut up the meat at night, I made slits in the skin and tied the brutes fast by ropes. Not having a moon, we were unable to watch for the other carcasses which might rise and pass down the stream; thus I am certain we lost at least four animals.

January 19. This morning I set the men to work cutting up the beasts, a big crowd of natives, active and inactive, taking part in the operations. With some stout creepers made fast to slits in the beast's skin, the smaller was hauled bodily up a steep bank into a village by a big crowd of natives. The larger was found to be too heavy, so we cut off the hind legs while it was in the water. I gave Ndegé for his people one carcass, leg, shoulder, neck, and head, and gave them orders to drag their meat away to a distance from where my men were cutting up the meat. A tremendous lot of harmless wrangling accompanied the cutting up. Considering the number of knives busy at work at very close quarters, I cannot understand how many were not badly cut. In the belly of the big hippopotamus we found a large copper ball, fired into the beast in the past. In spite of serious warnings, the natives persisted in trying to steal meat from my men's portions, so wild are they to get a feed of meat—a very rare treat for them. It is a filthy sight to see a band of Africans cutting up a beast, pushing and struggling, their bodies spattered with blood and filth, slashing fiercely to get as much as possible, all the time shouting and mumbling, the sickening hubbub gradually decreasing till all the meat is shared.

January 20. Owing to the quantities of meat my men had smoked, the loads were so augmented that there was delay in getting everything packed. The river is now wide, with swampy islands in the channel, generally under water; there are plenty of water-birds, shrikes, and fish-eagles, and in the woods one hears the notes of the blue pheasant. We passed three successions of rapids

to-day, but none difficult. We got paddlers from the villages on the shore who knew the eccentric channel. With experienced hands, a deeply laden canoe with six inches freeboard can pass safely.

Upon arriving at Nsendwé, I found my third hippopotamus entire—bones, skin, and meat. It had been found by Makula Melende, who recognized that it had been killed by a white man; so took it to Piana Gogorro, the Congo Free State representative at Nsendwé. I shared the large beast with the natives, and bought a few fowl with meat. The posts everywhere are in good condition, and a credit to Lemery. There are no longer grass roofs; grass is scarce; the roofs are of broad leaves. The natives are friendly and well in hand. Those along shore are Wagenia, stalwart fellows, good-tempered and peaceful. Telegraphing by drum is much in use. They are busy at it all day, and everybody seems to understand. When I decided to sell meat for fowls, the natives telegraphed the news to their friends, who perfectly understood the message, and brought their fowls.

There was a scare to-night. I put the goats and fowls in a large empty house. About midnight there issued forth a medley of goat-crying and fowl-screeching; immediately the sentry divined leopards, and fired his gun off at the house, I think. Then about fifty people turned out, men, women, and children, all screaming that there was a leopard among the goats. About a dozen men were armed. I jumped out of bed, and loaded my gun with big shot, the most effective against leopard at night. The crowd was surrounding the doorway. I kept in the background, not risking my person in front of the men's rifles, which are handled, in a state of excitement, in the most erratic manner. (Two or three days ago, when I was shooting, a Sierra Leone man discharged his rifle carelessly close to my head, the gun going off before he was ready.) The crowd circled about the door, five yards away; a small boy, not more than seven or eight, snatched a firebrand from the hands of a bearded man, and very pluckily opened the door of the house and entered, followed by a soldier with a loaded rifle. No leopard! A goat, tied to a post, and a fowl, also corded, had got foul of each other, and each started its respective music, joined by others; hence the fear of leopards. The crowd dispersed, but remained in knots discussing the incident, and sleep was impossible for an hour, when my bloodthirsty threats quieted down the excited Africans. It was a very plucky thing on the part of the small boy to enter the house;

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

WASONGOLA WOMEN AT MARKET.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

LIEUTENANT RUE AND HIS BANGALA SOLDIERS IN A DUGOUT.

for had there been a leopard inside, he would have been struck down immediately.

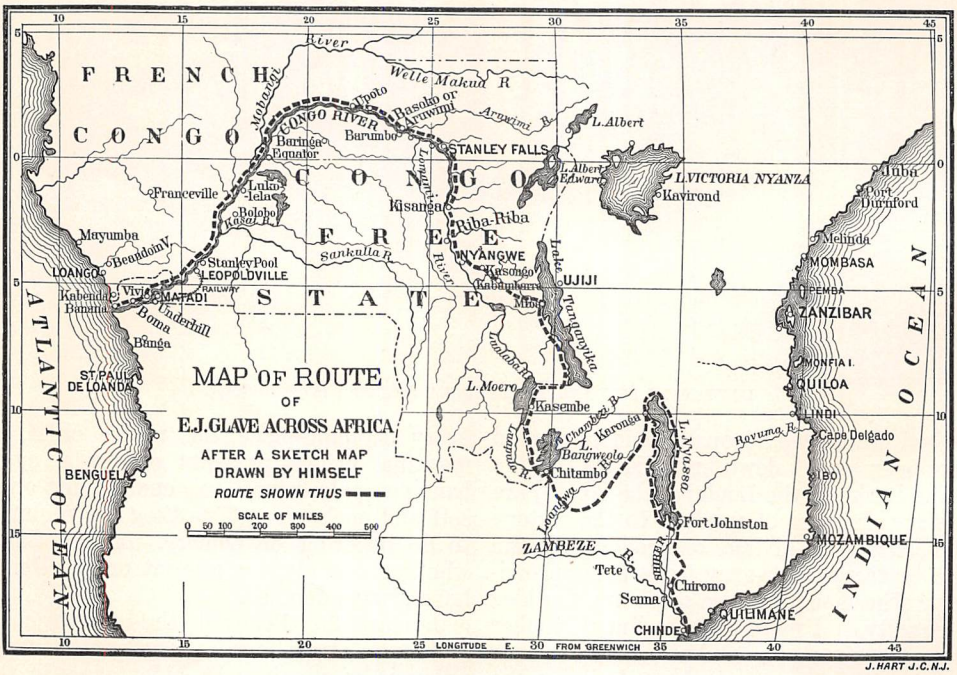
The banks of the Lualaba [the Congo] are now a rich mass of verdure to the water's edge, the wine-giving, oil-producing palm with feathery silver-gray stems being prominent. The moist verdure gives one the idea of density, not merely a slim line of timber along the river's banks, but a land of dense forest with a way cut through it by the Lualaba. There is a good deal of swampland in the forest; both in the villages of Mwana Ndegé and Fundi Ismali there are swampy pools harboring croaking frogs immediately at the back of the settlement. The colors are a variety of greens and rich red. The river here is about half a mile wide. There are many islands, large and small, some thickly timbered, others merely clothed with grass. Rubber abounds; elephants are scarce. There are many small villages a little back from the river-banks. One sees all day long canoes floating here and there, and narrow paths cut in the steep banks, where natives get their water. The land bordering the river has generally steep banks, sometimes of clay and often of rock; more often than not, dense foliage reaching right to the water's edge hides the nature of the banks. Everywhere the natives are friendly and polite; and, thanks to the education received from Lemery, they are all well disciplined and submissive to the white man's demands. At every camping-place the native chief, or mgwana, brings presents of fowls, eggs, bananas, palm-wine, etc., enough for one's self and one's men. This they are required to do by order of Lemery. It is optional whether one gives a present or not, but I have always done so.

January 20. Reached the native chief Malonga's Fundi Ismali. The gentle hippopotamus is cunning: he hides away in the daytime, and when least expected makes a nocturnal visit to a rice-field or a patch of maize, his single meal greatly diminishing the fruitfulness of the crop. He performs these little tricks with no clumsiness such as his body suggests. The hippopotamus is often looked on as clumsy, but he is an artful dodger, mentally and physically; his thick body, short legs, and bulky head can be used very adroitly. The natives are not lazy, good-for-nothing fellows. Their fine muscular powers are obtained by hard work, sobriety, and frugal living.

January 24. Reached Riba-Riba; found Lieutenant Rue, a non-commissioned officer in the Belgian army, and a fine fellow; his companion, Van Ril, is absent on business to arrange a quarrel between chiefs. . . . Rue has built excellent dwellings; he produces stores of rubber a month, and one thousand pounds of ivory. There is good discipline in the station. The chain-gang is always a disgusting sight to me in the stations on the

Zone Arabe, as those confined are generally old women reduced to skeletons by want of liberty, hard treatment by the negro sentries, and hunger. The policy of the Arabs is being rather too closely followed, and the natives are treated with the utmost severity. Five women who had deserted were in chains at Riba-Riba; all were cut very badly, having been most severely chicotted, or flogged. Lemery does not flog much, and uses only the bastinado for women. Women ought not to be flogged; this is the one thing to find fault with.

The native villages are attacked if they won't work in some way for the good of the land. Some are required to cut wood for station purposes; others to search for rubber; others for ivory; some to serve as soldiers for six or seven years. This is good, for when once broken in, the natives continue to work. It is no crime, but a kindness, to make them work. By the system of forced labor they gain cloth, etc., and by a little hard work can soon become rich. The state also makes a profit, increasing its finances so as to enable it to continue the occupation of the land, which means the saving of the natives from the slavers. For what it has done for the natives the Congo Free State has a perfect right to get some profit out of the land. The measures adopted are severe, but the native cannot be satisfactorily handled by coaxing; he must be governed by force. Hangings are now quite frequent on the state stations in the Zone Arabe; the administration is quite different from the treatment of the natives on the Congo. At Kabambarré there is a tree upon which a lot of people have been hanged—natives, Wangwana, and soldiers. At Kasongo I saw no construction for this purpose. At Nyangwé and Riba-Riba there is a wooden frame which has often served the purpose.



Here at Risari's there is one of those ugly constructions for hangings. It is said that three natives were hanged by Rue because they would not work salt for the Congo Free State. The natives have not a very gay time of it. Before the whites came the Wangwana and Arabs were their masters; but now the Congo Free State authorities favor the Wangwana element far more than the natives, and the Wangwana and the Arabs have accorded to them the authority of bygone days, with tremendous power, which is most unmercifully employed. When a village does not consent to make rubber, the mgwana of that particular district is empowered to fight the offending village, and to kill and take prisoners, which is quite general. Kibangula had just returned to Kasongo at the time of my arrival, having been engaged on a

devastating exploit, burning, killing, and taking prisoners, two hundred of whom were brought to Kasongo station, being principally the people of Piana Kiteté, who at the time of my visit to his village, just after a fight, came and gave me a goat, and asked me why he was attacked, his villages burned, his people rendered homeless, some killed, others, like himself, driven to hiding in the mountains. Wangwana and Arabs, to my mind, may be employed in small positions of authority, but at each station the number of capable whites should be much increased. This would lead to speedy peace and the rapid development of the resources of the country.

Left Risari's at 6:30. How different now is a trip down the river from Nyangwé, compared with the time when Stanley opened the road! The explorer's figures with regard to the commercial opportunities were scorned, but they have been more than justified. Heroic as has been the work of Dhanis and others, nothing has equaled Stanley's success in founding the line of poorly armed garrisons from Banana to the falls. He had tremendous and mysterious dangers to face. Stanley built the house, and others pointed the bricks. The formation of the Congo Free State was Stanley's conception.

Mosquitos were found occasionally at Kasongo, but nets were not necessary. At Nyangwé the mosquito-net was necessary, as the insects became very troublesome after dark. At Riba-Riba I felt none, and only an occasional tormentor between Nyangwé and Riba-Riba, at the different Wangwana posts. Health at these places is generally good now, but at first the stations built on the sites of Arab settlements were unhealthy.

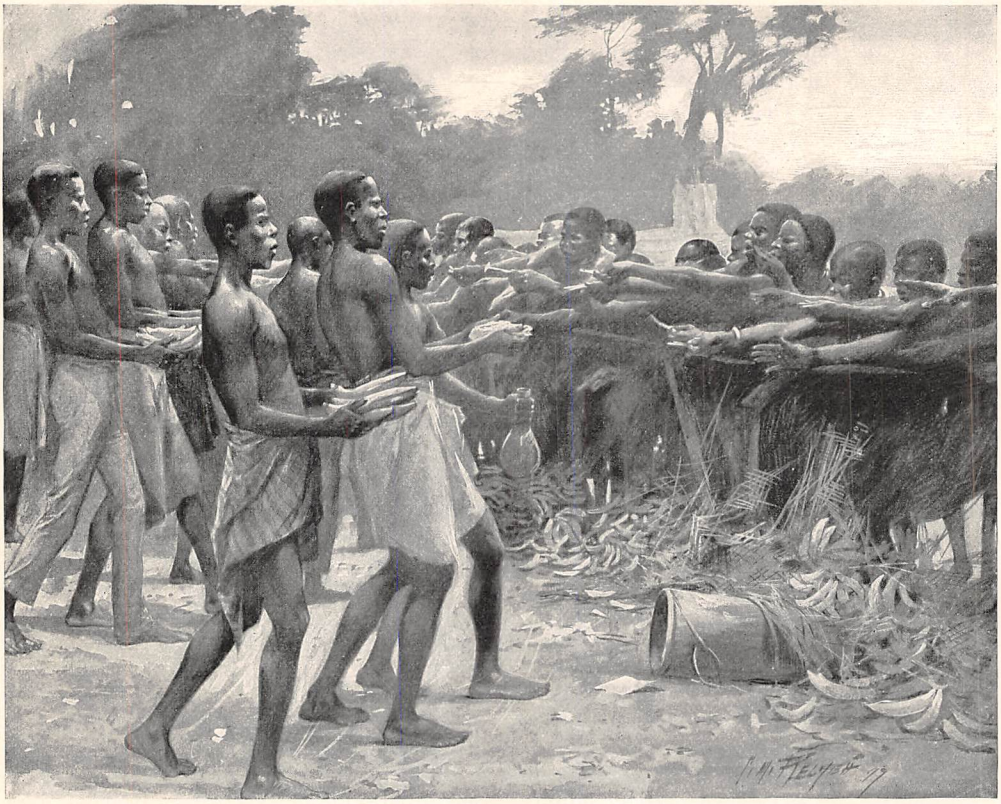
All along the route since leaving Kasongo there have been multitudes of palm-trees, and most delicious palm-wine is to be had everywhere. We have had lightning sometimes in blinding, flashing ribbons; at other times sheet-lightning, which plays incessantly, flickering behind banks of rain-clouds, lighting up the heavens, silvering the outline of the darkened mass. We see strange birds every day: the blue peacock, with a note like liquid pouring from a bottle; the dark-brown, white-breasted fish-eagle, perched on an overhanging bough, awaiting a chance to pounce down on a finny morsel; numberless hornbills screeching; gray parrots, to the call of which my parrot, «Billy,» incessantly replies; and small birds of gorgeous plumage. Ashore there is a goodly stock of butterflies; but there are no representatives of the insect world of fascinating disposition. Mostly one's acquaintance with the insect world is not pleasant.

The chicotte of raw hippo hide, especially a new one, trimmed like a corkscrew, with edges like knife-blades, and as hard as wood, is a terrible weapon, and a few blows bring blood; not more than twenty-five blows should be given unless the offense is very serious. Though we persuade ourselves that the African's skin is very tough, it needs an extraordinary constitution to withstand the terrible punishment of one hundred blows; generally the victim is in a state of insensibility after twenty-five or thirty blows. At the first blow he yells abominably; then quiets down, and is a mere groaning, quivering body till the operation is over, when the culprit stumbles away, often with gashes which will endure a lifetime. It is bad enough, the flogging of men, but far worse this punishment inflicted on women and children. Small boys of ten or twelve, with excitable, hot-tempered masters, are often most harshly treated. At Kasongo there is a great deal of cruelty displayed. I saw two boys very badly cut. At Nyangwé and Riba-Riba boys are punished by beating on the hands. I conscientiously believe that a man who receives one hundred blows is often nearly killed, and has his spirit broken for life.

Salt is found now in great quantities in the interior from Nyangwé and Riba-Riba. It is extracted from saline ground by filtering. Nyangwé receives three hundred pots a month, each pot holding three or four pounds of good salt. Nyangwé supplies Kasongo and Riba-Riba. Below Riba-Riba salt is a very valuable commodity. Men are rationed with it to buy food. The money used between Kasongo and Nyangwé, and in the neighborhood of these places, is *mandiba*, or small mats of grass-cloth, iron axes, shoes, and salt.

We see now any number of ant-houses fixed up in the topmost branches of the trees, about the size and shape of an ugly foot-ball, undestroyed by the heaviest rains. Generally they are lightly fixed on the branch, but they resist all showers.

Before the arrival of the Arabs ivory had no value; the natives often did not store it. Having killed an elephant, they took only the meat; and when the Arabs came and, pointing to the ivory, wished to buy, the natives hunted about in the woods for ivory of elephants dead a long time, and big points were sold for a handful of beads, or a copper



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

MARKET-DAY AT WABUNDU.

The sellers remain in an inclosure made with rope; when they approach the rope with bananas, manioc, etc., the purchasers bid for the different parcels with beads, brass wire, tacks, and other popular objects of exchange.

or brass ornament. Kibongo was the first to settle after Stanley's passage; he is said to have bought immense stores of ivory; but all seem to have spent all they had. All the natives along here joined Tippu Tib on his way to Stanley Falls to establish himself, and they fought and took part in raids for him.

From Fundi Ahbedi's to Wabundu, just above the rapids, the country is precisely of the same nature as that we have been passing, but the banks are a little higher. The station of Wabundu, now named Pontherville, has been established six months only, but good progress has been made. The forest has been cleared away, temporary huts have been made, brick-making and tile-making started, and a good house has been nearly finished. Commandant Hancquet was chief, but died five weeks ago of liver trouble. Mr. Laschet, now in charge, is a good worker. I found the table excellent from every point of view, the boys spotlessly clean, all tableware the same, everything well served, things quietly done.

All Arabs have been permitted to retain their slaves. Laschet contemplates a journey into the interior to organize the rubber industry. The market at present is small, but native villages are building in the vicinity. Two days before my arrival two Sierra Leones were hanged by Laschet. They were sentries on guard, and allowed to escape, while they were asleep, a native chief who was prisoner and in chains. Next morning Laschet, in a fit of rage, hanged the two men. They were British subjects engaged by the Congo Free State as soldiers. In time of war, I suppose, they could be executed, after court martial, by being shot; but to hang a subject of any other country without trial seems to me outrageous.

February 10. Left Wabundu (Pontherville) to-day with Captain Hoppenroth, in one very large canoe and one smaller; after half an hour's paddling, reached the Wabundu rapids. All loads were taken out of the craft, which ran through the wild, rough waters without shipping a drop of water. Natives in the neighborhood of the rapids are very expert. These men command one's admiration

and respect; they render the state great service, for which occasionally they receive a present of cloth. The Wasongola are beautifully shaped, good-tempered, powerfully built fellows, generally with shaved heads; or, when there is a tiny crop, the head is shaved, leaving different designs; they are much tattooed on face and body. Most canoes are passed down the falls carefully, but to-day a crew ran the big canoe down the bewildering slant, singing as they went, and shipping but little water. It requires sterling qualities to accomplish this successfully.

My boy Tanganyika is generally half asleep; he wakes up occasionally, with an abrupt dive at me and a big blow at a gadfly. When he succeeds in killing my tormentor, he shows all his teeth for a few seconds with intense satisfaction, and relapses again into his comatose condition.

February 11. Left Bomanga at seven, and reached Benlilukula in four hours; about one and a half hours wasted during the exchange of paddlers. Each stretch of rapids has its particular paddlers, who take one through the wild stretches, every inch of which they know. The Wasongola paddlers are remarkable people in the rapids. We rushed past rocks and snags, just grazing them, at a terrific rate, the water boiling round us, shipping but little of it, turning sharp bends, avoiding sunken rocks, and plunging down glassy torrents.

There is good ground for coffee at Stanley Falls, where it grows prolifically. The station is on the north bank, just below the rapids and falls. In former times the station was on the south bank, but the tendency with the Arabs has been to the other side of the river. All ivory and rubber comes to the station of the Congo Free State. No matter how wide a road you make, the natives soon have in it a tiny foot-path, and tramp one after another in single file.

I have visited the Chopo Falls, about sixty yards wide and thirty feet high. They are magnificent—a miniature Niagara. A raging torrent sweeps down from a wide stretch of river (four hundred yards), tumbles six feet over a ledge between massive rocks, then moves on in an angry torrent, the rocky banks of the stream narrowing. At first the volume droops in a placid fall of six feet, and then plunges down twenty-four feet into the river-bed. From a distance of five hundred meters, or even less, the falls are obscured by the cloud of vapor constantly rising. The Chopo River flows into the Linde, and thence into the Congo.

This important stream is inhabited by the Lukeles, the principal natives in the vicinity of the falls of Wagenia. They are a bold water-people. They place their fishing-nets in the falls and rapids, and build great scaffoldings into the roughest waters, as the photographs I have taken show. The most dangerous rapids are just below the falls. The natives paddle through these right up to the falls; they spring out of canoes to the scaffolding to attend their nets and traps. Fishing-baskets are attached by cords to the scaffolding, and allowed to trail in the falls, the waters of which rush into the wide opening of the basket, carrying large quantities of fish. Occasionally the fishermen, who are always in force on the scaffolding, haul up the baskets and take out their catch. Men and boys walk about on the scaffolding in a wonderful way, without any supporting ropes. All cording used is composed of creepers from the forest.

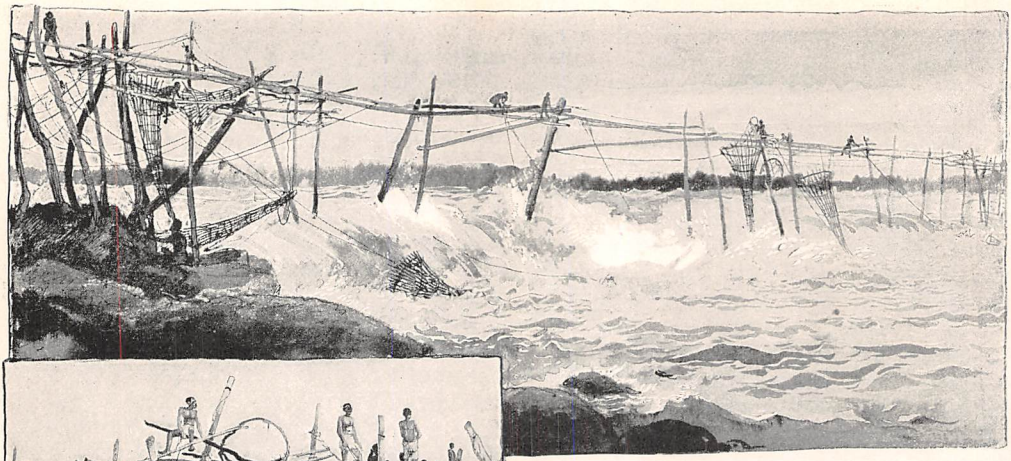
February 19 or 20. I left Stanley Falls for Bazoko. The natives are compelled to transport in their canoes all state loads for nothing; also to provide work-people for the station, generally women; and each chief must bring a certain amount of fish. Occasionally they receive a small present of cloth.

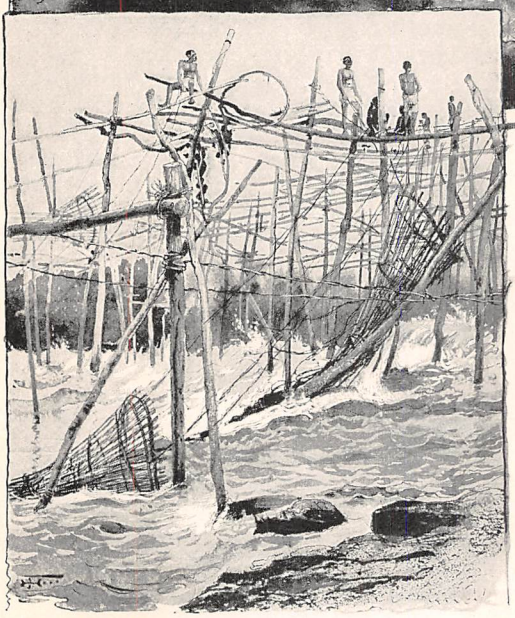
The state conducts its pacification of the country after the fashion of the Arabs, so

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A NATIVE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

the natives are not gainers at all. The Arabs in the employ of the state are compelled to bring in ivory and rubber, and are permitted to employ any measures considered necessary to obtain this result. They employ the same means as in days gone by, when Tippu Tib was one of the masters of the situation. They raid villages, take slaves, and give them back for ivory. The state has not suppressed





DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FISHING-SCAFFOLDS ON THE CONGO.

slavery, but established a monopoly by driving out the Arab and Wangwana competitors.

The state soldiers are constantly stealing, and sometimes the natives are so persecuted that they resent this by killing and eating their tormentors. Recently the state post on the Lomami lost two men killed and eaten by the natives. Arabs were sent to punish the natives; many women and children were taken, and twenty-one heads were brought to the falls, and have been used by Captain Rom as a decoration round a flower-bed in front of his house!

Basoko is in a serious position, surrounded by a powerful enemy, so close that they can hear their speaking-drums. It is the natural outcome of the harsh, cruel policy of the state, wringing rubber from these people without paying for it. The revolution will extend.

Leaving Romée, we passed down the north bank; found all the villages deserted. At Bazoko the *Stanley* stays, ready with banked fires, to admit of the escape of the whites. Passed several posts in Rom's district today—quite deserted, however, and the state's post-house empty, the mast without a flag.

February 23. Reached Lomami River, and the post of Isanghi, five hours' steaming from Romée. Left Romée in the afternoon. The post is twenty-five minutes' walk from the river-bank, and close to the large settlement of an important coastman, Kayamba, who now is devoted to the interests of the state, catching slaves for them, and stealing ivory from the natives of the interior. Does the philanthropic King of Belgium know about this? If not, he ought to.

February 25. Left Bazoko. Sand-banks on the Congo are constantly changing; each captain makes his own charts, but has to alter them repeatedly. On the shore-line there is a monotony of thick forests everywhere. The natives who are in revolt in the district of Bazoko are now close to the station. They killed twenty-two soldiers of the post within three hours, and during our stay speared a state soldier within five minutes' walk of the station. They say they have made «medicine,» and discovered by it that their efforts against the white man will be successful, but they must not begin the attack till after the appearance of new men in a day or so.

February 27. Reached Mbumba at nine o'clock this morning. Found that the chief of the station, a Norwegian officer, Sundt, was away on a war expedition in the *Ville de Ghent*. The persistent badgering of the natives for rubber and ivory has led to the revolt. All are agreed on this point.

February 28. At Upoto, where there are now one state station (white), one state post (blacks only), and the English Baptist mission (Mr. and Mrs. Forfeitt and two white colleagues). The latter have one or two houses of corrugated iron, and the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Forfeitt is nicely and tastefully furnished with books, papers, magazines, photographs, and an organ. But little trade is now to be done at Upoto; the South African Baptists have merely the rind of the orange, exhaustively sucked by the state long ago. Upoto is composed of several stretches of settlements, the huts being closely packed together, and about three thousand in number.

Two elephants to-day swam across the stream between two islands, a distance of two hundred yards; they were about one hundred and fifty yards ahead of the *Ville de Bruxelles*. Everybody fired, but apparently without doing any damage.

March 2. Passed the populous village of Ikulungu. Here I was recognized by a Bangala whom I had not seen for nine years; he was head-man of the first Bangalas taken down to Boma by Vanderkoven in 1886. Bangala is now a splendid station, all built of brick and tiles. There is much dissatisfaction everywhere on account of the non-supply of provisions and wine. By the state laws each white is entitled to a certain amount, but for the last three years there has not been enough for the lawful ration.

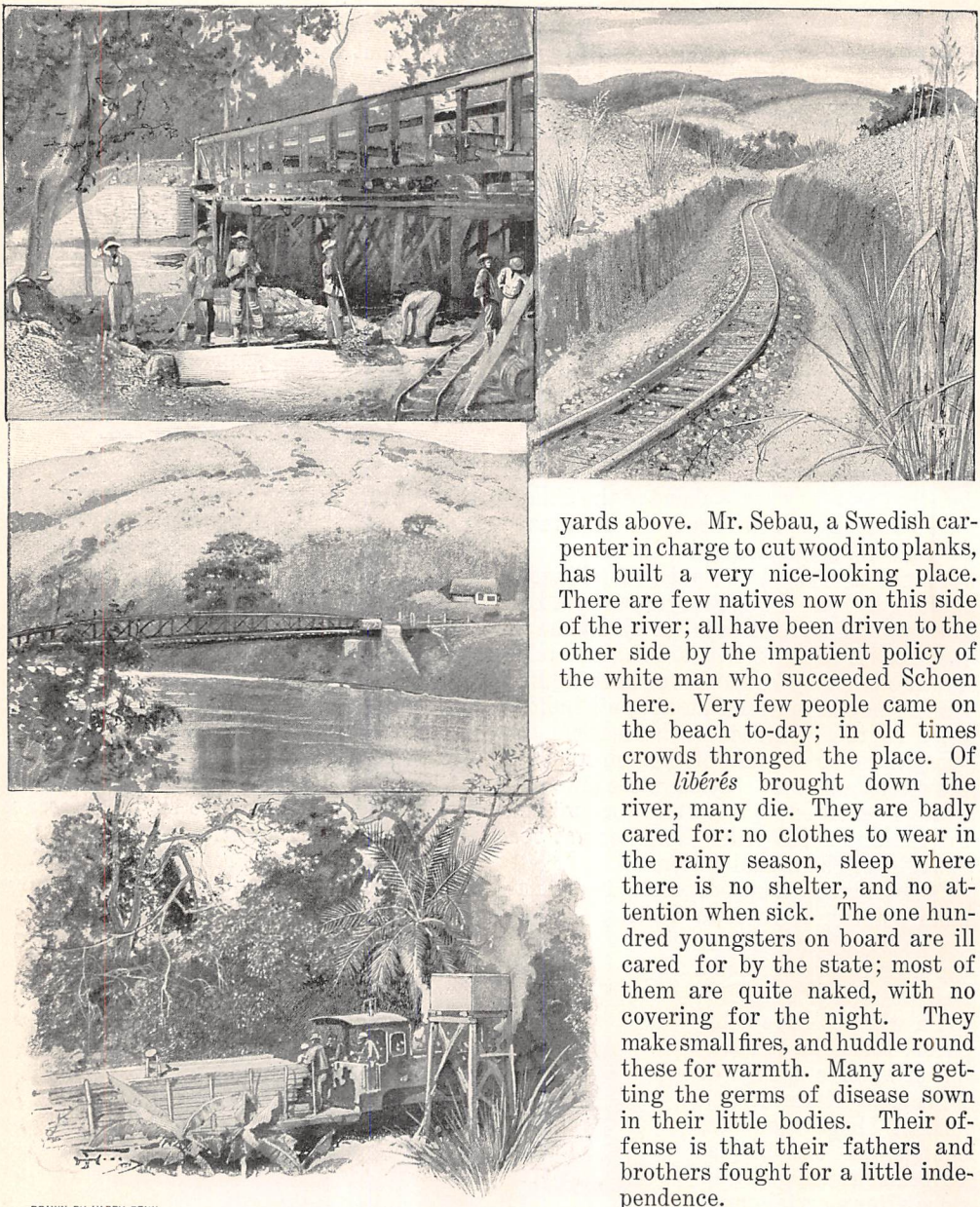
News is brought up, purporting to emanate from a letter written to Dhanis, that the Congo Free State will in the near future become a Belgian colony. If so, Belgium will not have a big catch. It is not a territory out of which a colony can be made. Naturally the officials hope for this change, as the Belgian government will give pensions after a certain number of years' service.

March 5. Equator, now known as Coquillanville, is removed from the old site of Equator founded by Stanley. At present it is near the mouth of the Ruki at Bandaka. The South African Baptist station is just above the old station, and the South African Baptist mission has moved half a mile down-stream. Formerly the natives were well treated, but now expeditions have been sent in every direction, forcing natives to make rubber and to bring it in to the stations. Up the Ikilemba, away to Lake Matumba, the state is perpetrating its fiendish policy in order to obtain profit. We are taking down one hundred slaves, mere children, all taken in unholy wars against the natives. While at the mission station, I saw a gang of prisoners taken along by the state soldiers. War has been waged all through the district of Equator, and thousands of people have been killed and homes destroyed. It was not necessary in the olden times when we white men had no force at all. This forced commerce is depopulating the country.

March 6. Left Equator at eleven o'clock this morning, after taking on a cargo of one hundred small slaves, principally boys seven or eight years old, with a few girls among the batch, all stolen from the natives. As Schonberg had arranged to go at eleven, I left papers with Murphy on his boat, he happening to come in while I was there. We went down together, and called on Branfaut, in charge of the South African Baptists just above the old station of Equator. Branfaut was at Bolobo in 1883, when I first came to Africa. I saw many natives who recognized me. I am struck with the slight difference time has made in the natives. They do not age rapidly; the women I remembered as being in their prime seemed the same; the young men are young men still.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A PART OF THE CHOPO FALLS, FROM THE NORTH BANK.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VIEWS ON THE LINE OF THE CONGO RAILWAY.

The *commissaire* of the district is a violent-tempered fellow. While arranging to take on the hundred small slaves, a woman who had charge of the youngsters was rather slow in understanding his order, delivered in very poor Kibanji; he sprang at her, slapped her in the face, and as she ran away kicked her. They talk of philanthropy and civilization! Where it is I do not know.

March 8. Reached my old station, Lukolela, the present state post being eight hundred yards above. Mr. Sebau, a Swedish carpenter in charge to cut wood into planks, has built a very nice-looking place. There are few natives now on this side of the river; all have been driven to the other side by the impatient policy of the white man who succeeded Schoen here. Very few people came on the beach to-day; in old times crowds thronged the place. Of the *libérés* brought down the river, many die. They are badly cared for: no clothes to wear in the rainy season, sleep where there is no shelter, and no attention when sick. The one hundred youngsters on board are ill cared for by the state; most of them are quite naked, with no covering for the night. They make small fires, and huddle round these for warmth. Many are getting the germs of disease sown in their little bodies. Their offense is that their fathers and brothers fought for a little independence.

Most white officers out on the Congo are averse to the india-rubber politics of the state, but the laws command it. Therefore, at each post one finds the natives deserting their homes and escaping to the French side of the river when possible. Hundreds of people are killed in the wars, whereas if the state merely conducted a humane administration, and allowed traders gradually to develop the rubber industry, there would be no fighting. The Bakongo have gradually taken to labor, the number of porters increasing each year. The same prog-

ress would have been possible on the upper river. The decrease in the native population is very marked at Bangala, Equator, Lukolela, and Bolobo; my memory furnishes a very strong contrast, and it would be interesting to see a reliable census.

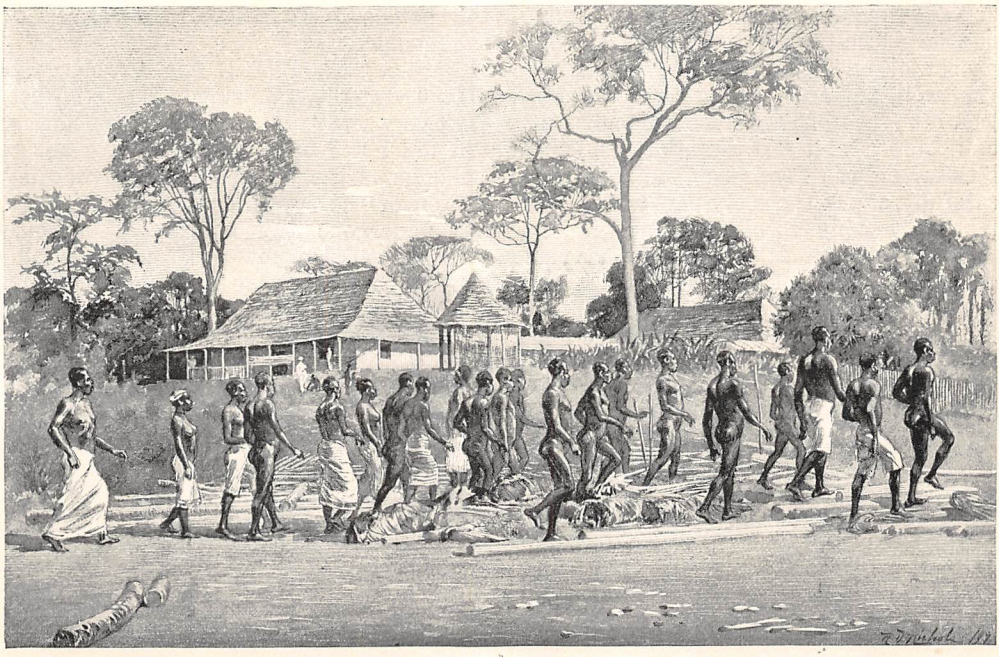
March 12. Reached Leopoldville. It is much changed: more buildings, and plenty of whites. Stayed at Kinsassa on the road; found a batch of letters, and news of everybody at home. Everywhere I hear the same news of the doings of the Congo Free State —rubber and murder, slavery in its worst form. It is said that half the libérés sent down die on the road.

March 16. News has now been received at Leopoldville that no more libérés are to be sent down here; a new camp is to be made at Bolobo. This is a satisfactory change. All the children libérés are handed over to the Jesuit mission at Kinoninza, southeast four hours from Leopoldville. A *père* told Mr. Rogers that seventy-three died during the month, and thirty-five only a month or two ago. The Jesuit mission has not yet been established two years, and they have already three hundred graves, nearly all of libérés. In Europe we understand from the word «libérés» slaves saved from their cruel masters. Not at all! Most of them result from wars made against the natives because of ivory or rubber. It is only the state officials who make war; seldom do the traders have any trouble, and the missionaries never.

The Congo Free State has gradually developed its administration until to-day it has post-offices, law-courts, its own coin, police, *force publique*, transport, and communications by land and water. All is in a satisfactory condition except the miserable system of the libérés. I myself believe that the natives should be forced to serve the state as soldiers for a certain number of years, but a little consideration should be shown; if a man is married, for instance, his wife ought to accompany him. The wretched rubber business should be stopped; this would remove the great evil. It is the enforced commerce which breeds all the trouble.

Stanley Pool is a majestic place, and is well named, for it is a monster pool. At each end it is narrow, and widens out in the middle. It is studded with islands and sandbanks, and encircled by hills more or less timbered.

A native of Kinsassa is said once to have passed safely the rapids below Leopoldville. He was in a canoe, and endeavored to cross the river, but was swept into the rapids. By dexterous paddling he managed to keep his bark afloat through two miles of the wild-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

STATION-HOUSE OCCUPIED BY CAPTAIN ROM AT STANLEY FALLS—A GROUP OF STATION LABORERS IN THE FOREGROUND.

est waters; then she filled and swamped, and the native swam safely to a small island. Here he remained six days. To cross the rapids and relieve him was impossible. Every day he could be seen waving his arms frantically, and his cries for help could sometimes be heard above the roar of the waters. After six days he was reduced by hunger, and determined to risk his life. He gathered together some light logs, lashed these with vines into a rude sort of raft, then dropped down from the end of the island, and, paddling with a stick, was hurled about by the rapids, which, however, are not so strong as above; and although carried down a great distance, he managed at last, by working his craft into a back current, to get ashore. Battered, terrified, and almost dead with hunger, he reached a fishing-camp.

March 26. I left Leopoldville with eleven porters hired from Sims. The porters are better paid and better rationed than they used to be. I do not see any great progressive changes here, except that the Arab power is broken; but on the Congo itself there is nothing of a very startling character denoting progressive development, promising a solid, profitable future for the Congo Free State.

Toyo, the boy I engaged of Sims, is more different kinds of an ass than any one I have met for several moons. The other day, after cooking something in the frying-pan, he placed the sooty side on the drum of my banjo! I do not understand his language very well, but from gesture and disgusted look it ought to have been clear to him that I objected to that sort of untidiness. When I threw off the frying-pan, he took it up carefully, wiped the sooty part with a cloth I had given him to clean plates with, and then put it back on the banjo! He has made tea in my coffee-pot without removing the coffee-grounds. He walks into my room without taking off his hat or removing his pipe. He is ugly, slow, and has no more intelligence than a rock. I found him wearing a hat which I had given him to carry, and wiping his sweaty face on my towel. What service he could have rendered Sims's mission I do not know.

On the other side of Nkisi I passed five whites destined for the Mongala River as agents of the Société Commerciale Anversoise. They are all sub-officers in the Belgian army. It seems to me rather a heartless proceeding to send off inexperienced men to a deadly hole like the Mongala; but the state wants money, and ivory is money, and in the Mongala there is plenty of ivory. These sub-officers are poorly paid in the army, and the three hundred dollars a year, with percentage of purchases, presents to them a golden prospect.

There are markets along the trail at which plenty of food can be bought, but it is dear; the carriers do not suffer, as they now get a good ration. The state has built houses for whites and carriers at easy stages of two and a half or three hours; but generally between these points there is no shelter to be found, so if you are caught in a heavy rain you have to keep going till you reach the next stage. During the first part of my journey, in case of rain, I rigged up my tent hurriedly, and packed away in it all my principal loads; then I put up the tarpaulin, in the shape of a roof, to shelter my men and the remaining loads.

The state operations on the Congo demand a large transport, and any hitch on the road puts the up-river people in a serious position, and therefore they have to take violent measures to gain their ends. The natives are now better paid, and, besides, each caravan of over a dozen men going down to Matadi receives a pig besides the ration, which is two pieces of handkerchief for the way down. All carriers now want good, strong cloth; they wear much more than they used to. Each one now has a long cloth; one end is tied as a loin-cloth, and the long end thrown over the shoulder, or an extra cloth is carried for the shoulder.

April 5, 1895. I left Lukunga at eleven. I did not visit the state station there; in fact, I felt very seedy while at the mission station, and did not feel inclined to move about. Lukunga is the transport and forwarding station of the state's caravan service, and has undergone tremendous development; even the mission now needs ten thousand carriers a year to take up their stuff. The missions should be more particular to bring up only the things that are quite necessary. The iron frame and stand of a good printing-press were lying out in the rain at Lukunga; it never had been used, and now never can be, I should say. The type is stowed away in an old outhouse with a hole in it big enough for a man to go in on horseback. This material and the transport must have cost a lot of money. The big wooden house that was sent out to Lukunga was partly built, and then was found to be located on land belonging to the state, which claimed and obtained the heavy damages of two thousand dollars or more. A society that can stand such extravagance as that is both merciful and rich.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

THE REV. AND MRS. LAWSON FORFEITT AT THE BAPTIST MISSION, UNDERHILL, MATADI. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY GLAVE WHILE THEIR GUEST. HE DIED IN THIS HOUSE.

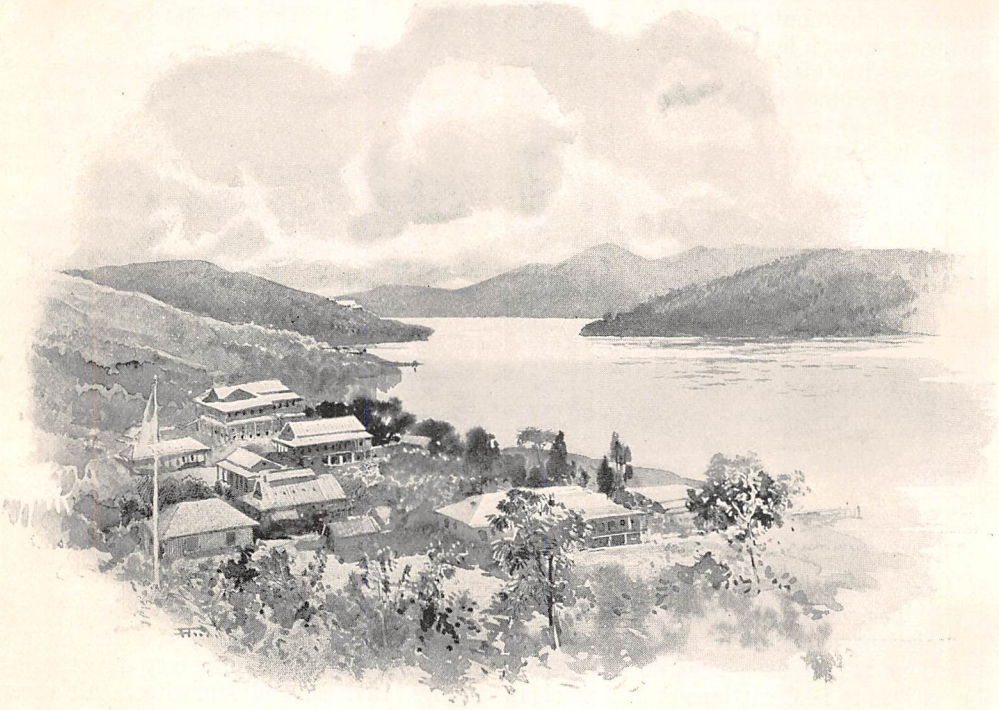
With regard to this missionary business. The missionaries, who are very earnest, conscientious people as a rule, do not expect the natives to be Christians of a high, clean order. The native first becomes a Christian, according to their reasoning; then by education he gradually becomes honest, truthful, trustworthy, loyal, etc.; but when a man is dishonest, a liar, and a thief, I do not take very much stock in his acceptance of the Christian faith. About six hundred natives belong to the church at Lukunga.

I met Baron de Rezen, chief of the public forces at Lukunga and chief of the station. He agrees that rubber is the cause of all the trouble on the Congo, but excuses the state on the ground that it is necessary for it to have funds. He thinks the small posts placed among the natives without whites a mistake; the blacks, thus vested with a little authority, immediately take advantage of it and ill-treat the natives.

Between Nkisi and Lukunga the land seems to be divided into immense bowls, high ranges of hills forming the rim on each side. You have to climb to a great height to get over this rim; then below you find an undulating plateau, cut in every direction by valleys, ravines, and land-slips. All these sheltered damp places are thickly covered with timber, the wine-giving palm-tree being very prominent. Pink lines where the wine has been carried are traced all over the land, showing the numerous trails from village to village, and to the markets and the caravan roads. There is no village on the road, the settlements always being some distance away. Many villages can be seen as one ascends the high places, some of them in hollows, and some clinging to the side of a hill like a swallow's nest. Many of the plantations are made on exceedingly steep hillsides, or on the damp sides of ravines. The timber is cleared away, and manioc, maize, etc., are planted. The natives say they get much better crops by planting in such places. The land on the hilltops and flat places gets too parched. The rich timber growth in the ravines is in utter contrast to the barren-looking hills with sparse

growth of dwarfed timber. The natives are all very friendly Barongo.

April 8. After three and a half hours' fairly easy traveling from Sekololo, reached Linionzo post, where I found a party of Bakongo burying a dead carrier. As a rule, when a carrier dies he is left by the roadside; this burial either displays unusual consideration for the deceased, or is the carrying out of an order which at least ought to exist compelling carriers to bury their dead. The carriers here always carry on the head, and rest awhile by putting the load on the shoulders. Carrying on the head develops the neck and shoulders, and makes them as straight as arrows. These people are a hardy race, but the carrying business is a great strain on the system, as is also the constant drenching they get in wet seasons. Often they suffer from hunger, and there are never spare men with a caravan, so that in case of sickness the carrier still has to lug along his sixty-five pounds' weight, a hard enough task for a well man, but killing for an invalid. One sees some miserable wretches dragging along in the rear of a caravan. State officers often complain that missionaries employ too many carriers and make themselves too comfortable, while state officers in the far interior have to be denied even the necessaries of life from lack of transport. Twelve thousand loads are said to be in stores at Matadi. The majority of missionaries are in Africa for their whole lives, and therefore they naturally need a big transport to surround themselves with some of the comforts which would be theirs in Europe or America. Then, again, the state officers must know that the state does send up something like fifty thousand loads a year. Surely with such colossal opportunities they might arrange to supply their whites with butter and wine; the lack of these things constitutes the great grievance. Fewer guns and less powder, and more butter, would be better for both whites and blacks.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VIEW OF MATADI ON THE CONGO.

The site of the Underhill mission, where Glave died, is indicated by the white roof on the far promontory to the left.

Carriers have to be coddled considerably to get them down to Matadi. All sorts of new cloth has to be introduced to attract their attention. Yesterday I saw a caravan of twenty-one natives, all of whom had received as pay a second-hand frock-coat, and in spite

of its being a hot, muggy day, were proudly wearing the garment. Some of them were carrying powder, others demijohns of wine in *matets* (rough baskets, elongated, and made of the leaf of the palm-tree), and still others had boxes. With their full-skirted frock-coats, and bare legs beneath, they presented a strange sight. For a time highly colored bed-quilts were the rage, and carriers flocked down in thousands to Matadi to receive this form of payment. Now the coats seem to be the fascination. But even with all the inducements held out, the state cannot carry up nearly enough loads, and only the railway can cope with this; then, if the Lower Congo becomes occupied by planters, the Bakongo may find new employment. Anyhow, they have now a taste for cloth; they can always get plenty of food from their own ground, but they must have cloth, which necessitates labor.

April 9. I visited Banza Manteka, the mission station of the American Baptist Missionary Union, in charge of a very determined, zealous, hard-working missionary, Mr. Richards, who has now had fourteen years of Africa, being one of the pioneers who pushed their way into the interior. For seven years he preached and tried to reach the natives with Christian teaching, but only toward the end of this time did he begin to see any result, when some of the courageous natives burned their idols, cast aside all emblems of heathen worship, and boldly declared their adoption of the Christian faith. Since then the number of members of the church has been rapidly growing, and now it has seven hundred members whom Mr. Richards can rely on as being earnest Christians who live according to the teaching of the missionaries. All those belonging to the church who have more than one wife may retain them, but in case of the death of one they may not replace her; and men having only one wife must not have more. *Mulafu*, the native drink, is prohibited. The church, made of corrugated iron, seats five hundred people, and was brought up river by the natives, who would accept no pay for their services.

To-day I saw the dead body of a carrier lying on the trail. There could have been no mistake about his being a sick man; he was nothing but skin and bones. These posts ought to give some care to the porters; the heartless disregard for life is abominable. Two days ago a native applied to me for medicine and food; he was ill and starving. The same day I met a poor liberated slave, emaciated, with nothing to eat. I gave him food, but could not understand his language, as he was a poor wretch stolen from a far-away home. Native life is considered of no value by the Belgians. No wonder the state is hated. Carrying is pushed to such an extent that it is killing the people. They are on the road the whole time, without rest to enable them to recuperate and get strong after each trip. Often the mission stations are applied to for succor; but, as a rule, when the carriers present themselves they are thoroughly overcome by the exertion of carrying a load while ill, and they generally die. Formerly the state sent out its soldiers to tie up the women when the people refused to come in as carriers. This has now been stopped. Soon the railway will be finished as far as Lufu; this will relieve the transport considerably, if the service from Lukunga to Lufu can be arranged as regards pay with the natives. The Belgians often ask what will the Bakongo people do when the railway is finished. What did they do before the white men came to rule them? Did they die of hunger, and lie unburied on the road?

Mr. Richards has thirty or forty schools and churches all over the country, earnestly attended. His own church has trained native teachers and preachers. Many villagers have themselves built schools, and pay the black teacher.

I met a number of white men going up country to-day, all Belgians, to take part in the ivory traffic and the redemption of free people! Now Belgium is asked to take over the state and make it into a colony. They will have a very bad bargain; if they do, they must change their methods, and not be merely a trading concern. We must not condemn the young Congo Free State too hastily or too harshly. They have opened up the country, established a certain administration, and beaten the Arabs in the treatment of the natives. Their commercial transactions need remedying, it is true.

April 10. Hard day's tramp to-day from Naremboli, one hour from Banza Manteka, to Masa Mankengé, three and a half hours beyond Congo du Lemba. One's carriers are most annoying. They insist on waiting two or three hours in the middle of the day, resting and eating; then, late in the afternoon, they take it into their heads to reach a certain far-away point. To-night, for instance, it was eight o'clock before I reached Masa Mankengé. I was on my feet eleven hours to-day, which is really too much. Traveling after dark is not a sensible proceeding at

all. I lost my hat, besides working myself up into a vile temper, first by being caught out late, then by having to stumble over a stony trail, across which long grass drooped, making traveling very difficult; besides, there were several muddy streams to cross.

The present site of Matadi belonged entirely to the Livingstone Island Mission, now the American Baptist Missionary Union; but the state took the land away from them, and poked them away in a corner on an elbow of rock, about the worst place in Matadi. The mission was politely asked by the state to give up the land, with the threat that if it was not done graciously, the state would requisition it. The mission authorities were informed by the state that they should receive all sorts of consideration from the state, especially on the upper river, but the promise has not been kept. For each load from Matadi to Leopoldville the stranger has to pay two francs to the state for the use of bridges, roads, etc. Half the bridges are washed away. There are huts and sheds for carriers; but you have to get permission to use the old grass huts, and the mission and trading-house carriers are often turned out of the sheds to stay in the rain with their loads. But a sick Belgian never hesitates about going to the nearest mission station, where he is well received and tenderly cared for.

April 30, May 1 and 2, visited the American mission, at Ngangela, of the International Missionary Alliance, New York. The object of the work is to evangelize a big portion of the country. They aim to support themselves as nearly as possible, and have been established six years. At present twenty missionaries, male and female, are here. About thirty have been out, and ten of them have died. The missionaries spend as little money as possible, and go in largely for cultivating the ground, with the idea of sustaining the people on the station. They are deeply religious, and have their houses smothered over with religious texts. They say lengthened grace at meal-time, and have a service every evening with a great deal of prayer. Ngangela, with a very nice station, is the headquarters of the mission.

As Africans are civilized the condition of their women-folk improves. In the native villages women do all the drudgery, and have only a miserable standing; but at the mission stations, when a man has only one wife, and is trained morally so that he is intelligent, kind, and honest, the woman receives much better treatment.

Awfully hot weather; the thermometer today indicates 103° in the shade; it is most weakening.

Mr. Harvey heard from Clarke, who is at Lake Matumba, that the state soldiers have been in the vicinity of his station recently, fighting and taking prisoners; and he himself has seen several men with bunches of hands signifying their individual kill. These, I presume, they must produce to prove their success! Among the hands were those of men and women, and also those of little children. The missionaries are so much at the mercy of the state that they do not report these barbaric happenings to the people at home. I have previously heard of hands, among them children's, being brought to the stations, but I was not so satisfied of the truth of the former information as of the reports received just now by Mr. Harvey from Clarke. Much of this sort of thing is going on at the Equator station. The methods employed are not necessary. Years ago, when I was on duty at the Equator without soldiers, I never had any difficulty in getting what men I needed, nor did any other station in the old, humane days. The stations and the boats then had no difficulty in finding men or labor, nor will the Belgians if they introduce more reasonable methods.

The other day there was an accident on the railway. A train laden with trucks and a first-class wagon was coming down Calabala Hill, homeward bound. Beyond this point there are some sharp, dangerous bends. Coming down these, the engineer tried to put on brakes, but they would not work, and the train flew along, threatening to topple into the ravine at one of the sharp bends. Weyns and Judge Gore and another white man threw themselves off the train, escaping with slight injury. The black engineer and fireman kept their posts, as did all the black passengers, twenty-five in number; but I do not think this suggests superior pluck—rather the want of it. A wagon became derailed, and slowly brought the train to a standstill by its dragging, the sharp flanges of the wheels chopping off the ends of the sleepers. A few days afterward a wagon was derailed close to the mission station at Matadi, and afterward three trucks without an engine came rushing down an incline, and sped away almost into the depot.

The railway has had great difficulties to deal with. They have made no bold cuttings where they could wriggle here and there and maintain their general direction. Trains run fairly steady; the route is through a pic-

turesque country. The engine-drivers are Senegalis, with generally a white man as inspector of the train. The Congo Railway, it is said, has already spent twenty million francs. They employ three thousand blacks —Hausas, Sierra Leones, Accra, Senegalis; the last are said to be the most trustworthy, capable men in the company.

It must be apparent to all clear-headed men that the sale of alcohol leads to the degradation and degeneration of the African races. The Congo Free State allows gin to be sold as far as Nkisi on the railway. Any amount of this fiery poison is sold for half a franc a bottle. The employees of the railway, under its maddening influence, become guilty of the gravest insubordination with regard to the exchange for natural produce. It is a short-sighted policy. Africans who are allowed to sell their produce for rum lose all energy and force, and produce only enough to give them the treasured rum. The African has no control over his vices.

A negro was listening to a white man speaking of the superiority of the whites. The native said the blacks were equally clever. «Can you make powder or guns?» asked the white man. «No; but what of that? If we knew how we could do it.» That is the great difference. On the other hand, natives often express indignation that they are so ignorant in comparison with whites.

[For Postscript, see «Open Letters.»]

E. J. Glave.

CENTRAL AFRICA SILVER WAR MEDAL PRESENTED TO GLAVE BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, ON ACCOUNT OF SERVICES RENDERED BY HIM IN THE WAR ON THE ARAB SLAVE RAIDERS ABOUT LAKE NYASSA, DESCRIBED BY GLAVE IN «THE CENTURY» FOR AUGUST, 1896. THE AWARD WAS MADE AFTER GLAVE'S DEATH.

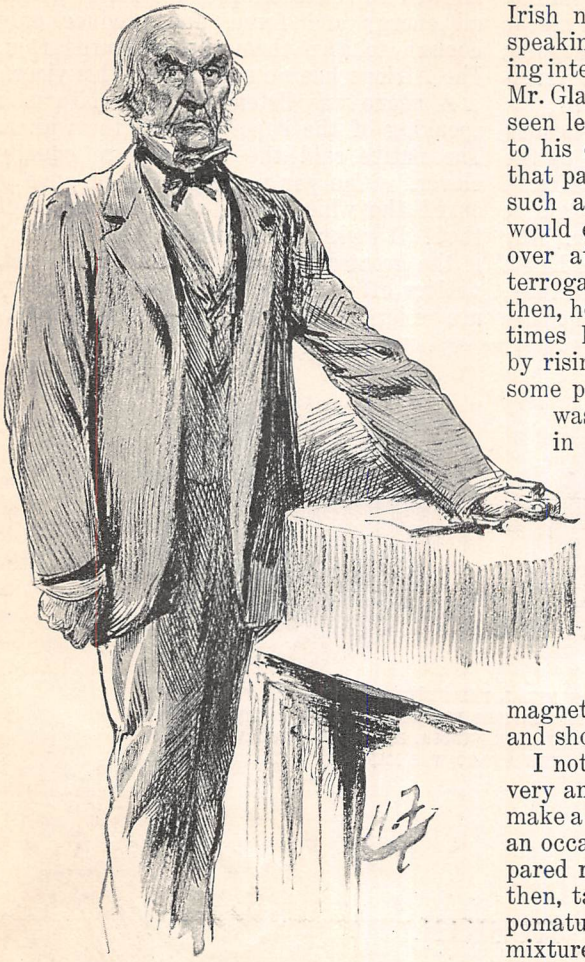
RUSKIN.

PAINTER in words, on whose resplendent page,
Caught from the palette of the seven-hued bow,
The colors of our English Turner glow,—
Silver of silent stars, the storm's red rage,
The spray of mountain streams, rocks gray with age,
Gold of Athena, white of Alpine snow,
Cool green of forests, blue of lakes below,
And sunset-crimsoned skies,—O seer and sage,
Crowned with wild olive, fine of sense and sight,
In thy prophetic voice, through work, trade, strife,
The stones cry out: «By truth the nations live,
And by injustice die. Be thy weights right,
Thy measures true. These be the lamps that give
The way of beauty and the path of life.»

R. R. Bowker.

GLIMPSES OF GLADSTONE.

WITH SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.



GLADSTONE SPEAKING.

UPON an ordinary night in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone generally arrived shortly before question time was over. With a somewhat apologetic air he would walk to his seat, which was of late years between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley; and, did there happen to be any political excitement in the air, his entrance was frequently signaled by a cheer from the Irish benches. Were he a little late he was wont to turn toward Sir William Harcourt or to Mr. John Morley, and make inquiry as to the course which affairs had taken. If nothing of importance had occurred, he would place an ink-bottle upon the table in front of him and begin to scribble.

But on occasion—as, for instance, upon an Irish night when the Chief Secretary was speaking, and as a matter of course was being interrupted by Mr. Sexton or Mr. Healy—Mr. Gladstone was all attention, and might be seen leaning forward, with his hand placed to his ear in order to catch every syllable that passed. Now and then an exclamation such as «Quite right,» or «Hear, hear!» would escape from him, and he would look over at the Chief Secretary with an interrogative air, as much as to say, «Now, then, how can you answer that?» and sometimes he would follow up the interruption by rising and addressing the Speaker on some point of order. In fact, whenever he was present, his was the central figure in the picture. His quick, intelligent eye took in everything at a glance, and the impulsive gestures with which he accompanied a speech invariably compelled the attention of the most lethargic listener, while, even when he was not speaking, but merely sitting in his place, no one could fail to perceive the keenness, the activity, and the indescribable magnetism of genius which lifted him head and shoulders above all about him.

I noticed that he always appeared to be very anxious and restless before rising to make a speech. His first movement upon such an occasion was to arrange his carefully prepared notes upon the box in front of him; then, taking from his pocket the historical pomatum-pot, which contained, I believe, a mixture of egg-flip and honey,—a recipe of Sir William Clarke's,—he would place it out of view on the edge of the table by the side of the box. Then he would sit, placing both hands upon his knees, with his face firmly set, and with his hawk-like eyes fixed upon the Speaker, waiting for the signal to spring to his feet. Once up, he seemed composed enough, playing with the notes in front of him, and arranging and rearranging them. Then, leaning forward and laying his hand upon the box, he would begin slowly, latterly with a husky voice. When the graceful introduction with which he prefaced his remarks was over, there would come an ominous tug at his wristbands, followed by an easing of his collar with one finger, a step back, a flash from those passionate eyes, and then—but let others describe his speeches.

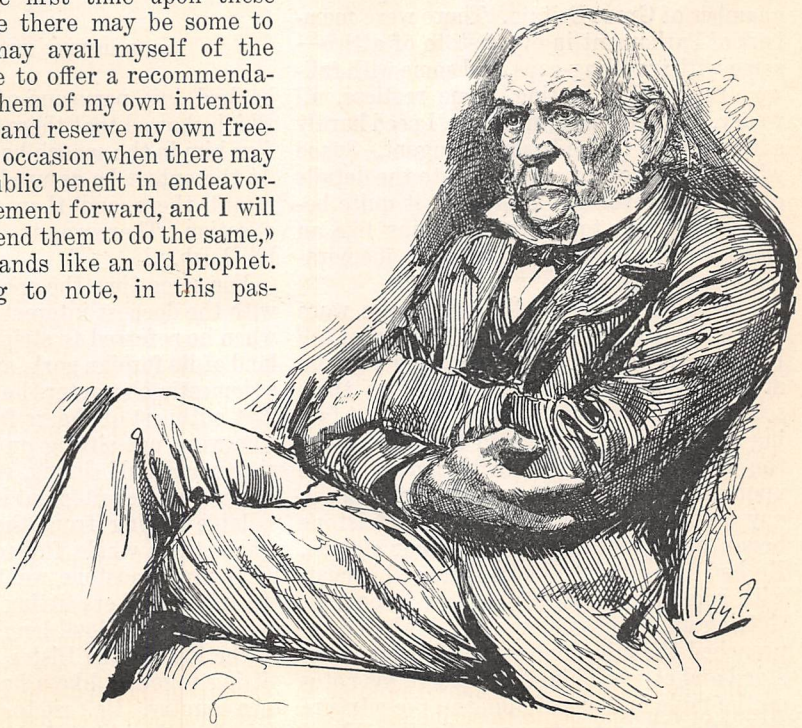
As an artist, accustomed perhaps to use

my eyes more than my ears, I content myself here with noting down certain personal traits—such, for instance, as that when the great orator paused to consider a difficult point he was wont to scratch the top of his head with the wrist of his left hand. When determined to drive an argument home to his listeners, he used to emphasize it by bringing down his ringed hand upon the box with a tremendous bang, of which energetic action evidence remains in the shape of many tell-tale dents in the boxes. I have examined these evidences, and it was interesting to find that the energy of the orator was much greater when he was out of office than when he was in power, the box upon the Opposition side being much more severely marked than its fellow in front of the Government bench, notwithstanding the terrific thumping to which that receptacle was subjected during the memorable oration of Thursday, April 8, 1886.

Another habit peculiar to Mr. Gladstone during debate was that of turning round and addressing members behind him. Upon one occasion, in 1889, he turned to his younger supporters and gave them this notable advice: «I stand here as a member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my counsel and reserve my own freedom until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavoring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them to do the same,» —holding up his hands like an old prophet.

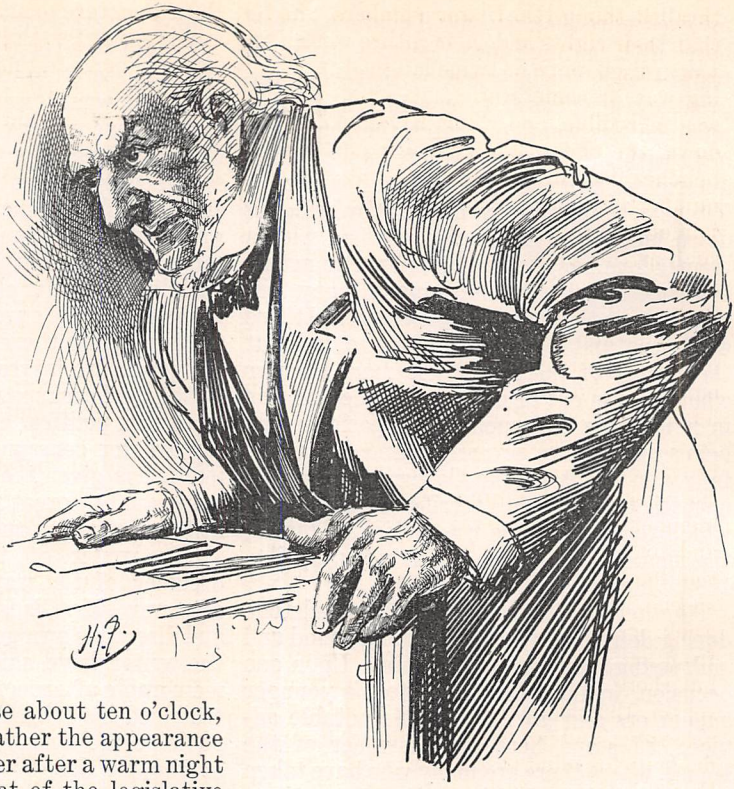
It is interesting to note, in this passage, Mr. Gladstone's advice to young members to keep their own counsel. He had practised what he preached from his earliest days in parliament. Keeping his own counsel and running as a dark horse have always been characteristic of him. In the Greville memoirs he is referred to as follows: «The great event which came off on Monday night was Gladstone's budget. He had kept his secret so well that nobody had the least idea what it was to be, only it oozed out that the income tax was not to be differentiated. He spoke for five hours, and by universal consent it was one of the grandest displays and most able financial statements that ever was heard in the House of Commons. A great scheme, boldly, skilfully, and honestly devised, disdaining popular clamor and pressure from without, and the execution of it absolute perfection. Even those who do not admire the budget or are injured by it admit the merit of the performance. It has raised Gladstone to a great political elevation, and, what is of far greater consequence than the measure itself, has given the country assurance of a man equal to great political necessities, and fit to lead parties and direct governments.»

The writer of this could never have dreamed of the way in which, many years afterward, Mr. Gladstone would cease to lead and direct his own government. What would the writer have said of the scene on the memorable afternoon when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Bill? The rush made by noble peers for seats resembled the scramble at the pit door at Drury Lane on Boxing



GLADSTONE UNDER FIRE.

Night, and some of the younger members of the Upper House seemed to enjoy it. The Duke of Marlborough came with the rush, and Lord Fife was conspicuous in the mêlée. The demand for seats for strangers for that never-to-be-forgotten day was unparalleled, and those lucky enough to get them saw one of the most remarkable scenes that ever took place in the House of Commons. Some members, to secure their seats, slept in the House all night, and the aspect of the place in the early morning must have been indeed strange. I got down to the House about ten o'clock, and it then presented rather the appearance of the saloon of a steamer after a warm night in the Red Sea than that of the legislative chamber of Great Britain. There were members of Parliament in every state of attire—some with traveling-caps, and some with railway rugs, some resting, some restless, all weary. Some of these members, I need hardly say, belonged to the Irish contingent. Space will not allow of my entering into the details of this day, even did I not feel it quite beyond my power to convey anything like an adequate impression of a scene so memorable and so historical.



GLADSTONE UNDER WAY.

For the first time, I believe, chairs were brought in and placed down the center of the House, covering the floor, leaving a passage at each side for members to get to their seats on the benches. The members sat facing the Speaker, very much the same as on the top of an omnibus with garden seats upon it. There was not a vestige of room in any part of the House when Mr. Gladstone began his speech at half-past four o'clock. He had a rose in the buttonhole of his coat, with some leaves carefully placed about it. Getting up, as his custom was, slowly, he approached the table, and while his supporters stood and cheered him he arranged his notes on the table in front of him, and the mixture in bottles like pomatum-pots by the side of the box. It was the only occasion on which he had two pomatum-pots instead of one, which showed that there was a long task before him in the speech he was about to make. At the outset he assured the House that he meant there and then to settle the Irish question. There was to be no beating about the bush.

For some time the speech was listened to with the deepest interest and in silence, but when he referred to stripping the law in Ireland of its foreign garb, and investing it with a domestic character, he brought forth the first outburst of cheers from the Parnellites, who were not sitting on the seats, but half rising and half sitting, so intense was their interest and excitement in listening to every syllable falling from the great man upon whom their whole future depended. Then, when Mr. Gladstone went on to speak of all the Irish members sitting in a House of their own, there was loud laughter from all parts at the idea of the Ulster and Irish members sitting together like a happy family in their own country. He rose to oratory when he referred to the bill as Ireland's Magna Charta. It was a grand effort, and held the House en-

thralled, though the Ulster members, who felt that their rights and their future were being jeopardized, once or twice laughed in a jeering way at some statement which to them was incredible, and when Mr. Gladstone sat down, the cheers that came from the Irish benches lasted for many minutes, and a number of other members could not resist joining, because they felt that an oration such as this deserved the applause of those against it as well as of those in whose interests it was made.

Then there came a reaction. The buzz of conversation rose as the House rapidly emptied, and the members went into the lobbies, or found their way into the dining-room, to discuss the great speech with approval or dissatisfaction. I had that night the pleasure of dining with a number of members of the Liberal side of the House, and four or five out of about fourteen were the loudest in their protests against the speech. These four or five members, after a week or two, were induced—in most cases from self-interest—to swallow the speech, but there is no doubt, if I am a correct observer, that the effect of the speech was to lose votes, and not to gain them. No one who made up his mind to leave Mr. Gladstone over this question came back to him afterward; but many who had decided to leave him until the speech was heard made up their minds that the propositions in it were not feasible, and adhered to him, and it is a curious study of human nature to analyze the waverers during the week or two that followed this speech. It is well known to those behind the scenes that one great Liberal sat on the fence, and only tumbled on the side of Mr. Gladstone through pique at a remark made to him at a private dinner, twitting him for not taking a decided position. But I refer more to the smaller fry. Members whose instincts told them that they ought not to follow Mr. Gladstone in what he had done were moved by interest to take the opposite view directly afterward. However, I must not generalize or break away from the object of this article, which is merely to record a few impressions of Mr. Gladstone, and not to attempt to write as a politician.

How often before this had I seen Mr. Gladstone, arm in arm with his stanch supporter, Lord Hartington (now the Duke of Devonshire), walk down Parliament street to the House. Yet after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill I saw Lord Hartington assaulted by Gladstonian supporters when leaving the House after voting against Mr. Gladstone.

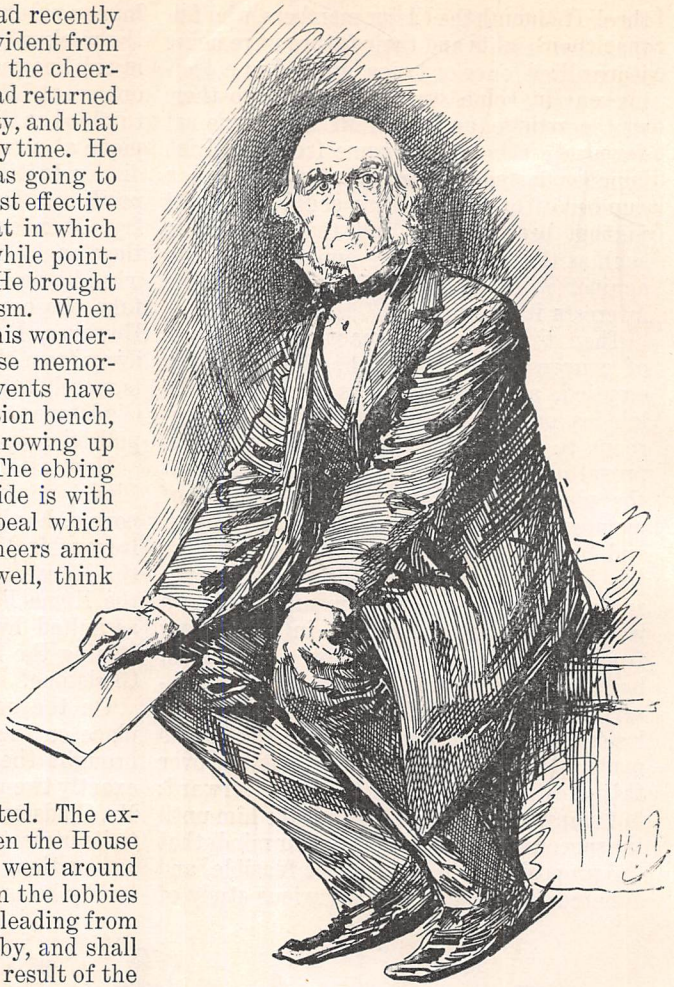
On the occasion of the scene that took place on the night of June 7, 1886, when he brought the question to a division, it was exactly twenty-five minutes past eleven when Mr. Gladstone rose in a crowded House, filled to its utmost capacity. Of course he received an ovation, but many felt that he would hardly be as effective as he had been on the

GLADSTONE AND LORD HARTINGTON GOING TO THE HOUSE.

former occasion, as his voice had recently been very husky. But it was evident from the first word he uttered, after the cheering had ceased, that his voice had returned with all its richness and intensity, and that his energy was as great as at any time. He also showed at once that he was going to make a fighting speech. The most effective of his lighter passages was that in which he criticized Mr. Chamberlain while pointing at him with his forefinger. He brought down the house with the sarcasm. When he rose to his highest point in his wonderful peroration, he uttered these memorable words (but how futile, events have shown), pointing to the Opposition bench, taking a step or two back, throwing up his face, his eyes sparkling: «The ebbing tide is with you; the flowing tide is with us.» He concluded with an appeal which brought him the tumultuous cheers amid which he sat down: «Think well, think wisely, think not for the moment, but for the years to come, before you reject our plan.»

The division was called at ten minutes past one on the morning of June 8, and perhaps there never was a division upon which so much depended and about which so much excitement existed. The excitement was at fever-heat when the House was emptied for the division. I went around to see the effect of the result in the lobbies below. I was in a little corridor leading from the inner lobby to the outer lobby, and shall never forget the scene when the result of the division became known. At first it was reported that the majority was only three (instead of thirty), and at this a cheer arose from every one present—one side because they had won, the other because the majority (they thought) was so small. Hats and sticks were thrown into the air, and all order was lost. Strangers, who are expected to observe the utmost decorum in this place, cheered again and again. Such excitement and utter disregard of the rules by strangers in the House was never before witnessed, and, I do not hesitate to say, will never be again.

Within the House the excitement was as great. It is a wonder that the different parties did not come to fisticuffs, for they seemed to lose all control over themselves in the excitement. The most conspicuous member at the moment was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who jumped upon the seat, and called at the top of his voice for three cheers for the Grand Old Man.



GLADSTONE CATCHING THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

But as this article is merely to give the impressions of an artist, it is unnecessary for me to go further into scenes in which Mr. Gladstone took part at the close of his extraordinary parliamentary career. In fact, did I attempt an essay on Mr. Gladstone, I might be accused of exaggeration in the same proportion as my drawings of him are supposed to be caricatures.

I believe I am generally supposed to have invented Mr. Gladstone's collars; but as a matter of fact I merely discovered them. Many men wear collars quite as large as, and even larger than, his, but they are not so prominent in appearance, for the simple reason that when Mr. Gladstone sat down it was his custom to sit well forward. His body collapsed, so to speak, and his head sank into his coat. The inevitable result was that his collar rose, and owing to this circumstance,

I have frequently seen it looking quite as conspicuous as it is depicted in my caricatures.

When Mr. Gladstone, upon one occasion, met the artists of «Punch» at dinner, I was chagrined to find, when he walked into the dining-room, that he had discarded his usual large collar for one of the «masher» type. I felt that my reputation for accuracy was blighted, and sought consolation from the editor of a Gladstonian organ, who happened to be present.

«Yes,» he said; «he is evidently dressed up to meet the ‹Punch› artists. He is the pink of fashion and neatness now; but last night, when I met him at dinner, his shirt was frayed at the edges, and his collar was pinned down behind, but the pin gave way during the evening, and the collar nearly came over his head.»

Upon great occasions in the House Mr. Gladstone's dress was very noticeable. He was then spruce, in a black frock-coat, light trousers, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole. This generally indicated that a great speech was imminent. Whenever there was any excuse for wearing them, Mr. Gladstone had a partiality for gray clothes, which were not too fashionably cut; and once I remember that he caused some sensation by appearing in the House wearing a wedding-favor. Something had evidently tickled his sense of humor upon the occasion, for he was «smiling all over» as he came in; and when he sat down by Sir William Harcourt, to whom he related the joke, his merriment seemed to increase. Afterward he repeated it to Mr. Chamberlain, and again to the Speaker, finally quitting the House to tell it anew outside.

GLADSTONE LISTENING.

In this short article I have not touched upon Mr. Gladstone outside of Parliament,

although few politicians have made more public appearances outside the House than he. Still, I have always been of the opinion that he was seen at his best in the House of Commons. When addressing public meetings out of doors he appeared to me to labor under a great disadvantage; not on account of the matter which formed the staple of his speeches, but merely because his manner did not appeal to the theatrical tastes of a popular audience. His style, in fact, was too refined for such assemblies, abounding as it did in graceful periods and elaborately constructed sentences. I am referring, of course, only to his public utterances since the year 1873, when I saw him for the first time. Sir William Harcourt always strikes me as far better suited for the rôle of a public speaker at these mass-meetings; not because his greater physique gives him a more commanding presence,—for a few others, less liberally endowed by nature in that respect (as Lord Randolph Churchill, for instance), have proved formidable rivals to him, and also Mr. John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, who will both probably be remembered as having been more effective upon the platform than Mr. Gladstone,—but because he knew better how to appeal to popular sympathies, and had his finger, so to speak, more closely upon the pulse of the public, than his great leader in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone always eschewed clap-trap of any sort, and was as inexperienced in the use of what I may call the political blunderbuss, of which Sir William must be accounted a passed master, as in the daring recklessness of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, or in the personalities of Mr. Labouchere. It mattered little, however, after all; for so great was the public admiration for the illustrious leader of the Liberal party that merely to see him was to the majority of his audiences enough.

Penetrating as his voice was, it was absolutely impossible for any but those standing immediately about the platform to hear him upon such occasions as that of the famous Blackheath meeting, or those at Birmingham and elsewhere; but the masses nevertheless came in thousands, and were more than repaid for their trouble by catching even a distant glimpse of William Ewart Gladstone.

Harry Furniss.

THE KINDS THAT CURED.

WHEN the weather was warm, as on this June day, Cutler's Island folk enjoyed the interval between forenoon meeting and Sunday-school, and made large use of it. Few of the pews in the meeting-house were cushioned. Neither was the minister's rhetoric. As his mild monotone ended with the benediction, there was a general stir and stretch. Elderly women and lovers sought the burying-ground. The children wandered off to Checkerberry Knoll. The men grouped at the steps, and, above all others, exemplified that restraint which appertains to Sunday clothes. Secular conversation was tabooed, and though theirs was that Puritan habit of independence which does not fear to criticize the minister, they would not do it on his and the Lord's day.

If the sun shone and no wind blew from the east, it sometimes chanced that the severity of custom insensibly moderated. The meeting-house had a wide outlook; it fronted the Atlantic. When the warmth and the wideness had wrought, the people spoke of their successes, which were «mercies,» or preferably compared their states of health, finding therein occasion for sympathy or thanksgiving. Even the class-leader, Brother Mitchell, felt that illness was a theme appropriate to the Sabbath; discussed at the church door, in view of the graveyard, it brought the other world appreciably near. His lean and long-drawn face was capable of emotional changes at such seasons. It broadened almost into tenderness when Eli Martin appeared; and before he could reasonably expect the congratulations he coveted, the class-leader's welcome was ready.

«Well, brother—» His voice creaked and failed, like a machine out of use. He stared at Martin with the pathetic earnestness of the tongue-tied, and shook his hand vigorously up and down.

«Oh, pooty well, thank ye.» The newcomer nodded impartially around, straightening himself to stand inspection. «Et six flapjacks f'r breakfast, I did!» he proclaimed, chuckling. «Victuals taste good ag'in. Cal'late I 'm beginnin' to pick up flesh!»

The listeners nudged each other and exchanged that amused, superior smile which

sailors reserve for the interesting but unimportant landsman. Had they sympathized with Martin, the same smile would have preceded its expression—the freemasonry of the sea requires it; but there was more of forbearance than fellowship in the tone of old Cap'n Bunker, who spoke for all.

«You been laid up ag'in, Eli?» he demanded.

«Well, I ruther guess I hev!»

«Injun doctor cure ye this time?»

Martin flushed and looked wrathful. He opened his mouth to reply, thought better of his purpose, and shook his head, smiling somewhat painfully. His manner suggested ability to say much, if he would; yet he waited in evident apprehension for the next question.

«What ailed ye, Eli?»

«Dyspepsy, wa' n't it, brother?» the class-leader feelingly murmured.

«That wuz some of it—that wa' n't all, though,» Martin hastened to add. «I did n't rightly git over the grip, ye know. That left me narvous, weak stomach, mouth parched, all-over-trembly spells, tired feelin', blood poor, headache, no appetite, ringin' in m' ears, lame back, pains in my j'ints. I s'rmise I had 'bout 's many symptoms 's any man on the island.»

«Sho!» said the class-leader.

«Why did n't ye take Dr. Solomon's Pills?» Cap'n Bunker inquired. «They saved ye, I heerd, last time ye wuz dyin'.»

Somebody laughed aloud. The class-leader sighed reproachfully, and went within. Martin sent a wistful glance after him, and another toward the road, but pitched his voice to amiable explanation, and strove to duplicate his smile.

«Them 's good f'r liver complaint 'n' fever-sores,» he argued. «Great things f'r salt-rheum they be, too. But, my king! they did n't take holt no more 'n nothin'. Ferguson's Specific did n't, nuther; n'r Old Mother Clay's Extract o' Pinkweed; n'r Golden 'Int-ment. I tried 'em all. 'Lectric plasters eased up my back a little. I got one on now. I 'd feel kind o' jub'ous ef 't wa' n't helpin' me, f'r I d' know how in Tunket I sh'd go to work to git it off.»

«Y' ain't told us yit what did cure ye, Eli,» Cap'n Bunker intimated at the end of an ambiguous grin.

«Oh, 't ain't no secret. 'T wuz Potter's Sars'perilla.»

There was defiance in Martin's voice as well as certainty; but Cap'n Bunker only rubbed his beard, and studied the smaller man with an appearance of considerate friendliness. For the moment the two were almost alone. The bell had given warning that Sunday-school was about to begin, and while teachers and scholars entered the church, others, fearing a possible call to «take a class,» set eager faces toward the road. The cap'n was unregenerate, alien to such dread; but Martin, warned by a sense of his own danger, forgot his pride and his defiance, and stepped hastily from the platform.

«Guess I better be gittin' along home,» he muttered. «Like 's not my brown bread 's b'ilin' dry.»

He clutched at his hat as he spoke, and caught his breath with a gasp. Beyond the shadow of the church the air was furnace-like, and the broken clam-shells that paved the road beat back a lusterless glare of heat. Cap'n Bunker, slouching beside Martin, looked off at the restful sea-line; but Martin bent his head and groaned.

«I mistrust my eyesight 's failin' me,» he announced. «Kind o' a blind stagger I had then.»

«What you want, Eli, 's to git ye a woman.»

«Huh!»

«Bein' 's the old lady 's dead, 'n' ye hev to scuff along by y'rself, ye know,» the cap'n pursued in his most omniscient manner. «I don't count none on what little Reuben's wife does f'r ye; she *is* Reuben's wife, 'n' she ain't yourn. 'F ye had somebody right 'long-side to soak y'r feet 'n' put poultices on ye,'t ought to save ye consid'able.»

A dull red burned in Martin's face. He stared straight ahead, clearing his throat with a sound of confusion. Just beyond, the clam-shells ended where the road climbed a naked ledge, and he gathered a handful of stones and inspected them narrowly, the intent scrutiny seeming to parallel the course of his thought. When he threw them away he was ready to speak.

«D' know 's anybody 'd hev me,» he said, with a nervous laugh. «Over 'n' above that, I d' know 's I sh'd be contented with most women. Mother sp'iled me for 'em, I cal'late. She knowed, ye see. Now Reuben's wife—I ha' n't nothin' ag'in' her, but does seem 't when she 's gi'n ye a doset o' salts, 'n' follered it up with Pinworm Elixir, she 's come to th' end o' her doctorin'; 'n' it stands to reason—»

«Certain!» the other interrupted. «You want a woman that 's had experience. Somebody like that sister 'f Aunt Mary Curit's. You seen her yit? Kind o' curi's 'bout her,»

he added reflectively. «They tell me she did n't hev no health till lately.»

«Don't say!»

«That 's what I hear. Near 's I c'n make out, she 'n' you wuz tarred with the same brush. You ought to talked to her to meetin'.» Martin did not respond, and the cap'n, disappointed, fell away from him a little, and glanced casually backward. When he turned again he looked happier. «Guess ye got y'r chance now,» he said. «Here 's Mis' Peters 'n Aunt Mary comin'.»

A shy and doubtful curiosity made Martin hold his ground. His eyes passed over the red face and straining figure of the older woman, and dwelt upon an individuality of the precise and rigid sort that tempers the atmosphere. As one not unmindful of social obligations, the stranger held a parasol; but she lowered it as she approached the men, and stood prepared to look the sun and the islanders equally in the eye.

«Ain't this awful!» Mrs. Curit exploded. «I never see sich weather f'r June, did you? 'N' yit, I can't git her to walk a mite slower 'n she would in Janooary! I tell her she 'd ought to be thankful she ain't so stout 's I be!»

«Well, yes; I s'pose she had,» Martin assented. The bovine compliment he might have tendered had been effaced by the stranger's placid but crushing dignity. He hardly realized that he had spoken when Mrs. Curit took up the burden of discourse.

«I cal'late you know how 't is,» she went on, with a laugh that was not wholly mirthful. «'S I wuz sayin' to Dr. Blossom, you 're 'bout the fattest man on the island; 'most fat enough to kill, 's they say. ‹Yes,› says he; ‹'n' paytent medicine 'll do the job some day,› he says. What you doctorin' with now, Eli?»

Martin colored, and drew himself up. «That 's nuther here n'r there,» he said stiffly. «All is, I got sense enough to tell salt water from cream tartar, 'f they *don't* come out of old Blossom's bag!»

«Oh, I ain't sayin' anything ag'in' paytent medicines,» Mrs. Curit was prompt to reply. «I tell people, 'f it had n't 'a' been f'r sars'perilla, Loizy would n't 'a' been here. Three doctors give her up—three doctors 'n' a hospital.»

«I sh'd s'pose you 'n' Eli c'd feel f'r each other, 'cordin' to what I 've heerd tell,» Cap'n Bunker observed. He signaled Martin to take up the utterance; but that reminder was superfluous; enraptured with the novel sense of comradeship, the invalid was anxious to speak.

«I took Potter's Sars'perilla, too!» he cried, out of his joyous enthusiasm.

The stranger looked at him, and smiled faintly. «I 've heard of it,» she said. «It was Mayo's Sars'perilla that cured me.»

II.

OUTING-SHIRTS, russet shoes, and cigarettes are known to Cutler's Island, and it has ceased to marvel at the bathing-suit; but when winter banishes these, the islanders bid comprehensive adieu to the refinements of civilization, and turn, perforce, to the native and the general. Cutler's lies open to the Atlantic, and between the island and «the main» drift-ice grinds and surges with the tide, or clings in a doubtful solidity that the wise man distrusts. For the most part, the passage is left untried, save by the mail-boat, which maintains a tenuous but persistent link with the greater world. Thanks to her initiative, other roads are opened, and it was because of her that, on a certain January afternoon, Aunt Mary Curit appeared at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Martin.

«Got some news f'r ye, Loizy,» was the visitor's greeting. She sank into a rocking-chair, wheezing desperately, but atoning for her breathlessness by an ardent face. «I see the' wuz a postal-card for ye, 'n' when I read it I says, ‹I must take that right over!› says I; 'n' there 't is—that 'n' the ‹Seaport Beacon.› Guess ye 're glad I come, ain't ye?»

The other smiled and nodded, receiving the card between a floury thumb and finger. Her face changed ever so little at the reading. «So 'Mandy 's got a boy baby,» she said in a meditative way, after a moment. «Well, I s'pose I 'm a grandmother.» There was no bitterness in the tone, but neither was there fervor; and the readiness with which the speaker returned to her sifting and stirring seemed to the older woman to savor of the irreligious.

«I tell Uncle David 't I think jest as much o' my grandchildern 's I do o' my childern,» she suggested virtuously.

«Yours are all girls. I would n't find any fault with a boy baby, if he stayed so. I hate to think of wastin' a cunnin' little boy to make a man.»

«Sho! You 'll feel diff'rent, come April.» The visitor laughed in fat, comfortable fashion, but her utterance did not lack the note of sympathy. «Course I know men underfoot 's a terrible nuisance, but what ye goin' to do when the weather won't let 'em work? They hev to be somewheres.»

Mrs. Martin made no reply, though there was the emphasis of speech in her manner of closing the oven door. Her sister was content to be silent, to survey a room that more than satisfied the local ideal. A certain clean and precise permanence was the characteristic of the place. The chairs and tables seemed established, even inevitable. The minor furnishings appeared to cherish an aggressive consciousness of fixed utility. So much was true even of the bottle at the end of the mantel. As for that, indeed, it told so eloquent a tale of use as to appeal to a New England conscience for cordial recognition. «I s'pose you 'll tell 'Mandy to build up on sars'perilla, won't ye?» Mrs. Curit said.

«I 'm sick o' the name of sars'perilla!»

The sister nodded knowingly, but did not hazard reply. The hostess attempted no further conversation. When she had removed her baking-dishes, she took an unfinished stocking, and sat down by the window; and the two were quiet and busy with their own thoughts until at length the caller's eyes inspired her tongue.

«Cap'n Bunker!» she announced. «'N' I do believe he 's comin' here! Make him wipe his feet, Loizy,» she found opportunity to whisper; «he 's the carelessest man! How d' do, Cap'n Bunker? Quite a stranger! Aunt Nancy pooty well?»

The newcomer took time to settle himself by the stove before he condescended to the gnarled and weather-beaten smile that preceded speech. «Oh, middlin'!» he said indifferently; then, with a warmer impulse: «Stands it 'bout 's well 's any woman in the State of Maine, she does,» he added. «Like all o' Grandsir' Higgins's childern, she is—tougher 'n pine-knots b'iled down. You 're lookin' tiptop, Mis' Martin. I b'lieve I ain't seen ye afore sence the fust time I see ye—that air hot Sunday in June.

«I guess not.»

«What lots o' changes the' 's been in six months, ain't the'?» the other woman struck in. «Here 's Loizy come to visit a spell, 'n' got married ag'in, 'n' her 'Mandy with a baby, 'n' Abe Parker's folks moved to the main, 'n' our clam-house burnt, 'n'—»

«Huh!» Cap'n Bunker growled. «Where 's Eli?»

«Eli? He went down t' the store.»

«My woman wants him to come over 'n' put up a cupboard in the settin'-room.» The cap'n's voice showed him divided between amusement and contempt. «Ain't got enough, she ain't. Next thing, I cal'late, 'll be closets in the hen-coop to stow away her trash in.»

«I d' know how a woman 'd git along without closets,» said Mrs. Curit, in all certainty of conviction.

Cap'n Bunker viewed her stonily. «N'r I,» he agreed. «'F I 'd knowed as much about women folks when I built 's I do now, I sh'd 'a' built 'leven 'r twelve closets, 'n' hitched the house on 'most anywheres.»

The utterance had that accent of finality which signifies the hopelessness of speech; and though the woman might have wished to make explicit rejoinder, a pettish movement of her chair was all that she found possible. That, as it chanced, put her in the way of compensation. Something out of doors attracted her whole attention, and by the easy stages of interest, curiosity, and eagerness she had quite regained her usual self when Eli Martin bustled in.

«What is it, Eli?» she turned to ask. «I knowed suthin' 'd happened when I see ye a-comin'. You got that money Rufe Walker owed ye?»

«Who? Rufe? Ketch him payin'!» The master of the house wagged his head and chuckled as though a bad debt were a fountain of mirth. In the face of Cap'n Bunker's sour stare he tried to content his humor with a smile; but the effort failed, and he laughed more loudly. Between his jollity and the bottle on the mantel there seemed some occult connection; he regarded it a moment, holding the attitude of one who expects comprehension and sympathy, before he controlled himself to speak.

«S'pose ye 've all been readin' ‹The Beacon,› ain't ye?» he suggested,

«I ain't. I 'd prosecute the man 't dropped one in my swill-barrel!»

«Why, Cap'n Bunker!» Mrs. Curit protested. «I 'm sure the' 's real nice pieces in ‹The Beacon›—'n' all the deaths 'n' marriages. What is it, Eli?» she repeated. «They caught the feller 't passed that bad ten-cent piece off to Seaport?"

Martin's face had clouded when Cap'n Bunker spoke. It lightened again as he unfolded a newspaper and pointed to the top of a blurred and greasy column.

«Pooty fair likeness, I take it,» he commented, in the manner of one who would be modest; «pooty fair, 'f they hev made my whiskers a little too p'inted.»

It was an engraving of that common kind wherein the artist arrives at a certain intelligible unity by burlesquing the striking features and exaggerating all. So far from lacking resemblance, however, it seemed grotesquely to image the truer Martin—him

who might have lived his life in those idyllic isles where personality goes untrammeled of preachers, public opinion, or pantaloons. In this aspect it invited consideration; but that which chiefly engaged Cap'n Bunker, so that almost unconsciously he read it aloud, was the deliverance for which the portrait stood sponsor:

I Am Now a Cured Man!
Restored to Health and Happiness by Potter's!
Are the Days of Miracles Past?

The following testimonial came to us *unsolicited*. What would some of the venders of worthless nostrums give for such an indorsement from a leading citizen? *They never got one, and they never will.* It takes the best medicine known to do such cures—viz.: *Potter's Sarsaparilla!*

«Land sakes!» gasped Mrs. Curit.

«Why don't ye read the rest of it?» Martin hinted. He leaned back in his chair and beamed about him, convinced that his friends and the community had part in his glory, and blandly willing they should have. In such serene assurance of public benefit, he felt that he could afford to enter a disclaimer. «Course I did n't tell 'em I wuz a leadin' citizen,» he said. «I cal'late you 're 'bout the leadin'est on th' island—you 'n' Uncle Jack's Jim.»

«No, I ain't, nuther. I never took no sars'perilla.» Cap'n Bunker had grown suddenly genial under the mellowing influence of his host's good humor. Unaccustomed laughter shook him. He grinned as heartfully as Martin. He even squandered a smile on Mrs. Curit. «Thinkin' how cunnin' ye wuz about it, Eli,» he explained. «D' you know he wuz goin' to git his name up this way, Mis' Martin?»

«No.»

«No,» her husband repeated. «I did n't reelly go to set about it. Took me a long while, it did, to make up my mind 't wuz my duty. But when I see s' many people spendin' hard-earnt money f'r these 'ere wuthless nostrims, 't kind o' seemed to me 's though I 'd ought to p'int 'em out a medicine 't doos amount to suthin'.»

«Certain. I s'pose you 'n' Mis' Martin doctors with it altogether?»

The woman made no reply. Martin glanced sidewise at her averted face, deliberating his form of words. «She—she wuz kind o' sot on Mayo's,» he confessed. «That 's to say,» he added more briskly, with another look aslant, «she *wuz*.»

«Mayo's what?»

«Why, sars'perilla.»

«That wuz what cured *her*,» Mrs. Curit interpreted.

«Yes, I know. Folks git notions when they 're ailin'.» Martin's tone was kindly, but distinctly superior. «I s'pose Mayo's 's better 'n nothin'. 'N' yit, I 've heard said 't wa'n't nothin' but m'lasses 'n' water 'n' dandyline, with a little alkyhol put in so 't the mess would n't sour.»

«Kind o' rough on you, Mis' Martin!» The cap'n's was a sufficiently good-humored challenge, but the woman seemed to ignore it. She had opened a closet and employed herself within. At the unanswered comment conversation flagged. Cap'n Bunker stared at the floor and whistled through his teeth. Mrs. Curit wondered, open-mouthed, at Martin. He practised that expression of unaffected benignity which should accompany fame. Mrs. Martin went out of their thoughts. They hardly looked at her when she appeared with shawl and overshoes, and no one roused to deeper interest as she proceeded to put them on.

«Where goin', Loizy?» Martin asked indifferently.

«Down t' the store.» Her voice was passionless, but resolved, and her deliberate movements had the quality of determined and irresistible force. «I 'm goin' to get a bottle of Mayo's Sars'perilla,» she volunteered on her way to the door. «'F I should be sick, I 'd want somethin' in the house to take besides slops.»

III.

«'F IT cured Loizy's neuralagy, I d' know why it would n't be good f'r his azmy. D' you, Mis' Bunker?»

While the cap'n inhaled the fumes of his pastil, he was powerless to resent advice or criticism, or the pity, more akin to curiosity than love, which Mrs. Curit bestowed upon him. Under such circumstances the choking atmosphere of the Bunker kitchen was rather an incentive than an impediment to free speech.

«I ain't never had azmy,» the visitor chattered on; «but don't seem to me 't anybody c'n be much wuss off 'n Loizy was with ja'nders 'n' narvousness 'n' neuralagy 'n' rheumatiz. Hed to creep up-stairs, she did, 'n' everything a-sourin' on her stomach! I d' know what would 'a' become of her 'f she had n't run across Jake Patterson's wife. Mayo's Sars'perilla cured *her* of catarrh 'n' dyspepsy 'n' sunstroke; 'n' when Loizy heard o' that she sent for it, 'n' she had n't took more 'n fourteen bottles 'fore she wuz able to do her washin'.»

The pastil was burned out. As the last

thread of vapor fluttered from its ashes Cap'n Bunker passed his hand across his beaded forehead, and, sitting upright, drew an experimental breath. It was a qualified success, and he ventured an easier position and an attempt at speech. «Mayo's Sars'perilla show any sign o' curin' Eli?» he asked hoarsely.

«Eli acts ridic'lous!»

«Ain't him 'n' her got done wranglin' yit?»

The word was objectionable, and Mrs. Curit would not directly answer the question. «Loizy don't make no fuss with nobody,» she protested to Mrs. Bunker. «'T ain't her way. She 'n' her first husband got along splendid, f'r all ‹Thunderation John› wuz the name he went by. Never wuz a better man round the house. Course, he 'd ought to been. Loizy 's neat 's she c'n be, 'n' there ain't no better cook anywhere round. I d' know what more a man wants, d' you?»

Cap'n Bunker had begun to whistle, and his wife had started a long seam. Each occupation seemed absorbing; neither man nor woman spoke; but somewhat in their attitude may have appeared to Mrs. Curit to warrant her continuance.

«As f'r Eli,» she said, «well, there!» A despairing gesture rounded the sentence. «Eli 's spleeny, 'n' he 's notional—that 's what it is. The way his mother cosseted him wuz enough to spile any man. I did n't think he 'd ever spunk up to a woman, 'r find one good enough for him, did you? Wa' n't it funny to see that old bach runnin' a'ter Loizy, 'n' pesterin' her to marry him right off? I notice he did n't hev much to say 'bout Potter's Sars'perilla when he used to come round our house. Everything Loizy done wuz all right. 'N' jest 's soon 's they wuz settled, what does he do but fetch out his bottle, 'n' try to git her to take some, 'n' tell her 't wuz all imagination 't Mayo's cured her! She done a good deal more 'n I would to pacify him; she put her bottle away out o' sight. I don't believe it 's a woman's duty to make a graven image of her husband that way, d' you?»

Mrs. Curit evidently assumed that the silence of her auditors gave consent. There was neither expectation nor desire in the eyes she turned upon them, and no trace of discomfiture touched the persistent undertone which she hastened to renew.

«'Long 't the last of it Eli got to talkin' 'bout the scriptooral call of a wife to be guided by her husband. Loizy did n't contradict; 't wa'n't no use; but he did n't p'suade her it 'd tickle the Lord if she took Potter's Sars'perilla. I cal'late she fairly had to turn on him at last, a'ter his pictur' come out in the paper. Then she put her bottle on t' other end o' the mantelpiece, 'n' took her doset three times a day, right 'fore his face 'n' eyes. I think she done right, don't you? I told the minister so. Land knows, though, where it 's goin' to stop! Ye see, her sars'perilla folks heard how she got cured, 'n' they want to print her pictur', 'n' Eli's 'bout crazy over it. Says it 'd be a burnin' disgrace f'r man 'n' wife to be callin' each other story-tellers, same 's in the papers. I d' know 's Loizy *will*, 'n' I d' know *as* she will. All is, I wish 't they 'd both got cured by the same thing!»

Assured that she had been eminently neighborly, and that she had laid on her neighbors the obligation of speech, Mrs. Curit suddenly ceased, and looked from one to the other. The woman tightened her lips and sighed equivocally. Cap'n Bunker rose with exaggerated stiffness, and made his way to the window. «Wind 's haulin' round nothe-east,» he commented. «Reg'lar April weather, ain't it? What 's Uncle David lot on plantin' in that air heater piece?»

«P'tetters,» Mrs. Curit said crisply. She felt that an invited confidence had been scorned, thrown back upon herself; but for the moment her helplessness equaled her chagrin. «I s'pose you 'd ruther hev azmy 'n take Mayo's Sars'perilla,» she suggested, when at length she found herself able to speak. «'N' yit, I sh'd think azmy 'd be kind o' wearin'—on the folks in the house, anyway.»

«Oh, azmy ain't the wust thing in the world,» was Cap'n Bunker's smiling assurance. The smile was all for her, to show that he understood. «I c'd stan' it fust-rate if it 'd leave me a little more breath to cuss it with. 'N' other folks git used to it, same 's they do to childern 'n' fools. Here 's Eli a-comin',» he added, with a broader smile. «Looks kind o' peaked, Eli does. I s'rmise he must 'a' missed ye, 'n' come to hunt ye up.»

The first impulse of her wrath might have carried Mrs. Curit through the door, had it not been stayed by Martin. His somber face was so far from motiveless that while she stared at him her angry mutterings ceased, and she returned to her chair, intent to know his purpose. Martin shrank from her, and hesitated to close the door; but Cap'n Bunker's greeting was so full of invitation that he finally edged within, and huddled, a damp and distressful figure, in the most distant chair.

«What 's the news, Eli?» the cap'n demanded.

«That 's what I come to find out. You take the ‹Mornin' Eagle,› don't ye?»

«I see it. Ain't nothin' in it to-day but a harricane in the West Injees.»

«Nothin' 'bout anybody here on th' island, I take it?»

«N-no. Not 'nless it 's in the advertisements.»

Watching Martin, noting that he started and paled at the word, Mrs. Curit seized upon it. «Loizy's pictur'!» she exclaimed. «'S that in the paper?»

«What fer? I cal'late 'f 't wuz I 'd be likely to know.» He counterfeited surprise and certainty, but his rejoinder lacked the force that promptness would have lent it. «'Cordin' to law 'n' gospil, I must hev,» he went on hesitantly. «Women 'd ought to hev their husband's permission 'fore they go flourishin' round in public. What say, cap'n?»

«Onmanageable critters, women be,» was the serious answer. «Can't never tell where to hev 'em. I d' know 's I 'd advise any young feller to git married, 'f I hed to tell the truth about it. Would you? Hey?»

«I—I d' know.»

Martin's tone was tremulous with that indecision which to the man who talks is the supremest misery. In the absence of solicitude he was silent, staring dismally out of the window. Night was drawing in over fog and a mist of rain. The semi-palpable dusk already shrouded the craft at anchor in the creek, and was fast inclosing the nearer land. Even Martin's wayward senses felt the influence of the desolate and ghostly darkness. His face was grayer and blanker than ever when he suddenly rose and stepped toward the door.

«Lookin' kind o' mauger, Eli!» the cap'n called out. «Takin' y'r sars'perilla right along, be ye?»

«Mm-m.»

«Why don't ye let other folks take theirn?»

The question was involuntary and an escape. Even while she asked it, Mrs. Curit had the air of disowning temerity, and when once the words were uttered she was helpless. Eli looked at her unfathomably, and was dumb. He nodded to Cap'n Bunker. Then he shut the door, and they heard him splashing down the yard. Upon the other visitor the sound had an awakening effect. She leaned forward and gathered her shawl.

«Won't ye stay 'n' hev some supper?» the hostess asked.

«No, I thank ye. I—I guess I better be goin'. I d' know—»

She left the sentence incomplete. It was as though a duty had appealed to her with irresistible force, or a quick consciousness of incorrigible fatuity had made her voiceless and hurried her to hide. Mrs. Bunker went to the window and looked curiously after her. The cap'n fell to filling his pipe, and, that done, set it against the mantel and reached up for a match. Then a neglected opportunity seemed to occur to him. He opened the door, and spat significantly into the path.

IV.

THE «boy,» Seth Bunker, needed a «chance.» That was ostensibly the reason why Cap'n Bunker resigned command of the *Mountain Maid*, leaving his eldest to direct the freighting of stone and the building of wharves. The truth was that the cap'n was old and worn and in need of rest. He did not greatly desire it. He had never acquired that accomplishment of contented idling, which is best attained by the serious effort of a lifetime, and he might have fared ill had not action of a milder sort inevitably engaged him. It mattered little to the cap'n whether he built a superfluous pigsty or hacked at his apple-trees or baited a trawl for a belated fisherman; the one necessity was to be able to feel that he had deserved his dinner. When serious employment failed, he compromised with his conscience by doing everybody's errands, and he was upon the discharge of this self-delegated duty when he and Mrs. Curit encountered on a memorable day in June.

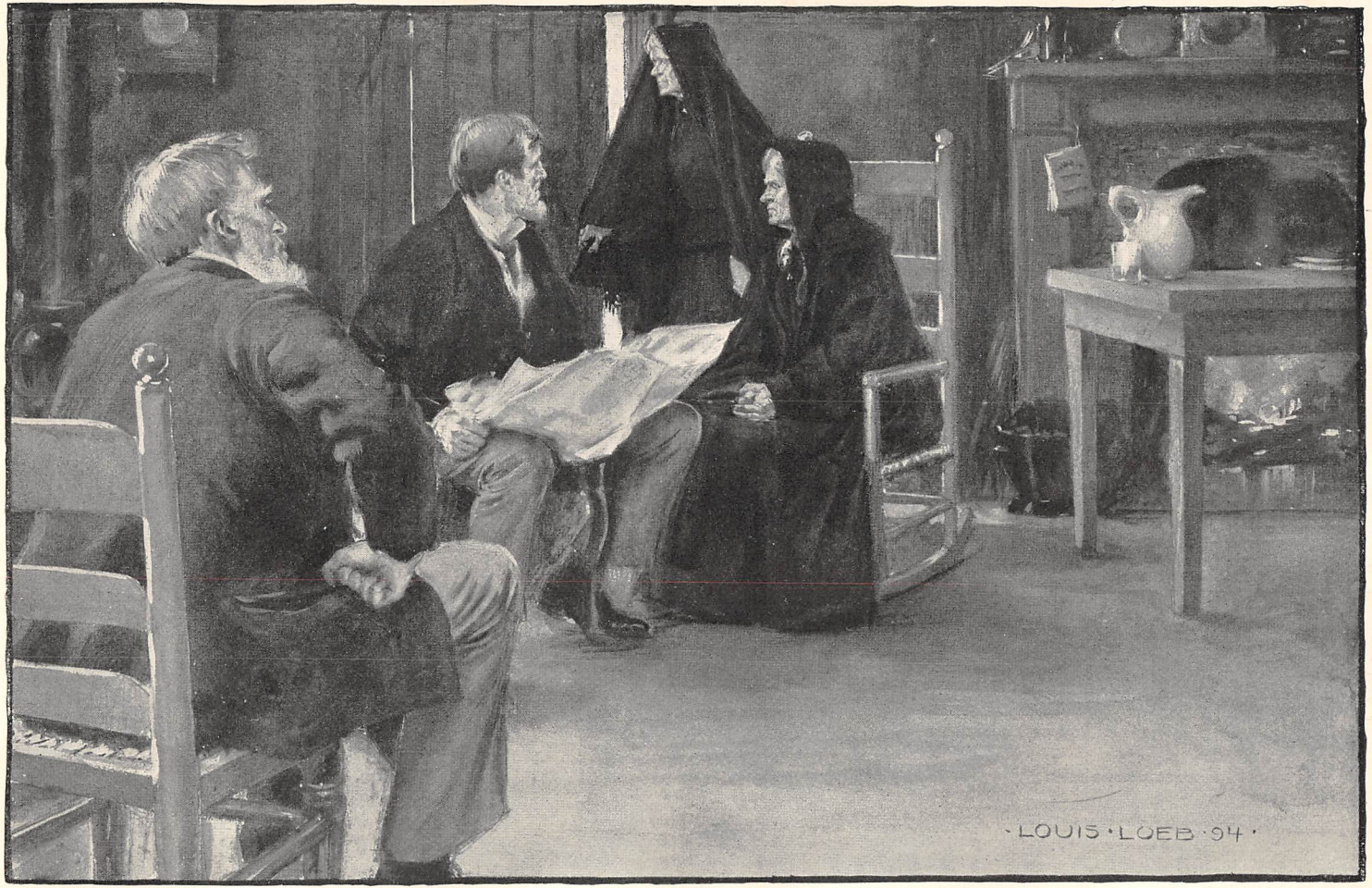
«You been t' the post-office!» she complained, with an accent that made the fact appear a cause for tears and shame. «You need n't 'a' took the trouble, seein' 's nobody asked ye,» she added ungraciously. «I s'pose th' ain't no mail f'r our folks, is the'?»

«Ain't none f'r you. I got a letter f'r Mis' Martin, 'n' a circ'lar f'r Eli. Oh, I 'm goin' right over.» She had offered to receive the envelops, but he made no answering movement. «Want to see Eli, ye know,» he explained, with a smooth, confiding smile. «Kind o' miss Eli, I do, when I don't see him to meetin'.»

«Why don't ye go to meetin'?»

«Who, me? Jest 's sure 's I git there, 'n' git set down, this cussed azmy ketches me, ker-whoop!»

He put on an expression of patient endurance, and coughed once or twice by way



«WHERE GOIN', LOIZY?»

of confirmation; but the woman vouchsafed no sympathy. Her action might have been intended to serve as comment. She turned and went on in his direction, silently at first, like one who debates a sudden resolution and plans its enforcement; and when at length she spoke, her thought proved elusive. «I d' know what you want to see Eli for,» she challenged.

«Oh, I kind o' like to know what 's goin' on, same 's you do.»

«I b'lieve you make fun of Eli,» the other rattled on regardlessly. «I do, 'Liphalet Bunker! When Eli grows wuss every day, 'n' him callin' her ‹Mis' Martin,› 'n' she callin' him ‹Mister Martin,› like a—like a dood! 'N' you standin' off 'n' laughin', ain't ye? All is, 'f you be, Eli 's my brother-in-law, sars'perilla 'r no sars'perilla, 'n' I—»

«Sh-h-h! Sho, Aunt Mary!» The cap'n's voice was grieved and pitiful. «Why, Eli 'n' me 's brothers,» he protested. «Don't we b'long to the Sons o' Temp'rance? 'T ain't me that 's sot him ag'in Mis' Martin; you know that, don't ye? I d' know 's I c'n help it, nuther. 'N' yit, I ain't so sure but I—»

He stopped and shook his head, as though he hesitated at a dangerous promise; but he had suggested hope, and Mrs. Curit would not be put off. There was atonement for her late suspicion in the eagerness with which she faced him. «What was you goin' to do?» she demanded.

«Well, I d' know, sca'cely. I run 'f a notion 't I 'd play some kind of a p'int on Eli, but I ain't figgered it out yit. Jest a-studyin' on it, I wuz, when you come up. Tell ye what 't is, Aunt Mary,»—he lowered his voice and fell into the attitude of conspiracy,—«I 'll do suthin' right off, 'f you say so. There 's Eli putterin' round the back door-steps, 'n' she ain't nowheres in sight, 'n' I can talk to him 's man 'n' man, ye see. Now you keep along over t' our house, 'n' visit a spell, 'n' if I don't make Eli toe the mark—»

The words of mystery weighed down the woman's lips. She and her companion had halted at the bars that inclosed Martin's field, and she resolved her soul into a stare. An element of distrust was in it; somewhat of the threatening qualified her parting gesture of consent. The cap'n perceived that her future deeds were problematical. He watched her well out of sight before he ventured to join his neighbor.

«How are ye, Eli?» was his salutation. «Mis' Martin to home? Got a letter f'r her, I hev. I 'll drop it int' this 'ere chair inside the kitchen winder, shall I? Here 's suthin' f'r you.»

«Don't say! I ain't had a letter in a dog's age.» Martin laid down his hammer to wipe his hands on his trousers, and stooped interestedly over the envelop that the cap'n held out. It was not sealed, and while he studied the superscription, a bulky circular, loudly typed, luridly illustrated, and printed on pink paper, fell from it. The cap'n prevised its nature before he bent to pick it up. He did not venture remark as he extended the paper, and Martin's action was equally wordless. He crumpled the circular into a ball, and threw it behind him.

«Azmy trouble ye much lately?» he asked in the same instant.

«Oh, nothin' to speak of, when the wind 's this way. Curi's! That 's what I come to talk to ye 'bout.» The cap'n sat down on the door-step, sighing comfortably as he stretched out his legs. «Aunt Mary wuz a-comin', too,» he casually observed; «only I kind o' s'rmised my woman wanted to see her, 'n' so I sent her along.»

They exchanged that passionless but searching glance which, between married men, says so much and says it so safely. Then Martin seated himself and prepared to listen. Despondency had become his portion. He sighed frequently, and his head hung low; but natural curiosity was not extinct, and at its worst his heavy face gave indication that it might possibly lift and lighten.

«I wuz thinkin' you 'n' me could cook up suthin' f'r azmy, Eli,» the cap'n began. «Seems like throwin' money away to pay half a dollar f'r a box o' them pastils—all smoke 'n' stink. You 're pooty well posted on medicines; I did n't know but you might think o' suthin that 'd burn up 'n' fetch a man's breath same 's they do. How 'd dried mullen 'n' sulphur do? Would ye put in a pinch o' tebacker?»

There was a gleam of speculative interest in Martin's mild blue eye, but he silently waited for the cap'n to continue.

«'N' then the' 's gin'ral medicines—bitters 'n' sich—them that cures 'most anything. Ain't no great difference in 'em, is the'? Well, here 's our folks payin' 't the rate of two dollars a quart for 'em. 'F we 'd git 'em up suthin' jest 's good f'r two dollars a gallon, I cal'late we c'd keep that money to home. Say we b'iled down thoroughwort 'n' penny-r'yal 'n' gentian. Them 's all good, strong bitters. I d' know but they 'd do 's well 's sars'perilla to tone anybody up, don't you? You take 'bout a gill o' new rum, 'n'—»

«Mister—Mister Martin!»

Though the interruption heralded an unexpected speaker, the words and the tone seemed so incongruous that, almost on the instant, the cap'n forgot his surprise in his amusement. He screwed around on the door-step, and looked up at Mrs. Martin, humorously ready to sympathize over the falling of a loaf of cake. But this, whatever it was, was a more serious matter. It had moved the woman from the stolid to the tremulous, had blended sorrow, determination, dread, and tenderness in her face, had heightened her irresistible dignity by touching it with humanity. The cap'n achieved a prompt and adequate inspiration. He faced to the front again, and rose.

«Well, I guess I better be goin', Eli,» he said indifferently. «'N' so, good day to ye. Guess we c'n git up suthin' that 'll knock all these 'ere sars'perillas higher 'n a kite, 's you say.»

There was no reply; he had expected none; and while he loitered up the path the woman spoke again, with that effect of continuance which arises when one is grasped and held by an idea.

«My letter,» she said. «It 's from 'Mandy. She 's weakly and ailin'. The baby 's fretful, 'n' it wears her out. 'Mandy ain't strong. I —I—she says she wants me to come 'n' give her a start on the summer's work—'f I can't do no more.»

Something seemed to be left unsaid. The man on the door-step was aware of the lapse. «I hear ye,» he suggested gently.

«I darned your cotton stockin's,» Mrs. Martin hurried on. «They 're in the top bureau drawer. 'N' your liver-pad—'f you sh'd want that, it 's up on the closet shelf. The' 's pies 'n' doughnuts in the butt'ry. Tomorrow night, you know, 's the night to wind up the clock. 'Mandy thinks I better stay,» she ended abruptly.

Cap'n Bunker laid a gentle hand on the bars, tiptoed through, and replaced them with infinite care. The rasping of the grasshoppers oppressed him. He scowled at a crow that flapped noisily over the field. But his precaution and his fear were needless. The man and woman at his back had quite forgotten him. They did not even moderate their voices, and in the sweet, still atmosphere the words carried far.

«I—I don't b'lieve ye better stay,» the man murmured presently. His accent showed a chastened temper and a submissive spirit, and the pauses between his sentences confirmed that interpretation. «Fact is, I ain't feelin' over 'n' above smart this summer, 'n' Potter's Sars'perilla ain't helpin' me none, nuther, 's fer 's I c'n see. I wuz—I wuz thinkin' o' throwin' my bottle away 'n'—'n' tryin' yourn.»

«I 'd ruther you would n't. I have n't any faith in it. I 'most wish 't I 'd never seen it.»

An interval of silence followed. Cap'n Bunker, for all that he appreciated its possibilities, found occasion to glance over his shoulder. The man and woman had not changed their positions. One sat, the other stood, and there was contact of neither hand nor eye; and yet it seemed that somewhat of rigidity had been smoothed from the woman's aspect, that a new vivacity possessed the man; and the cap'n averted his face again, and whistled very softly.

«I tell ye what,» the man said, all at once; «you 'n' me did n't hev no weddin' tower—did n't even go to Seaport 'n' git dinner in a' eatin'-house.»

«No, we did n't.»

«Well,»—his voice was determined, though strangely broken,—«what say if we both go up to Livermore, 'n' bring 'Mandy 'n' the baby back to stay all summer? That suit ye, Loizy?»

«I—I 'd like to have you to go and come back with—Eli.»

Cap'n Bunker had reached the turn in the road, and he made haste to round it. He was out of sight and hearing then. It seemed safe to grin.

Walter Leon Sawyer.

THE RIVER.

HOW far soe'er thy restless waters roll,
Thou hast attained the sea.
So, haply, now the current of the soul
Hath touched eternity.

For backward to the fountainhead there flows
A breath of tides to be—
Of life beyond, wherein the present knows
E'en now its destiny.

John B. Tabb.

A NEW NOTE IN AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

STATUETTES BY BESSIE POTTER.

THERE is a pleasurable sense of relief when, in the mass of conventional work at the annual exhibitions, the critic comes face to face with some evidence of thought and personal execution beyond the commonplace. And this feeling gives way to real satisfaction when the effort assumes a significant importance that warrants enthusiasm.

There were shown at the Society of American Artists in New York, in the spring of 1896, some statuettes of graceful young womanhood, essentially modern in conception, singularly naïve in treatment, refined, and withal intensely personal. The interested visitor who found pleasure in the work discovered in a modest corner the name of Bessie Potter, and the catalogue gave her address as Chicago.

New notes in exhibitions are not too frequent. Often the departure means affectation or presumption, if not downright insolence. Much spurious coin passes current in the republic of art. It is not difficult to make radical departures with paint and canvas, but to say something new in a plastic way means much more. Sculptural form is

PORTRAIT SKETCH OF ALICE.

PORTRAIT SKETCH OF MRS. R.

arbitrary. It cannot be ignored or disguised either by deft modeling or ingenious arrangement. It demands a rigorous adherence to prosaic facts of construction. Human anatomy permits no trifling or uncertainty, and in this the difficulty of the sculptor exceeds that of the painter.

Homely domesticity in strictly modern dress has presented little incentive to our serious workers, and has been relegated to the domain of the commercial Italian, that skilful imitator of fabrics and detail of the tombstone variety.

While the disclosure is by no means novel, Miss Potter makes us aware of the fact that in the daily prosaic life about us there are possibilities conventional, yet attractive, simple, but containing much of suggestion, waiting only the sympathetic touch to be responsive if the proper chord is struck.

In art matters completeness is rare, even impossible, of realization; however great the ability, long years are requisite to round out the talent, to mellow the judgment, to perfect the technic, and to bring the gifts to a consummation.

The interesting statuettes that come from Miss Potter's hands comprise groups of chil-

dren, dainty girlish figures in easy, flowing draperies, or pathetically natural visions of maternity. They possess to an eminent degree the charm of spontaneity, observation, and keen appreciation of the beautiful. It may be a line of tender delicacy that catches the eye, or a happy disposition of mass that lifts the work out of the commonplace; but there is generally an astonishingly clear perception, that grasps with certainty and quickness the picturesqueness of the situation. The methods are difficult of analysis, but they are present, and there is no mistaking them.

It is curious to note the affiliation of this young woman with the efforts of the Tanagra workers, whose quaint figurines, unearthed only twoscore years since, are to-day the wonder and delight of the art-loving world. Chicago, the typical Western city, standing for all that is bustling, hustling, and rushing in the civilization of to-day, is surely the antithesis of that little town in Bœotia where, two thousand years ago, the esthetic Greeks wrought out their delicious idyllic creations of grace and beauty.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

True, the freer garb of classic maidenhood presented easier and more inspiring problems to the ancient masters of clay and stone, and the open-air life of the people of that epoch produced a more robust type of femininity; but our Occidental civilization is not without its advantages in the matter of beauty of face and form, and the hideous fashionable dress of the present may by proper treatment be softened and mitigated, and its incongruities kept in intelligent subjugation.

But if the inspiration of the young woman

is evident, her work can in no way be called imitative. Of course it matters little what the art be, if it be good art. No one can claim absolute originality; every worker has a particular preference; the influence may be traced, even if it be not acknowledged. It is in interpretation that the individual may claim consideration. Fresh personality in the rendering of old themes gives them their charm. The story of mankind is as old as history; the telling varies with each generation, and the tale is ever new.

It may be said that the naturalness in Miss Potter's work at times defeats its purpose, if purpose it has other than absorption in her art. She lingers now and then with uncomfortable insistence over lines of too great severity. Her occasional long sweeps of rigid limbs or drapery have an aggressive assertiveness that dangerously approaches the ugly, and there are faults of balance that betray immaturity. It would be strange indeed if these were always absent, but they may be noted, nevertheless, in the general review.

Hitherto there has been little about the sculptor's profession that suggested its adaptability to feminine hands. The studio, in its cold, cheerless, uninspiring character, however necessary for the proper manipulation of clay or the cutting of stone, is nevertheless essentially masculine in its surroundings, uninviting to womanhood, and apparently without possibilities for the sex. To be sure, there are no good reasons why man should have preëmpted the field; but he has, and has had it nearly all his own way. Where woman has come in occasionally, there has been about her work nothing especially characteristic of her sex. Statues, portraits, or groups she has made along recognized lines, and she has followed man as closely as her ability permitted.

But in the case of Miss Potter the results are different. Her statuettes are purely and obviously the work of a woman. The feeling, the sentiment, and the delicacy are thoroughly feminine, but they are feminine from the psychological side entirely, for there are no traces of that weakness of artistic conception and that technical inefficiency which, it must be admitted, are frequent attributes of woman's plastic efforts.

Woman has an instinctive intuition for her sex. The thousand nothings peculiar to her are quite beyond the ken of man, no matter how closely he observes or how minutely he investigates. The last word in sculpture is yet to be said; and if, by virtue of natural perceptions, there are certain phases clearer to the eye of woman, all other things being equal, it is obvious that where she is to delineate her sisters she will have this much advantage over her hitherto supposedly stronger brother.

For detail in the general acceptation of the term Miss Potter has little use. It is the abstract, and not the concrete, that appeals to her and arouses her enthusiasm. Her leaning is to the picturesque rather than to the simply beautiful,—if the distinction may be made,—though in her search for the former she rarely misses the latter. But hers is the inclination toward modern realism, so arranged that she may find grace of form in simple masses; and her work, like certain bits of melody, conveys, above everything, a sense of delightful suggestiveness.

It is six years since Miss Potter began the study of art, two of which were spent at the Art Institute of Chicago, and two in Paris. Among modern sculptors in the latter city she found herself more closely drawn to Rodin than to any other master. The brevity of her experience in art makes the results all the more remarkable; and it is fair to presume that she is only at the beginning of a career which will be full of interest as her powers unfold and mature.

Arthur Hoeber.

DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

VISIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, ADMIRAL PORTER, AND ROBERT LINCOLN, TO GENERAL GRANT AT THE WALLACE HOUSE IN PETERSBURG.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND AND PURSUIT OF LEE.

MEETING OF GRANT AND SHERMAN AT CITY POINT.

SHERMAN, in his correspondence, had intimated a desire to have a personal conference with his chief before the general movement of all the armies took place; and it was learned on March 27 that he had arrived at Fort Monroe, and was on his way up the James. Grant telegraphed to several prominent officers to meet Sherman that evening at headquarters. Late in the afternoon the *Russia*, a captured steamer, arrived with Sherman aboard, and General Grant and two or three of us who were with him at the time started down to the wharf to greet the Western commander. Before we reached the foot of the steps, Sherman had jumped ashore and was hurrying forward with long strides to meet his chief. As they approached Grant cried out, «How d' you do, Sherman!» «How are you, Grant!» exclaimed Sherman; and in a moment they stood upon the steps, with their hands locked in a cordial grasp, uttering earnest words of familiar greeting. Their encounter was more like that of two school-boys coming together after a vacation than the meeting of the chief actors in a great war tragedy. Sherman walked up with the general-in-chief to headquarters, where Mrs. Grant extended to the illustrious visitor a cordial greeting. Sherman then seated himself with the others by the camp-fire, and gave a most graphic description of the stirring events of his march through Georgia. The story was the more charming from the fact that it was related without the manifestation of the slightest egotism. His field of operations had covered more than half of the entire theater of war; his orders always spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier; he had fought from valley depths to mountain heights, and marched from inland rivers to the sea. Never were listeners more enthusiastic; never was a speaker more eloquent. The story, told as he alone could tell it, was a grand epic, related with Homeric power. At times he became humorous, and in a nervous, offhand, rattling manner recounted a number of amusing incidents of the famous march. He said, among other things: «My old veterans got on pretty familiar terms with me on the march, and often used to keep up a running conversation with me as I rode along by their side. One day a man in the ranks had pulled off his shoes and stockings, and rolled up his trousers as far as they would go, to wade across a creek we had struck. I could n't help admiring his magnificently developed limbs, which might have served as models for a sculptor, and I called out to him: ‹A good stout pair of legs you 've got there, my man.› ‹Yes, general; they 're not bad underpinning,› he replied, looking down at them with evident pride. ‹I would n't mind exchanging mine for them, if you don't object,› I continued. He sized up my legs with his eye, and evidently considered them mere spindle-shanks compared with his, and then looked up at me and said: ‹General, if it 's all the same to you, I guess I 'd rather not swap.›»

Sherman then went on to talk about his famous «bummers,» saying: «They are not stragglers or mere self-constituted foragers, as many have been led to suppose, but they are organized for a very useful purpose from the adventurous spirits who are always found in the ranks. They serve as ‹feelers› who keep in advance and on the flanks of the main columns, spy out the land, and discover where the best supplies are to be found. They are indispensable in feeding troops when compelled, like my army, to live off the country, and in destroying the enemy's communications. The bummers are, in fact, a regular institution. I was amused at what one of Schofield's officers told me at Goldsboro. He said Schofield's army was maintaining a telegraph-line to keep up communication with the sea-coast, and that one of my men, who was a little more ‹previous› than the rest, and was far in advance of my army, was seen up a telegraph-pole hacking away at the wires with a hatchet. The officer yelled out to him: ‹What are you doing there? You 're destroying one of our own telegraph-lines.› The man cast an indignant look at his questioner, and said, as he continued his work

of destruction: ‹I 'm one o' Billy Sherman's bummers; and the last thing he said to us when we started out on this hunt was: «Be sure and cut all the telegraph-wires you come across, and don't go to foolin' away time askin' who they belong to.»›»

After the interview had continued nearly an hour, Grant said to Sherman: «I 'm sorry to break up this entertaining conversation, but the President is aboard the *River Queen*, and I know he will be anxious to see you. Suppose we go and pay him a visit before dinner.» «All right,» cried Sherman; and the generals started down the steps, and were soon after seated in the cabin of the steamer with the President.

AMUSING COLLOQUY BETWEEN MRS. GRANT AND SHERMAN.

In about an hour the two commanders came back and entered the general-in-chief's hut. I was there talking to Mrs. Grant at the time. She, with her usual thoughtfulness, had prepared some tea, and was awaiting the return of the generals. She at once inquired, in her womanly way, «Did you see Mrs. Lincoln?» «Oh,» replied her husband, «we went rather on a business errand, and I did not ask for Mrs. Lincoln.» «And I did n't even know she was aboard,» added Sherman. «Well, you are a pretty pair!» exclaimed Mrs. Grant. «I do not see how you could have been so neglectful.» «Well, Julia,» said her husband, «we are going to pay another visit in the morning, and we 'll take good care then to make amends for our conduct to-day.»

«And now, let us talk further about the immediate movements of my army,» said Sherman. «Perhaps you don't want me here listening to all your secrets,» remarked Mrs. Grant. «Do you think we can trust her, Grant?» exclaimed Sherman, casting a sly glance at Mrs. Grant. «I 'm not so sure about that, Sherman,» said the commander, entering into the spirit of fun which had now taken possession of the trio. «Public documents, in disseminating items of information, are accustomed to say, ‹Know all men by these presents.› I think it would be just as effective to say, ‹Know one woman,› for then all men would be certain to hear of it.» Sherman laughed heartily at this way of putting it, and said: «Now, Mrs. Grant, let me examine you, and I can soon tell whether you are likely to understand our plans well enough to betray them to the enemy.» «Very well,» she answered; «I 'm ready for all your questions.» Then Sherman turned his chair squarely toward her, folded his arms, assumed the tone and look of a first-class pedagogue, and, in a manner which became more and more amusing as the conversation went on, proceeded to ask all sorts of geographical questions about the Carolinas and Virginia. Mrs. Grant caught the true essence of the humor, and gave replies which were the perfection of drollery. When asked where a particular river in the South was, she would locate it a thousand miles away, and describe it as running up stream instead of down; and when questioned about a Southern mountain she would place it somewhere in the region of the north pole. Railroads and canals were also mixed up in interminable confusion. She had studied the maps in camp very carefully, and had an excellent knowledge of the geography of the theater of war, and this information stood her in good stead in carrying on the little comedy which was being enacted. In a short time Sherman turned to his chief, who had been greatly amused by the by-play, and exclaimed: «Well, Grant, I think we can trust her»; and then, speaking again to the general's wife, he said: «Never mind, Mrs. Grant; perhaps some day the women will vote and control affairs, and then they will take us men in hand and subject us to worse cross-examinations than that.» «Not if my plan of female suffrage is ever adopted,» remarked the chief. «Why, Ulyss, you never told me you had any plans regarding that subject,» said Mrs. Grant. «Oh, yes,» continued the general; «I would give each married woman two votes; then the wives would all be represented at the polls, without there being any divided families on the subject of politics.»

Dinner was now announced, and Sherman escorted Mrs. Grant to the mess-room, and occupied a seat beside her at the table.

MEETING OF SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN.

In the evening several officers came to pay their respects to Sherman. Sheridan had been telegraphed to come to headquarters, but he did not appear until nearly midnight, and after all the others had left. He had been delayed several hours by his train's running off the track on the military railroad. Sherman had been told by Grant about the plans he had discussed with Sheridan for the operations of the cavalry, and Sherman urged that it should join him after destroying the railroads on the way. Sheridan became a good deal nettled at this, and argued earnestly against it; but General Grant soon cut short the discussion by say-

ing that it had been definitely decided that Sheridan was to remain with our army, then in front of Petersburg. Sheridan's command was made separate from the Army of the Potomac, and was to be subject only to direct orders from the general-in-chief. The cavalry commander had cheerfully given up the command of the Middle Military Division to take the field at the head of the cavalry corps, and General Grant felt that he was entitled to every consideration which could be shown him.

THE FAMOUS CONFERENCE ABOARD THE «RIVER QUEEN.»

THE next morning (March 28) Admiral Porter came to headquarters, and in the course of his conversation said to Sherman: «When you were in the region of those swamps and overflowed rivers, coming through the Carolinas, did n't you wish you had my gunboats with you?» «Yes,» answered Sherman; «for those swamps were very much like that Western fellow's Fourth-of-July oration, of which a newspaper said, ‹It was only knee-deep, but spread out over all creation.› One day, on the march, while my men were wading a river which was surrounded for miles by swamps on each side, after they had been in the water for about an hour, with not much prospect of reaching the other side, one of them cried out to his chum: ‹Say, Tommy, I 'm blowed if I don't believe we 've struck this river lengthways!›»

After spending a quarter of an hour together, General Grant said that the President was expecting them aboard his boat, and the two generals and the admiral started for the *River Queen*. No one accompanied them. There now occurred in the upper saloon of that vessel the celebrated conference between these four magnates, the scene of which has been so faithfully transferred to canvas by the artist Healy. It was in no sense a council of war, but only an informal interchange of views between the four men who, more than any others, held the destiny of the nation in their hands. Upon the return of the generals and the admiral to headquarters, they entered the general-in-chief's hut, where Mrs. Grant and one or two of us were sitting. The chief said to his wife: «Well, Julia, as soon as we reached the boat this morning I was particular to inquire after Mrs. Lincoln, and to say that we desired to pay our respects to her. The President went to her state room, and soon returned, saying that she was not well, and asking us to excuse her.» General Grant afterward told us the particulars of the interview. It began by his explaining to the President the military situation and prospects, saying that the crisis of the war was now at hand, as he expected to move at once around the enemy's left and cut him off from the Carolinas, and that his only apprehension was that Lee might move out before him and evacuate Petersburg and Richmond, but that if he did there would be a hot pursuit. Sherman assured the President that in such a contingency his army, by acting on the defensive, could resist both Johnston and Lee till Grant could reach him, and that then the enemy would be caught in a vise and have his life promptly crushed out. Mr. Lincoln asked if it would not be possible to end the matter without a pitched battle, with the attendant losses and suffering; but was informed that that was a matter not within the control of our commanders, and must rest necessarily with the enemy. Lincoln spoke about the course which he thought had better be pursued after the war, and expressed an inclination to lean toward a generous policy. In speaking about the Confederate political leaders, he intimated, though he did not say so in express terms, that it would relieve the situation if they should escape to some foreign country. Sherman related many interesting incidents which occurred in his campaign. Grant talked less than any one present. The President twice expressed some apprehension about Sherman's being away from his army; but Sherman assured him that he had left matters safe in Schofield's hands, and that he himself would start back that day.

That afternoon Sherman took leave of those at headquarters, and returned to his command in the *Bat*, as that vessel was faster than the one which had brought him up the coast.

GRANT STARTS ON HIS LAST CAMPAIGN.

THE troops had been in motion the previous night, and the general had decided that headquarters should be moved on the morning of the 29th. The horses were to be put aboard the train which was to take the general and staff to the Petersburg front. About 8:30 Mr. Lincoln came ashore to say good-by. We had the satisfaction of hearing one good story from him before parting. General Grant was telling him about the numerous ingenious and impracticable suggestions that were made to him almost daily as to the best way of destroying the enemy, and said: «The

last plan proposed was to supply our men with bayonets just a foot longer than those of the enemy, and then charge them. When they met, our bayonets would go clear through the enemy, while theirs would not reach far enough to touch our men, and the war would be ended.»

Mr. Lincoln laughed, and remarked: «Well, there is a good deal of terror in cold steel. I had a chance to test it once myself. When I was a young man, I was walking along a back street in Louisville one night about twelve o'clock, when a very tough-looking citizen sprang out of an alleyway, reached up to the back of his neck, pulled out a bowie-knife that seemed to my stimulated imagination about three feet long, and planted himself square across my path. For two or three minutes he flourished his weapon in front of my face, appearing to try to see just how near he could come to cutting my nose off without quite doing it. He could see in the moonlight that I was taking a good deal of interest in the proceeding, and finally he yelled out, as he steadied the knife close to my throat: ‹Stranger, kin you lend me five dollars on that?› I never reached in my pocket and got out money so fast in all my life. I handed him a bank-note, and said: ‹There 's ten, neighbor; now put up your scythe.›»

The general soon after bade an affectionate good-by to Mrs. Grant, kissing her repeatedly as she stood at the front door of his quarters. She bore the parting bravely, although her pale face and sorrowful look told of the sadness that was in her heart. The party, accompanied by the President, then walked down to the railroad-station. Mr. Lincoln looked more serious than at any other time since he had visited headquarters. The lines in his face seemed deeper, and the rings under his eyes were of a darker hue. It was plain that the weight of responsibility was oppressing him. Could it have been a premonition that with the end of this last campaign would come the end of his life? Five minutes' walk brought the party to the train. There the President gave the general and each member of the staff a cordial shake of the hand, and then stood near the rear end of the car while we mounted the platform. As the train was about to start we all raised our hats respectfully. The salute was returned by the President, and he said in a voice broken by an emotion he could ill conceal: «Good-by, gentlemen. God bless you all! Remember, your success is my success.» The signal was given to start; the train moved off; Grant's last campaign had begun.

The general sat down near the end of the car, drew from his pocket the flint and slow-match that he always carried, struck a light, and was soon wreathed in the smoke of the inevitable cigar. I took a seat near him, with several other officers of the staff, and he at once began to talk over his plans. Referring to Mr. Lincoln, he said: «The President is one of the few visitors I have had who have not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my movements, although he is the only one who has a right to know them. He intends to remain at City Point for the present, and he will be the most anxious man in the country to hear from us, his heart is so wrapped up in our success; but I think we can send him some good news in a day or two.» I never knew the general to be more sanguine of victory than in starting out on this campaign.

STORM-BOUND.

When we reached the end of the railroad, we mounted our horses, started down the Vaughan road, and went into camp for the night in an old corn-field just south of that road, close to Gravelly Run. That night (March 29) the army was disposed in the following order from right to left: Weitzel in front of Richmond, with a portion of the Army of the James; Parke and Wright holding our works in front of Petersburg; Ord extending to the intersection of Hatcher's Run and the Vaughan road; Humphreys stretching beyond Dabney's Mill; Warren on the extreme left, reaching as far as the junction of the Vaughan road and the Boydton plank road; and Sheridan still farther west at Dinwiddie Court House. The weather had been fair for several days, and the roads were getting in as good condition for the movement of troops as could be expected, for in that part of the country in summer the dust was usually so thick that the army could not see where to move, and in winter the mud was so deep that it could not move anywhere. The weather had now become cloudy, and toward evening rain began to fall. It descended in torrents all night, and continued with but little interruption during the next day. The country was densely wooded, and the ground swampy, and by the evening of the 30th whole fields had become beds of quicksand, in which the troops waded in mud above their ankles, horses sank to their bellies, and wagons threatened to disappear altogether. The men began to feel that if any one in

after years should ask them whether they had been through Virginia, they could say, «Yes; in a number of places.» The roads soon became sheets of water, and it looked as if the saving of that army would require the services, not of a Grant, but of a Noah. Soldiers would call out to officers as they rode by: «I say, fetch along the pontoons.» «When are the gunboats coming up?» The buoyancy of the day before was giving place to gloom; men lost their tempers, and those who employed profanity on such occasions as a means of mental relaxation wanted to set up a mark and go to swearing at it. Some began to be apprehensive that the whole movement was premature. This led to an animated debate at headquarters. General Rawlins expressed the opinion around the camp-fire, on the morning of the 30th, that no forage could be hauled out to our cavalry; that Joe Johnston might come up in our rear if we remained long in our present position; that the success of turning Lee's right depended on our celerity; that now he had been given time to make his dispositions to thwart us; and that it might be better to fall back, and make a fresh start later on. General Grant replied by saying that if Johnston could move rapidly enough in such weather to reach us, he (Grant) would turn upon him with his whole command, crush him, and then go after Lee; and that as soon as the weather cleared up the roads would dry rapidly, and the men's spirits would recover all their former buoyancy. The general then entered his tent, and Rawlins followed him.

GRANT AND SHERIDAN CONFER.

JUST then we saw Sheridan turning in from the Vaughan road, with a staff-officer and an escort of about a dozen cavalrymen, and coming toward our headquarters camp. He was riding his white pacer named «Breckinridge,» a horse which had been captured from General Breckinridge in the Valley of Virginia. But instead of striking a pacing gait now, it was at every step driving its legs knee-deep into the quicksand with the regularity of a pile-driver. As soon as Sheridan dismounted he was asked with much eagerness about the situation on the extreme left. He took a decidedly cheerful view of matters, and entered upon an animated discussion of the coming movements. He said: «I can drive in the whole cavalry force of the enemy with ease, and if an infantry force is added to my command, I can strike out for Lee's right, and either crush it or force him to so weaken his intrenched lines that our troops in front of them can break through and march into Petersburg.» He warmed up with the subject as he proceeded, threw the whole energy of his nature into the discussion, and his cheery voice, beaming countenance, and impassioned language showed the earnestness of his convictions.

«How do you expect to supply your command with forage if this weather lasts?» he was asked by one of the group. «Forage!» said Sheridan. «I 'll get up all the forage I want. I 'll haul it out, if I have to set every man in the command to corduroying roads, and corduroy every mile of them from the railroad to Dinwiddie. I tell you, I 'm ready to strike out to-morrow and go to smashing things»; and, pacing up and down, he chafed like a hound in the leash. We told him that this was the kind of talk we liked to hear, and that while General Grant felt no apprehension, it would do his heart good to listen to such words as had just been spoken. Sheridan, however, objected to obtruding his views unbidden upon the general-in-chief. Then we resorted to a stratagem. One of us went into the general's tent, and told him Sheridan had just come in from the left and had been telling us some matters of much interest, and suggested that he be invited in and asked to state them. This was assented to, and Sheridan was told that the general wanted to hear what he had to say. Sheridan then went in, and found Grant and Rawlins still discussing the situation. Several persons soon after came into the tent, and Sheridan, saying he was cold and wet, stepped out to the camp-fire. The general-in-chief remarked that he wanted to have some words with Sheridan in private before parting, and followed him out. Ingalls said his tent was vacant, and Grant and Sheridan entered it and had a talk there, in which a definite understanding was reached as to Sheridan's immediate movements. In about twenty minutes they came out, and Sheridan mounted his horse, waved us a good-by with his hand, and rode off to Dinwiddie.

GRANT ON WARREN'S FRONT.

THE next morning (March 31) Sheridan reported that the enemy had been hard at work intrenching at Five Forks and to a point about a mile west of that place. Lee had been as prompt as Grant to recognize Five Forks, the junction of five roads, as a strategic point of great importance, and to protect his right had sent there a large force of infantry and nearly all his cavalry. The rain

continued during the night of March 30, and on the morning of the 31st the weather was cloudy and dismal.

General Grant had thought that Warren would be attacked that morning, and had warned him to be on the alert. Warren advanced his corps to develop with what force the enemy held the White Oak road, and to try and drive him from it; but before he had gone far he was met by a vigorous assault. When news came of the attack, General Grant directed me to go to the spot and look to the situation of affairs there. I found that Warren's troops were falling back, but he was reinforced by Humphreys, and by noon the enemy was checked. As soon as Grant was advised of the situation he directed Meade to take the offensive vigorously, and the enemy was soon driven back. General Grant had now ridden out to the front, and hearing that he was at Mrs. Butler's house near the Boydton plank road, I joined him there. It was then a little after one o'clock. He had in the meantime ordered the headquarters camp to be moved to Dabney's Mill, about two miles from Meade's camp.

Warren's corps was now ordered to move forward again for the purpose of deterring the enemy from detaching infantry from that portion of the line to send against Sheridan. The advance was made later in the afternoon, and with decided success.

CARRYING INSTRUCTIONS TO SHERIDAN.

WHEN this movement had been decided upon, General Grant directed me to go to Sheridan and explain what was taking place on Warren's and Humphreys's front, and have a full understanding with him as to future operations in his vicinity. I rode rapidly down the Boydton plank road, and soon came to Gravelly Run. The bridge was destroyed, but my horse was able to ford the stream notwithstanding the high water caused by the recent rains. Hearing heavy firing in the direction of the Five Forks road, I hurried on in that direction by way of the Brooks road, and soon saw a portion of our cavalry moving eastward, pressed by a superior force of the enemy, while another portion was compelled to fall back southward toward Dinwiddie. I turned the corner of the Brooks cross-road and the Five Forks road just as the rear of the latter body of cavalry was passing it, and found one of Sheridan's bands with his rear-guard playing «Nellie Bly» as cheerfully as if furnishing music for a country picnic. Sheridan always made an effective use of his bands. They were usually mounted on gray horses, and instead of being relegated to the usual duty of carrying off the wounded and assisting the surgeons, they were brought out to the front and made to play the liveliest airs in their repertory, which produced excellent results in buoying up the spirits of the men. After having several of their instruments pierced by bullets, however, and the drums crushed by shells, as often happened, it must be admitted that the music, viewed purely in the light of an artistic performance, was open to adverse criticism.

I found Sheridan a little north of Dinwiddie Court House, and gave him an account of matters on the left of the Army of the Potomac. He said he had had one of the liveliest days in his experience, fighting infantry and cavalry with only cavalry, but that he would hold his position at Dinwiddie at all hazards. He did not stop there, but declared his belief that with the corps of infantry which he expected to be put under his command, he could take the initiative the next morning, and cut off the whole of the force which Lee had detached. He said: «This force is in more danger than I am. If I am cut off from the Army of the Potomac, it is cut off from Lee's army, and not a man in it ought ever be allowed to get back to Lee. We at last have drawn the enemy's infantry out of its fortifications, and this is our chance to attack it.» He begged me to go to General Grant at once, and urge him to send him Wright's corps, because it had been under his command in the Valley of Virginia, and was familiar with his way of fighting. I told him, as had been stated to him before, that Wright's corps was next to our extreme right, and that the only corps which could reach him by daylight was Warren's. I returned soon after to headquarters at Dabney's Mill, a distance of about eight miles, reaching there at 7 P. M., and gave the general a full description of Sheridan's operations. He took in the situation in an instant, and at once telegraphed the substance of my report to Meade, and preparations soon began looking to the sending of Warren's corps and Mackenzie's small division of cavalry to report to Sheridan. It was expected that the infantry would reach its destination in ample time to take the offensive about day break; but one delay after another was met with, and Grant, Meade, and Sheridan spent a painfully anxious night in hurrying forward the movement. Ayres's division of Warren's corps had to rebuild the bridge over Gravelly Run, which took till 2 A. M. Warren, with

his other two divisions, did not get started from their position on the White Oak road till 5 A. M., and the hope of crushing the enemy was hourly growing less. This proved to be one of the busiest nights of the whole campaign. Generals were writing despatches and telegraphing from dark to daylight. Staff-officers were rushing from one headquarters to another, wading through swamps, penetrating forests, and galloping over corduroy roads, carrying instructions, getting information, and making extraordinary efforts to hurry up the movement of the troops.

THE MOVEMENT AGAINST FIVE FORKS.

EARLY the next morning (April 1) General Grant said to me: «I wish you would spend the day with Sheridan's command, and send me a bulletin every half-hour or so, advising me fully as to the progress made. You know my views, and I want you to give them to Sheridan fully. Tell him the contemplated movement is left entirely in his hands, and he must be responsible for its execution. I have every confidence in his judgment and ability. I hope that there may now be an opportunity of fighting the enemy's infantry outside of their fortifications.»

I set out with half a dozen mounted orderlies to act as couriers in transmitting field bulletins, and met Sheridan about 10 A. M. on the Five Forks road not far from J. Boisseau's house. Ayres had his division on this road, having arrived about daylight; and Griffin had reached J. Boisseau's between 7 and 8 A. M. I had a full conference with Sheridan, in which he told me that the force in front of him had fallen back early in the morning; that he had pursued with his cavalry, had had several brushes with the enemy, and was driving him steadily back; that he had had his patience sorely tried by the delays which had occurred in getting the infantry to him, but that he was going to make every effort to strike a heavy blow with all the infantry and cavalry as soon as he could get them into position, provided the enemy should make a stand behind his intrenchments at Five Forks, which seemed likely. While we were talking, General Warren, who had accompanied Crawford's division, rode up and reported in person to Sheridan. It was then eleven o'clock.

A few minutes before noon Colonel Babcock came over from headquarters, and said to Sheridan: «General Grant directs me to say to you that if, in your judgment, the Fifth Corps would do better under one of its division commanders, you are authorized to relieve General Warren and order him to report to him [General Grant] at headquarters.» General Sheridan replied in effect that he hoped such a step as that might not become necessary, and then went on to speak of his plan of battle. We all rode on farther to the front, and soon met General Devin of the cavalry, who was considerably elated by his successes of the morning, and loudly demanded to be permitted to make a general attack on the enemy. Sheridan told him he did n't believe he had ammunition enough. Said Devin: «I guess I 've got enough to give 'em one surge more.» Colonel Babcock now left us to return to headquarters. About one o'clock it was reported by the cavalry that the enemy was retiring to his intrenched position at Five Forks, which was just north of the White Oak road and parallel to it, his earthworks running from a point about three quarters of a mile east of Five Forks to a point a mile west, with an angle, or «crochet,» about one hundred yards long, thrown back at right angles to his left to protect that flank. Orders were at once given to Warren's corps to move up the Gravelly Run Church road to the open ground near the church, and form in order of battle, with Ayres on the left, Crawford on his right, and Griffin in rear as a reserve. The corps was to wheel to the left and make its attack upon the angle, and then, moving westward, sweep down in rear of the enemy's intrenched line. The cavalry, principally dismounted, was to deploy in front of the enemy's line and engage his attention, and as soon as it heard the firing of our infantry to make a vigorous assault upon his works.

The Fifth Corps had borne the brunt of the fighting ever since the army had moved out on March 29; and the gallant men who composed it, and who had performed a conspicuous part in nearly every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, seemed eager once more to cross bayonets with their old antagonists. But the movement was slow, the required formation seemed to drag, and Sheridan, chafing with impatience and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a racer struggling to make the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness, dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clenched fist of one hand against the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger. He exclaimed at one time: «This battle must be fought and won before the sun goes down. All the conditions may be changed in the morning. We

have but a few hours of daylight left us. My cavalry are rapidly exhausting their ammunition, and if the attack is delayed much longer they may have none left.» And then another batch of staff-officers was sent out to gallop through the mud and hurry up the columns.

THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

At four o'clock the formation was completed, the order for the assault was given, and the struggle for Pickett's intrenched line began. The Confederate infantry brigades were posted from left to right as follows: Terry, Corse, Steuart, Ransom, and Wallace. General Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the cavalry, had placed W. H. F. Lee's two brigades on the right of the line, Munford's division on the left, and Rosser's in rear of Hatcher's Run, to guard the trains. I rode to the front, in company with Sheridan and Warren, with the head of Ayres's division, which was on the left. Ayres threw out a skirmish-line and advanced across an open field which sloped down gradually toward the dense woods just north of the White Oak road. He soon met with a fire from the edge of these woods, a number of men fell, and the skirmish-line halted and seemed to waver. Sheridan now began to exhibit those traits which always made him a tower of strength in the presence of an enemy. He put spurs to his horse, and dashed along in front of the line of battle from left to right, shouting words of encouragement, and having something cheery to say to every regiment. «Come on, men,» he cried; «go at 'em with a will! Move on at a clean jump, or you 'll not catch one of 'em. They 're all getting ready to run now, and if you don't get on to them in five minutes they 'll every one get away from you! Now go for them!» Just then a man on the skirmish-line was struck in the neck; the blood spurted as if the jugular vein had been cut. «I 'm killed!» he cried, and dropped to the ground. «You 're not hurt a bit!» cried Sheridan. «Pick up your gun, man, and move right on to the front.» Such was the electric effect of his words that the poor fellow snatched up his musket, and rushed forward a dozen paces before he fell, never to rise again. The line of battle of weather-beaten veterans was now moving right along down the slope toward the woods with a steady swing that boded no good for Pickett's command, earthworks or no earthworks. Sheridan was mounted on his favorite black horse, «Rienzi,» which had carried him from Winchester to Cedar Creek, and which Buchanan Read has made famous for all time by his poem of «Sheridan's Ride.» The roads were muddy, the fields swampy, the undergrowth dense, and Rienzi, as he plunged and curveted, kept dashing the foam from his mouth and the mud from his heels. Had the Winchester pike been in a similar condition, it is altogether likely that he would not have made his famous twenty miles without breaking his own neck as well as Sheridan's. This historic horse derived his name from the fact that he was presented to Sheridan by the Second Michigan Cavalry in the little town of Rienzi, Mississippi, in 1862. After the famous ride he was sometimes called «Winchester.» He was of Blackhawk blood. He bore Sheridan in nearly all his subsequent battles. When the animal died in 1878, in his twentieth year, his body was stuffed, and now stands in the museum on Governor's Island. The surviving veterans often decorate him with flowers on Memorial Day.

Mackenzie had been ordered up the Crump road, with directions to turn east on the White Oak road, and whip everything he met on that route. He encountered a small cavalry command, and whipped it, according to orders, and then came galloping back to join in the general scrimmage.

Soon Ayres's men met with a heavy fire on their left flank, and had to change direction by facing more toward the west. As the troops entered the woods, and moved forward over the boggy ground, and struggled through the dense undergrowth, they were staggered by a heavy fire from the angle, and fell back in some confusion. Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines, and cried out: «Where is my battle-flag?» As the sergeant who carried it rode up, Sheridan seized the crimson-and-white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men, and made heroic efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were now humming like a swarm of bees about our heads, and shells were crashing through the ranks. A musket-ball pierced the battle-flag; another killed the sergeant who had carried it; another wounded an aide, Captain McGonnigle, in the side; others struck two or three of the staff-officers' horses. All this time Sheridan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fist, encouraging, entreating, threatening, praying, swearing, the true personification of chivalry, the very incarnation of battle. He would have been a sorry soldier who could have helped following such a leader. Ayres and his officers were equally exposing themselves at all points in rallying the men;

and soon the line was steadied, for such troops could suffer but a momentary check. Ayers, with drawn saber, rushed forward once more with his veterans, who now behaved as if they had fallen back only to get a «good ready,» and with fixed bayonets and a rousing cheer dashed over the earthworks, sweeping everything before them, and killing or capturing every man in their immediate front whose legs had not saved him.

Sheridan spurred Rienzi up to the angle, and with a bound the animal carried his rider over the earthworks, and landed among a line of prisoners who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under the breastworks. Some of them called out, «Whah do you want us all to go to?» Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor, and he had a running talk with the «Johnnies» as they filed past. «Go right over there,» he said to them, pointing to the rear. «Get right along, now. Oh, drop your guns; you 'll never need them any more. You 'll all be safe over there. Are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows.» Nearly 1500 were captured at the angle.

An orderly here came up to Sheridan, saluted, and said, «Colonel Forsyth of your staff is killed, sir.» «It 's no such thing!» cried Sheridan. «I don't believe a word of it. You 'll find Forsyth 's all right.» Ten minutes later Forsyth rode up. He had been mistaken for the gallant General Winthrop, who had fallen in the assault. Sheridan did not even seem surprised when he saw Forsyth, and merely said, «There; I told you so.» This incident is mentioned as illustrative of a peculiar trait of Sheridan's character, which never allowed him to be disturbed by camp rumors, however disastrous.

The dismounted cavalry had assaulted as soon as they heard the infantry fire open. The natty cavalrymen, with their tight-fitting jackets and short carbines, swarmed through the pine thickets and dense undergrowth, looking as if they had been especially built for crawling through knot-holes.

The cavalry commanded by the gallant Merritt made a final dash, went over the earthworks with a hurrah, captured a battery of artillery, and scattered everything in front of them. Here Custer, Devin, Fitzhugh, and the other cavalry leaders were in their element, and vied with one another in deeds of valor. Crawford's division had moved off in a northerly direction, marching away from Ayres, and leaving a gap between the two divisions. Sheridan became exceedingly annoyed at this circumstance, complained that Warren was not giving sufficient personal supervision to the infantry, and sent nearly all his staff-officers to the Fifth Corps to see that the mistakes made were corrected. After the capture of the angle I started off toward the right to see how matters were going there. I went in the direction of Crawford's division, on our right. Warren, whose personal gallantry was always conspicuous, had had his horse shot while with these troops. I passed around the left of the enemy's works, then rode due west to a point beyond the Ford road. Here I rejoined Sheridan a little before dark. He was laboring with all the energy of his nature to complete the destruction of the enemy's forces, and to make preparations to protect his own detached command from a possible attack by Lee's army in the morning. He said to me that he had just relieved Warren, and placed Griffin in command of the Fifth Corps. I had been sending frequent bulletins to the general-in-chief, during the day and now despatched a courier announcing the change of corps commanders, and giving the general result of the round-up.

Sheridan had that day fought one of the most interesting tactical battles of the war, admirable in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of extremely important results.

I said to him: «It seems to me that you have exposed yourself to-day in a manner hardly justifiable on the part of a commander of such an important movement.» His reply gave what seems to be the true key to his uniform success on the field: «I have never in my life taken a command into battle, and had the slightest desire to come out alive unless I won.»

CARRYING THE NEWS OF FIVE FORKS TO GRANT.

About half-past seven o'clock I started for general headquarters. The roads in many places were corduroyed with captured muskets; ammunition-trains and ambulances were still struggling forward; teamsters, prisoners, stragglers, and wounded were choking the roadway; the «coffee-boilers» had kindled their fires in the woods; cheers were resounding on all sides, and everybody was riotous over the victory. A horseman had to pick his way through this jubilant condition of things as best he could, as he did not have a clear right of way by any means. As I galloped past a group of men

on the Boydton plank, my orderly called out to them the news of the victory. The only response he got was from one of them, who raised his open hand to his face, put his thumb to his nose, and yelled: «No, you don't—April fool!» I then realized that it was the first of April. I had ridden so rapidly that I reached headquarters at Dabney's Mill before the arrival of the last courier I had despatched. General Grant was sitting, with most of the staff about him, before a blazing camp-fire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. I began shouting the good news as soon as I got in sight, and in a moment all but the imperturbable general-in-chief were on their feet giving vent to boisterous demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, and officers fell to grasping hands, shouting, and hugging each other like school-boys. The news meant the beginning of the end, the reaching of the «last ditch.» It pointed to peace and home. Dignity was thrown to the winds, and every man at that moment was in a fitting mood to dig his elbows into the ribs of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or to challenge the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to a game of leap-frog. The proprieties of army etiquette were so far forgotten in the enthusiasm of the occasion that, as soon as I had thrown myself from my horse, I found myself rushing up to the general-in-chief and clapping him on the back with my hand, to his no little astonishment, and to the evident amusement of those about him.[1] The general, as might have been expected, asked his usual question: «How many prisoners have been taken?» I was happy to report that the prisoners this time were estimated at over five thousand, and this was the only part of my recital that seemed to call forth a responsive expression from his impassive features. After having listened attentively to the description of Sheridan's day's work, the general, with scarcely a word of comment, walked into his tent, and by the light of a flickering candle took up his «manifold writer,» and after finishing several despatches handed them to an orderly to be sent over the field wires, came out and joined our group at the camp-fire, and said as coolly as if remarking upon the state of the weather: «I have ordered a general assault along the lines.» This was about nine o'clock in the evening.

In his conversation his sense of humor now began to assert itself. During the day I had sent him a bulletin saying: «I have noticed among the prisoners and dead many old men whose heads are quite bald.» This was mentioned as an evidence that the enemy in recruiting was «robbing the grave.» Ingalls was sitting with us. His hair had become so thin that he used to part it low behind and comb the stray locks forward, trying to make the rear-guard do picket duty at the front. The general delighted in teasing him on this subject, and looking toward him, he now said to me: «When I got your message to-day about the bald-headed men, I showed it to Ingalls, and told him he had better take care and not fall into the hands of the enemy, for that is just the way they would be commenting on his head in their reports.»

GRANT PREPARES TO ASSAULT THE PETERSBURG LINES.

GRANT was anxious to have the different commands move against the enemy's lines at once to prevent Lee from withdrawing troops and sending them against Sheridan. Meade was all activity, and so alive to the situation, and so anxious to carry out the orders of the general-in-chief, that he sent word that he was going to have the troops make a dash at the works without waiting to form assaulting columns. At 9:30 P. M. General Grant sent a message that he did not mean to have the corps attack without assaulting columns, but to let the batteries open at once, and to feel out with skirmishers, and if the enemy was found to be leaving, to let the troops attack in their own way. The corps commanders reported that it would be impracticable to make a successful assault until morning, but sent back replies full of enthusiasm, and having in them a ring of the true soldierly metal. Ord said he would go into the enemy's works «as a hot knife goes into butter.» Wright sent word that when he started in he would «make the fur fly,» and said: «If the corps does half as well as I expect, we will have broken through the rebel lines in fifteen minutes from the word 'go.'» Grant was highly pleased with the spirit evinced in these messages, and said: «I like the way

[1] Badeau, in his «Military History of Ulysses S. Grant,» says in referring to this scene: «The bearer of the good news was Colonel Horace Porter, one of the most abstemious men in the army; but he came up with so much enthusiasm, clapping the general-in-chief on the back, and otherwise demonstrating his joy, that the officer who shared his tent rebuked him at night for indulging too freely in drink at this critical juncture. But Porter had tasted neither wine nor spirits that day. He was only drunk with victory.»—EDITOR.

Wright talks; it argues success. I heartily approve.»

The hour for the general assault was fixed at four o'clock the next morning. Miles was ordered to march with his division at midnight to reinforce Sheridan and enable him to make a stand against Lee in case he should move westward in the night. A little after midnight the general tucked himself into his camp-bed, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as if the next day was to be devoted to a picnic instead of a decisive battle. Every one at headquarters had caught as many cat-naps as he could, so as to be able to keep both eyes open the next day, in the hope of getting a sight of Petersburg, and possibly of Richmond. And now four o'clock came, but no assault. It was found that to remove abatis, climb over chevaux-de-frise, jump rifle-pits, and scale parapets, a little daylight would be of material assistance.

CAPTURING THE WORKS AT PETERSBURG.

AT 4:45 there was a streak of gray in the heavens, which soon revealed another streak of gray formed by Confederate uniforms in the works opposite, and the charge was ordered. The thunder of hundreds of guns shook the ground like an earthquake, and soon the troops were engaged all along the lines. At headquarters, where he could be easily communicated with, and from which he could give general directions, the general awaited for a while the result of the assault.

At a quarter past five a message came from Wright that he had carried the enemy's line in his front and was pushing in. Next came news from Parke that he had captured the outer works, with 12 pieces of artillery and 800 prisoners. At 6:40 the general wrote a telegram with his own hand to Mr. Lincoln at City Point, as follows: «Both Wright and Parke have got through the enemy's line. The battle now rages furiously. Sheridan, with his cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and Miles's division of the Second Corps, which was sent to him since 1 this morning, is now sweeping down from the west. All now looks highly favorable. Ord is engaged, but I have not yet heard the result in his front.» A cheering despatch was also sent to Sheridan, winding up with the words: «I think nothing is now wanting but the approach of your force from the west to finish up the job on this side.»

Soon Ord was heard from as having broken through the intrenchments. Humphreys, too, had been doing gallant work. At half-past seven the line in his front was captured, and half an hour later Hays's division of his corps had carried an important earthwork, with three guns and most of the garrison. At 8:30 A. M. a despatch was brought in from Ord saying that some of his troops had just captured the enemy's works south of Hatcher's Run.

The general and staff now rode out to the front, as it was necessary to give immediate direction to the actual movements of the troops, and prevent confusion from the overlapping and intermingling of the several corps as they pushed forward. He urged his horse over the works which Wright's corps had captured, and suddenly came upon a body of 3000 prisoners marching to our rear. His whole attention was for some time riveted upon them, and we knew that he was enjoying his usual satisfaction in seeing so large a capture. Some of the guards told the prisoners who the general was, and they manifested great curiosity to get a good look at him. Next he came up with a division of Wright's corps, flushed with success, and rushing forward with a dash that was inspiriting beyond description. When they caught sight of the leader whom they had patiently followed from the Rapidan to Petersburg, their cheers broke forth with a will, and their enthusiasm knew no limit. The general galloped along toward the right, and soon met Meade, with whom he had been in constant communication, and who had been urging on the Army of the Potomac with all vigor. Congratulations were rapidly exchanged, and both went to pushing forward the good work. Grant, after taking in the situation, directed both Meade and Ord to face their commands more toward the east, and close up toward the inner lines which covered Petersburg. Lee had been pushed so vigorously that he seemed for a time to be making but little effort to recover any of his lost ground; but now he made a determined fight against Parke's corps, which was threatening his inner line on his extreme left, and the bridge across the Appomattox. Repeated assaults were made, but Parke resisted them all successfully, and could not be stirred from his position. Lee had ordered Longstreet's command from the north side of the James, and with these troops reinforced his extreme right.

GRANT WRITES DESPATCHES UNDER FIRE.

GENERAL GRANT dismounted near a farmhouse which stood on a knoll, from which he could get a good view of the field of opera-

tions. He seated himself on the ground at the foot of a tree, and was soon busy receiving despatches and writing orders to officers conducting the advance. The position was under fire, and as soon as the group of staff-officers was seen, the enemy's guns began paying their respects to the party. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and as the fire became hotter and hotter, several of the officers, apprehensive for the general's safety, urged him to move to some less conspicuous position; but he kept on writing and talking, without the least interruption from the shots falling about him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming, or paying any heed to the gentle reminders to «move on.» After he had finished his despatches he got up, took a view of the situation, and as he started toward the other side of the farm-house said with a quizzical look at the group about him: «Well, they do seem to have the range on us.» The staff was now sent to the various points of the advancing lines, and all was activity in pressing forward the good work.

CAPTURE OF FORTS GREGG AND WHITWORTH.

By noon nearly all the outer line of works was in our possession, except two strong redoubts, which occupied commanding positions, named respectively Fort Gregg and Fort Whitworth. The general decided that these should be stormed, and about one o'clock three of Ord's brigades swept down upon Fort Gregg. The garrison of 300 men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Duncan, with two rifled cannon, made a desperate defense, and a gallant contest took place. For half an hour after our men had gained the parapet a bloody hand-to-hand struggle continued, but nothing could stand against the onslaught of Ord's troops, flushed with their morning's victory. By half-past two 57 of the brave garrison lay dead, and the rest had surrendered. Fort Whitworth was abandoned, but the guns of Fort Gregg were opened upon the garrison as they marched out, and the commander, Colonel Joseph M. Jayne, and 60 men surrendered.

About this time Miles struck a force of the enemy at Sutherland's Station, on Lee's extreme right, and captured two pieces of artillery and nearly 1000 prisoners. At 4:40 the general, who had been keeping Mr. Lincoln fully advised of the history that was so rapidly being made that day, sent him a telegram inviting him to come out the next day and pay him a visit. A prompt reply was received from the President, saying: «Allow me to tender you, and all with you, the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion, I think I will meet you to-morrow.»

Prominent officers now urged the general to make an assault on the inner lines, and capture Petersburg that afternoon; but he was firm in his resolve not to sacrifice the lives necessary to accomplish such a result. He said the city would undoubtedly be evacuated during the night, and he would dispose the troops for a parallel march westward, and try to head off the escaping army. And thus ended this eventful Sunday.

GRANT ENTERS PETERSBURG.

The general was up at daylight the next morning, and the first report brought in was that Parke had gone through the lines at 4 A. M., capturing a few skirmishers, and that the city had surrendered at 4:28 to Colonel Ralph Ely. A second communication surrendering the place was sent in to Wright. General Grant's prediction had been fully verified. The evacuation had begun about ten the night before, and was completed on the morning of the 3d. Between 5 and 6 A. M. the general had a conference with Meade, and orders were given to push westward with all haste. About 9 A. M. the general rode into Petersburg. Many of the citizens, panic-stricken, had escaped with the army. Most of the whites who remained stayed indoors; a few groups of negroes gave cheers, but the scene generally was one of complete desertion. Grant rode along quietly until he came to a comfortable-looking brick house with a yard in front, No. 21 Market street, the residence of Mr. Thomas Wallace, and here he and the staff dismounted and took seats on the piazza. A number of the citizens now gathered on the sidewalk, and stood gazing with eager curiosity upon the features of the commander of the Yankee armies. Soon an officer came with a despatch from Sheridan, who had been reinforced and ordered to strike out along the Danville Railroad, saying he was already nine miles beyond Namozine Creek, and pressing the enemy's trains. The general was anxious to move westward at once with the leading infantry columns, but he prolonged his stay until the President came up.

LINCOLN AT PETERSBURG.

Mr. Lincoln soon after arrived, accompanied by Robert, who had ridden back to the rail-

road station to meet him, and by his little son, «Tad,» and Admiral Porter. He dismounted in the street, and came in through the front gate with long and rapid strides, his face beaming with delight. He seized General Grant's hand as the general stepped forward to greet him, and stood shaking it for some time, and pouring out his thanks and congratulations with all the fervor of a heart which seemed overflowing with its fullness of joy. I doubt whether Mr. Lincoln ever experienced a happier moment in his life. The scene was singularly affecting, and one never to be forgotten. He said: «Do you know, general, I had a sort of sneaking idea all along that you intended to do something like this; but I thought some time ago that you would so manœuver as to have Sherman come up and be near enough to coöperate with you.» «Yes,» replied the general; «I thought at one time that Sherman's army might advance far enough to be in supporting distance of the Eastern armies when the spring campaign against Lee opened; but I had a feeling that it would be better to let Lee's old antagonists give his army the final blow, and finish up the job. If the Western troops were even to put in an appearance against Lee's army, it might give some of our politicians a chance to stir up sectional feeling in claiming everything for the troops from their own section of country. The Western armies have been very successful in their campaigns, and it is due to the Eastern armies to let them vanquish their old enemy single-handed.» «I see, I see,» said Mr. Lincoln; «but I never thought of it in that light. In fact, my anxiety has been so great that I did n't care where the help came from, so that the work was perfectly done.» «Oh,» General Grant continued, «I do not suppose it would have given rise to much of the bickering I mentioned, and perhaps the idea would not have occurred to any one else. I feel sure there would have been no such feeling among the soldiers, but there might have been among our politicians. Of course I would not have risked the result of the campaign on account of any mere sentiment of this kind. I have always felt confident that our troops here were amply able to handle Lee.»

Mr. Lincoln then began to talk about the civil complications that would follow the destruction of the Confederate armies in the field, and showed plainly the anxiety he felt regarding the great problems in statecraft which would soon be thrust upon him. He intimated very plainly, in a conversation that lasted nearly half an hour, that thoughts of leniency to the conquered were uppermost in his heart.

Meanwhile his son Tad, for whom he always showed a deep affection, was becoming a little uneasy, and gave certain appealing looks, to which General Sharpe, who seemed to understand the mute expressions of small boys, responded by producing some sandwiches, which he offered to him, saying: «Here, young man, I guess you must be hungry.» Tad seized them as a drowning man would seize a life-preserver, and cried out: «Yes, I am; that 's what 's the matter with me.» This greatly amused the President and the general-in-chief, who had a hearty laugh at Tad's expense.

A gentleman whom we supposed was the proprietor of the house asked the general to go into the parlor; but he declined politely, saying, «Thank you, but I am smoking.»

The general hoped that before he parted with Mr. Lincoln he would hear that Richmond was in our possession; but after waiting about an hour and a half, he said he must ride on to the front and join Ord's column, and took leave of the President, who shook his hand cordially, and with great warmth of feeling wished him God-speed and every success.

The general and staff had ridden as far as Sutherland's Station—about nine miles—when a despatch from Weitzel overtook him, which had come by a roundabout way. It read: «We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning. I captured many guns. The enemy left in great haste. The city is on fire in two places. Am making every effort to put it out. The people received us with enthusiastic expressions of joy.» Although the news was expected, there were loud shouts of rejoicing from the group who heard it read. The general, as usual, did not manifest the slightest sign of emotion, and merely remarked: «I am sorry I did not get this information before we left the President. However, I suppose he has heard it by this time»; and then added: «Let the news be circulated among the troops as rapidly as possible.»

IN HOT PURSUIT OF LEE.

GRANT and Meade both went into camp at Sutherland's Station that evening (April 3). The Army of the Potomac caught but a few hours' sleep, and at three the next morning was again on the march. The pursuit had now become swift, unflagging, relentless. Sheridan, «the inevitable,» as the enemy had learned to call him, was in advance, thunder-

ing on with his cavalry, followed by Griffin and the rest of the Army of the Potomac; while Ord was swinging along toward Burkeville to head off Lee from Danville, to which point it was naturally supposed he was pushing in order to unite with Joe Johnston's army. April 4 was another active day; the troops were made to realize that this campaign was to be won by legs; that the great walking-match had begun, and success depended upon which army could make the best distance record. Grant rode this day with Ord's troops. Meade was ill and had to take at times to an ambulance; but his loyal spirit never flagged, and all his orders breathed the true spirit of a soldier. That night General Grant camped at Wilson's Station on the South Side Railroad, twenty-seven miles west of Petersburg. A railroad engineer who had been brought in as a prisoner reported that Davis and his cabinet had passed through Burkeville, on their way south, early on the morning of the day before. The next morning the general sent a despatch to Sherman in North Carolina, giving him an account of the situation, containing instructions as to his future movements, and winding up with the famous words: «Rebel armies are now the only strategic points to strike at.» On the 5th he marched again with Ord's column, and at noon reached Nottoway Court House, about ten miles east of Burkeville, where he halted with Ord for a couple of hours. A young staff-officer here rode up to Ord in a state of considerable excitement, and said: «Is this a way-station?» The grim old soldier, who was always fond of a quiet joke, replied with great deliberation: «This is Nott-a-way Station.» The staff collected about General Grant on the front porch of the old town tavern, and while examining maps and discussing the movements a ringing despatch came in from Sheridan saying he had captured six guns and some wagons, and had intercepted Lee's advance toward Burkeville; that Lee was in person at Amelia Court House, etc. This news was given to the passing troops, and lusty cheers went up from every throat. They had marched about fifteen miles already that day, and now struck out as if they were good for fifteen more, and vowed that they were going to beat the record of the cavalry.

GRANT MAKES A NIGHT RIDE TO REACH SHERIDAN.

WE continued to move along the wagon-road which runs parallel to the South Side Railroad till nearly dark, and had by that time reached a point about half-way between Nottoway and Burkeville. The road was skirted by a dense woods on the north side—the side toward the enemy. A commotion suddenly arose among the headquarters escort, and on looking round, I saw some of our men dashing up to a horseman in full Confederate uniform, who had emerged like an apparition from the woods, and were in the act of seizing him as a prisoner. I recognized him at once as the scout who had brought the important despatch sent by Sheridan from Columbia to City Point. I said to him, «How do you do, Campbell?» and told our men he was all right, and was one of our people. He said he had had a hard ride from Sheridan's camp, and had brought a despatch for General Grant. By this time the general had also recognized him, and had ridden up to him and halted in the road to see what he had brought. Campbell took from his mouth a small pellet of tin-foil, opened it, and pulled out a sheet of tissue-paper, on which was written the famous despatch, so widely published at the time, in which Sheridan described the situation at Jetersville, and added, «I wish you were here yourself.»

The general said he would go at once to Sheridan, and dismounted from his black pony «Jeff Davis,» which he had been riding, and called for his horse «Cincinnati.» He stood in the road for a few minutes, and wrote a despatch to Ord, using the pony's back for a desk, and then, mounting the fresh horse, told Campbell to lead the way. It was found that we would have to skirt pretty closely to the enemy's lines, and it was thought that it would be prudent to take some cavalry with us; but there was none near at hand, and the general said he would risk it with our mounted escort of fourteen men. Calling upon me and three other officers to accompany him, he started off. I had in the meanwhile questioned the scout about the trip, and found that we would have to follow some cross-roads through a wooded country and travel nearly twenty miles. It was now dark, but there was enough moonlight to enable us to see the way without difficulty. After riding for nearly two hours, the enemy's campfires were seen in the distance, and it was noticed that the fence-rails were thrown down in a number of places, indicating that cavalry had been moving across this part of the country, though we were certain our cavalry had not been there. Knowing that scouts are seldom trustworthy, and are often in the employ of both sides, and feeling that

the general's safety was now entirely in the power of a comparatively unknown man, I, for one, began to grow suspicious. Just then Campbell fell back several paces and suddenly turned his horse into a piece of woods which we were skirting, and seemed to be acting in a manner that indicated either confusion or treachery. I cocked my pistol, and rode close behind him, thinking his feelings would stand that much in the way of precaution anyhow, and determined that if he was caught giving any suspicious signals I would at once arrest him. The scout, however, was thoroughly loyal, and one of Sheridan's most trusted men; no thought of treachery had crossed his mind; he was only looking for a short cut through the woods. About half-past ten o'clock we struck Sheridan's pickets. They could hardly be made to understand that the general-in-chief was wandering about at that hour with so small an escort, and so near to the enemy's lines. The cavalry were sleeping on their arms, and as our little party picked its way through their ranks, and the troopers woke up and recognized the general in the moonlight, their remarks were highly characteristic of the men. One said: «Why, there 's the old man. Boys, this means business»; and another: «Great Scott! the old chief 's out here himself. The rebs are going to get bu'sted to-morrow, certain»; and a third: «Uncle Sam 's joined the cavalry sure enough. You can bet there 'll be lively times here in the morning.» Sheridan was awaiting us, feeling sure that the general would come after getting his despatch. A good supper of beef, cold chicken, and coffee was soon prepared, and it was quickly demonstrated that the night ride had not impaired any one's appetite.

When the general-in-chief had learned fully the situation in Sheridan's front, he first sent a message to Ord to watch the roads running south from Burkeville and Farmville, and then went over to Meade's camp near by. Meade was lying down, and still suffering from illness. His views differed somewhat from General Grant's regarding the movements of the Army of the Potomac for the next day, and the latter changed the dispositions that were being made, so as to have the army unite with Sheridan's troops in swinging round more toward the south and heading off Lee in that direction.

GRANT HURRIES ON TO FARMVILLE.

THE next day (April 6) proved a decided field day in the pursuit. It was found in the morning that Lee had retreated during the night from Amelia Court House; and from the direction he had taken and information received that he had ordered rations to meet him at Farmville, it was seen that he had abandoned all hope of reaching Burkeville, and was probably heading for Lynchburg. Ord was to try to burn the High Bridge over the Appomattox, and push on to Farmville. Sheridan's cavalry were to work around Lee's left flank, and the Army of the Potomac was to make another forced march, and strike the enemy wherever it could reach him. I spent a portion of the day with Humphreys's corps, which attacked the enemy near Deatonsville and gave his rear-guard no rest. I joined General Grant later, and rode with him to Burkeville, getting there some time after dark.

Ord had pushed out to Rice's Station, and Sheridan and Wright had gone in against the enemy and fought the battle of Sailor's Creek, capturing six general officers and about 7000 men, and «smashing things» generally. General Grant broke camp and started from Burkeville early the next morning (the 7th), and moved rapidly in the direction of Farmville. The columns were crowding the roads, and the men, aroused to still greater efforts by the inspiriting news of the day before, were sweeping steadily along, despite the rain that fell, like trained pedestrians on a walking-track. As the general rode among them he was greeted with shouts and hurrahs on all sides, and a string of sly remarks, which showed how familiar swords and bayonets become when victory furnishes the topic of their talk, such as, «Cavalry 's gi'n out, general. Infantry 's going to crush the rest of the mud»; and «We 've marched nigh twenty miles on this stretch, and we 're good for twenty more if the general says so»; and «We 're not straddlin' any hosses, but we 'll get there all the same.» The general raised his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers, and gave a pleasant nod to each of the men who addressed him.

GRANT AT FARMVILLE.

A LITTLE before noon on April 7, 1865, General Grant, with his staff, rode into the little village of Farmville, on the south side of the Appomattox River, a town that will be memorable in history as the place where he opened the correspondence with Lee which, two days later, led to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. He drew up in front of the village hotel, a comfortable brick building, dismounted, and established head-

quarters on its broad piazza. News came in that Crook was fighting large odds with his cavalry on the north side of the river, and I was directed to go to his front and see what was necessary to be done to assist him. I found that he was being driven back, the enemy (Munford's and Rosser's cavalry divisions, under Fitzhugh Lee) having made a bold stand north of the river. Humphreys was also on the north side, isolated from the rest of our infantry, confronted by a large portion of Lee's army, and having some heavy fighting. On my return to general headquarters that evening, Wright's corps was ordered to cross the river and move rapidly to the support of our troops there. Notwithstanding their long march that day, the men sprang to their feet with a spirit that made every one marvel at their pluck, and came swinging through the main street of the village with a step that seemed as elastic as on the first day of their toilsome tramp. It was now dark, but they spied the general-in-chief watching them with evident pride from the piazza of the hotel as they marched past. Then was witnessed one of the most inspiring scenes of the campaign. Bonfires were lighted on the sides of the street; the men seized straw and pine-knots, and improvised torches; cheers arose from their throats, already hoarse with shouts of victory; bands played, banners waved, and muskets were swung in the air. A regiment now broke forth with the song of «John Brown's body,» and soon a whole division was shouting the swelling chorus of that popular air, which had risen to the dignity of a national anthem. The night march had become a grand review, with Grant as the reviewing officer.

GRANT OPENS A CORRESPONDENCE WITH LEE.

ORD and Gibbon had visited the general at the hotel, and he had spoken with them, as well as with Wright, about sending some communication to Lee that might pave the way to the stopping of further bloodshed. Dr. Smith, formerly of the regular army, a native of Virginia, and a relative of General Ewell, now one of our prisoners, had told General Grant the night before that Ewell had said in conversation that their cause was lost when they crossed the James River, and he considered that it was the duty of the authorities to negotiate for peace then, while they still had a right to claim concessions, adding that now they were not in condition to claim anything. He said that for every man killed after this somebody would be responsible, and it would be little better than murder. He could not tell what General Lee would do, but he hoped that he would at once surrender his army. This statement, together with the news that had been received from Sheridan, saying that he had heard that General Lee's trains of provisions, which had come by rail, were at Appomattox, and that he expected to capture them before Lee could reach them, induced the general to write the following communication:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
5 P. M., April 7th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.:

The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

This he intrusted to General Seth Williams, adjutant-general, with directions to take it to Humphreys's front, as his corps was close up to the enemy's rear-guard, and see that it reached Lee. Williams's orderly was shot, and he himself came near losing his life in getting this communication through the lines. General Grant decided to remain all night at Farmville and await the reply from Lee, and he was shown to a room in the hotel in which he was told that Lee had slept the night before, although this statement could not be verified. Lee wrote the following reply within an hour after he received General Grant's letter, but it was brought in by a rather circuitous route, and did not reach its destination till after midnight:

April 7th, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of the U. S.

The next morning, before leaving Farmville, the following reply was given to General Seth Williams, who again went to Humphreys's front to have it transmitted to Lee:

April 8th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.:

Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

The last sentence shows great delicacy of feeling on the part of General Grant, who wished to spare General Lee the mortification of personally conducting the surrender. The consideration displayed has a parallel in the terms accorded by Washington to Cornwallis at Yorktown. Cornwallis took advantage of the privilege, and sent O'Hara to represent him; but Lee rose superior to the British general, and in a manly way came and conducted the surrender in person.

There turned up at this time a rather hungry-looking gentleman in gray, wearing the uniform of a colonel, who proclaimed himself the proprietor of the hotel. He gave us to understand that his regiment had crumbled to pieces; that he was about the only portion of it that had succeeded in holding together, and he thought he might as well «stop off» at home and look after his property. It is safe to say that his hotel had never before had so many guests in it, nor at such reduced rates. His story was significant as indicating the disintegrating process which was going on in the ranks of the enemy.

THE RIDE TO CURDSVILLE.

GENERAL GRANT had been marching most of the way with the columns which were pushing along south of Lee's line of retreat; but, expecting that a reply to his last letter, would soon be received, and wishing to keep within easy communication with Lee, he decided to march this day with the portion of the Army of the Potomac that was pressing Lee's rear-guard. After issuing some further instructions to Ord and Sheridan, he started from Farmville, crossed to the north side of the Appomattox, conferred in person with Meade, and rode with his columns. Encouraging reports came in all day, and that night headquarters were established at Curdsville in a large white farm-house a few hundred yards from Meade's camp. The general and several of the staff had cut loose from the headquarters trains the night he started to meet Sheridan at Jetersville, and had neither baggage nor camp equipage. The general did not even have his sword with him. This was the most advanced effort yet made in moving in «light marching order,» and we billeted ourselves at night in farm-houses, or bivouacked on porches, and picked up meals at any camp that seemed to have something to spare in the way of rations. That night we sampled the fare of Meade's hospitable mess, and once more lay down with full stomachs.

GRANT SUFFERS AN ATTACK OF ILLNESS.

GENERAL GRANT had been suffering all the afternoon from a severe headache, the result of fatigue, anxiety, scant fare, and loss of sleep, and by night he grew much worse. He was induced to bathe his feet in hot water and mustard, and apply mustard-plasters to his wrists and the back of his neck; but these remedies afforded little relief. The dwelling we occupied was a double house. The general threw himself upon a sofa in the sitting-room on the left side of the hall, while the staff-officers bunked on the floor of the room opposite, to catch what sleep they could. About midnight we were aroused by Colonel Charles A. Whittier of Humphreys's staff, who brought the expected letter from Lee. Rawlins took it, and stepped across the hall to the door of General Grant's room. He hesitated to knock, not wishing to awake the commander if he were asleep, and opened the door softly and listened a moment to ascertain whether he could judge by any sound how the chief was resting. Soon the general's voice was heard saying: «Come in; I am awake. I am suffering too much to get any sleep.» I had in the meantime brought a lighted candle, and now stepped into the room with it. The general, who had taken off only his coat and boots, sat up on the sofa and read the communication.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE WITH LEE.

THE letter was as follows:

April 8th, 1865.

GENERAL: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but

as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I shall be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

The general shook his head, expressive of his disappointment, and remarked, «It looks as if Lee still means to fight; I will reply in the morning»; and after making a few more comments, lay down again upon the sofa. Rawlins and I expressed the hope that the general might still be able to get some sleep, and then retired from the room. About four o'clock on the morning of April 9 I rose and crossed the hall to ascertain how the general was feeling. I found his room empty, and upon going out of the front door, saw him pacing up and down in the yard, holding both hands to his head. Upon inquiring how he felt, he replied that he had had very little sleep, and was still suffering the most excruciating pain. I said: «Well, there is one consolation in all this, general: I never knew you to be ill that you did not receive some good news before the day passed. I have become a little superstitious regarding these coincidences, and I should not be surprised if some good fortune were to overtake you before night.» He smiled, and replied: «The best thing that could happen to me to-day would be to get rid of the pain I am suffering.» We were soon joined by some others of the staff, and the general was induced to walk over to Meade's headquarters with us and get some coffee, in the hope that it would do him good. He seemed to feel a little better then, and after writing the following letter to Lee, and despatching it, he prepared to move forward.

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL: Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, general, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

General Grant kept steadily in mind the fact that he was simply a soldier, and could deal only with hostile armies. He could not negotiate a treaty of peace without transcending his authority.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Horace Porter.

THE VIOLET GATE.

I KNOW a little winding way
Adown whose path is set
A tiny gate that opens to
The breath of violet.

No other blossom weaves the spell
Or holds the hidden key;
These fragrant lips alone possess
The magic witchery.

Give but the scent of violets
Beneath a dream-set sky,
And down the little winding way
Walk Memory and I.

Clarence Urmy.

BROWNING'S SUMMERS IN BRITTANY.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

AT A ROADSIDE FOUNTAIN.

TO wander from place to place in a country in which Robert Browning spent many summers, almost following his steps; to seek those spots which furnished themes for some of his best-known poems; to see the bits of landscape mirrored by his verses; to find the home of a hero he has praised or of a legend he has framed; to note the people and the customs observed by him, the types that impressed him; in short, to bring together a few scenes and events among a peculiar people still living apart from the clamor of the present century, in a province of France the inhabitants of which have never been truly French—this is the simple object of these pages.

Mrs. Browning died on June 29, 1861. On July 19 Mr. Browning wrote to his friend Leighton: «I shall go to some quiet place in France to get right again. . . . I don't mean

to live with anybody, even my own family, but to occupy myself thoroughly,» etc.[1] On August 17 we find him at St. Enogat, near Dinard.

To one who knows Brittany it is not surprising that, of all the provinces of France, this should have been Mr. Browning's choice. Brittany at that time was almost unexplored by foreigners. It had no association with that life now closed for him. The simplicity of Breton life and its solitude were attractive to one wounded in spirit, seeking to «get right again,» and desiring only occupation. No one can read the poems of Robert Browning without being made aware of the peculiar charm an obscure tradition, an old tale, or a family record grown musty in its hiding-place, had for him, and of the good use he made of such material. Brittany teems with such matter; we shall see what use he made of it.

A PORNIC MAIDEN.

For nearly every town in Brittany has its legend, as each commune possesses its own style of *coiffe*. Every woman of this province may be designated, as to her locality, through the particular head-dress she wears.

And nature here seems in accord with the spirit of its legends. She is mysterious, marvelous. A magical influence seems to pervade everything. The forests are solemn. It seems easy to believe them enchanted.

[1] The extracts from letters are quoted from Mrs. Orr's «Life and Letters of Robert Browning.»

It is a country of quartz and granite, covered with wild heather, eternal oaks, savage ravines, and black mountains, and sown with landscapes that would have enchanted Vergil—a country historic and marvelous.

This, then, is the country that Browning sought in his trouble, and here for half a dozen summers he lived and dreamed and wrote. He knew the legends of the country, appreciated the best qualities of the Bretons, who little knew what manner of man lived among them «takin' notes.»

Near Dinard, which is to-day the most fashionable summering-place of France, is St. Enogat, of which Browning wrote (August 17, 1861): «The place is singularly unspoiled, fresh and picturesque, and lovely to heart's content.» One thinks of the poet, with an ache in his heart, taking lonely walks on the cliffs that border the sea; but St. Enogat did not make him «right again,» and he never returned.

The summer of 1862 found him in the south, at Biarritz, where there was less loneliness and more distraction. But he writes: «This town is crammed with gay people, of whom I see nothing but their outsides. For myself, I have got on by having a great read at Euripides, the one book I brought with me.» Mrs. Orr tells us that here he worked at «The Ring and the Book» («the Roman story, you know,» he wrote in the same letter), the poem having been thought out years before at Casa Guidi.

Although Biarritz was distracting, Browning turned his face Brittany-ward the following summer, and it is from «Ste. Marie, near Pornic,» in lower Brittany, that he wrote on August 17, 1863. One wonders how he chanced upon Pornic, that «un-Murrayed fishing-hamlet.» Few foreigners even now know the place, save through his poem «Gold Hair,» which embodies the legend of Pornic. Few towns of Brittany have had their legends so honorably framed:

. . . The beautiful girl, too white,
Who lived at Pornic down by the sea,
Just where the sea and the Loire unite!
And a boasted name in Brittany
She bore, which I will not write.

And then the legend continues, which has it that this proud maid of Pornic, with a great reputation for sanctity, was in reality a miser, and therefore lost her paradise. For, years after her pompous burial, when the floor of the church was being repaired, it was found that the coffin had fallen to pieces, and that coins were hidden away in the golden hair which had been the girl's pride, and which she had begged might remain undisturbed after her death.

The verses describing the Pornic maid and her burial are those of a veritable impressionist, done in white and gold:

. . . Dead lay she;
Her parents sobbed their worst on that;
All friends joined in, nor observed degree:
For indeed her hair was to wonder at,
As it spread—not flowing free,

But curled around her brow, like a crown,
And coiled beside her cheeks, like a cap,
And calmed about her neck—ay! down
To her breast, pressed flat, without a gap
I' the gold, it reached her gown.

It was on a September morning, just thirty years after Browning's first summer at Ste. Marie (which is in reality only a hamlet at the extreme end of the town), that we wandered through the streets of Pornic in search of the spot where once stood the little parish church of St. Gilles. Alas! the well-to-do folk of Nantes have discovered the utility of Pornic as a summering-place, and have trampled out with their villas and promenades all that was quaint and lovely. We sigh for the vanished simplicity of the old Pornic whence Browning wrote: «I live upon milk and fruit, bathe daily, do a good morning's work, read a little with Pen and somewhat more by myself, go to bed early and get up early —rather liking it all.»

The coast, so desolate in 1863, now swarms with the gay Nantese; and old St. Gilles, where in the space by the altar was buried the girl of the «Gold Hair,» has disappeared.

All kissed that face, like a silver wedge
'Mid the yellow wreath, nor disturbed its hair:
E'en the priest allowed death's privilege,
As he planted the crucifix with care
On her breast, 'twixt edge and edge.

And thus was she buried, inviolate
Of body and soul, in the very space
By the altar; keeping saintly state
In Pornic church, for her pride of race,
Pure life and piteous fate.

The Pornic legend is redolent of the peculiar Breton flavor. The unsuspected sin of avarice bears its sinister fruit, springing from the gold hair coiled, «ay! down to her breast.»

The same savor exists in another Breton legend, one of the best-known in the province —the legend of Notre Dame de Folgoët. It

is diametrically opposed to that of Pornic in thesis and dénouement, and has the quality of illustrating original virtue. As a usual thing, the Breton looks at things through a lens of somber coloring. The legend of Notre Dame de Folgoët is so characteristic and so famous that we give it as it is told and sung in the Celtic language in lower Brittany to-day. It has been translated into the French by M. Villemarqué.

In the year 1315 there lived in Brittany a poor innocent named Salaün. After the death of his parents, who had always been very poor, this poor child sought the solitude of the forest, in which there was a fountain. He was thinly clad, barefoot, and had only the earth for a bed. He begged his bread from day to day, speaking only two words—«Ave Maria.» In the coldest weather he plunged every morning into the fountain, always singing his little song to the Virgin. When he was cold he swung himself in the branches of the trees, singing as he swung, «Ave Maria.» From all these strange ways of behavior, people called him Salaün the Fool. Thus he lived forty years, offending no one. Finally he fell ill, and died. It was told that the Virgin herself nursed and comforted him. Dying, he repeated always the sweet name of Mary. He was found dead near the fountain, and was buried by his neighbors. And there sprang from his grave a beautiful, fragrant white lily, with the two words, «Ave Maria,» traced in golden letters on the petals. The curiosity of the ecclesiastics caused them to search for the root of this wonderful lily, and it was found that it grew from the mouth of the poor Salaün.

The dukes of Brittany built a beautiful church on the border of Salaün's fountain, and it became famous because of the many miracles wrought by its waters. The source of the fountain is under the chief altar, but the pool is close by the terminal wall of the church.

Traveling from Landerneau to Lesneven, we found the famous church standing among a few forlorn hovels. The beauty of the screen separating the choir from the nave is of itself worth a visit. It and the five altars are of the granite of Kersanton—black, and almost as hard as iron, but carved beautifully by the Lamballye Frères, claimed by some to belong to the Order of Masons, and of whom, in the middle ages, Michel Colomb was master. In Brittany we see his masterpieces in the cathedrals of Nantes and St. Pol-de-Léon.

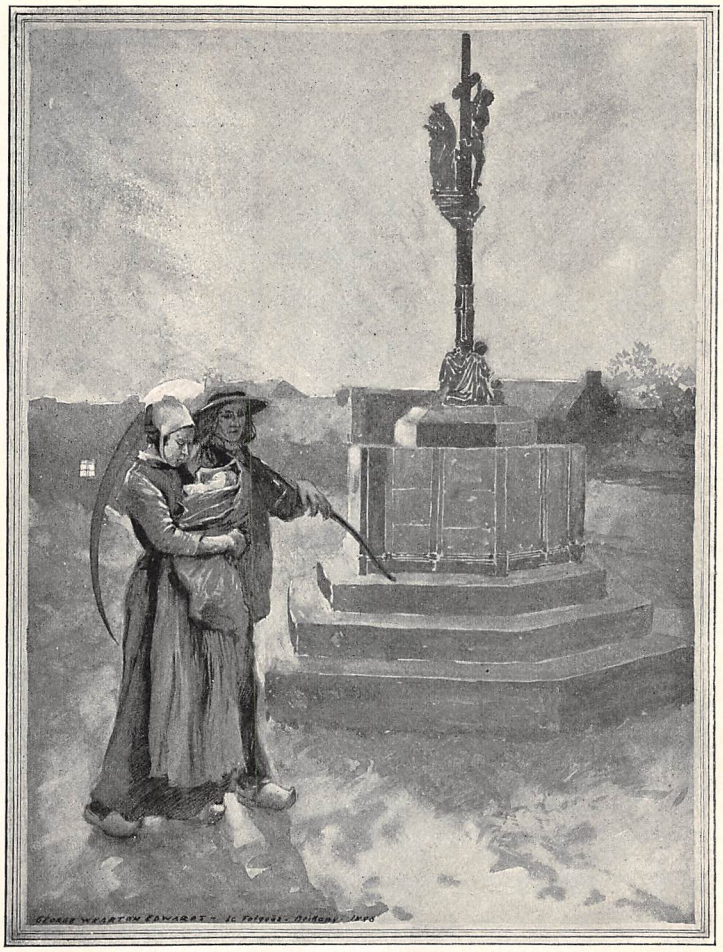
In the fifteenth century Queen Anne of France, last duchess of Brittany, made pilgrimages to Notre Dame de Folgoët. To-day the peasants flock to the famous church to celebrate their religious fêtes. Kneeling before the sacred fountain in their holiday

WOMEN PRAYING AT THE FOUNTAIN OF SALAÜN, FOLGOËT.

gowns and coiffes, they made a charming picture on that summer day when two of us made our pilgrimage to the fountain of poor Salaün, the Fool of the Forest.

Pornic is associated with Mr. Browning through yet another poem. It was here, at one of the fairs that still make glad the Breton heart, that the poet saw the gipsy who served as model for his «Fifine,» the idea of the poem being, to quote Mr. Browning's words, «to show morally how a Don Juan might justify himself, partly by truth, somewhat by sophistry.»

In this poem we have Pornic in the twilight, «the streak of Île Noirmoutier» lying off against the horizon, the spire of old St. Gilles standing high against the night sky, and the queer little burying-ground with the absurd, pathetic bead wreaths and emblems —all familiar pictures, and, like everything Browning paints, true to the life.



THE CALVARY AT FOLGOËT.

In the twentieth verse we have a glimpse of the strongest superstition in the Breton heart—the belief that the Virgin protects the mariner from danger. The saint,

Cold-pinnacled aloft o' the spire, prays calm the seas
From Pornic church, and oft at midnight (peasants say)
Goes walking out to save from shipwreck: well she may!
For think how many a year has she been conversant
With nought but winds and rains.

This Ste. Marie being the hope of the Breton sailor, one finds all along that cruel coast statues of the Virgin, or chapels bearing her name, standing on bold promontories or cliffs at dangerous points. At Paimpol, where live the quaint fisherfolk of Pierre Loti's «Pêcheur d'Islande,» «our Lady» is the object of especial homage, and plays a prominent part in all the processions at pardons and other fête-days. Every fishing-boat carries a little faience statue of her, which counts for much more in the Breton mind than any marine insurance. Notwithstanding this, the graves in the Paimpol burying-ground are those of women and children; only here and there a man is buried. And we recalled the little church which Pierre Loti has made us know, as we chanced upon it one summer Sunday night; within, dotting the space darkened by the twilight, the white coiffes of widows and orphans, showing like pale stars in a dark firmament—lonely women and children, praying, while from the open door we looked upon the burying-ground with the same blue-beaded ornaments that Browning describes in «Fifine at the Fair.»

In the memorable ramble of the poem the

pair chance upon the Druid monument. Unless one has happened upon one of these monstrous, weird piles at night, it is difficult to believe how solemn is the impression given.

How does it strike you, this construction gaunt and gray—
Sole object, these piled stones, that gleam unground-away
By twilight's hungry jaw, which champs fine all beside
I' the solitary waste we grope through? Oh, no guide
Need we to grope our way and reach the monstrous door
Of granite! Take my word, the deeper you explore
That caverned passage, filled with fancies to the brim,
The less will you approve the adventure! Such a grim
Bar-sinister soon blocks abrupt your path, and ends
All with a cold dread shape,—shape whereon Learning spends
Labour, and leaves the text obscurer for the gloss,
While Ignorance reads right—recoiling from that Cross!
Whence came the mass and mass, strange quality of stone
Unquarried anywhere i' the region round? Unknown!
Just as unknown, how such enormity could be
Conveyed by land, or else transported over sea,
And laid in order, so, precisely each on each.

And of the solitary, stately menhir

. . . Folk, too, . . .
Surmised the old gray stone upright there, through such tracts
Of solitariness and silence, kept the facts
Entrusted it, could deal out doctrine, did it please:
No fresh and frothy draught, but liquor on the lees,
Strong, savage, and sincere.

Separated from the Breton atmosphere which surrounds it, outside and beyond the Pornic stretch of land and sea which frames it, there are, of course, unforgettable lines, sentences which give the key-note of the poem, as:

Life means—learning to abhor
The false, and love the true, truth treasured snatch by snatch.

Or:

Into the truth of things—
Out of their falseness rise, and reach thou, and remain!

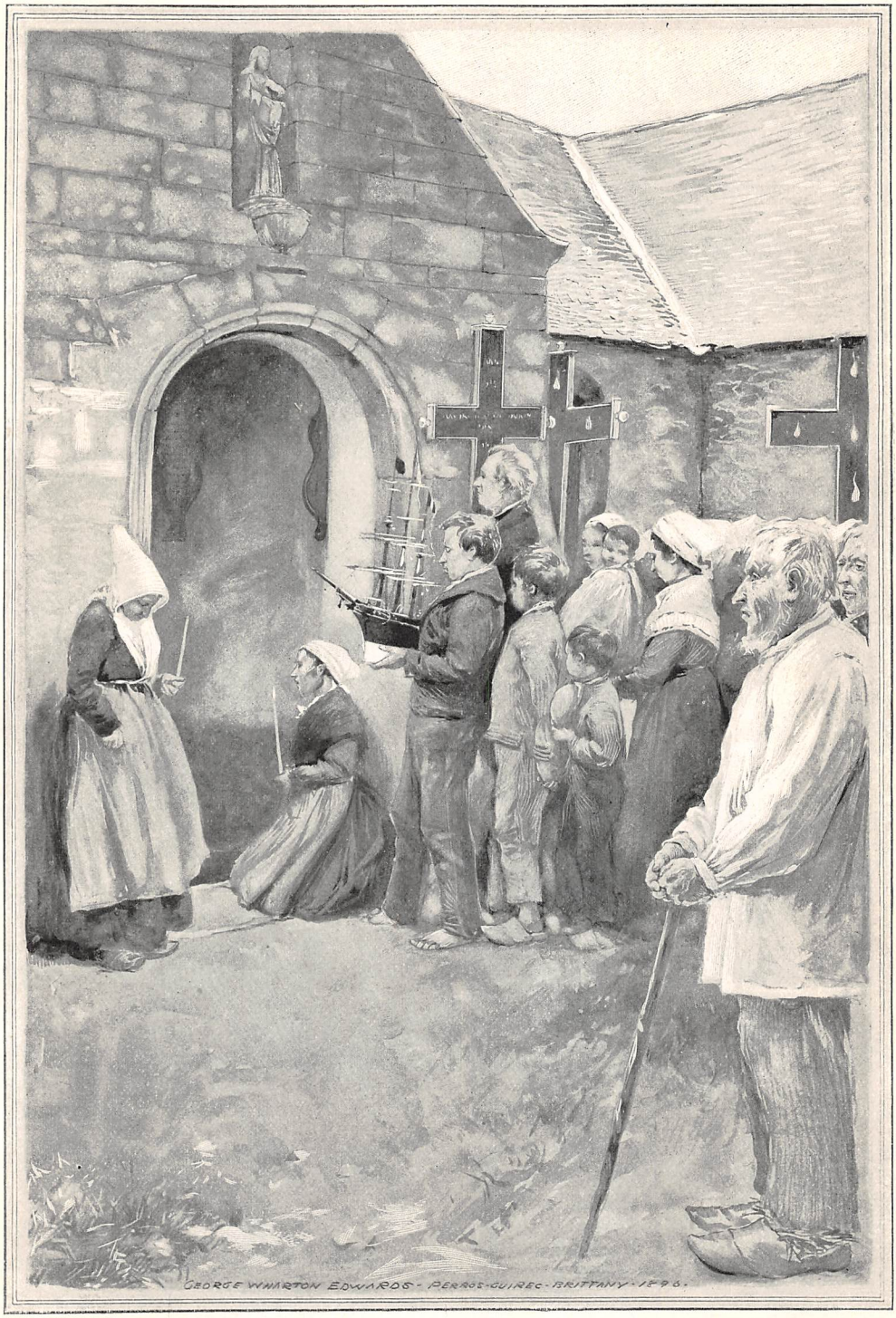
During three summers, 1863, '64, and '65, Browning visited Ste. Marie. The letter of September, 1865, given by Mrs. Orr, refers to the Pornic legend. «I suppose my poem which you say brings me and Pornic together in your mind is the one about the poor girl. If so, ‹fancy!› (as I hear you say). They have pulled down the church since I arrived last month. There are only the shell-like, roofless walls left for a few weeks more. It was very old, built on a natural base of rock, small enough, to be sure; so they built a smart new one behind it, and down goes this—just as if they could not have pitched down their brick and stucco further away, and left the old place for the fishermen. . . . Certain old Norman ornaments, capitals, pillars, and the like, which we left erect in the doorway, are at this moment in a heap of rubbish by the roadside. The people here are good, stupid, and dirty, without a sense of picturesqueness in their clod-polls.»[1]

How often it happens to one traveling through Brittany to come upon lovely little churches or chapels in most unexpected places,—sometimes on the edge, sometimes in the depths, of a forest, or on a cliff overlooking the sea,—built in the middle ages, when faith and zeal found expression in this manner! These have now fallen into disuse, though not yet into decay. Only the poverty of the people has prevented a «smart new one» from taking the place of the beautiful old church.

On our way to Folgoët we chanced upon one of these beautiful chapels, standing a hundred feet from the road, in a grove of tall trees. After long searching we found the custodian of the rusty key,—itself a relic of the middle ages,—who opened the door for us. How beautiful it all was! What simplicity, and what perfect proportions! The well-meaning Breton explained apologetically: «Of course it 's very old, but we hope to be able to build a new one in its place in a few years. They tore their old church down over in Plougastel, and built a new one two years ago; but we are poor in this parish.» «Oh, no; you are not poor; you are rich,» I answered. «You have this beautiful old church. God keep you from following the fashion of Plougastel!» Of course the good soul looked sympathetically at us, as at people gone out of their senses.

It was at Ste. Marie that the poem «James

[1] Mr. Sharp, in his «Life of Robert Browning,» page 173, tells us that the poem «Gold Hair» was written in Normandy in 1858. Mr. Browning was in Pornic in the summers of 1863–4–5. In Mr. Sharp's «Chronological List of Works,» he puts the publication of «Gold Hair» and «James Lee»—both poems having Pornic for setting—in 1864.



ICELAND FISHERMAN OFFERING PRAYERS FOR HIS PRESERVATION. (NEAR PAIMPOL.)

Lee's Wife» took form. Browning writes to a friend: «This is a wild little place in Brittany, close by the sea—a hamlet of a dozen houses—perfectly lovely. You may walk on the edge of the low rocks for miles. . . . I feel out of the very earth sometimes, as I sit at the window, with the little church or field, a few houses, and the sea. On a week-day there is nobody in the village. Plenty of hay-stacks, cows, and fowls; all our butter, eggs, and milk are produced on the farm here. Such a soft sea, and such a mournful wind!» Mrs. Orr tells us that the «window» of the letter is the «doorway» of the poem.

On this autumn morning we sought the spots which Browning has framed in «James Lee.» We walked «along the beach»; we lingered «on the cliff,» and clambered «among the rocks.» Can one forget the lines:

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.[1]

Each separate spot on this bit of Pornic shore gave the key-note and title to these rare groups of verses that go to make the whole of the poem.

WOMEN PRAYING AT THE DRUID MONUMENTS.

The water 's in stripes like a snake,
To the leeward,—
On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the wind.
«Good fortune departs, and disaster 's behind,»—
Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!

[1] Reminding one of the lines in «Pauline»:

And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,
And old gray stones lie making eddies there.

This is the «mournful wind» of the letter. And the field and the fig-tree of the third stanza:

Our fig-tree, that leaned for the saltness, has furled
Her five fingers,
Each leaf like a hand opened wide to the world
Where there lingers
No glint of the gold, Summer sent for her sake.

The «mayor's house,» which Browning occupied, has disappeared, or perhaps is absorbed in a modern French villa, its «clean and bare» walls doubtless given over to the inevitable stucco.

The year 1866 brought the poet to another little nook in lower Brittany—Le Croisic. His father had died in June, and his sister came to live with him. They had tried Dinard. The letter written from Le Croisic says: «We all found Dinard unsuitable, and after staying a few days at St. Malo, resolved to try this place, and well for us, since we find it serves our purpose capitally. . . . We are in the most delicious and peculiar old house I ever occupied, the oldest in the town; plenty of great rooms, nearly as much space as in the Villa Alberti. The little town and surrounding country are wild and primitive, even a trifle beyond Pornic perhaps. Close by is Batz—a village where the men dress in white from head to foot, with baggy breeches and great black flap hats. Opposite is Guérande, the old capital of Brittany. You have read about it in Balzac's (Béatrix.) And other interesting places are near. The sea is all round our peninsula, and, on the whole, I expect we shall like it very much.»

Browning has made Croisic unforgettable, not because he lived there, for the simple folk do not dream what poet dwelt among them those summers, but chiefly because «Hervé Riel the Croisickese» has been so beautifully framed in the poem. We found the «delicious and peculiar» house where the poet lived. We walked along the shore among the fisherfolk, and met his Hervé Riel more than once. We see him to-day, looking to be of the same valiant stuff as when he «up stood, out stepped, in struck» to save the French fleet on that 31st of May, 1692, at «St. Malo on the Rance.» The type still abounds on this rocky shore of Croisic.

Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,

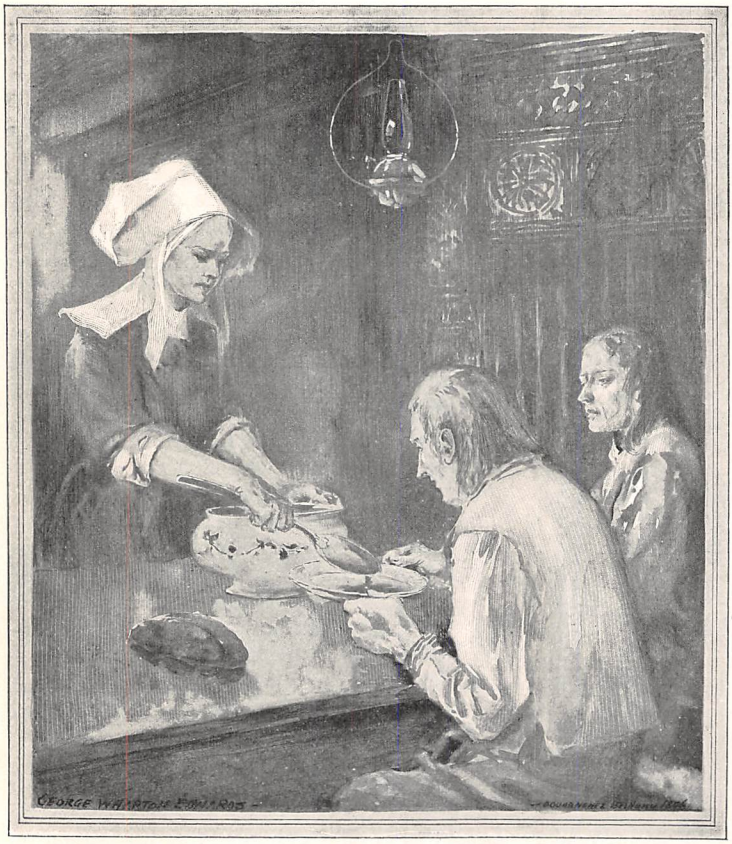
exactly describes the Hervé Riel we met. Nor is the «Belle Aurore» lacking. We saw—we believe we saw—Hervé Riel, and his Belle Aurore, and a flock of little Hervé Riels and Belle Aurores, on this September morning of 1893. It is only in this one little spot of Brittany that one finds «blue Breton eyes» (Browning makes no mistakes). A Breton historian tells us that only in Batz, Guérande, and Croisic are found the Saxon element—«Saxons that were left behind and forgotten in Brittany» after an invasion. They are tall, and have blond hair and blue eyes. The costumes of these Batz people are the gayest and most elaborate in Brittany—«the men dressed in white from head to foot,» of whom Browning writes, being those who work in the salt-fields, the one industry besides agriculture. As for the others, the women wear white dresses with red or blue sleeves, black or violet petticoats bordered with velvet, fine red stockings, coiffes attached under the chin, with barbs floating over the shoulders, and lace collars or fichus daintily fluted. The costume of the men is not less picturesque: three or four waistcoats of different lengths and of all colors, large plaited trousers, the hat broad-brimmed and raised proudly in front, but falling over the eyes when they are in mourning. This was the ancient costume of the people of Batz; to-day it is somewhat simplified, but still very picturesque.

The rocky coast of Croisic is a fit training-school for such sailors as this typical Hervé Riel; and after knowing the Croisickese sailors, one is not surprised at the gallant deed of Browning's hero. The affectionate qualities of these people are shown in Hervé Riel's reply when asked to name his reward; he begs a whole day's holiday, that he may visit his wife, whom he calls «the Belle Aurore.» In other respects the poet has given us in Hervé Riel the true flavor of this strangely interesting Breton, the Croisickese, brave, handsome, and gentle. Mr. Browning, while at St. Malo, found the name Duguay-Trouin everywhere. A street and a quay bear his name, his statue stands in a public square, and his portrait is in the museum. It would seem that he has honors sufficient without the bit of glory that really belonged to the «simple coasting pilot» of Croisic. While in Croisic, Browning came to believe that the real hero who saved the French fleet in 1692 was no other than Hervé Riel of Croisic. He searched the records of the admiralty, established the fact, and determined to honor a deserving name, thus honoring likewise the modest little town. The poem was written, but lay in a drawer until 1871, when, desiring to contribute to

the Paris Relief Fund, for the aid of the people after the siege, Mr. Browning sold it to the «Cornhill Magazine» for one hundred pounds, and this was his contribution.

The late M. Guizot, in his course of lectures on the poems of Robert Browning at the College of France in 1892–93, said, in connection with this poem: «Mr. Browning said to me that it was not without a purpose that he selected this poem, which was a tribute to the bravery and modesty of a French sailor, thus bringing it to serve other brave Frenchmen who also had shown real heroism.» Browning himself says of «Hervé Riel»: «I venture to call my verses good for once.»

Mr. Browning, with his sister, returned to Croisic in the summer of 1867. In his «Two Poets of Croisic» he takes occasion to honor two well-nigh forgotten men of that out-of-the-way town. The first ten verses of the poem sing of the log fire—the blazing ship-wood sending forth the many-colored flames:



A PEASANT DINNER.

Crowd closer, let us! Ha, the secret nursed
  Inside yon hollow, crusted roundabout
With copper where the clamp was,—how the burst
  Vindicates flame the stealthy feeder! Spout
Thy splendidest—a minute and no more?
So soon again all sobered as before?

. . . .

Our log is old ship-timber, broken bulk.
There 's sea-brine spirits up the brimstone flame.

Why resist the temptation to put alongside these Croisic lines those other that bear the title «By the Fireside,» in «James Lee's Wife»?

Is all our fire of shipwreck wood,
  Oak and pine?
Oh, for the ills half-understood,
    The dim, dead woe
    Long ago
Befallen this bitter coast
  of France!
Well, poor sailors took
  their chance;
    I take mine.

A ruddy shaft our fire
  must shoot
    O'er the sea;
Do sailors eye the case-
  ment—mute
    Drenched and stark,
    From their bark—
And envy, gnash their
  teeth for hate
O' the warm, safe house
  and happy freight—
    Thee and me?

But it is with Croisic that we have now to do, where the poet sits before the ship-wood blaze. He recalls his boyhood, when, watching the sparks and flames of a log fire, he was wont to conjure heroes therefrom.

By that old nurse-taught
  game which gave the
  sprites
Each one his title and
  career.

He sings now of the wild, weather-beaten Croisic:

Launched by our ship-wood, float we, once adrift,
  In fancy to that land-strip waters wash,
We both know well! Where uncouth tribes made
    shift

A MAN OF BATZ AND A WOMAN OF GUIMILLIAN.

Long since to just keep life in, billows dash
Nigh over folk who shudder at each lift
Of the old tyrant tempest's whirlwind-lash,
Though they have built the serviceable town
Tempests but tease now, billows drench, not drown.

Croisic, the spit of sandy rock which juts
Spitefully northward, bears nor tree nor shrub
To tempt the ocean, show what Guérande shuts
Behind her, past wild Batz whose Saxons grub
The ground for crystals grown where ocean gluts
Their promontory's breadth with salt: all stub
Of rock and stretch of sand, the land's last strife
To rescue a poor remnant for dear life.

Could any words more truly picture this cruel coast, jutting «spitefully northward»? And «what Guérande shuts behind» is a veritable bit of Italian softness—balmy air, tender sky, fruitful, verdant, with perfume of violet and spreading green of fig-trees; and, between Guérande and Croisic, Batz, with its salt-marshes.[1]

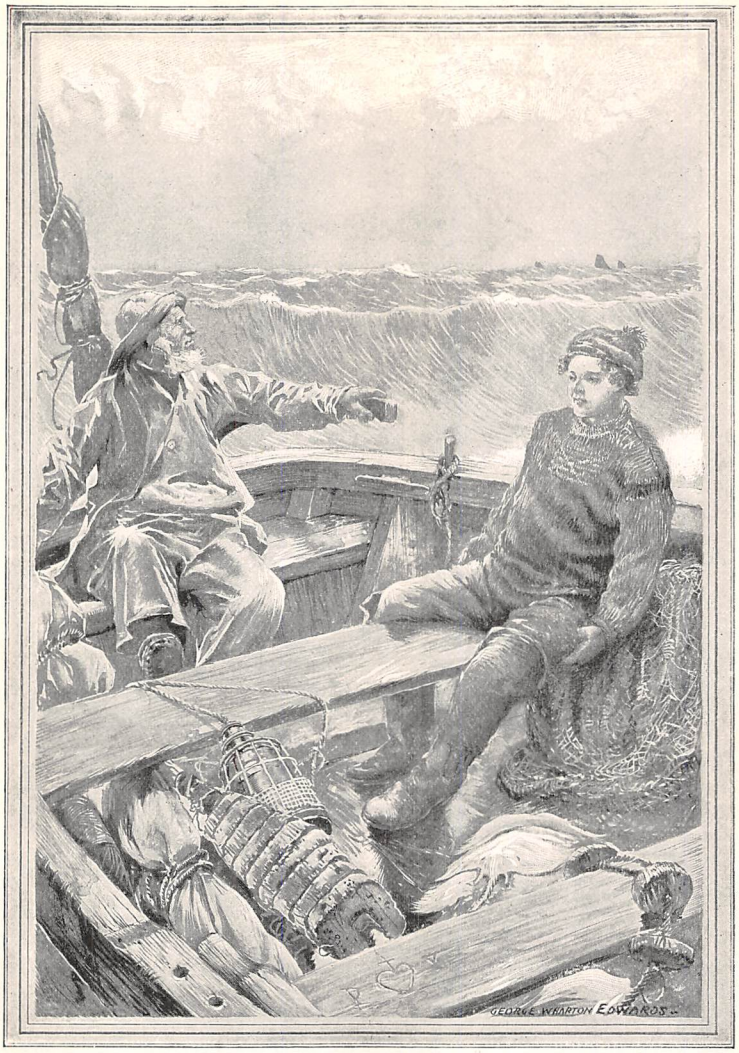
[1] One of the Breton poet Brizeux's best-known poems —«Les Goélands»—describes a custom of Croisic. The young women come down to the shore to bid adieu to their lovers who are sailing away to the Spanish coast.

Le matin, à la mer haute
Les jeunes gens du Croisic
Vont s'embarquer sur leur bricks:
Mes sœurs, chantons sur la côte
Goélands, Goélands,
Ramenez-vous nos amants!

The ships sail away. The sea-gulls follow the ships. The maidens, weeping and dancing in circles on the shore, sing:

Goélands, aux ports d'Espagne
Guidez nos chers matelots,
Et parlez leurs sur les flots
Des filles de la Bretagne.
Goélands, Goélands,
Ramenez-vous nos amants!

The faithful sea-gulls have followed the ships. The maidens, alas! stretch their arms in vain toward the sea.



DOUARNINEZ FISHERMAN AND SHIP-BOY.

In the fourteenth verse the poet writes:

And still so much remains of that gray cult,
  That even now, of nights, do women steal
To the sole Menhir standing, and insult
  The antagonistic church-spire by appeal
To power discrowned in vain, since each adult
  Believes the gruesome thing she clasps may heal
Whatever plague no priestly help can cure:
Kiss but the cold stone, the event is sure!

Not until the twenty-second verse do we actually arrive at the «two poets.»

. . . Poets, if you please!
  What, even there, endowed with knack of rhyme,
Did two among the aborigines
  Of that rough region pass the ungracious time
Suiting, to rumble-tumble of the sea's,
  The songs forbidden a serener clime?
Or had they universal audience—that 's
To say, the folk of Croisic, ay, and Batz?

Then follows the story of the fair—René Gentilhomme:

Appropriate appellation! noble birth
And knightly blazon, the device wherefrom
  Was ‹Better do than say›! In Croisic's dearth
Why prison his career while Christendom
  Lay open to reward acknowledged worth?
He therefore left it at the proper age,
And got to be the Prince of Condé's page.

. . . . .

Not until the sixty-seventh stanza does the poet take up the legend of the two poets of Croisic, and in the sixty-ninth stanza he says:

Paul Desforges Maillard, Croisickese by birth.

. . . . .

. . . Cease to scan
  The ways of Providence! See Croisic's dearth—
Not Paris in its plentitude—suffice
To furnish France with her best poet twice!

The chief success of the second poet seems to lie in the fact that he «brought Voltaire upon his knees.» Moreover, he furnished Piron with the subject of his comedy «Métromanie»:

> . . . There you 'll find
> He 's Francaleu . . .
> As for Voltaire, he 's Damis.

To a lover of Brittany the poem is congenial. To a poet or critic the gem is the epilogue beginning:

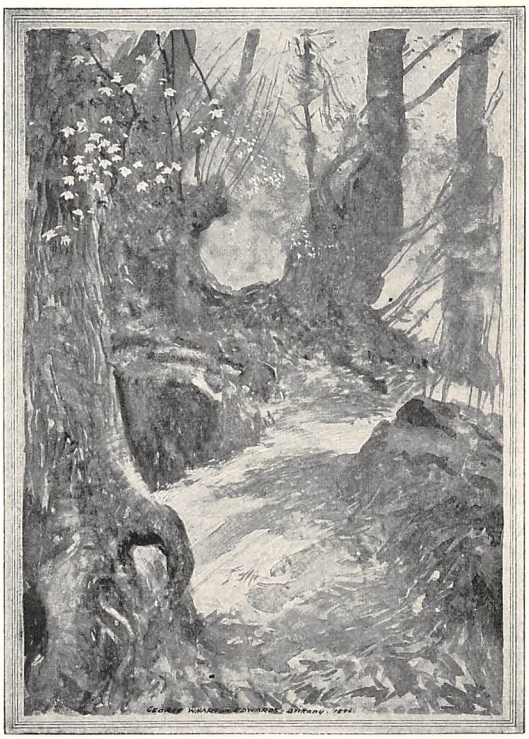
> Such a starved bank of moss
> Till that May-morn,
> Blue ran the flash across:
> Violets were born!

Another important place mentioned is Quimper, the chief city of that department of the province called Finistère.

Near Quimper is the forest of Broceliande, still murmuring of past mysteries. In this forest stood the palace of marble and gold in which the fairy Vivian imprisoned Lancelot of the Lake; and the Bretons will tell you that under a rock in Broceliande the enchanter Merlin is still sleeping. In this forest is that «Endless Valley» where the souls of perfidious lovers forever wander. After Quimper we find Mr. Browning on that bit of Brittany coast where once the «Roi d'Ys» held his court. He writes from Audierne: «At Quimper we heard, for a second time, that Audierne would suit exactly, and to it we came, happily, for (suit) it certainly does. Look on the map for the most westerly point of Brittany and of the mainland of Europe; there is niched Audierne, a delightful, quite unspoiled little fishing-town, with the open ocean in front, and beautiful woods, hills, dales, meadows, and lanes behind and beyond, sprinkled here and there with villages, each with its fine old church. Sarianne and I have just returned from a walk, in the course of which we visited a town—Pont Croix—with a beautiful cathedral-like building amid a cluster of clean, bright Breton houses; and a little farther on is another church, Notre Dame de Comfort, with only a hovel or two round it, worth the journey from England to see.»

Not far from Audierne, where the Bay of Douarninez is, formerly stood the city of Is. Here King Gradlon had established his court. St. Gwenolé, a disciple of St. Corentin, who had the knack of promenading on water dry-shod, was much beloved by Gradlon, who, it appears, had a special talent for discovering saints and a great admiration for miracles. He gave to Gwenolé the celebrated monastery of Landévének, in Finistère, the ruins of which are still to be seen. Gwenolé was a frequent visitor at the palace at Is, and considered it no breach of hospitality to preach against the iniquities practised in that city, even denouncing the daughter of Gradlon, most iniquitous of all. The peasants of Huëlgoat, in Finistère, still point out a gulf into which this wicked princess Dahut threw her superfluous lovers.

Finally God, so the legend goes, decided to punish the crimes of the people of Is, and Dahut became his instrument. The sluice-gates of the city could be unlocked only with the golden key which the king always wore hung about his neck. Dahut, having promised this key to her lover, who had planned to destroy the city, stole it from her father's neck as he was sleeping. Shortly after the sea rushed in and overwhelmed the city. At the moment of danger St. Gwenolé ran to the king, and warned him of the peril, urging him to flee. Gradlon mounted his horse, taking his daughter with him; but he was overtaken by the waves. At that crisis a terrible voice commanded him to



THE ENDLESS VALLEY—FOREST OF BROCELIANDE.

separate himself from his daughter, who was behind him in the saddle. The king recognized in this the voice of God, and abandoned his daughter to the waves. The sea, satisfied with its prey, receded; but the city of Is was swallowed up, with all its inhabitants, and the next day only the Bay of Douarninez was to be seen.

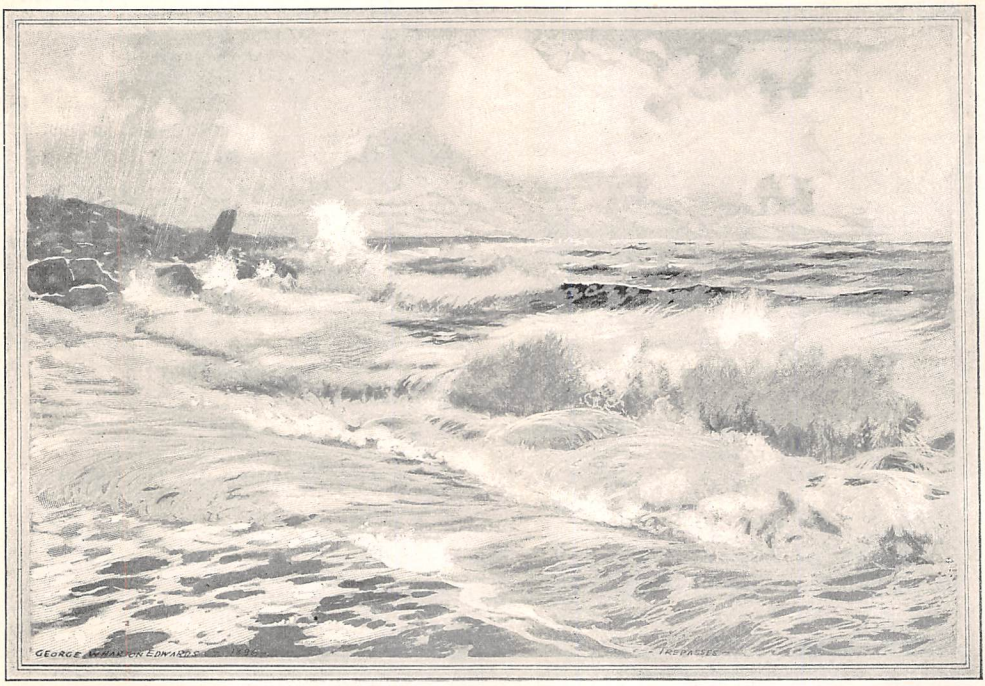
It is in this bay, near the Pointe du Raz, that the Breton sailor still believes he sees under the green waves the ruined streets and monuments of this Breton Sodom. He even shows the print of the foot of King Gradlon's horse on a rock near by!

This bit of Brittany coast teems with weird and gruesome legends. Not far from the Pointe du Raz is the Baie des Trépasses. The legend of this bay dates from the Druids. The flavor is one that appeals to the Breton taste and fancy, and has been carefully preserved.

According to the Celtic legend, the Druids after death embarked from this coast to be transported to the Île de Sein, a wild island off Pointe du Raz, there to be buried. So savage is the sea at this point that many corpses were shipwrecked. These souls, weeping in great anguish, walk up and down the shore of this bay; often the skeletons of these wrecked creatures knock at the doors of the fishermen's cabins, to beg for burial. To-day the priests of this coast go out in boats to say the mass for the dead in presence of the people, who kneel praying on the shore.

Normandy was the scene of Browning's «Red Cotton Night-cap Country.» The summers of 1870, '72, '73, and still others, were passed in this province. Normandy—thrifty, industrious, adaptive, successful, glib, forgetful of her folk-lore, keeping pace with the century—is thoroughly French. Brittany—land of beautiful churches, of poetic traditions, sanctuary of the legend, cradle of the Druids—still celebrates the brave deeds of her heroes and of her saints. She still sings the old songs to her little ones. Her young men and maidens still dance the gavotte at the pardons. She has not yet lost her faith in her fairies. To her simple peasants the animals still talk on Christmas nights, and on the eve of St. Toussaint the dead walk in solemn procession through the fields. The table stands, has always stood, and always will stand, by the one window, and the benches are on each side. The beggar is always welcomed, and at weddings the custom still holds for the bride to dance with the beggar, for the sake of the good luck that is sure to result.

A. M. Mosher.



TRÉPASSES—THE BAY OF LOST SOULS. (DRUID MONUMENT TO THE LEFT.)

AN ADVENTURE WITH A DOG AND A GLACIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA,» ETC.

IN the summer of 1880 I set out from Fort Wrangel in a canoe, with the Rev. S. H. Young, my former companion, and a crew of Indians, to continue the exploration of the icy region of southeastern Alaska, begun in the fall of 1879. After the necessary provisions, blankets, etc., had been collected and stowed away, and the Indians were in their places ready to dip their paddles, while a crowd of their friends were looking down from the wharf to bid them good-by and good luck, Mr. Young, for whom we were waiting, at length came aboard, followed by a little black dog that immediately made himself at home by curling up in a hollow among the baggage. I like dogs, but this one seemed so small, dull, and worthless that I objected to his going, and asked the missionary why he was taking him. «Such a helpless wisp of hair will only be in the way,» I said; «you had better pass him up to one of the Indian boys on the wharf, to be taken home to play with the children. This trip is not likely to be a good one for toy dogs. He will be rained on and snowed on for weeks, and will require care like a baby.» But the missionary assured me that he would be no trouble at all; that he was a perfect wonder of a dog—could endure cold and hunger like a polar bear, could swim like a seal, and was wondrous wise, etc., making out a list of virtues likely to make him the most interesting of the company.

Nobody could hope to unravel the lines of his ancestry. He was short-legged, bunchy-bodied, and almost featureless—something like a muskrat. Though smooth, his hair was long and silky, so that when the wind was at his back it ruffled, making him look shaggy. At first sight his only noticeable feature was his showy tail, which was about as shady and airy as a squirrel's, and was carried curling forward nearly to his ears. On closer inspection you might see his thin, sensitive ears and his keen dark eyes with cunning tan spots. Mr. Young told me that when the dog was about the size of a wood-rat he was presented to his wife by an Irish prospector at Sitka, and that when he arrived at Fort Wrangel he was adopted by the Stickeen Indians as a sort of new good-luck totem, and named «Stickeen» for the tribe, with whom he became a favorite. On our trip he soon proved himself a queer character—odd, concealed, independent, keeping invincibly quiet, and doing many inexplicable things that piqued my curiosity. Sailing week after week through the long, intricate channels and inlets among the innumerable islands and mountains of the coast, he spent the dull days in sluggish ease, motionless, and apparently as unobserving as a hibernating marmot. But I discovered that somehow he always knew what was going forward. When the Indians were about to shoot at ducks or seals, or when anything interesting was to be seen along the shore, he would rest his chin on the edge of the canoe and calmly look out. When he heard us talking about making a landing, he roused himself to see what sort of place we were coming to, and made ready to jump overboard and swim ashore as soon as the canoe neared the beach. Then, with a vigorous shake to get rid of the brine in his hair, he went into the woods to hunt small game. But though always the first out of the canoe, he was always the last to get into it. When we were ready to start he could never be found, and refused to come to our call. We soon found out, however, that though we could not see him at such times, he saw us, and from the cover of the briers and huckleberry-bushes in the fringe of the woods was watching the canoe with wary eye. For as soon as we were fairly off, he came trotting down the beach, plunged into the surf, and swam after us, knowing well that we would cease rowing and take him in. When the contrary little vagabond came alongside, he was lifted by the neck, held at arm's length a moment to drip, and dropped aboard. We tried to cure him of this trick by compelling him to swim farther before stopping for him; but this did no good: the longer the swim, the better he seemed to like it.

Though capable of most spacious idleness,

he was always ready for excursions or adventures of any sort. When the Indians went into the woods for a deer, Stickeen was sure to be at their heels, provided I had not yet left camp. For though I never carried a gun, he always followed me, forsaking the hunting Indians, and even his master, to share my wanderings. The days that were too stormy for sailing I spent in the woods, or on the mountains or glaciers, wherever I chanced to be; and Stickeen always insisted on following me, gliding through the dripping huckleberry-bushes and prickly *Panax* and *Rubus* tangles like a fox, scarce stirring their close-set branches, wading and wallowing through snow, swimming ice-cold streams, jumping logs and rocks and the crusty hummocks and crevasses of glaciers with the patience and endurance of a determined mountaineer, never tiring or getting discouraged. Once he followed me over a glacier the surface of which was so rough that it cut his feet until every step was marked with blood; but he trotted on with Indian fortitude until I noticed his pain and, taking pity on him, made him a set of moccasins out of a handkerchief. But he never asked help or made any complaint, as if, like a philosopher, he had learned that without hard work and suffering there could be no pleasure worth having.

Yet nobody knew what Stickeen was good for. He seemed to meet danger and hardships without reason, insisted on having his own way, never obeyed an order, and the hunters could never set him on anything against his will, or make him fetch anything that was shot. I tried hard to make his acquaintance, guessing there must be something in him; but he was as cold as a glacier, and about as invulnerable to fun, though his master assured me that he played at home, and in some measure conformed to the usages of civilization. His equanimity was so immovable it seemed due to unfeeling ignorance. Let the weather blow and roar, he was as tranquil as a stone; and no matter what advances you made, scarce a glance or a tail-wag would you get for your pains. No superannuated mastiff or bulldog grown old in office surpassed this soft midget in stoic dignity. He sometimes reminded me of those plump, squat, unshakable cacti of the Arizona deserts that give no sign of feeling. A true child of the wilderness, holding the even tenor of his hidden life with the silence and serenity of nature, he never displayed a trace of the elfish vivacity and fun of the terriers and collies that we all know, nor of their touching affection and devotion. Like children, most small dogs beg to be loved and allowed to love, but Stickeen seemed a very Diogenes, asking only to be let alone. He seemed neither old nor young. His strength lay in his eyes. They looked as old as the hills, and as young and as wild. I never tired looking into them. It was like looking into a landscape; but they were small and rather deep-set, and had no explaining puckers around them to give out particulars. I was accustomed to look into the faces of plants and animals, and I watched the little sphinx more and more keenly as an interesting study. But there is no estimating the wit and wisdom concealed and latent in our lower fellow-mortals until made manifest by profound experiences; for it is by suffering that dogs as well as saints are developed and made perfect.

After we had explored the glaciers of the Sumdum and Tahkoo inlets, we sailed through Stephen's Passage into Lynn Canal, and thence through Icy Strait into Cross Sound, looking for unexplored inlets leading toward the ice-fountains of the Fairweather Range. While the tide was in our favor in Cross Sound we were accompanied by a fleet of icebergs drifting out to the ocean from Glacier Bay. Slowly we crawled around Vancouver's Point, Wimbleton, our frail canoe tossed like a feather on the massive swells coming in past Cape Spenser. For miles the Sound is bounded by precipitous cliffs which looked terribly stern in gloomy weather. Had our canoe been crushed or upset, we could have gained no landing here; for the cliffs, as high as those of Yosemite, sink perfectly sheer into deep water. Eagerly we scanned the immense wall on the north side for the first sign of an opening, all of us anxious except Stickeen, who dozed in peace or gazed dreamily at the tremendous precipices when he heard us talking about them. At length we discovered the entrance of what is now called Taylor Bay, and about five o'clock reached the head of it, and encamped near the front of a large glacier which extends as an abrupt barrier all the way across from wall to wall of the inlet, a distance of three or four miles.

On first observation the glacier presented some unusual features, and that night I planned a grand excursion for the morrow. I awoke early, called not only by the glacier, but also by a storm. Rain, mixed with trailing films of scud and the ragged, drawn-out nether surfaces of gray clouds, filled the inlet, and was sweeping forward in a thick,

passionate, horizontal flood, as if it were all passing over the country instead of falling on it. Everything was streaming with life and motion—woods, rocks, waters, and the sky. The main perennial streams were booming, and hundreds of new ones, born of the rain, were descending in gray and white cascades on each side of the inlet, fairly streaking their rocky slopes, and roaring like the sea. I had intended making a cup of coffee before starting, but when I heard the storm I made haste to join it; for in storms nature has always something extra fine to show us, and if we have wit to keep in right relations with them the danger is no more than in home-keeping, and we can go with them rejoicing, sharing their enthusiasm, and chanting with the old Norsemen, «The blast of the tempest aids our oars; the hurricane is our servant, and drives us whither we wish to go.» So I took my ice-ax, buttoned my coat, put a piece of bread in my pocket, and set out. Mr. Young and the Indians were asleep, and so, I hoped, was Stickeen; but I had not gone a dozen rods before he left his warm bed in the tent, and came boring through the blast after me. That a man should welcome storms for their exhilarating music and motion, and go forth to see God making landscapes, is reasonable enough; but what fascination could there be in dismal weather for this poor, feeble wisp of a dog, so pathetically small? Anyhow, on he came, breakfastless, through the choking blast. I stopped, turned my back to the wind, and gave him a good, dissuasive talk. «Now don't,» I said, shouting to make myself heard in the storm—«now don't, Stickeen. What has got into your queer noddle now? You must be daft. This wild day has nothing for you. Go back to camp and keep warm. There is no game abroad—nothing but weather. Not a foot or wing is stirring. Wait and get a good breakfast with your master, and be sensible for once. I can't feed you or carry you, and this storm will kill you.» But nature, it seems, was at the bottom of the affair; and she gains her ends with dogs as well as with men, making us do as she likes, driving us on her ways, however rough. So after ordering him back again and again to ease my conscience, I saw that he was not to be shaken off; as well might the earth try to shake off the moon. I had once led his master into trouble, when he fell on one of the topmost jags of a mountain, and dislocated his arms. Now the turn of his humble companion was coming. The dog just stood there in the wind, drenched and blinking, saying doggedly, «Where thou goest I will go.» So I told him to come on, if he must, and gave him a piece of the bread I had put in my pocket for breakfast. Then we pushed on in company, and thus began the most memorable of all my wild days.

The level flood, driving straight in our faces, thrashed and washed us wildly until we got into the shelter of the trees and ice-cliffs on the east side of the glacier, where we rested and listened and looked on in comfort. The exploration of the glacier was my main object, but the wind was too high to allow excursions over its open surface, where one might be dangerously shoved while balancing for a jump on the brink of a crevasse. In the meantime the storm was a fine study. Here the end of the glacier, descending over an abrupt swell of resisting rock about five hundred feet high, leans forward and falls in majestic ice-cascades. And as the storm came down the glacier from the north, Stickeen and I were beneath the main current of the blast, while favorably located to see and hear it. A broad torrent, draining the side of the glacier, now swollen by scores of new streams from the mountains, was rolling boulders along its rocky channel between the glacier and the woods with thudding, bumping, muffled sounds, rushing toward the bay with tremendous energy, as if in haste to get out of the mountains, the waters above and beneath calling to each other, and all to the ocean, their home. Looking southward from our shelter, we had this great torrent on our left, with mossy woods on the mountain slope above it, the glacier on our right, the wild, cascading portion of it forming a multitude of towers, spires, and flat-topped battlements seen through the trees, and smooth gray gloom ahead. I tried to draw the marvelous scene in my note-book, but the rain fell on my page in spite of all that I could do to shelter it, and the sketch seemed miserably defective.

When the wind began to abate I traced the east side of the glacier. All the trees standing on the edge of the woods were barked and bruised, showing high ice-mark in a very telling way, while tens of thousands of those that had stood for centuries on the bank of the glacier farther out lay crushed and being crushed. In many places I could see, down fifty feet or so beneath, the margin of the glacier mill, where trunks from one to two feet in diameter were being ground to pulp against outstanding rock-ribs and bosses of the bank. About three miles above the front of the glacier, I climbed to the surface

of it by means of ax-steps, made easy for Stickeen; and as far as the eye could reach, the level, or nearly level, glacier stretched away indefinitely beneath the gray sky, a seemingly boundless prairie of ice. The rain continued, which I did not mind; but a tendency to fogginess in the drooping clouds made me hesitate about venturing far from land. No trace of the west shore was visible, and in case the misty clouds should settle, or the wind again become violent, I feared getting caught in a tangle of crevasses. Lingering undecided, watching the weather, I sauntered about on the crystal sea. For a mile or two out I found the ice remarkably safe. The marginal crevasses were mostly narrow, while the few wider ones were easily avoided by passing around them, and the clouds began to open here and there. Thus encouraged, I at last pushed out for the other side; for nature can make us do anything she likes, luring us along appointed ways for the fulfilment of her plans. At first we made rapid progress, and the sky was not very threatening, while I took bearings occasionally with a pocket-compass, to enable me to retrace my way more surely in case the storm should become blinding; but the structure-lines of the ice were my main guide. Toward the west side we came to a closely crevassed section, in which we had to make long, narrow tacks and doublings, tracing the edges of tremendous longitudinal crevasses, many of which were from twenty to thirty feet wide, and perhaps a thousand feet deep, beautiful and awful. In working a way through them I was severely cautious, but Stickeen came on as unhesitatingly as the flying clouds. Any crevasse that I could jump he would leap without so much as halting to examine it. The weather was bright and dark, with quick flashes of summer and winter close together. When the clouds opened and the sun shone, the glacier was seen from shore to shore, with a bright array of encompassing mountains partly revealed, wearing the clouds as garments, black in the middle, burning on the edges, and the whole icy prairie seemed to burst into a bloom of iris colors from myriads of crystals. Then suddenly all the glorious show would be again smothered in gloom. But Stickeen seemed to care for none of these things, bright or dark, nor for the beautiful wells filled to the brim with water so pure that it was nearly invisible, the rumbling, grinding moulins, or the quick-flashing, glinting, swirling streams in frictionless channels of living ice. Nothing seemed novel to him. He showed neither caution nor curiosity. His courage was so unwavering that it seemed due to dullness of perception, as if he were only blindly bold; and I warned him that he might slip or fall short. His bunchy body seemed all one skipping muscle, and his peg legs appeared to be jointed only at the top.

We gained the west shore in about three hours, the width of the glacier here being about seven miles. Then I pushed northward, in order to see as far back as possible into the fountains of the Fairweather Mountains, in case the clouds should rise. The walking was easy along the margin of the forest, which, of course, like that on the other side, had been invaded and crushed by the swollen glacier. In an hour we rounded a massive headland and came suddenly on another outlet of the glacier, which, in the form of a wild ice-cascade, was pouring over the rim of the main basin toward the ocean with the volume of a thousand Niagaras. The surface was broken into a multitude of sharp blades and pinnacles leaning forward, something like the updashing waves of a flood of water descending a rugged channel. But these ice-waves were many times higher than those of river cataracts, and to all appearance motionless. It was a dazzling white torrent two miles wide, flowing between high banks black with trees. Tracing its left bank three or four miles, I found that it discharged into a fresh-water lake, filling it with icebergs.

I would gladly have followed the outlet, but the day was waning, and we had to make haste on the return trip to get off the ice before dark. When we were about two miles from the west shore the clouds dropped misty fringes, and snow soon began to fly. Then I began to feel anxiety as to finding a way in the storm through the intricate network of crevasses which we had entered. Stickeen showed no fear. He was still the same silent, sufficient, uncomplaining Indian philosopher. When the storm-darkness fell he kept close behind me. The snow warned us to make haste, but at the same time hid our way. At rare intervals the clouds thinned, and mountains, looming in the gloom, frowned and quickly vanished. I pushed on as best I could, jumping innumerable crevasses, and for every hundred rods or so of direct advance traveling a mile in doubling up and down in the turmoil of chasms and dislocated masses of ice. After an hour or two of this work we came to a series of longitudinal crevasses of appalling width, like immense furrows. These I traced with firm nerve, excited and strengthened by the danger, mak-

ing wide jumps, poising cautiously on the dizzy edges after cutting hollows for my feet before making the spring, to avoid slipping or any uncertainty on the farther sides, where only one trial is granted—exercise at once frightful and inspiring. Stickeen flirted across every gap I jumped, seemingly without effort. Many a mile we thus traveled, mostly up and down, making but little real headway in crossing, most of the time running instead of walking, as the danger of spending the night on the glacier became threatening. No doubt we could have weathered the storm for one night, and I faced the chance of being compelled to do so; but we were hungry and wet, and the north wind was thick with snow and bitterly cold, and of course that night would have seemed a long one. Stickeen gave me no concern. He was still the wonderful, inscrutable philosopher, ready for anything. I could not see far enough to judge in which direction the best route lay, and had simply to grope my way in the snow-choked air and ice. Again and again I was put to my mettle, but Stickeen followed easily, his nerves growing more unflinching as the dangers thickened; so it always is with mountaineers.

At length our way was barred by a very wide and straight crevasse, which I traced rapidly northward a mile or so without finding a crossing or hope of one, then southward down the glacier about as far, to where it united with another crevasse. In all this distance of perhaps two miles there was only one place where I could possibly jump it; but the width of this jump was nearly the utmost I dared attempt, while the danger of slipping on the farther side was so great that I was loath to try it. Furthermore, the side I was on was about a foot higher than the other, and even with this advantage it seemed dangerously wide. One is liable to underestimate the width of crevasses where the magnitudes in general are great. I therefore measured this one again and again, until satisfied that I could jump it if necessary, but that in case I should be compelled to jump back to the higher side, I might fail. Now a cautious mountaineer seldom takes a step on unknown ground which seems at all dangerous, that he cannot retrace in case he should be stopped by unseen obstacles ahead. This is the rule of mountaineers who live long; and though in haste, I compelled myself to sit down and deliberate before I broke it. Retracing my devious path in imagination, as if it were drawn on a chart, I saw that I was recrossing the glacier a mile or two farther up-stream, and was entangled in a section I had not before seen. Should I risk this dangerous jump, or try to regain the woods on the west shore, make a fire, and have only hunger to endure while waiting for a new day? I had already crossed so broad a tangle of dangerous ice that I saw it would be difficult to get back to the woods through the storm; while the ice just beyond the present barrier seemed more promising, and the east shore was now perhaps about as near as the west. I was therefore eager to go on; but this wide jump was a tremendous obstacle. At length, because of the dangers already behind me, I determined to venture against those that might be ahead, jumped, and landed well, but with so little to spare that I more than ever dreaded being compelled to take that jump back from the lower side. Stickeen followed, making nothing of it. But within a distance of a few hundred yards we were stopped again by the widest crevasse yet encountered. Of course I made haste to explore it, hoping all might yet be well. About three fourths of a mile up-stream it united with the one we had just crossed, as I feared it would. Then, tracing it down, I found it joined the other great crevasse at the lower end, maintaining a width of forty to fifty feet. We were on an island about two miles long and from one hundred to three hundred yards wide, with two barely possible ways of escape—one by the way we came, the other by an almost inaccessible sliver-bridge that crossed the larger crevasse from near the middle of the island. After tracing the brink, I ran back to the sliver-bridge and cautiously studied it. Crevasses caused by strains from variations of the rate of motion of different parts of the glacier and by convexities in the channel are mere cracks when they first open,—so narrow as hardly to admit the blade of a pocket-knife,—and widen gradually, according to the extent of the strain. Now some of these cracks are interrupted like the cracks in wood, and, in opening, the strip of ice between overlapping ends is dragged out; and if the flow of the glacier there is such that no strain is made on the sliver, it maintains a continuous connection between the sides, just as the two sides of a slivered crack in wood that is being split are connected. Some crevasses remain open for years, and by the melting of their sides continue to increase in width long after the opening strain has ceased, while the sliver-bridges, level on top at first, and perfectly safe, are at length melted to thin, knife-edged blades, the upper portion

being most exposed to the weather; and since the exposure is greatest in the middle, they at length curve downward like the cables of suspension-bridges. This one was evidently very old, for it had been wasted until it was the worst bridge I ever saw. The width of the crevasse was here about fifty feet, and the sliver, crossing diagonally, was about seventy feet long, was depressed twenty-five or thirty feet in the middle, and the up-curving ends were attached to the sides eight or ten feet below the surface of the glacier. Getting down the nearly vertical wall to the end of it and up the other side were the main difficulties, and they seemed all but insurmountable. Of the many perils encountered in my years of wandering in mountain altitudes, none seemed so plain and stern and merciless as this. And it was presented when we were wet to the skin and hungry, the sky was dark with snow, and the night near, and we had to fear the snow in our eyes and the disturbing action of the wind in any movement we might make. But we were forced to face it. It was a tremendous necessity.

Beginning not immediately above the sunken end of the bridge, but a little to one side, I cut nice hollows on the brink for my knees to rest in; then, leaning over, with my short-handled ax cut a step sixteen or eighteen inches below, which, on account of the sheerness of the wall, was shallow. That step, however, was well made; its floor sloped slightly inward, and formed a good hold for my heels. Then, slipping cautiously upon it, and crouching as low as possible, with my left side twisted toward the wall, I steadied myself with my left hand in a slight notch, while with the right I cut other steps and notches in succession, guarding against glinting of the ax, for life or death was in every stroke, and in the niceness of finish of every foothold. After the end of the bridge was reached, it was a delicate thing to poise on a little platform which I had chipped on its up-curving end, and, bending over the slippery surface, get astride of it. Crossing was easy, cutting off the sharp edge with careful strokes, and hitching forward a few inches at a time, keeping my balance with my knees pressed against its sides. The tremendous abyss on each side I studiously ignored. The surface of that blue sliver was then all the world. But the most trying part of the adventure was, after working my way across inch by inch, to rise from the safe position astride that slippery strip of ice, and to cut a ladder in the face of the wall—chipping, climbing, holding on with feet and fingers in mere notches. At such times one's whole body is eye, and common skill and fortitude are replaced by power beyond our call or knowledge. Never before had I been so long under deadly strain. How I got up the cliff at the end of the bridge I never could tell. The thing seemed to have been done by somebody else. I never have had contempt of death, though in the course of my explorations I oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a mountain, in a grand cañon, or in the heart of a crystal glacier would be blessed as compared with death from disease, a mean accident in a street, or from a sniff of sewer-gas. But the sweetest, cleanest death, set thus calmly and glaringly clear before us, is hard enough to face, even though we feel gratefully sure that we have already had happiness enough for a dozen lives.

But poor Stickeen, the wee, silky, sleekit beastie—think of him! When I had decided to try the bridge, and while I was on my knees cutting away the rounded brow, he came behind me, pushed his head past my shoulder, looked down and across, scanned the sliver and its approaches with his queer eyes, then looked me in the face with a startled air of surprise and concern, and began to mutter and whine, saying as plainly as if speaking with words, «Surely you are not going to try that awful place?» This was the first time I had seen him gaze deliberately into a crevasse or into my face with a speaking look. That he should have recognized and appreciated the danger at the first glance showed wonderful sagacity. Never before had the quick, daring midget seemed to know that ice was slippery, or that there was such a thing as danger anywhere. His looks and the tones of his voice when he began to complain and speak his fears were so human that I unconsciously talked to him as I would to a boy, and in trying to calm his fears perhaps in some measure moderated my own. «Hush your fears, my boy,» I said; «we will get across safe, though it is not going to be easy. No right way is easy in this rough world. We must risk our lives to save them. At the worst we can only slip; and then how grand a grave we shall have! And by and by our nice bones will do good in the terminal moraine.» But my sermon was far from reassuring him; he began to cry, and after taking another piercing look at the tremendous gulf, ran away in desperate excitement, seeking some other crossing. By the time he got back, baffled, of course, I had made a step or two. I dared not look back, but he made

himself heard; and when he saw that I was certainly crossing, he cried aloud in despair. The danger was enough to daunt anybody, but it seems wonderful that he should have been able to weigh and appreciate it so justly. No mountaineer could have seen it more quickly or judged it more wisely, discriminating between real and apparent peril.

After I had gained the other side he howled louder than ever, and after running back and forth in vain search for a way of escape, he would return to the brink of the crevasse above the bridge, moaning and groaning as if in the bitterness of death. Could this be the silent, philosophic Stickeen? I shouted encouragement, telling him the bridge was not so bad as it looked, that I had left it flat for his feet, and he could walk it easily. But he was afraid to try it. Strange that so small an animal should be capable of such big, wise fears! I called again and again in a reassuring tone to come on and fear nothing; that he could come if he would only try. Then he would hush for a moment, look again at the bridge, and shout his unshakable conviction that he could never, never come that way; then lie back in despair, as if howling: «Oh-o-o, what a place! No-o-o; I can never go-o-o down there!» His natural composure and courage had vanished utterly in a tumultuous storm of fear. Had the danger been less, his distress would have seemed ridiculous. But in this gulf—a huge, yawning sepulcher big enough to hold everybody in the territory—lay the shadow of death, and his heartrending cries might well have called Heaven to his help. Perhaps they did. So hidden before, he was transparent now, and one could see the workings of his mind like the movements of a clock out of its case. His voice and gestures were perfectly human, and his hopes and fears unmistakable, while he seemed to understand every word of mine. I was troubled at the thought of leaving him. It seemed impossible to get him to venture. To compel him to try by fear of being left, I started off as if leaving him to his fate, and disappeared back of a hummock; but this did no good, for he only lay down and cried. So after hiding a few minutes, I went back to the brink of the crevasse, and in a severe tone of voice shouted across to him that now I must certainly leave him—I could wait no longer; and that if he would not come, all I could promise was that I would return to seek him next day. I warned him that if he went back to the woods the wolves would kill him, and finished by urging him once more by words and gestures to come on. He knew very well what I meant, and at last, with the courage of despair, hushed and breathless, he lay down on the brink in the hollow I had made for my knees, pressed his body against the ice to get the advantage of the friction, gazed into the first step, put his little feet together, and slid them slowly down into it, bunching all four in it, and almost standing on his head. Then, without lifting them, as well as I could see through the snow, he slowly worked them over the edge of the step, and down into the next and the next in succession in the same way, and gained the bridge. Then lifting his feet with the regularity and slowness of the vibrations of a seconds' pendulum, as if counting and measuring one, two, three, holding himself in dainty poise, and giving separate attention to each little step, he gained the foot of the cliff, at the top of which I was kneeling to give him a lift should he get within reach. Here he halted in dead silence, and it was here I feared he might fail, for dogs are poor climbers. I had no cord. If I had had one, I would have dropped a noose over his head and hauled him up. But while I was thinking whether an available cord might be made out of clothing, he was looking keenly into the series of notched steps and finger-holds of the ice-ladder I had made, as if counting them and fixing the position of each one in his mind. Then suddenly up he came, with a nervy, springy rush, hooking his paws into the notches and steps so quickly that I could not see how it was done, and whizzed past my head, safe at last!

And now came a scene! «Well done, well done, little boy! Brave boy!» I cried, trying to catch and caress him; but he would not be caught. Never before or since have I seen anything like so passionate a revulsion from the depths of despair to uncontrollable, exultant, triumphant joy. He flashed and darted hither and thither as if fairly demented, screaming and shouting, swirling round and round in giddy loops and circles like a leaf in a whirlwind, lying down and rolling over and over, sidewise and heels over head, pouring forth a tumultuous flood of hysterical cries and sobs and gasping mutterings. And when I ran up to him to shake him, fearing he might die of joy, he flashed off two or three hundred yards, his feet in a mist of motion; then, turning suddenly, he came back in wild rushes, and launched himself at my face, almost knocking me down, all the time screeching and screaming and shouting as if saying, «Saved! saved! saved!» Then away again, dropping

suddenly at times with his feet in the air, trembling, and fairly sobbing. Such passionate emotion was enough to kill him. Moses's stately song of triumph after escaping the Egyptians and the Red Sea was nothing to it. Who could have guessed the capacity of the dull, enduring little fellow for all that most stirs this mortal frame? Nobody could have helped crying with him.

But there is nothing like work for toning down either excessive fear or joy. So I ran ahead, calling him, in as gruff a voice as I could command, to come on and stop his nonsense, for we had far to go, and it would soon be dark. Neither of us feared another trial like this. Heaven would surely count one enough for a lifetime. The ice ahead was gashed by thousands of crevasses, but they were common ones. The joy of deliverance burned in us like fire, and we ran without fatigue, every muscle, with immense rebound, glorying in its strength. Stickeen flew across everything in his way, and not till dark did he settle into his normal fox-like, gliding trot. At last the mountains crowned with spruce came in sight, looming faintly in the gloaming, and we soon felt the solid rock beneath our feet, and were safe. Then came weariness. We stumbled down along the lateral moraine in the dark, over rocks and tree-trunks, through the bushes and devil-club thickets and mossy logs and boulders of the woods where we had sheltered ourselves in the morning. Then out on the level mud-slope of the terminal moraine. Danger had vanished, and so had our strength. We reached camp about ten o'clock, and found a big fire and a big supper. A party of Hoona Indians had visited Mr. Young, bringing a gift of porpoise-meat and wild strawberries, and hunter Joe had brought in a wild goat. But we lay down, too tired to eat much, and soon fell into a troubled sleep. The man who said, «The harder the toil the sweeter the rest,» never was profoundly tired. Stickeen kept springing up and muttering in his sleep, no doubt dreaming that he was still on the brink of the crevasse; and so did I—that night and many others, long afterward, when I was nervous and overtired.

Thereafter Stickeen was a changed dog. During the rest of the trip, instead of holding aloof, he would come to me at night, when all was quiet about the camp-fire, and rest his head on my knee, with a look of devotion, as if I were his god. And often, as he caught my eye, he seemed to be trying to say, «Was n't that an awful time we had together on the glacier?»

NONE of his old friends know what finally became of him. When my work for the season was done I departed for California, and never saw the dear little fellow again. Mr. Young wrote me that in the summer of 1883 he was stolen by a tourist at Fort Wrangel, and taken away on a steamer. His fate is wrapped in mystery. If alive he is very old. Most likely he has left this world—crossed the last crevasse—and gone to another. But he will not be forgotten. Come what may, to me Stickeen is immortal.

John Muir.

WHAT STOPPED THE SHIP.

«EIGHT bells has gone, Mr. Sims!» shouted the apprentice, shaking the mate violently.

«Eight bells!» he answered, leaping from his bunk, and frantically getting into sea-boots. «Why the devil did n't you call me before, Devine?»

«I called you four times, sir,» said the boy, in a hurt tone; «and the last time I made sure you 'd get up, because you asked about the weather, sir.»

«Well, you ought to know by this time that it 's your business to see me get out,» said the mate, with emphasis. «Is the watch aft?»

«Yes, sir.»

«D—n!» said the mate, and he rushed bareheaded on deck to muster his men.

The port watch lounged, a sleepy group, about the main fife-rail—the men for the wheel and lookout in oilskins, the remainder not fully dressed.

«Johnson, Hawkins, Tregethen, McCarthy,» began the mate.

«Here, sir. All here,» spoke up one of the men.

«Relieve the wheel, then,» ordered the officer. «Be up there in a minute, Mr. Markham,» he called to the poop, and then dived into his room again for additions to his toilet.

«It 's mighty funny those boys can't call me decently,» he said to the second mate, as he reached the top of the poop-ladder five minutes later.

«Ay, it is, sir,» answered the second, dryly. «The course is west by south, if she 'll lay it. It 's been calm since four bells.»

With this the second went below, and the mate strode aft to look at the compass. The ship was then heading almost due north, for there was not a breath of wind, and she had no steerageway. A dense fog enshrouded the vessel, veiling both sea and sky, and causing a steady drip, drip from everything aloft. Although it was June, the air was raw and bitterly cold, and the mate sent one of the boys for his mitts before he had been on deck half an hour.

«Confound the Banks, anyway!» he growled, as he stamped up and down. «It 's the cussedest place in the Atlantic. Keep that fog-horn going for'ard there!» he yelled.

A faint «Ay, ay, sir!» and a long, dismal blast came back in answer.

«I 'm going in steam next time, if I have to ship in the bunkers,» he continued savagely. «I think that I 've had my whack out of these wave-punching, wind-jamming, western-ocean hookers.»

Then the mate of the *Alice B. Stites* sat down heavily on the skylight, and cut himself up a pipeful of tobacco. Lighting up, he leaned back, and gazed aloft at the swaying masts and flapping canvas with the eye of an officer who looks for work even in the middle watch. Nothing unshipshape caught his eye, however, and the watch were left in peace. But the position was too much for Mr. Sims. Without his being in the least aware of it, his jaw relaxed, and he slept. The apprentice who was «keeping the time,» seeing the state of his superior, chuckled softly to himself, and curled up for a snooze in the cabin alleyway; the helmsman, having nothing to occupy his attention, leaned over the wheel and dozed; and to his everlasting shame be it said that even the man on the lookout braced himself against the stanchions of the forecastle-head and nodded. As for the rest of the watch, they lay, as is usual in fine weather, at full length upon the deck, under the lee of the house, oilskinned and sea-booted, and ready for instant service, to be sure, yet sound asleep.

Now, although there is no lawful excuse for any deck officer, wheel or lookout man guilty of sleeping on duty, it must be said, in all fairness to these men, that for the three days previous they had had virtually no rest, the vessel having passed through a gale of exceeding violence.

Thus, for the first time in her sea life, the *Alice B. Stites* lay becalmed and befogged, and without a soul aboard of her awake.

Suddenly the mate opened his eyes with a start, and sat bolt upright.

«What 's that?» he exclaimed. He felt that something unusual had happened, but could not tell what. Jumping to his feet, he ran aft, and found the steersman jamming the wheel hard down.

«What 's the matter, Hawkins?» he inquired sharply.

«Oh, nothink, sir; only there 's a bit of a breeze coming up on the starboard quarter, and I 'm a-tryin' to bring 'er 'ead round to the course. She don't come very lively, though—hain't got way on yet.»

The mate looked in the binnacle. She was heading north by west. The yards were squared and the sails were full, with the starboard leeches lifting.

«Keep your wheel down; she 'll come round in a minute,» he said, stepping to one side and feeling the direction of the wind.

«Did n't you notice anything peculiar a few moments ago, Hawkins?» asked the mate, nervously.

«No, sir; nothink hout of the hordinary, sir,» replied the man.

As a matter of fact, Hawkins had been awakened at the same time and with the same presentiment as the mate, but of course would not acknowledge having been asleep at his post.

«Just sing out when she makes a start,» said the mate, walking forward.

«All right, sir,» answered Hawkins.

At the break of the poop the mate roused the watch with the cry of «Stand by your starboard main-braces!» and the men came tumbling up the poop-ladders, and tailed on to the ropes, ready for the word to «Haul away!» In the meantime the puzzled officer interviewed the lookout; but he too had neither seen nor heard anything unusual, he said.

«I must have been dreaming,» muttered the officer, as he hurried aft again. «How 's her head now, Hawkins?» he asked, as he cast the port-braces off their cleats.

«She don't move a quarter of a p'int, sir!» answered the man at the wheel.

«Shake the compass; it must have stuck,» said the mate, impatiently.

«It don't make no difference, sir,» was the reply.

The mate bounced to the binnacle, and

tapped it briskly; but the card always swung back to the same point.

«Why, what in thunder ails her?» he ejaculated. Then, in an excited way, he added: «I believe her rudder 's off. Here, one of you fellows! jump out to the end of the boom there, and bring in those signal halyards. Lively, now, my lad! There 's something wrong here.»

In a minute or so the line was swung inboard to the officer, who quickly made it fast to one of the binnacle lamps, and lowered it over the stern. Half a dozen anxious faces peered across the taffrail as the light descended; but the alarm was unfounded—the rudder hung securely in the eye-bolts, and, in accordance with the wheel, was hard-a-starboard. The lamp was about to be hauled up again when McCarthy cried: «Begad, she 's not movin' at all! Small wondher she 'll not shteer!»

All eyes were now directed at the still water which slowly rose and fell about the stern-post. The bubbles on the surface were motionless, and there was not the slightest sign of a wake.

«By Judas! this is the rummiest go I ever saw,» said the mate, scratching his head, and looking perplexedly aloft. «A three-knot breeze blowing, and the sails full, and the old cow as dead as mutton!» He went forward and examined the anchors. Both of them were lashed in the accustomed places upon the forecastle-head. Then he stared thoughtfully over the bow for several minutes. «According to the chart,» he said, «we are hundreds of miles off shore, and in forty fathoms of water! Surely she can't have run aground. I 'll soon settle that, though.»

Returning aft, he sent one of the hands for the deep-sea lead, armed it carefully, and dropped it over the quarter. It ran out in a way that soon convinced him that the vessel had not grounded, and showed the regulation depth with a sandy bottom.

«*I* give it up!» exclaimed the mate, shaking his wet hands. «Boy, call the captain.»

In the course of a few minutes the master pattered up the companionway in slippers and pajamas. Without stepping on deck, he inquired, «What is it, Mr. Sims?»

«If you please, sir,» answered the mate, feeling rather foolish, «the ship has stopped.»

«Stopped, Mr. Sims—stopped!» said the captain, testily. «What do you mean? She had stopped when I went below at four bells. There was no wind.»

«Yes, sir; but there 's considerable of a breeze now, and the canvas is drawing, but she won't go.»

The captain took another step upward, and tried to look into the mate's face. «Are you sober, Mr. Sims?» he inquired quietly.

«Captain Allison,» replied the mate, «if you will consider for a moment, you will see the foolishness of asking such a question aboard *this* ship. Now perhaps you will investigate the matter for yourself, sir»; and the mate walked forward in a huff.

«Then he 's mad,» said the skipper to himself, as he descended into the cabin for more clothes. «Anyway, I 'll not allow my officers to talk to me like that. I 'll—put him in irons, d—n him!—put him in irons!»

In the meantime the strange news had rapidly made a circuit of the ship. All hands had turned out, and in the ghostly gray of the early dawn the ship presented an odd spectacle. Groups of sailors, idlers, and passengers stood shivering about the deck, earnestly discussing the problem.

At the galley door, laying down the law to a Dutchman, two ordinary seamen, and an apprentice, stood the white-haired darky cook. «I tell yo' what it is, boys,» he said, looking over his spectacles, and flourishing a great iron spoon, «dis yere t'ing am a wisitation ob de Lawd. De Lawd done git plumb tired sendin' fair winds and fine weather to sich a mis'able lot ob sinners as he fin' abo'd dis packet, so he just han' her ober to de debbil, an' de debbil got her in his clutches now. Dat 's suah!»

Among the forecastlemen the superstitious croak of the sea-lawyer held sway. According to Olsen, «Dere was a Yonah aboard.» Another had it that «Dot vas vat comed of foolin' mit Moder Garey's shickens.» A third remarked that «Friday was an onloocky day to sail, aanyway.»

The passengers, of course, blamed the captain. «He had no right to run the ship into such dangerous places. Why did he do this and do that?» and «How was it that he did not know what was the matter? Why—why—they never heard of such a state of affairs.»

As for the captain and the officers, they were taxing their brains to the utmost to find a solution to the mystery. By this time the master of the *Alice B. Stites* had found that his chief mate was neither drunk nor insane, whereupon he had promptly apologized, and was now busy giving orders.

«First of all, we 'll heave the lead again, if you please, Mr. Sims,» he said. This was done from the main rigging, with the same result as before. Next, a hand was sent to

each masthead to see if by chance anything could be discovered from that height. The fog, however, was as thick aloft as it was on deck, and they reported nothing.

«Well, now, Mr. Sims, let us lower one of the boats, and take a pull round the ship,» said the captain. Immediately the chocks were knocked out from under the dinghy on the skids, and she was swung out in the davits and let down alongside. The captain and the mate, with two hands, dropped into her, and, slowly paddling, made the circumference of the vessel. In vain they looked skyward and seaward. Certainly no visible outside forces detained her.

«It may be that some undercurrent or magnetic attraction holds her,» suggested the captain.

«In that case,» said the mate, «we might get all hands in the boats and pull her a few miles. If such influences exist, they cannot extend over any great area, or the fact would have been discovered long ago.»

«Capital idea, Mr. Sims. Capital idea! Do it at once!» replied the captain.

The necessary orders were rapidly given, and in half an hour's time six boats strung away from the bow on a stout Manila line, awaiting the order to pull.

«Give way!» cried the skipper from the forecastle-head.

Thirty-four oars dipped simultaneously at the words, the line tautened, and the captain leaned over to watch the cutwater. But—great heavens!—there was no response. No ripple curled up before the stem, no wave spread V-shaped from the bows.

«Pull, you beggars, pull!» yelled the captain, stamping his foot with rage. And they pulled. They lay back on their oars and churned the calm water into foam; they tightened the Manila until it was like a bar: but all to no purpose. True to her sex, the *Alice B.* had put her forefoot down to stay, and she stayed.

Aft in the saloon the four women passengers were in a fearful state. Uncomforted by the companionship of the men, who were all on deck, the poor creatures had imagined the worst, and made up their minds that the ship was sinking. The party consisted of two old maids, Miss Bates and Miss Morse, a Mrs. Pope, and her daughter Minnie. All were frantically engaged in collecting their valuables, and loading themselves down with the quaintest conglomeration of articles.

«Come, Minnie, come!» screamed Mrs. Pope, rushing to the foot of the companion-way. «Never mind anything else. Those selfish men will leave us behind if we don't hurry!»

The good lady, who ran slightly to fat, was simply attired in a much-befrilled night-dress, an odd pair of boots, and a large flower-garden bonnet smashed down over one eye. A blanket and several dresses were flung over her arms, while in her hands she grasped a hot-water bottle and a pair of stays.

«Oh, wait for us! Do wait for us!» wailed Miss Bates, struggling quite manfully with an immense Saratoga trunk.

«Not if you are going to try to bring that thing,» answered Mrs. Pope, sensibly. «Minnie! Where are you?»

«Coming, mother dear!» cried a voice from an adjoining state-room.

A moment later a rosy-cheeked girl in a blue mackintosh and a tam-o'-shanter hurried out; and the old maids being induced to leave their bulky property, the four scrambled up the steps to the poop.

At this time everybody was either in the boats or upon the forecastle-head, except the second officer, who had been ordered to remain by the wheel. Seeing no one, and supposing that they had been abandoned, the lady passengers set up a prolonged cry of distress, until, catching sight of Mr. Markham, they literally fell upon his neck and wept.

The embarrassed young man endeavored to calm them, pointing to the crowd and assuring them that there was not the slightest danger.

«But where is my husband?» sobbed Mrs. Pope.

«Is n't that him standing on the bow, ma'am?» said the second mate.

«Oh, yes, the dear man! so it is. Po-ope!» she called.

The gentleman evidently did not hear.

«Mr. Po-o-pe!»—very much louder.

Still no reply.

«Pope, you brute!» This time it was a shriek, and it reached Mr. Pope's ears, for he turned on the instant and came hurriedly aft. The two descended into the saloon, talking rapidly; and the old maids soon followed, for they were still worrying about that trunk. Only Miss Minnie remained on deck, and she, now that her fears were gone, showed a desire to see what was going on, and a curiosity to hear the cause of the trouble. Moreover, the second mate was a particularly good-looking young fellow; and despite the fact that the captain had monopolized Miss Minnie all the passage,—as captains invariably do, and which, not being a captain myself, I con-

sider an outrage,—the two were on very good terms.

«I 'm afraid you 'll find it rather cold up here if you stand still, Miss Pope,» said the second mate. «If you don't mind, we 'll take a turn up and down the poop.»

So while the hands were tugging away at the oars forward, the young folks stepped briskly along the planks together, and talked until the boats were recalled and all hands went to breakfast.

And what a breakfast it was! Unwashed, unkempt, and with wondrous incongruity of clothing, surely never had such a disreputable-looking lot sat down in the saloon before. The usually chatty skipper, lost in thought, sat at the head of the table, with his food untasted. The passengers, after asking questions without number, finally relapsed into silence, each trying to think out the answer to that bewildering riddle, What was the matter with the *Alice B. Stites?* Sand-bars, coral islands, the Atlantic cable, barnacles, whales, sunken wrecks, octopi, a plot, seaweed, ay, and even overhanging trees, were suggested, only to be disproved in the light of already established facts.

Speculation, too, as to the possible outcome of it all caused uneasiness. What was to be the end of it? they asked themselves uneasily. How long was this helpless state of things to last? If, with a steady little breeze blowing and all her canvas set, the vessel could not make headway, when would she be able to move? Might it not last for a week, a month, or until their provisions were exhausted and they starved to death? Indeed, the matter began to assume a very serious aspect for those who gave it sufficient thought. Moreover, the question had its uncanny side. The realms of reality having been exhausted in search of an explanation, what more human than that their minds should turn toward the supernatural? And here was endless play for the heated imagination.

The meal ended. A feeling of unrest took all on deck again. The fog was as thick as ever, though the light breeze had veered to the westward, and the yards had to be braced up to keep the sails full. The cold, damp atmosphere, the strange stillness of the vessel, emphasized by the constant lap, lap of the water against the weather side—these, with a certain dread which hourly increased in intensity, cast a gloom over the entire ship's company. Impatiently they paced to and fro, now gazing wonderingly aloft, now peering apprehensively over the side. They spoke with lowered voices, and such was the demoralizing effect upon the crew that they left the ropes uncoiled upon the deck, and walked the quarter-deck and poop like men with «tickets.»[1]

At ten o'clock the captain, after consulting his chart and nautical almanac in the hope that they might throw some light upon the subject, declared most unreasonably that the whole thing was an impossibility, and once more called away the dinghy, so that he and his chief officer might make a large circle around the stationary ship. Before leaving he took the precaution to place a small compass in the boat, and ordered the forward bell to be rung every minute.

Pulling out abeam until they could hardly be seen by those aboard the boat, they took a wide sweep round the stern, and crept along the weather side, sometimes in full view, again, in the denser patches of mist, invisible. Crossing the vessel's bow, the watchers lost sight of the boat. As she failed to appear again, it was thought that the occupants had sighted something in that direction, and a buzz of excitement ran through the anxious crowd as they awaited her return.

Ten minutes went by without a sight or a sound of the dinghy. No actual fear was felt by the hands, for they knew the captain had provided himself with a compass; yet there was a shade of anxiety in the second mate's face as he tried to pierce the fog-bank ahead. In the intervals of ringing the bell he listened intently. Suddenly out of the distance there came a sharp, cracking sound, followed by an immense splash. It was as though some monster had crushed the boat in its jaws and then plunged into the ocean.

«My God!» cried the second mate, hoarsely, «she 's gone!»

Breathlessly they listened again, and as they waited a great green wave like a roll of velvet came swiftly over the smooth surface of the sea. The vessel did not rise to it an inch, and it washed clear over her, drenching those who stood on the bow, and sweeping aft to the break of the poop.

At four o'clock that morning the detention of the *Alice B. Stites* was merely a puzzle; at eight it had grown into an alarming circumstance: but now it had developed into a downright horror. Pale-faced and terror-stricken, both passengers and crew huddled closely together for mutual protection, momentarily expecting some further evil to overtake the ill-fated ship.

[1] Officers.

An hour of awful suspense dragged by without change, save that the wind hauled a trifle to the northward, and the wet sails, no longer drawing, flapped dismally.

«Men!» said the second mate, rousing himself, «we stand here like a pack of frightened women while perhaps our shipmates need assistance. I want six of you in the boat. Who will volunteer?»

One by one the four apprentices stepped out and signified their willingness.

«I said *men*,» said the officer, significantly, to the sullen, silent group before him. But not a hand stirred.

«Not a man among you, eh?» he asked, with fierce sarcasm. «Then stay, you cursed cowards, and be —— to you! Come, boys,» he said to the apprentices, «haul up one of the boats!»

A score of voices were raised in protest, the passengers, gathering about the young man, declaring that it was his duty, as the only navigator aboard, to remain and protect them, the men pointing out the folly of risking more lives.

«Gentlemen,» he said simply to the passengers, «my first duty is to those who we know are in danger»; and pushing them aside, he sprang to the bulwark.

He reached it, and was about to descend the rope when his eye was arrested by something forward, and at the same moment a cry of astonishment burst from his lips.

The noonday sun was fast burning away the hated fog, and as it thinned there appeared, towering hundreds of feet above the masts of the vessel, turreted, pinnacled, and of most fantastic shape, the dazzling face of an ice-mountain. Though in reality the mighty mass of ice lay fully a quarter of a mile away, such was its height that the vessel seemed in instant danger of collision.

For the space of a minute Mr. Markham poised himself on the rail and stared with shaded eyes at the scintillating apparition. Then leaping to the deck, he picked up the lead-line, and hurried to the forecastle-head. Making a cast, he got three fathoms of water.

«It 's as I thought,» he said. «She 's run her bow on a sunk part of the iceberg.» Sounding along the rail toward the stern, he found the same depth of water until he came abreast of the galley, and here the lead plunged down to forty fathoms.

«A very natural solution, after all,» he remarked, with a laugh.

And now the wind, constantly hauling farther ahead, brought with it the sound of voices. «Ahoy! Aho-o-oy!» came faintly over the water; and as the atmosphere became clearer, the occupants of the missing dinghy were discovered upon the lower part of the berg. A dozen willing men jumped for the boat at the second mate's call, and within an hour the ship's company was complete again.

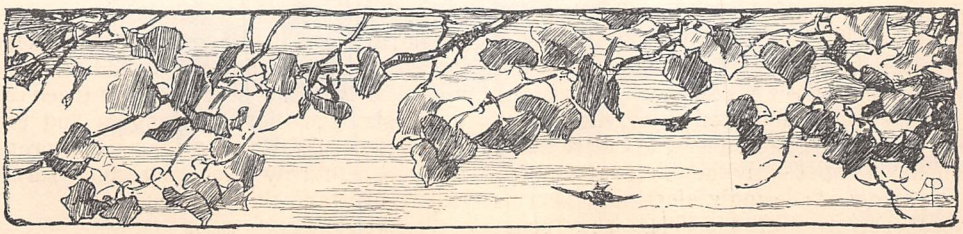
It appeared that the captain, feeling instinctively that some object lay to the northward of them, had steered the boat in that direction, and found the iceberg. Unfortunately, just as they were about to return a huge piece of the glacier split away, and came down so close to their boat that it capsized. The men, after a vain attempt to right her, becoming numb with the cold, swam toward the ice, and succeeded in reaching it in safety.

No sooner did Captain Allison put his foot on deck than he ordered the yards squared. There came the rapid flinging of ropes upon the deck, the clicking of patent blocks, the sailors' sing-song as they merrily hand-over-handed the braces, and in less than five minutes every kite aloft was flat aback.

«Belay all!» roared the captain. And the next moment a slight grating was felt under the keel, and the vessel slid stern foremost into clear water.

«Now, Mr. Sims,» said the captain, as he went below to change his clothes, «you may brace her up, set the staysails, and put her on her course,»—all of which was promptly attended to; and the *Alice B. Stites*, heeling slightly to the freshening breeze, gradually gathered headway, and went on her way rejoicing.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.



UP THE MATTERHORN IN A BOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «A DAY IN TOPHET,» «A JUDICIAL ERROR,» ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

PART III.

WELL, we dug him out. He was quite motionless at first; in fact, I rather thought he was dead: but Hill said no; only unconscious from shock—no bones broken, no outward injury that he could see.

«Nothing but his feelings hurt,» said our authority on ballooning and excavations. His suit was plaid, his boots were of the most approved pattern, his calves fairly bawled from their pens. He looked as if he had just jumped off a bike or out of golfing-links, and there was a string attached to a buttonhole that cried monocle to the icicles.

«English to his toes,» said Hill, regarding him speculatively. «If you don't believe it, just wait until he opens his mouth.»

«I should like to see him open his eyes first,» said I, for our visitor was young and fair, and I did not like to see him lying in our gully like a log.

«Oh, he 's all right,» said Hill, slangily. His spirits seemed to revive wonderfully with this arrival. «Give him time, man. It 's all most men need to pay their debts in this world.»

I helped him along with a drop of brandy, and presently he opened his eyes and looked at us. Then he sat up, brushing the snow from his clothes with feeble finger-tips.

«Aw—thanks, awfully,» he said in a far-away voice. He seemed dazed yet, and fumbled in his pockets and brought out a little flat wallet. From it he presently extracted with a shaking thumb and finger a round bit of glass, which he proceeded to thread like a needle, tying a knot in the end of the black cord that had been dangling from his lapel. As nearly as we could tell, the only loss he had sustained beyond the temporary loss of consciousness was that of his eye-glass. As soon as he had that threaded and fixed up he screwed it into his eye and took a look at us.

«By Jove!» he said. He next noticed Jabez, who was sniffing about him in the most friendly fashion, wagging his stump of a tail, and he patted his head and said:

«Hello, old chap! A bit of mongrel, eh?»

His attention next wandered to the *Cloud Queen*, and he became transfixed. He gaped at it for a moment, then riveted his eyes upon the boat, and after examining it minutely exclaimed:

«How very extraordinary!»

He then rose, staggered over to the boat, knocked on it with his knuckles to assure himself that it was real, all the time exclaiming, «How very extraordinary!» and finally gave it a feeble shake, being himself in a very feeble and shaky condition as yet.

«Talk about ballooning!» said Hill. «This beats it all out of sight. Just look at that chap; he thinks he is in eternity. The last lucid thought he had was that he was on the edge of the end of all things earthly, and he 's trying to adjust his ideas to dogs and boats in the next world. He has always been taught that the former had no souls, and that it would be too hot for the latter.»

But pretty soon he came back, recovering his manners and his sensation of still being himself at the same time.

«A ROUND BIT OF GLASS.»

«I say,» said he, hauling off his knitted cap, and holding out his hand, «it was awfully good of you to be down here, don't you know. Whatever would have become of me without your opportune assistance I—aw—I—really I—aw—can't at all imagine.»

«That 's right,» said Hill, shaking hands with him cordially. «We did not really arrange to be here on account of your coming, but if we had n't been I guess your name would have been Dennis all right.»

The young fellow straightened up, dived into his pocket, fished out the wallet again, and drew forth a card.

«My name is Clambor,» he said stiffly —«Lord Clambor.»

«(IT WAS AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU.)»

«Delighted to see you, my lord,» said Hill, taking the card. «My friend Holdem of Chicago, Lord Clambor.»

The young lord regarded me through his glass, and then held out his hand. Society at the bottom of a crack in the Alps could n't help being democratic.

«Feel any appetite?» Hill inquired.

«Well, rather!» responded our visitor, with an unmistakable emphasis.

«Suppose we sit down to lunch, then,» said Hill, acting as master of ceremonies, and as cordial as if, with only three days' rations left, the addition of a new boarder did not reduce his own chances for life very materially. While we sat at lunch, the newcomer doing hearty service, Hill explained our plight, and the young lord gave an account of himself.

«You see,» said he, «it all happened like this. I was tied in between two guides, but I slipped and fell, and the rope broke. Deuced awkward, don't you know—nothing to hang on to.»

«Could n't you throw a rope over the atmosphere?» inquired Hill, innocently.

Lord Clambor stared at him.

«I suppose,» said he, «I should have tried Mont Blanc first.»

«What did you try first?» asked Hill.

«Well, I 've had a little practice, don't you know; but I doubt if any practice is enough. I 've been up Fujiyama, and part way up Kunchinjinga. But everything else is child's play to the Matterhorn.»

«The Matterhorn!» exclaimed Hill.

«The Matterhorn!» cried I.

«Yes,» said Lord Clambor, placidly spreading some raspberry jam on a piece of bread; «they say the shoulder on the Matterhorn is about as nasty a bit of work as you want. Mont Blanc is the thing to do first, you know.»

Hill leaned against the side of the boat with his mouth open, and I suppose I did something equally intelligent. Presently, as my companion seemed quite speechless, I inquired:

«Would you mind telling us what you fell off?»

«I really can't give you the exact spot,» the young lord answered pleasantly. «It takes it out of a fellow so, don't you know. I was quite knocked up by it.»

«Knocked up or knocked down,» said Hill, recovering himself, «is all one. What was the name of the pile of ground you tumbled from?»

«Oh, you mean the mountain? The Matterhorn, of course. I started from Zermatt this morning.»

«Comets and calculations!» shouted my friend, staring hard at the new arrival, who adjusted his eye-glass to bear a strain, and inspected him inquiringly in return; «where are we at?»

The arrangement of this conundrum was manifestly far beyond the Englishman's powers of imagination, and as for Hill, he was dumfounded. He jumped up and paced nervously back and forth in front of the boat, winking very fast, and gnawing the ends of his fingers, as he did sometimes in

moments of great perplexity. Pretty soon he stopped in front of me, and propounded:

«Holdem, what was the last thing you saw up above?»

«Mont Blanc,» replied I, stoically. I meant to stick to my mountain when it was no harder to do than that. Hill resumed his striding, winking faster than ever. His fingers were in positive peril, but he was not yet satisfied. Again he wheeled around, propounding:

«Jabez, what did you see?»

Jabez cocked one ear up, and looked at his questioner unwinkingly for a moment. Then he twisted around and gave his attention to an old flea-bite far down on his spine, where it was hard to get at. I never saw contempt for human conclusions shown more promptly or with greater comprehensiveness.

«That settles it!» said Hill. «That dog has got more sense than we have. It 's just as I said: he knows better than to trust to his eyes alone. He would have to hear Mont Blanc and smell Mont Blanc before he said ‹Mont Blanc.›»

Lord Clambor looked at us as though he thought we had all gone crazy.

«For Heaven's sake, let us smoke, or do something,» Hill went on, sitting down. «A good dense smoke might clear the atmosphere about us. You see,» he said frankly to the Englishman, «we thought we had fallen into Mont Blanc.»

«Fancy!»

«We thought we saw it as we came down. We had been up eight miles.»

«Oh, I say!»

«It's a fact, though. I 've got the instruments to prove it. That 's where we frosted our noses.»

For a moment Lord Clambor's countenance almost showed an expression, but he checked it in time to save the monocle.

«How very extraordinary! Why, I thought it was port.»

«No,» said Hill; «it is frost-bite. Now, my lord, you have had some experience in mountain-climbing,—in going up and down mountains,—and you were kind enough to fetch your ice-ax along. Just cast your mountaineering eye over our surroundings, and tell me what you think of the chances of climbing out of this place.»

Lord Clambor looked up at the ribbon of sky overhead, bright with the noon sun, and pretty nearly as thin as the edge of a goblet. He walked up and down the gorge some little distance, far enough to command a view of the end, and then he asked:

«Have you explored the whole length?»

«Yes.»

«Is it all as bad as this?»

«Or worse.»

Lord Clambor sat down, looking very thoughtful.

«My idea is,» said Hill, «that it might be done at a hazard and with great peril by cutting out steps as we climb; but the trouble is that a man's strength could not hold out to get anywhere near the top. He would have to cut a little, and return, and let another take his place. We should have to take turns, and it would be long and tiresome work; but if it is to be done at all, it must be undertaken at once; we have no time to lose.»

«Quite so,» agreed our new companion.

«The worst of it is that our provisions are getting low, and we will need to go on short rations. I should say that a man needed full-fed strength for that sort of work—although no man knows what he can endure until he is tried. I 've had some experience in climbing clouds, but very little climbing mountains.»

«Quite so.»

«As I explained, there is not enough electrical power left in the storage-battery to get us up with the balloon. I hate like sixty to leave it here.» He looked over at the *Cloud Queen* with a sigh. «That 's the best balloon that ever floated.»

«It must have cost a pretty penny,» said Lord Clambor.

«‹THE MATTERHORN!› CRIED I.»

«It did—a number of them, and several good-looking American dollars, too. In fact, like the American heiress, it 's made of dollars. I can see them now.»

A glimmer of real interest passed over the face behind the monocle, and the glass itself was never trained upon any object with greater care. Its wearer sighted over at that balloon as painstakingly as any Chinese gunner in the late war ever squinted through one of the bamboo sights he had adjusted to a Krupp gun.

«If this fracture we are in happened to be in Alaska,» Hill resumed, «I suppose that side of it would presently chip off and become an iceberg. But it is n't in Alaska; and as the only opening in life just now seems to be unsuited to our talents, we may as well begin making our own tracks out. I 've heard of people making tracks before.»

«Hill,» I remonstrated, «I believe the situation has gone to your head. You seem to me to be a little flighty.»

«Well, maybe it has; I should say the situation was strong enough; and as to being flighty, I 'd like to be flighty enough to get out of this with the *Cloud Queen*, I can tell you!»

I was seriously alarmed over his mental condition, and Lord Clambor looked as if he was, too. We arranged that we should begin cutting at once, and that I, as the least experienced in the work, should undertake to hew out the lowest flight, thereby getting some practice for the more difficult labor of cutting and climbing higher up. Moreover, it was necessary for us to improve every moment of daylight, for the nights were cruelly long. We selected what seemed to be the most advantageous point in the ice-gorge, and I began my work. Heavens! what a task it was! I cannot undertake to say how often I dropped my ax in the course of the first twenty feet. It was necessary to cut diagonally, but we decided to keep the angle as sharp as possible, thereby reducing the distance to be gone over. And how hard it was to cut each niche in the right place and at the right angle! Often a great piece of ice would chip away—a deep sliver that left no place for another niche, but compelled an entire change of direction. These accidents made us mindful of the fact that a piece of imperfect ice large enough to include the three little footholds to which the man who was cutting had to cling with fingers and toes might also be detached by a blow. It was slow work and sober work, and when I came down from my first attempt, with muscles trembling from exertion, and looked up at the little flight of shallow steps—so long they had seemed to me, made at the cost of such wearisome effort—and saw that they covered only a fraction of the great wall stretching pitilessly away to that little thread of blue at the top, I sat down utterly discouraged.

«It never can be done!» I said with conviction.

«That 's what every one said about the Matterhorn,» responded Hill, cheerily; «but by and by along came some men who did it, and we are going to do this.»

I think I was the only one in the party who really gave up. The Englishman held on to hope with the regulation Johnny-never-let-go grip with which a Britisher holds on to everything. As for Hill, his spirit was so marvelous I really did entertain doubts as to his sanity. His whimsicalities grew in proportion as our situation became more serious. The second night after we began our cutting I was awakened by the sound of tapping and tinkling, tinkling and tapping, down the gorge; and, opening my eyes, I saw that Hill had rigged a candle to his cap after the fashion of a miner, and was working high up on the wall, like a firefly on the bark of a tree. The icy gorge caught and repeated this feeble little light, every projection sparkling and glittering with innumerable repetitions of it, until the whole narrow crevasse was turned into a shishamahal—a hall of mirrors—fit to place in a king's palace. It was a pretty sight, but not one to take pleasure in, for I knew that Hill was in danger. The worst of it was that he was whistling away merrily some light, tripping air with a lilt and a swing to it like a Hungarian dance. We were in absolute darkness in the boat below, and I had no means of knowing whether Lord Clambor was awake, but presently he moved and spoke:

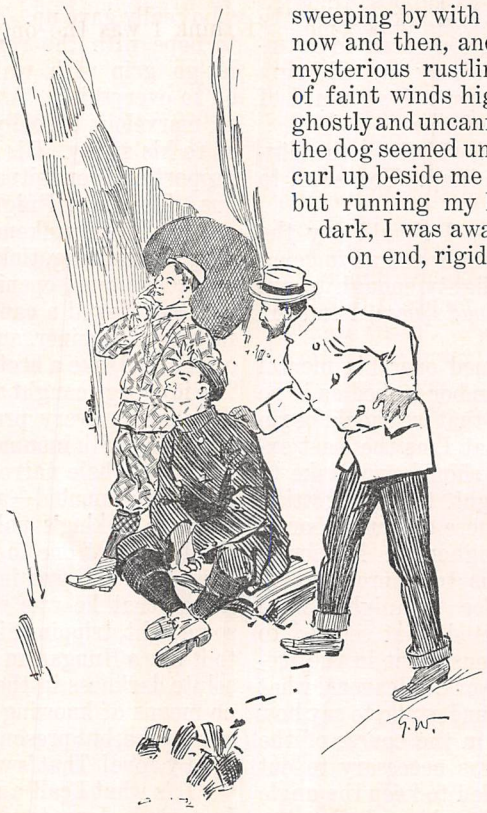
«By Jove! That 's what I call jolly plucky.»

«It 's what I call a piece of idiotic daring,» I retorted. I was touchy; and my nerves were getting strung higher and higher. «It 's all very well going up, but how in the name of Sam Patch is he going to get back? That 's what I should like to know.»

And as if in answer to my question, the light above suddenly went out. There was a splintering, grinding sound that detonated through the gorge like a cannon, and then a crash. After that all was silent. My heart fairly stopped beating, and Lord Clambor and I rolled out of the boat and stumbled down the gorge together, forgetting in our haste and fright that we could do very little to-

ward discovering the body of our friend in the darkness. Jabez ran ahead, filling the place with echoes from his barks.

I shall never forget the horror of the next few minutes. The darkness of the grave I shall some day fill will be no more dense and impenetrable than the Stygian glooms through which we plowed along with outstretched hands, running against each other, bruising ourselves on the walls we could not see, and at last stumbling upon a new obstruction in the gorge. Jabez never for a moment ceased to bark, and the whole place seemed full of hollow echoes, a sort of weird thrumming of muffled sound from some gigantic string. Lord Clambor struck a match, and by the aid of two or three we groped about until we found the ax, which had fallen on one side of a mass of glittering ice, two or three tons at least, some of it pounded and powdered into snow as if the sides of the crevasse had been a huge mortar and the law of gravitation the pestle hammering it down. It was useless to try to look for poor Hill. It would have exhausted every match we had, and all our candles. We might have to eat the latter yet before we were out of that dreadful place; besides, no human shape could have survived such a fall. That alone would have stricken life out, but to be pinned under that great heel of ice like a spider under a boot—well, he was in his grave. For the matter of that, we were probably in ours, too. There was nothing to say as we slowly groped our way back and clambered into the boat again. The chill of the place got hold of me with nervous horror, and I shivered as if with ague. The very blood in my veins seemed turned to ice—the awful imprisoning ice about us, above us, and beneath us.



«IT NEVER CAN BE DONE!»

«Take some brandy, old chap,» said Lord Clambor, kindly, «and don't give out. We're jolly bad off, but we've got to keep up.»

I thanked him in a whisper, and complied. It was good advice, and the chill presently passed; but I lay there unable to sleep, tormented by my thoughts and by strange sounds that I had never heard before. It seemed as if the echoes of our footsteps, of the stumbling rush we had made down the gorge, the uproar of Jabez's barking, and our own few horrified exclamations, had twisted themselves together, and were also groping and rolling between the walls to escape, struggling to reach that top so far away. These sounds seemed living, incarnate, sweeping by with unmistakable evidence now and then, and again dying away in mysterious rustlings and breathings as of faint winds high up. The effect was ghostly and uncanny in the extreme. Even the dog seemed uneasy. He did not again curl up beside me as he had done before, but running my hand over him in the dark, I was aware that he was sitting on end, rigid and intent, all his faculties also centered upon the one sense of hearing.

«I say, do you hear anything?» once Lord Clambor asked.

Hear anything! I should think I did; but I temporized. Instead of answering his question, I asked another.

«Do you?»

«Well, rather! I've been hearing something ever since we came back and were quiet.»

«So have I,» I answered then; «but I think it is the echo of all the crash and noise, caught high up and still reverberating.» But there were ripples and crawlings over my cuticle that gave the lie to this, and chills were racing round my spinal column as mice or squirrels race in a treadwheel. And just as my hair was creeping under my cap like the sturdy in a sheep's brain, Jabez burst into a dozen barks, and leaped from the boat. If there are any further sensations of fright and nervous apprehension of ghostly visitants from another world to be experienced, I trust I may be spared the experiencing. Lord

Clambor confided to me afterward that he was not in such a funk falling off the Matterhorn. Just as we were on the point of expiring on account of a supposed ghost, a match was scratched outside the boat, and illuminated—Hill! Hill, with a large and lifelike smile—it could n't be other than large, being lifelike. Jabez was defying gravity about him, and gamboling in the snow like an early spring lamb. Never tell me that dogs do not know what they are about. No man was ever welcomed back from the jaws of death by his best friend the way Hill was applauded out of the crack of doom by Jabez —an acquaintance of a week!

Yes, there was Hill; and in order to be absolutely natural he threw a switch, or touched a button, one—I never could tell by the looks just what he did. Now I had fumbled among those buttons, when we got back from the supposed grave of Hill, thinking that a light would be cheerful in our darkness, literal and spiritual; but I might as well have fumbled among my own buttons, so far as any results were concerned. A pile of dead ashes in an alley would have illuminated as well as I did; but the minute Hill put his finger on it, presto, change! the dry wand of my effort burst into the bud of his performance, or the full bloom, rather, for the light-gun was firing off fireworks as if in celebration of his return. I am not quite clear in my mind what happened then. I know that I rolled over the side of the boat into the midst of a leaping and cavorting Jabez, and fell upon his neck (Hill's, not the dog's), and that Lord Clambor, as guiltless of an eye-glass as he was at his birth, seized him by the hand and worked it as if he had a contract to pump the ocean dry, and Hill's arm was the handle.

«Why, I called to you,» said Hill, «but between you two and Jabez you were making such a hullabaloo you did n't hear. And when I saw you scratching matches, and taking on over what you thought was my grave, I concluded I had better climb down from my perch before I yelled ‹Morning!› like a cock-sparrow. I decided, too, that if I dropped I 'd drop easy, for I considered it would be taking a mean advantage of friendship to die twice on your hands. Why, what 's the matter with you two fellows? You both look as if you had seen a ghost. Now I want to tell you right here that we are going to get out of this. Just reckon up the situation if you don't believe it. Here are two men who have tumbled eight miles out of the clouds and landed right side up with care. How 's that? Why, out of a million men who die a million deaths you could n't pick out two who had such provocation, or who would have been so justified by posterity in their departure. I speak of ourselves first, my lord, because we were the pioneers down here. Date has to come before title—in a crevasse, at least.»

Lord Clambor actually laughed. I shall always believe it was because he had been too much excited to put on his eye-glass.

«And here,» continued Hill, waving his hand as if Clambor were the spectacle and the Alps were the spectators, — «here is a man who has come a cropper off the Matterhorn, and failed to break his neck, failed to come up to expectation and comply with the rules of the game. Does it look as if he was born to be hanged—as if a rope had any chance against a mountain? Now I submit to you, gentlemen; *does* it look as if we were born to be drowned? Well, I rather guess not! It looks to me more as if we were being saved to become presidents and prime ministers, eh? But all this argument is n't worth the forty winks we must get before daylight. Turn in, everybody. Lights out!»

IV.

It was the earliest, dimmest kind of dawn in our crevasse next morning when I was awakened by the sound of a terrific report. My first thought was that the balloon had exploded in some unaccountable way; but on opening my eyes I perceived that there was a singular red glow on the ice-walls ahead of us, apparently about a hundred feet down the gorge. Hill was gone, and so was Jabez.

«What is that?» asked Clambor, in alarm, as we started up together.

«Heaven knows,» I replied. «I suppose Hill is somehow or in some way at the bottom of it.» I shouted his name, but he did not answer; and as we were both seriously alarmed by this silence and the preceding explosion, to say nothing of the unearthly illumination before us, we started with one accord, as we had done the night before, and hurried in the direction of the light. I could hear Jabez barking, and presently he ran to meet us, only to turn and rush clamoring back in the greatest excitement.

«He acts as if something was wrong,» remarked Lord Clambor. It seemed to me as if this statement was uncalled for, because, according to my understanding of the existing circumstances, everything was wrong, to begin with; but I had neither time nor inclination for argument. Almost immediately we beheld Hill staggering toward us, sil-

houetted darkly against the red glow behind him. The next moment he fell forward upon his knees, and from there lurched over slowly, easing himself down with one hand, like a man whose senses are leaving him gradually. Rushing to him, we found him lying with eyes wide open, in a dazed or semiconscious condition, and with several small, trifling cuts upon his face and hands. Jabez was whining beside him and looking unhappy. But what chiefly riveted my attention was the beatific expression on the fallen man's countenance. It was nothing short of seraphic.

«Hill, Hill!» I cried, «are you hurt?»

He looked at me dreamily for a moment, and then ejaculated:

«By the great horned spoon!»

Lord Clambor and I exchanged glances as we tried to raise him up. I thought he was raving, but as soon as we touched him he remonstrated peevishly:

«Let me alone! Let me be, can't you? I'll get up when I 'm ready.»

«But what is the matter?» I persisted. «What is that light? How did you get hurt, or, if you are not hurt, what are you lying here for?»

«I 'm not hurt,» he retorted in reply to my quadruple question. «I 'm just lying here giving my heart a chance to beat, that's all.» As he said it he raised himself rather uncertainly, rubbing his head with one hand as he did so—an habitual movement with him when confronted by some brain-splitting problem. Then he went on: «Listen to it! You fellows go down the gorge, and tell me what you think of that.»

We were aware of an unusual sound in the crevasse, a noise like the sustained expulsion of breath from a pair of mighty lungs; and, finding that Hill was not in need of assistance, we hurried to the spot. It was the same place where we had believed our friend had fallen the night before, and we now discovered that in our previous excitement and the surrounding darkness we had overlooked a great sliver of rock that had been split from the foot of the wall by the mass of descending ice, revealing a little cavern behind it. In the farthermost corner of this a great flame flared,—a torch as big as a man's arm,—burning fiercely, with that hissing roar peculiar to gas under pressure. I heard Hill's uncertain steps behind us, and turned to him. The little cavern was red and lurid, and reflected its glow upon our faces and the opposite cliff, where the ice was as rosy as a snow-mountain at sunrise. We might have been three fiends holding consultation in the Inferno.

«By Jove!» said Clambor. «How very extraordinary!»

«What in the world is that?» I asked.

«That,» said Hill, looking dreamily at the flame, «that is gas—natural gas, right here in the Alps. Think of it!»

«But how did you happen to discover it?»

«I did n't,» said he, grinning. «It discovered me, and the first thing it did when it found me was to kick me out with business-like precision. By George! it pretty nearly jolted the life out of me, too.» He stretched his arms and legs stiffly, rubbing them here and there, and wincing and grimacing as he did so. But presently he straightened up, forgetting all about his aches and pains in the excitement of a thought.

«Say! Talk about fortunes! If the confounded thing was anywhere else, just think of the stock company we could form! You see, when I awoke this morning early, I concluded to explore that part of the crevasse I had tried to knock over last night, and the first thing I ran across was this cavern. I thought maybe it might have chipped off the door to some other crevasse, through which we might perhaps crawl out, so I walked in and struck a match to look around. That was all there was to it: everything else just happened itself.» Considering what *had* happened, this was deliciously droll; and he went on, with a twinkle in his eye: «Now I want you fellows to turn in and make snowballs—big ones, fit to build a fort of. You 've not forgotten how to roll them up, have you, Holdem?»

«I should say not! But what on earth do you want of snowballs?»

«Well, I intend to put that light out the first act—not until it has melted a few barrels of water off that opposite wall, though. Then I shall build a flue of ice and snow, cemented with water, say three quarters of the way up to the balloon, using the sides and floor of the cavern for two sides of the chimney, and arching the third side of the triangle between them. We will bank the mouth of the chimney with stone to protect the snow and ice from melting too quickly, make a hole through the plugging of the fissure mouth, join it with the flue by cementing it over in a hurry, and light up our gas again just where we want it. Why, an hour of that heat—maybe half an hour—reasonably near to the balloon will thaw it. I tell you, I feel good. Of course there is this objection to the scheme: if the heat required

to float the *Cloud Queen* is also enough to float that avalanche overhead, we shall have to tie to the ice-ax again for a life-preserver. But I believe luck is with us, and I propose to go right on making preparations to depart by first balloon. It 's the easiest way out, and, judged from my experience last night, it may be the only way. Now I want these snow-plugs made as big as barrels. It 's going to be a ticklish job to put out that light, but I guess we can do it.»

We ate our frugal breakfast first, with the thought that there was just enough left in the larder for one more scanty meal to act as an aid to digestion. So far as any prospects of a future dinner were concerned, we might have been the family of any brotherhood-bound striking workman. The only satisfaction we had was that the world outside, like a walking delegate, was dining well.

During all that day we made snowballs, rolling them up and down the gorge, assisted by Jabez, who thought this exercise was devised for his entertainment. Big as our great torch appeared to be, examination showed that the fissure through which the gas came was a small, jagged, triangular rent in the rock, not above eighteen inches from the floor of the cavern. We experienced far less trouble extinguishing the flame than we had anticipated, and, barring some singed eyebrows and whiskers, Hill's plan of operations succeeded admirably. But it was long, slow work building a flue of the length required, and cementing every little irregularity that might perhaps allow the gas to escape, particularly as after a few hours it became necessary for Clambor and me to explore the gorge from end to end for snow. Hill acted as mason, and we were «hod-carriers,» according to him.

It was in the course of these explorations that I came upon a curious piece of rock that had been at some preceding age grooved out by falling water, so that one side was shaped not unlike the half of a sewer-pipe divided longitudinally. It was perhaps three feet long, and from one to two thick, very irregular in outline, of course, but I at once saw that it would be a valuable adjunct for finishing the mouth of the flue, where the flame would create an intense heat. With Clambor's aid I carried it to Hill.

«Magnificent!» cried that worthy. «Just the thing I have been longing for and wondering how I was going to do without. Now look at it—just look at it, and dare to be pessimistic! Why, I call it flying in the face of Providence—no less—to grumble at anything so far. Have n't we been provided with everything heart could wish?—except, perhaps, a ladder out, and that has not been offered because we are not going to require it. But some people are never satisfied; must have a chromo with their box of soap, or they won't wash.»

«WE MADE SNOWBALLS.»

We helped to place our find at a suitable distance from the balloon, and by banking it high with rocks about the mouth we soon had a surprisingly good vent, in which the gas could burn for some time before it melted away the granite opening of our prostrate chimney.

Late in the afternoon we divided our last crumbs. I shared mine with Jabez, and we were both hungry after our banquet. At this

time the flue was over half-made, and we continued to work on it by candle-light all that night, being reasonably sure that the fissure was sealed well enough to prevent the gas from escaping in any considerable quantities. Next morning Hill melted some snow, and invited us to «come to hot water,» requesting his guests to bring their own «spirits,» and recommending that we make believe, as children do, that we were merely dyspeptic, and restricted to this diet for the sake of health instead of necessity. It was a pretty thin breakfast after twenty-four hours of steady toil, but our host reassured us by promising the best dinner to be had in Switzerland, served at twelve sharp.

«No fashionable hour for us,» said he, briskly. «A good feed to-day, and welcome to fashion to-morrow.»

It was while we were going through the empty form of this meal that Lord Clambor called our attention to Jabez.

«Look at that beggar,» he said. «I never saw any one thrive on short rations the way he does. He is actually putting on flesh.»

«In other words, this climate and dietary seem to agree with him,» said Hill, «which only goes to sustain my theory that the mind has more to do with health and happiness than the body. Jabez has not argued himself into hopelessness, as you have, Holdem. He is going on the principle that ‹sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.›»

But a sudden suspicion had crossed my mind. I knew Jabez well, and now that my attention was called to him, I perceived that he was filled with something besides hopefulness. There were attendant symptoms other than those visible to the eye in his increased circumference. In the first place, he did not tease. That meant, with Jabez, «I am not hungry.» I knew that he had been very hungry only a little while before, and I marveled in consequence. Then, too, Jabez carried a red napkin in his mouth that he invariably used after meals. This napkin was now doing good service, and when, after licking his chops to his satisfaction, he rolled over on his back and writhed about as he was wont to do from sheer excess of contentment at really possessing his dinner beyond the possibility of its being taken away from him, I sprang up.

«What in the name of heaven has that dog found to eat?»

We started as one man in the direction whence he had come last, and he, scenting discovery, ran ahead, looking back apprehensively now and then, as any provident-minded dog does when he fears his buried bone is about to be scented out by another dog. We were all so eager that we forgot our anxiety concerning the glacier overhead, and at last we ran Jabez to earth in the little cavern where our big gas-light had been burning. One side of this cave was of ice, and the heat had melted it away for three or four feet, as it had the cliff on the opposite side. Here Jabez sat on guard, wagging his tail, and at the same time showing his teeth, as one who would say:

«Now you see it. Take a good look at it, but let it alone.»

The shout we sent up might have started a dozen avalanches, for here was breakfast —aye, and dinner, too, and any number of meals, provided we were unfortunate enough to need them there. Nobody knows how long the ice had been accumulating, but when the heat had worn it away the sharp nose of the dog had discovered what we should have failed to find—the carcass of a pack-mule, swept off the pass of Mont Cervin, perhaps, and preserved, as if by Providence, in this great refrigerator for the needs of three little human things crawling about the spot long afterward. The circumstance of this discovery added to Hill's fund of cheerfulness.

«There,» said he; «does that look as if luck had deserted us? Better people than we have been reduced to rations of mule-meat before now. Of course, if this animal had been really thoughtful, he would have brought some greengroceries along in his pack, in which event we might have enjoyed our own garden here, so to speak. But we won't quarrel with our bread and butter—even if it is nothing but plain, ungarnished mule. You see, we are bound to get out of this predicament.»

«By Jove!» said Lord Clambor, with enthusiasm, «I believe you are right.»

«I know I am,» said Hill, modestly, casting a speculative eye aloft. «We have nothing to fear now, except our enemy up there. If he will kindly hold off, and not take advantage of our defenseless position—»

But he was interrupted by a rumble and a roar, a crash as if heaven and earth were smiting together, and we all sprang to our feet and looked into one another's white faces.

«What 's that?» I asked when the tumult had subsided.

Hill had seated himself almost immediately, and now said in a careless, offhand way, as if such a trifling circumstance hardly merited an explanation:

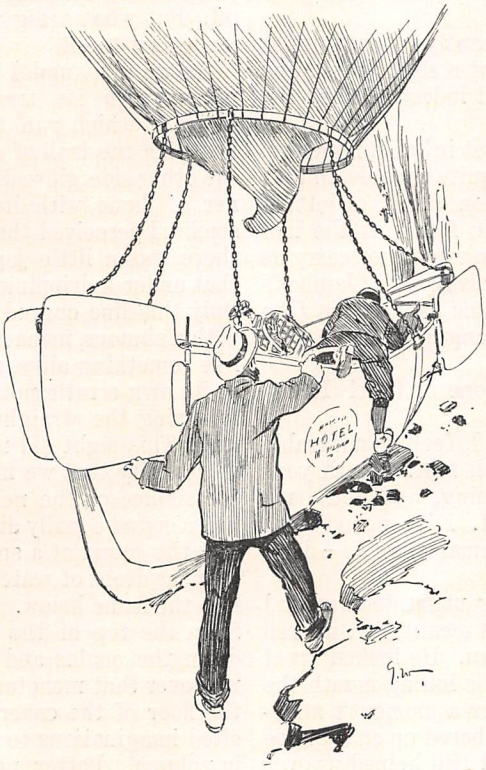
«That? Oh, that 's probably just another Englishman dropping in.»

Clambor was getting in a measure accustomed to Hill's pleasantries, but the voice with which he got off his regulation retort, «Oh, I say!» was decidedly feeble.

«Sounds to me as if he had brought his whole island along,» pursued Hill, cheerfully.

But the humor of the situation had rather a pallid color. I knew and Hill knew—we all knew—that if the accumulated snow on the mighty roof over our little house was sliding off the eaves in one place, there was no reason why it should not slide in another at any moment. Damocles's sword was a puny instrument of destruction compared with the one hanging suspended over our heads.

There are a few things — raindrops, microbes, gray hairs, and troubles—that never come singly. And sometimes one piece of good luck pairs off with another, and there you have the beginning of a jolly family party in time. We finished our breakfast of mule-steak,—Hill said we could call it beef if it would make it taste any better,—feeling our spirits reviving with every mouthful, and our confidence in the future returning in jumps. Sixty minutes later we had the connection made between the fissure and the flue, and had the gas lighted again, this time without accident of any sort. In an incredibly short time it became apparent that the balloon was reviving, too. Poor old *Cloud Queen!* She was getting the chill out of her bones and straightening up again, preparing once more to soar into her own domain. To say that we rejoiced is a feeble way of expressing it. As for Hill, he fairly wept. He ran over at the first motion of the great dull body, and lovingly took hold of a chain here and a chain there, as if they had been the hands of a friend he had thought dead miraculously restored to him; and he talked encouragingly to it, as though his words were understood and were helpful. Then he rushed back to the boat.



«GET IN, GET IN!»

«Come, now,» he cried, seizing it vigorously, «with a will! We have no time to spare.»

We took hold of it as men do when manning a life-boat, and we pushed it over the intervening space as the crew shove the craft in which they may perhaps be about to lose their lives—or save lives—into the surf.

«We can't wait, or hold her back with stay-lines until the ascending power regains its full force,» said Hill; «it would n't be safe. Besides, going up slowly will be our salvation. It 's the only way of getting the *Cloud Queen* out without damage that might ruin her.»

We were attaching the chains to the boat as he talked, and we could see that they were gradually straightening out.

«Get in, get in; wait for nothing!» cried Hill.

Lord Clambor jumped first, and Jabez and I followed. Hill ran back for the ice-ax. As he returned I saw him start, and throw his hand up to his head. When he reached the side of the boat there was a little cut on his temple from which the blood trickled slowly.

«Nothing but an icicle,» he remarked cheerfully, «and a small one, fortunately.»

But we all knew the significance of that falling bit of ice. As the man stood there, with his hand on the taffrail, and his head thrown back to look at the balloon above us, I thought that never before had any human being lived in whom the spirit predominated so absolutely over the flesh. His face expressed only a keen and comprehensive interest in the workings of the mechanism he had invented, and he was watching the pro-

cess of ascension with the same careful professional attention that he would have given it if he were preparing to ascend from any dooryard in France. It was the finest piece of absolute self-control in the face of imminent danger that I ever saw. We knew that, so far as our chances went, we might just as well be sitting over a mine of gunpowder to which the fuse was laid and lighted, cheerfully hoping that the spark would expire before it reached the powder. Clambor looked at our chief intently and steadily, but his face will never be more bloodless than it was then.

«Ah,» said Hill, pleasantly, «she floats at last.» He gave the boat a slight push, and I perceived that we had indeed cleared the bottom of the gorge.

«For heaven's sake, get in!» I stammered. I felt that he would be quite capable, in that debonair, careless fashion of his, of letting us go without him if he found at the last moment that the balloon would not carry us all. Some suspicion of this crossed Clambor's mind, too. The color came back to his face with a rush, and he sprang up like the gentleman that he was.

«I say,» he cried, «none of that! If any one stays, I do.»

«No, you don't,» said I, feeling miserably mean to have him speak first. «Both your lives are worth something, and you have other folks to think of. I 've nobody but Jabez, and if anybody remains, we do—don't we, Jabez?»

Now I know that dog understood what I said, and what my words meant, just as well as if he had been human. He looked up at me seriously, shutting his lolling mouth the better to hear, and after a moment's affectionate scrutiny he clambered up on my knee and licked my face. But Hill helped us over an awkward pause.

«No heroics booked for this trip—thank you both, just the same. We can't spare anybody; our party is too small. But Jabez is the last man that goes. Why, Jabez is our mascot, eh, old boy?» He gave him a friendly pat, but the dog looked sober and leaned hard against me, running his tongue out and back rapidly, as if he was searching about in his mouth for the right word, but could n't quite get hold of it. He snuffled, too, and that was always a mark of deep feeling with Jabez. Altogether, I knew he had expressed himself something like this:

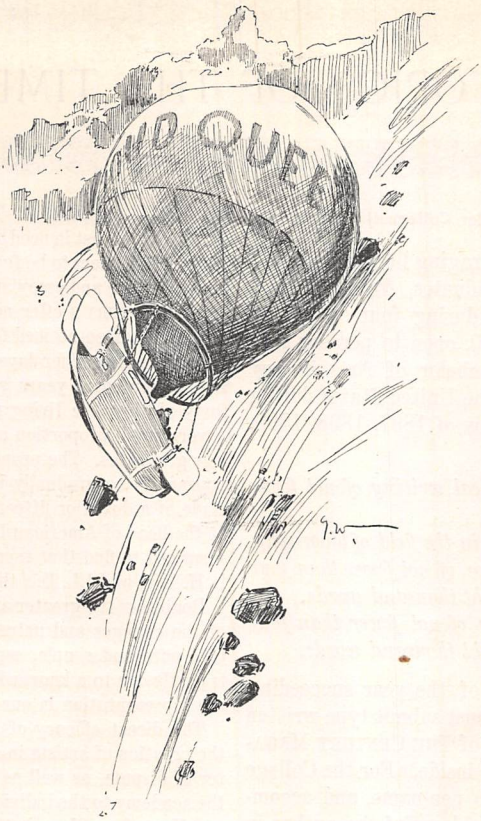
«That 's all right, thank you. I appreciate your attention, and I entertain the highest opinion of you as a gentleman and a fakir. I 'm glad to stay, too; but it would have been just as master said. I stand by master in everything. He 's the only man I know who is always absolutely right on all subjects.»

To our great relief, Hill's additional weight did not appear very materially to affect the upward tendency of the balloon, but, horns of the Alps! how it crawled! When I thought of the way we had shot up through space the day we left Chamonix, and compared it with the way we crabbed along now, it was maddening, even though I knew that in this slow progress lay our safety *if* the avalanche held off. But what a big word those two letters made just then!

As we rose, and I looked back upon our prison, with its trampled snow and ice, through which ran the mark left by the boat like the trail of a great snake, while on the other side glowed and streamed our banner of flame with its fringe of ascending smoke, I perceived that under our north wall there was a little jagged, wet trench, like that under a dripping house-eave in a thaw. Only this line curved and wound in and out with a sinuous, menacing, serpentine fashion like something alive, and moving according to its own erratic notions instead of tamely following the straight line of a carpenter's wall. This sight did not add to any feeling of security that we might have had, and in the silence of the next few minutes there was a sound equally disquieting ascending to us—the sound of a sputtering hiss now and then, as drops of water from above splashed into the flame below. Water was also falling from the top of the balloon and trickling down the chains and valve-rope, and there was ever that monotonous drip, drip, drip on the floor of the cavern, seeming to our excited imaginations to be steadily increasing in volume. Patter, patter, patter came the sound, like hundreds of fleet steps following us—steps of sprites and gnomes who dwell in habitations unknown to man, and resent his advent into their domains. Drip, drip, patter, patter—it was a veritable quickstep. All the trolls of the eternal hills were after us to drag us back. It seemed to me, as I lifted my horrified eyes away from the slowly increasing depth beneath to the strip of widening sky above, where the edges of the crevasse stretched like wide lips in a horrid, fiendish grin at our presumption, that we were literally in the mouth of the mountain. The question was, would the great jaws close upon us and crush us? And as we rose higher and higher and approached the top, I could see the glacier hanging curled over

the grinning lip like a cruel, lolling tongue waiting to lick us into the maw of eternity.

Now it would be bad enough to be roasted, or smothered, or crushed, or frozen. Any of these words set by reality as a period to life smacks of the tragic. But to be roasted, *and* smothered, *and* crushed, *and* frozen makes a combination death that rises into the realms of a disaster altogether too complex to be appreciated by any plain, unaspiring person. Few care for a death constructed on the composite order. At any rate, I never should select anything so ornate as that for my own demise; my tastes were always simple. But that was just what our prospects seemed to be for a few minutes, as we soared lazily out of that awful gulf. How green its walls were!—green or blue, as you choose to call it,—like grotesque cliffs of petrified sea-water, of deep-sea water, frozen and split asunder by some caprice of nature, filling an idle day with the ruin of an earthquake or the orchestra of a cyclone.



« WE WERE JERKED OUT OF THE VORTEX.»

The top of the balloon had evidently reached the level of the crevasse. We saw its huge shadow darkening the front of the suspended cataract above us. Leaning over the edge of the boat and looking up with suspended breath, we saw this shadow suddenly careen violently to one side. The next moment the *Cloud Queen* was flung against the inanimate pile of carved and statuesque snow, chiseled thus by the savage tools of those wandering mountain sculptors and climbers, the untrammeled winds. We had been on the point of deliverance, we had caught breath to cheer; but now each man grasped the sides of the boat and waited in silence. The good craft we were in was raking upward with violent jerks and plunges, as if the *Cloud Queen* was struggling with some mighty enemy to preserve her own life and the lives of her human cargo. Pieces of broken crust flaked off the snowy wall within reach of our hands and fell crumbling upon us. And then we saw the great white river begin to move; slowly, sluggishly, with the creak of rending ice and the groaning grunt of some huge animal goaded and lashed into reluctant motion. And we—out of the vortex into which that frozen torrent began to pour ever faster and faster, we were jerked, like puppets on a string, up into the sunshine, into the sweet air, out of that well filled with noisome gases, but into a wind that bore us along like a feebly resisting feather over that roaring Niagara into which it seemed we must inevitably be plunged. The *Cloud Queen* had risen out of the grave, only to be smitten by the mighty palm of a hurricane, and driven like a frightened bird against the ragged walls of the Matterhorn, or engulfed in the icy torrent below. A ghostly spume of snow rose from it as the resistless force of gravitation hurried it on, and the opposing winds plowed into it with savage thrusts and plunges of gusty strength. The great airship dipped and rose, rose and dipped, until at times we shut our eyes, feeling that the next instant would see us wrenched out of the air and tossed into the awful chaos of that entombing stream. With its thunder in our ears, and the fear of it in our hearts, we passed what seemed an eternity of time, expecting each moment to be blotted out of existence as completely as if we had never been.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Marion Manville Pope.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

«The Century's» Prizes for College Graduates.

WITH the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE offers to give, during four successive years, three prizes of $250, open to persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1*st*. *For the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.*

2*d*. *For the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.*

3*d*. *For the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.*

On or before June 1st of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, marked, outside and inside, «For the College Competition,» signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made. It is to be understood that the article submitted has not been previously published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication.[1]

THE above offer has been formulated after consultation with some of the leading educators of the United States. In some respects the proposition differs from the usual prize offer. It is meant to cover a wide range of belles-lettres, and to stimulate interest in purely literary production on the part of college graduates. It may be said that «short-story» writing needs no extraordinary stimulus in this country. The «output» is already large, and much of it is of excellent quality. Perhaps in this case the demand has had the usual effect upon the supply. It has, we believe, always been the habit to decry «magazine poetry,» even when a large part of it was written by those who are regarded as our «great poets.» But then and now the poetry of the better American magazines has probably been of finer quality than indiscriminate criticism concedes. The department of our literature perhaps most in need of stimulus is that of the essay. There would seem to be fewer well-equipped and accomplished critics and essayists than our literature needs.

THE CENTURY'S offer naturally brings up consideration of the often-noticed fact that so few of our literary men, since the earlier days, have been college graduates. The writer some years ago made up a list of about forty of the then living prominent American authors. A very small proportion of these were found to be college graduates. The proportion of that class of writers appears to be gradually increasing; but if a list were made of a dozen or fifteen of the men and women now at the head of American literature, the public would be surprised to find that there were so many more A. M.'s, L. H. D.'s, and LL. D.'s than B. A.'s among them.

Doubtless the greater attention given of late in some of the colleges and universities to the study of literature pure and simple, especially to English literature, is partly due to a knowledge of their own disproportionate representation in our modern authorship.

The direct efficacy of institutions, of academies, in the creation of artists in general will always be a matter of dispute, as well as the question of the benefit of the academy to the individual genius. Would Shakspere and Keats have done better if they had had the advantages of university training? Would Milton have been greater without these advantages? Is Winslow Homer a greater painter because he never studied in Paris, or is he great in spite of having missed the discipline of the Beaux Arts? Doubtless John Keats would have been glad to have had John Milton's «opportunities,» but would he then have enriched the literature of the world with more exquisite odes than those «On a Grecian Urn» and «To a Nightingale»? Questions like these are, and will always remain, very pretty subjects for debate.

Debatable also is the question of the value of prizes in stimulating literary activity of a high order. One of our advisers remarks that such prizes have not worked well among undergraduates in a certain university, as the young men have preferred to put their work on the regular subjects of instruction. But such a result of the prize method among undergraduates does not imply a similar result among graduates, as the conditions are, of course, entirely different. Others of our educational advisers are very hopeful concerning the experiment. At any rate, the experiment appears to be well worth trying, and we trust that substantial good will come of it.

Good Men and Bad City Government.

IT is a generally acknowledged fact that in the government of cities America has made its most conspicuous governmental failures. An incident of such failures, and partly accounting for them, is the frequent refusal of the men most active in all good works to participate in what is termed «local politics,»—even in «reform»

[1] The above was announced in the public press Saturday, July 24, 1897.

politics,—for the reason that such participation would interfere with their usefulness in connection with those religious and philanthropic organizations with which they are identified. The situation is very clearly set forth in an extremely interesting book published not long ago by a young citizen of New York, well known as one of the originators of the City Club, whose study of political conditions has not been the less thorough and fruitful because disinterested and public-spirited. Mr. Edmond Kelly says, in his chapter on «The Church and the State,»[1] that the necessity of holding off from politics on the part of the churches and the lay institutions which are kindred thereto has had a subtle reaction upon all who attend church; «so that abstention from politics has grown to be a sort of virtue, and, indeed, a matter of pride.» Again, church and charitable institutions are brought into contact with municipal office-holders, but generally in the relation of men who have favors to ask. These institutions are often landowners. «Every owner of land is brought continually into contact with the city authorities in regard to such questions as assessments, improvements, sewers, police protection, and the like.» In cities «where a *per capita* allowance is paid to religious institutions for those whom they support, this relation is intimate, and apt to become collusive. Charitable societies are continually called upon to confer with the heads of public charities, of prisons, of public schools. The necessity for this intercourse occasions a mutual disposition to be on good terms with one another; especially is this the case with those who are in the relation of suppliants for favor. There arises, therefore, amongst church-goers and charitable people a notion that, however evil the city authorities may be, they are to be appeased, not fought, and, in the language of a contributor to the ‹Charities Review,› that more can be got out of them by coöperation than by resistance.»

Mr. Kelly goes on to say—and he evidently is speaking from close experience—that when a movement is started to reform unendurable abuses, and when appeals are made for assistance, the reformer is amazed at the answers often received.

> Clergymen very justly say that they cannot divide their congregations by introducing amongst them the sword of politics. The same answer is made by such bodies as the Young Men's Christian Association, by the managers of workmen's and boys' clubs—in fact, by every religious institution that has a pulpit or educational influence. But this is not all. The habit of tolerating municipal abuses and of conciliating municipal bosses has created a temperament which is perhaps a still more redoubtable enemy to good government than the enforced neutrality of religious bodies; for it is temperament that determines conduct, and it is from the conduct of her citizens that a city benefits or suffers. Now if the temperament of the best of her citizens is one of submission to municipal misgovernment and of aloofness from all matters political, then the salt has lost its saltness, and we may well ask, Wherewith shall it be salted?

Some good men beg off because they are devoting all their energies to the correction of some social evil in the community, and they do not wish to diminish their influence by political complications. «And so we are like a well-intentioned but insubordinate crew on an unseaworthy ship. Each one of us has attached himself to a particular leak, and will not hear of giving heed to any other matter, however much greater may be its importance to the safety of the ship.» While one is sponging away a few drops near at hand, tons of water are pouring into a gaping hole.

> Especially in our cities, the elections, except under exceptional conditions, carry out the will, not of the people, but of a few corrupt political leaders, and it is only rarely, fitfully, and under extraordinary circumstances that the real popular will is expressed. It is also clear that this is due to the fact that the citizen has abdicated in favor of political machines; that in so doing he has been guilty of a political crime; and that if he performed his clear political duty,—that is to say, if he took the necessary steps to see that the proper candidates were nominated, and gave as much time to secure such nominations at periods of small excitement as he does at periods of great excitement,—it would be perfectly possible—nay, easy—for him to have his way year in and year out. In other words, the citizen only attends to his political duties when driven to it by impulse and temper; he never performs them for the same reason that he does his domestic duties—because they *are* duties, and he feels under a moral obligation to do so. It is believed that if the citizen knew what vital interests depended upon the yearly elections; if he were alive to the uselessness of devoting his time to charitable and philanthropic societies so long as the administration of our public charities, of our public schools, and of our public prisons was in the hands of ignorant and self-seeking politicians; if he appreciated that it was idle to spend his money on private charities so long as the money of the city was being squandered in manufacturing the very paupers and criminals which it was his aim to succor; if, in a word, he understood that his well-intentioned efforts have only for effect to trim the luxuriance of vice, and by trimming to promote its growth, it is believed that the energy, wealth, and disinterestedness that now dissipate themselves in infructuous if not in absolutely injurious effect would, by concentration in better-directed channels, purge the State of politicians, relieve the laboring classes of the incubus of pauperism, and largely diminish the effect of crime.

The author's contention is that virtually every great problem which now faces humanity is a political one. «The problem of pauperism and socialism, of education and crime, can only be handled by the State.» He holds that in a broad sense political duties have a religious character, and that although the church may not be an instrument through which the work can be effected, «it is through religion only that the work of regeneration can effectually be accomplished.» By religion the author is far from meaning ecclesiasticism; he defines the religious spirit philosophically as «the desire and resolution to fight animal instinct in so far as it clashes against spiritual instincts essential to social life.»

Mr. Kelly's practical suggestion is that what the churches, as such, cannot do, good men in the church can do. He thinks that «the spirit of enthusiasm which has heretofore been employed in organizing private charities should now be employed in organizing effort to achieve more fruitful results through the more powerful operation of public office.» He is aware of the necessity of avoiding any sectarian bias, but he thinks that the clergymen could do a great deal of a practical character in such movements, which should be thoroughly non-partizan.

Mr. Kelly's timely work unites general philosophical discussion with statements and suggestions of immediate and pressing application. Some of his readers may

[1] «Evolution and Effort and their Relation to Religion and Politics.» D. Appleton and Company.

not follow with approval either all his philosophical leadings or all the details of his practical program; but probably most of those who read his argument will acknowledge to a new and vivid sense of the evils which need to be corrected in American municipal government, and will agree with the author that a great amount of ethical effort is being diverted from its proper channel in the refusal of so many men of virtue to make their influence felt for good government. Under the system of universal suffrage such diversion is little less than a crime against the state.

There are so-called «good men,» leading church members, active in American municipal politics, who merely illustrate how much harm can be done by the possessors of a dual conscience—one for the Lord's day, and one for election day; and there are «political parsons» who are a public nuisance. But there are a great many churchmen who are «good» even in the trying field of public duty, and there are clergymen whose good sense makes their participation in civic affairs never other than proper and useful. But good citizenship needs to be reinforced more largely with these elements, for the fight is on for good city government in all parts of the country.

OPEN LETTERS

Glave's Last Letter and his Death.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE conclusion, in the present number, of the material from the diary of the African explorer Glave adds interest to the private letters which follow, and which form an interesting postscript to this important series. It will be remembered that Mr. Glave died just at the conclusion of his expedition, May 12, 1895, at Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo.

Shortly after his arrival at Matadi, he wrote a letter to the President of The Century Co., dated April 25, 1895, in part as follows:

« . . . The administration of the Belgians is decidedly progressive. Five large, comfortable boats have replaced the tiny A. I. A. *Royale* and *En Avant* on the upper river; a reliable postal service has been established to the very limits of the state territories; the Arab slavers have been crushed beyond ever again being a menace to the state's authority; and the Congo Railway, already running over a well-laid track for sixty miles, promises completion in three years' time, provided sufficient funds are found. This line will of course supersede the miserable depopulating system of manual transport by the native porters (the Bakongo), and will, when finished between Matadi and Stanley Pool, bring the heart of Africa within easy reach of the markets of the world by steam communication. The state intends also to carry a telegraph line from the coast to Tanganyika, and operations are already begun.

«Coffee of a superior quality has been found to grow out here in nearly every district, with most promising results; and, to my mind, coffee and rubber will constitute the main articles of profitable export. Ivory is getting constantly scarcer, and in a few years' time trade in elephant-tusks will have yielded up its important position in the list of African products. All the Belgians on the Congo are elated at the prospect of the Congo Free State being taken over by Belgium and made into a ‹colony›; but this country cannot become a colony in the true sense of the word. Its unhealthy climate forbids this. Not only have dangerous fevers to be fought, but the climate reduces one's vigor and strength, and one's blood becomes watery and poor. It appears to me that even if colonists decide to face these dangerous conditions, the next generation will bear the brunt of the experiment. I have frequently seen children who have been born out on the Congo, and they are always bloodless-looking little creatures, and at the first opportunity they are sent home for safety. The fact of being born out here does not exempt them from fevers. Recently I saw a little girl ten months old who had already had several fevers.

«With regard to African sicknesses, experience and experiment are constantly furnishing knowledge concerning the remedies and treatment to be employed. Bilious, hematuric, or black-water fever is the principal menace to life, and often proves suddenly fatal; in spite of the ablest doctoring, a patient sometimes dies after two days' illness. On the other hand, certain constitutions resist these fevers in a remarkable way. Dr. Sims, of the American Union Missionary Society, who has been eight years at Leopoldville without going to a temperate climate, remains in good health in spite of having had, besides small fevers, twelve hematuric or black-water attacks! . . .

«The occupation of the territories of the Congo Free State by the Belgians is an enormous expense, and the administration is making most frantic efforts to obtain a revenue of a size sufficient to enable it to pay its way. In the fighting consequent upon this policy, owing to the inability or disinclination of natives to bring in rubber, slaves are taken—men, women, and children, called in state documents *libérés!* These slaves, or prisoners, are most of them sent down-stream, first to Leopoldville. There the children are handed over to a Jesuit mission to be schooled and to receive military training from a state officer established at the mission for that purpose. In two years this Catholic mission has buried three hundred of these poor, unfortunate little children, victims of the inhuman policy of the Congo Free State! In one month seventy-three new graves were made! On the *Ville de*

Bruxelles, the big state boat upon which I descended the Congo, we took on board at the equator one hundred and two little homeless, motherless, fatherless children, varying from four years to seven or eight, among them a few little girls. Many of them had frightful ulcers which showed no sign of having been attended to, although there was a state doctor at the equator station. Some few had a tiny strip of cloth, two or three inches wide, tucked in a string around the waist to hide their nakedness, but half of them were perfectly naked. As they were huddled together on the lower deck of the boat on the damp, chill mornings, shivering with cold, death was marking many more for hasty baptism and a grave at the Jesuit mission near Leopoldville. By the time we reached Kinsassa, Stanley Pool, there was a great deal of sickness among the children, principally fevers and coughs; many were hopelessly ill. If the Arabs had been the masters, it would be styled iniquitous trafficking in human flesh and blood; but being under the administration of the Congo Free State, it is merely a part of their *philanthropic* system of *liberating* the natives! The whole world seems to think that the Congo Free State is a civilizing influence, and that philanthropy and love of justice are prompting every effort of the administration. . . . It is his [the King of Belgium's] duty to learn the true state of things in the dominion of which he is sovereign. . . . I feel myself considerably run down by my residence in Africa; my physical strength does not diminish, but I am anemic, liverish, and mentally sluggish. . . .

«At this moment there are no startling movements on the Congo, and were it not for the forced commerce peace would reign everywhere. In the Stanley Falls regions Commandant Lothaire has a big expedition composed of twelve whites, three hundred regular soldiers, and a host of irregulars. He has gone northeast from the falls to Lake Albert Nyanza, with the idea of establishing the state's authority in these regions, and intends placing small garrisons along his route to establish communication through the land. One of the objects of this expedition—one might safely say the main one—is the collection of ivory, said to be in vast quantities in the native villages. Captain Franqui is on the Upper Onellé; and according to what news leaks out from the official bureau, the state has had serious fighting, and Franqui is in urgent need of assistance. . . .»

On April 11 the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, of the Baptist mission at Underhill, near Matadi, addressed Mr. Glave, who was on his way down the river, in the following kindly spirit: «Your message arrived yesterday with a letter for Mr. Casement, who was here last month. . . . Thinking it possible you might be sick on the road, and in need of help, I opened your letter. I trust you will pardon the liberty. . . . My wife and I hope you will give us the pleasure of your company while you are in the neighborhood.»

On May 20, 1895, Mr. Forfeitt described the visit and death of Mr. Glave in the following letter to the President of the Century Co.

«The sad news of the death of Mr. E. J. Glave will have reached you ere this letter arrives. Mr. W. Clayton Pickersgill, C. B., British consul, landed here from the coast an hour after Mr. Glave died; and as he left two days later for Europe, he kindly undertook to write you and the relatives in England while on the voyage. Just before the end came, Mr. Glave requested me to take charge of all his effects, and deal with them as per inclosed memorandum. In going through his correspondence I found letters from you, the tone of which showed me that you regarded Mr. Glave not simply from the point of view of professional association, but that you entertained for him feelings of real personal friendship and esteem.

«I feel, therefore, that you will wish to know something more than the *fact* of the death, and that any further details I can give will be received with sorrowful satisfaction by you and Mr. Glave's many friends in America.

«I believe Mr. Glave wrote to you by the mail which left here on April 27, so that you would hear of his safe arrival at this point, the port of departure for Europe, he having successfully accomplished the great feat of crossing the continent.

«I had not met Mr. Glave before, but of course his name as that of an old African was well known to me. I need not say that my wife and I looked forward to his arrival with much pleasure, and we greatly enjoyed his company during the two or three weeks he stayed here as our guest. We are happy to believe he also enjoyed the time spent here, for in a letter to my brother at Upoto, Upper Congo, one thousand miles from here, he wrote on May 10, only two days before his death, as follows:

«‹I do not at all regret the delays, for the missions down here have extended to me the greatest kindness. To your brother and Mrs. Forfeitt I am deeply indebted for their untiring consideration and whole-souled hospitality. I have spent about two weeks with them, and felt from the first moment thoroughly at home. It is indeed a great privilege to enjoy such sterling friendship.›

«I trust you will not misunderstand my motive in venturing to quote Mr. Glave's kind words. My sole object is to enable you as far as possible to gather how he spent the last two or three weeks of his life, in agreeable association and fellowship with his own countrymen, and not away alone in the bush. This fact, I think, will give some comfort to his friends at home.

«While here Mr. Glave made excursions of two or three days each on the Congo Railway (in course of construction), and to Yellala Falls, the last of the cataracts. He took several photographs of the latter to include in THE CENTURY articles.

«On the 3d of May Mr. Glave had a small fever here, which was soon overcome; and for the most part, until the fatal attack of the 11th and 12th, he was in good health and spirits, and looking forward with great delight to meeting his friends in Europe and America once more. He had already taken a cabin on the steamship *Coomassie*, and all his luggage was on board. Indeed, he spent one night on the steamer, as an attack of fever came on suddenly when he was there on the 9th. I visited him early next morning, and found him dressed and apparently all right again. Finding the steamer's sailing was delayed two or three days, Mr. Glave preferred to return to Underhill in our boat with me, so as to be away from the noise and bustle on the vessel.

«That day, Friday, the 10th inst., was spent quietly

at this station. When he went to bed, we advised him to take breakfast before rising next morning. I went to his room in the morning, and placed my hand on his forehead to see if he had any return of the fever. Noticing this, he said, ‹Oh, I have no fever.› I thought he had, so fetched a thermometer, which registered his temperature at 102.2°. Of course we kept him in bed and applied the usual remedies and treatment. The temperature rose steadily, and continued high all day, but he was cheerful and took nourishment well, and also quinine, etc.

«I decided to sit up that night. At 11:30 P. M. our patient slept, and did not wake till 3:30 A. M. His temperature had come down well. I gave him ‹Brand's Essence,› and he went to sleep again until 6 A. M., by which hour the temperature was almost normal. Symptoms continued very favorable until after midday on Sunday, the 12th. At 2 P. M. the temperature went up a little, but it was not until four o'clock that it exceeded the previous day's record. We did all we possibly could to induce perspiration, but with little result. At five o'clock we felt the case to be very serious; and Mr. Glave himself evidently felt the same, for he turned to me and said: ‹If I die, Mr. Forfeitt, I want you to send all my papers and photographs to The Century Co., and all my other things to my brother, George Glave, 14 Paternoster Square, London, who is to sell all for the benefit of my mother.›

«Soon after this he became for the first time delirious and violent. We tried a cold bath to reduce the temperature; but all was unavailing, and at 6:15 P. M., after a short time of quiet, though still unconscious, our friend died.

«I cannot tell you how great a shock it has been to me and my wife, and to my colleague, Mr. Pinnock, who had shared the nursing. Our own sorrow is great, and we desire to assure you, and all the relatives and friends, of our heartfelt sympathy; and we earnestly pray that God may graciously comfort all who have been so sorely bereaved by this sad event. I have seen many fevers out here, and not a few fatal cases, but never one exactly like this in its course and sudden termination.

«On Monday morning, at nine o'clock, we buried Mr. Glave's remains in the graveyard of this mission, the funeral being attended by all our European neighbors who could possibly be present. I inclose several letters from some who could not attend, thinking you may like to see them.»

Edward James Glave would have been thirty-three years old on the following September 13. In THE CENTURY for October, 1895, was printed an account of «Glave's Career,» including his explorations in Africa and Alaska.

Editor of The Century.

Public-School Lectures in New York.

A SUGGESTION TO OTHER CITIES.

THE courses of free lectures for the people given under the auspices of the Board of Education in New York have met with such success that perhaps a few words concerning the system and its results may be of value to other cities. In 1888 the State legislature passed an act authorizing the Board of Education of New York City to provide for a course of free lectures for workingmen and workingwomen, to be given in the school-houses of the city. Fifteen thousand dollars were appropriated to carry out the plan. The Board of Education placed the matter in the hands of the Committee on Evening Schools, and during the first lecture season, which lasted from January to April, 1889, 186 lectures were given in six school-houses in the most densely populated centers of the city, the total attendance being 22,149, or an average of 119 persons at each lecture. During the next season 329 lectures were given between October and April, at seven centers, the total attendance being 26,632, or an average of 81 at each lecture. Comparing this number with that of the previous year, the committee began to doubt either the popularity of this form of instruction or the wisdom of the management. It was resolved to place the care of the free lectures under one responsible head, and Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, well known as an educator, was chosen to direct the work. His reforms in the free-lecture system were: first, the issuing of ten thousand pocket bulletins from each center, containing the list of lecturers and a brief statement explanatory of each lecture; second, large placards in the windows of neighboring stores and in shops and factories, giving the lecturers' names and subjects. Changes were made in the corps of lecturers, and liberal use of the stereopticon was decided upon. Technical scientific lectures were made plain by experiments. The attendance at the 185 lectures given the next season was 78,295, an average of 423 at each lecture. Some of the practical subjects treated that season were «Every-day Accidents, and How to Meet Them,» «How to Breathe,» «How to Take Care of the Eyes and Ears,» «Light and Color,» «Practical Electricity,» «How Worlds are Made,» «The Cañons of the Colorado,» «Abraham Lincoln,» «Money, and How to Make It,» «Survey of Architecture,» etc. While these lectures were not given in courses, a correlation was maintained between many of the subjects, so that a current of interest was supported throughout. The most instructive lectures were the ones most keenly enjoyed, and the attendance was so large at many of the school-houses that it was difficult to accommodate the people. A bill was passed by the next legislature empowering the Board of Education to rent halls if necessary; and Cooper Union Hall, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Hebrew Institute were brought into use. One of the problems confronting the managers was how to secure the services of able lecturers for the small sum of ten dollars; but it was soon discovered that many men of excellent talent were willing to lend a helping hand even for so small a fee.

The attendance during the fourth season was 122,243. The next year the lectures were made more varied, and 130,830 people heard 310 lectures. The sixth season, 170,368 people attended 383 lectures; and the seventh season there were 224,118 people present at 502 lectures. In 1895–96 this number was increased to 392,733 and 1040 lectures, of which 795 were illustrated with stereopticon views, and 73 by experiments. They were held at thirty different centers, and the attendance on the last night was 9289. During the past season, closing April 1, 1897, 426,357 persons heard 1066 lectures.

A strong evidence of the popular favor is the universal good order and eager attention characteristic of the

audiences in every part of the city. Besides the local superintendent of the lecture center, policemen, private detectives, and others are always on duty, though their services are seldom required. Having delivered lectures during the last season at twenty of the centers, including every grade of audience, from the Battery to Bedford Park, on both sides of the city, the attendance ranging in number from 250 to 2200, I can bear personal testimony to the delightful sympathy, the whole-souled responsiveness, and the perfect decorum of the people. The work has grown until it has become the largest free-lecture course in the world—a people's university, without a building of its own or a faculty, but inspired and carried out by the masses it is helping to educate and humanize.

New York is peculiarly fortunate in having so much available lecture talent at hand; but similar results can be obtained, with patience and persistence, by the school boards of many others of the larger towns and cities, especially in university towns where lecturers are plentiful. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and other well-informed people could be called upon, and lectures on citizenship, literature, travel, business, natural history, laws of health, and questions of the day could be intelligently treated in hundreds of cities. This truly noble and far-reaching system of culture might be employed to the physical, intellectual, and moral elevation of many other communities of the American commonwealth. Doubtless Dr. Leipziger, under whose skilful management the system has been developed in New York, would send helpful material to any who cared to address him at his office in the Board of Education building, 146 Grand street, New York.

NEW YORK. *S. T. Willis.*

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

IRVING RAMSAY WILES.

IRVING RAMSAY WILES is best known for his excellent compositions in black and white, many of which have appeared in THE CENTURY; but as a painter he is equally worthy. The quality of the work, both in oil and water-colors, which he shows from time to time at the exhibitions is so much above the average as to cause his painter friends to wish that the demands of the publishers upon his time were less exigeant.

The leading characteristics of Mr. Wiles's painting and designing are refinement and good taste, a color-sense in the main attractive, good drawing, and a «touchy» handling that is not too loose. These qualities eminently fit him for portrait-painting, in which he has been successful, and in which those interested in his career hope to see him obtain a wider field.

Mr. Wiles, who is only thirty-six, has had a uniformly progressive career. Born in Utica, New York, he first studied with his father, L. M. Wiles, himself a good painter; later, at the Art Students' League, under Carroll Beckwith and William M. Chase. In 1882 he went abroad, and entered L'Académie Julien, where he had the advantage of the criticism of Le Febvre and that wonderful teacher, the late G. R. C. Boulanger. Mr. Wiles was also the pupil of Carolus Duran.

Upon his return to America in 1884, he at once came to the front as an illustrator. In 1886 he received the third Hallgarten prize, National Academy of Design, for the painting «The Corner-table»; 1889, the T. B. Clarke prize, National Academy of Design, for the picture we print as a frontispiece, «The Sonata»; 1897, the W. G. Evans prize, Water Color Society; 1889, honorable mention, Paris Exposition; 1893, medal, World's Columbian Exhibition; 1897, medal for portraiture, Tennessee Centennial.

Mr. Wiles is an associate of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, the Water Color Club, and the Society of Painters in Pastel.

His principal portraits are of Dr. Edward Eggleston, Mr. Richard H. Halsted, General Martindale, and Mrs. Hugh J. Grant.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Irish Love Song.

YOU darling, you white one, you sigh of fresh air,
With stars for your bright eyes, and wind for your hair,
And snow on your bosom,—'t is inside it too,—
You 'll kill me wid grievin', faith, that 's what you 'll do!

There 's sun in your kisses, there 's frost in your frown,
An' there 's light in your smile to light valley and town;
Yet I, in the dark, must go pokin' around;
'T would be well for my peace I was undher the ground!

Did Nature grow stingy, imposin' a dearth,
Faith, you as one blossom would save a bleak earth;
And were I the wild wind, I 'd roamin' forego
To hang tendherly over the spot where you 'd grow.

Oh, Molly avourneen, I 'm wastin' apace;
And the last thing on earth that needs spoilin' 's my face.
Faith, the dogs in the village run howlin' wid fright
At the sight of me walkin' abroad in the night.

But I 'll own you, my dewdrop, my flush of young dawn;
Though the chase be a long one, I 'll thrain wid the fawn;
And I 'll have you and hold you, your heart to my heart,
Till no wiles of this world can put us apart.

Oh, I 'll cherish and tend you and feast you on love,
Till the angels, in envy, look down from above;
And the grave earth itself 'll be one glowing smile
That 'll start 'neath your footsteps and spread mile by mile!

Thomas D. Bolger.

«The Man who Does his Work.»

THIS life is a strain and a struggle;
We are born to a world of care;
And of all the scurries and woes and worries
I 've had a bit more than my share.

It 's idle to say that it 's even,
And there 's no such thing as chance:
Though one has trouble, another has double;
One scrapes for the other to dance.

And some, they whine and they whimper,—
That 's the kind that will never be missed;
For honest labor there 's always a neighbor
To lend him a helping fist.

This much I have learned for my comfort:
It 's never worth while to shirk;
Blow east, blow west, the world wags best
For the man who does his work.

G.

A Reply to Cœlebs.[1]

THOUGH deeply moved by your appeal,
I hesitate to speak,
And yet I do so; for I feel
I am the one you seek.
I lay my maiden shyness by,
I stoop to raise the glove,
Such kindred souls as you and I
May frankly treat of love.

My mirror and my bank-account
In sweet accordance show
My charms to equal in amount
The list you dwell on so;
I always have a cheerful smile,
An ample balance, too;
I am an orphan; and my style,
I think, would dazzle you.

But, Cœlebs, on the other hand,
My standard, too, is high;
I too have sought, I too demand,
Perfection in reply.
There are conditions (just a few)
Which, I should like to state,
Must be embodied for me, too,
Ere I accept a mate.

I only ask for manly grace,
Proficiency in sport,
An easy manner, high-bred face,
A wit that foils retort,
A powerful mind, keen business sense,
A place in wide affairs—
In short, a man of prominence,
Whose wife his honors shares.

Your verse has kindled answering fire,
You seek perfection, too.
If you prove all that I desire,
I 'll prove the same to you.
But if you do not, Cœlebs, then
I really cannot see
Why less than such a man of men
Expects a wife like me.

Hope D. Firde.

[1] See THE CENTURY for March, 1897, page 800.

The Poster Girl.

(AFTER "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.")

THE blessed Poster-girl leaned out
From a pinky-purple heaven.
One eye was red and one was green;
Her bang was cut uneven;
She had three fingers on her hand,
And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No sunflowers did adorn;
But a heavy Turkish portière
Was very neatly worn;
And the hat that lay along her back
Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave
That she was standing on,
And high aloft she flung a scarf
That must have weighed a ton;
And she was rather tall—at least
She reached up to the sun.

She curved and writhed, and then she said,
Less green of speech than blue:
«Perhaps I *am* absurd—perhaps
I *don't* appeal to you;
But my artistic worth depends
Upon the point of view.»

I saw her smile, although her eyes
Were only smudgy smears;
And then she swished her swirling arms,
And wagged her gorgeous ears.
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,
And wept some purple tears.

Carolyn Wells.

«Po' Linger!»

WUNST 'pun a time dar wuz a po' ole man name' Linger, en he tuk mighty bad off. He wuz a-layin' in he baid when, 'way up in de air, here come Mr. Turkey-buzzard a-circlin' round, circlin' round. Den he drap a leetle lower en lower, 'twell he 'gin ter go flip-flop, flip-flop; den he res' 'pun de fence, en dis am whut he sing: «Po' Linger!» Den Linger say: «Wait er leetle longer.» Mr. Turkey-buzzard riz f'om de fence, en here come anoder circlin', circlin' round; den dey bofe flip-flop down to res' on dat fence. Den he sing: «Po' Linger!» En f'om de house de answer come fort': «Neber min'.» Den he hunch hisse'f todes t' oder, en sot. Den free er fo' more buzzards come, en dey did likewise, e' singin' 'fo' dey settled: «Po' Linger!» En he 'spon' back, mighty low now: «Neber min'.» Dey sets and dey wait; den de las' ter come hop down, en whin he git to de house he peep frough de chink, en sing out wunst mo': «Po'—Linger!» Nobody ain' sayin' nutten; ag'in he sing: «Po'—Linger!» Dey 's all now crowdin' roun' de do', some yit peepin' frough de chinks.

Dey luks roun', en tu'n dey haids f'om side ter side; but nobody ain' a-sayin' nutten. Den dey bu'sts open de do', en all hops en sings:

«Mighty good pickin's et de barbycue! mighty good pickin's et de barbycue!»

Arter a while dey all riz up in de air higher en higher, en keep a-gwine 'twell dey 's clean outen sight. In de house dere 's layin' 'pun de flo' a leetle pile er dry bones.

S. M. Polk.

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LADY COCKBURN AND FAMILY.

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THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE NEW YORK POLICE.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

IT may be true that, inasmuch as a price must always be paid for everything, we pay for peace the price of a certain softening of national and civic fiber which, if carried too far, would be very serious indeed. Nevertheless, in our present highly complicated civilization there are a number of occupations which, even when carried on during a time of profound peace, call for the development in a very high degree of the prime virtues of the soldier—energy, daring, hardihood, discipline, power of command, power of obedience, and marked bodily prowess.

Some of these occupations are the ordinary vocations of great classes of people in civilized life. A notable case in point is the profession of railroad-men. Engineers, firemen, brakemen, and train-hands generally, follow an occupation which makes more of a demand upon heart, hand, and head than any trade or business, not directly connected in some way with war, which was ever carried on before the present century. The men of the fishing-fleet, the men who follow other hazardous occupations at sea, are the only ones whose business in life implies the acceptance of risk and responsibility, and the exercise of courage and judgment, in the way which is true of almost all work connected with the business of transportation as now conducted.

But besides the employments of private business, there are in every large city two departments where men enter the service knowing that part of their duty is to show willingness to face danger, and even death, in the course of their regular work. These are the police and the fire departments.

In the two years following May, 1895, I was President of the New York Police Board, and so, of course, was brought into close contact with the police, and grew to know well their daily life and the emergencies which they have continually to meet. As soon as our Board of Police was put into office, we introduced a number of radical changes in the management of the force, and one of these changes was the effort systematically to acknowledge gallantry. We did not have to work a revolution in the force as to courage in the way we had to work a revolution as to honesty. The police force had always been brave and efficient in dealing with rioters and the like; but by degrees, under the rule of Tammany, it had become very corrupt. Our great work, therefore, was the stamping out of dishonesty; and so far as the ridiculous bi-partizan law under which the department was administered would permit, this work was thoroughly done. But we were anxious that while stamping out what was evil in the force, we should keep and improve

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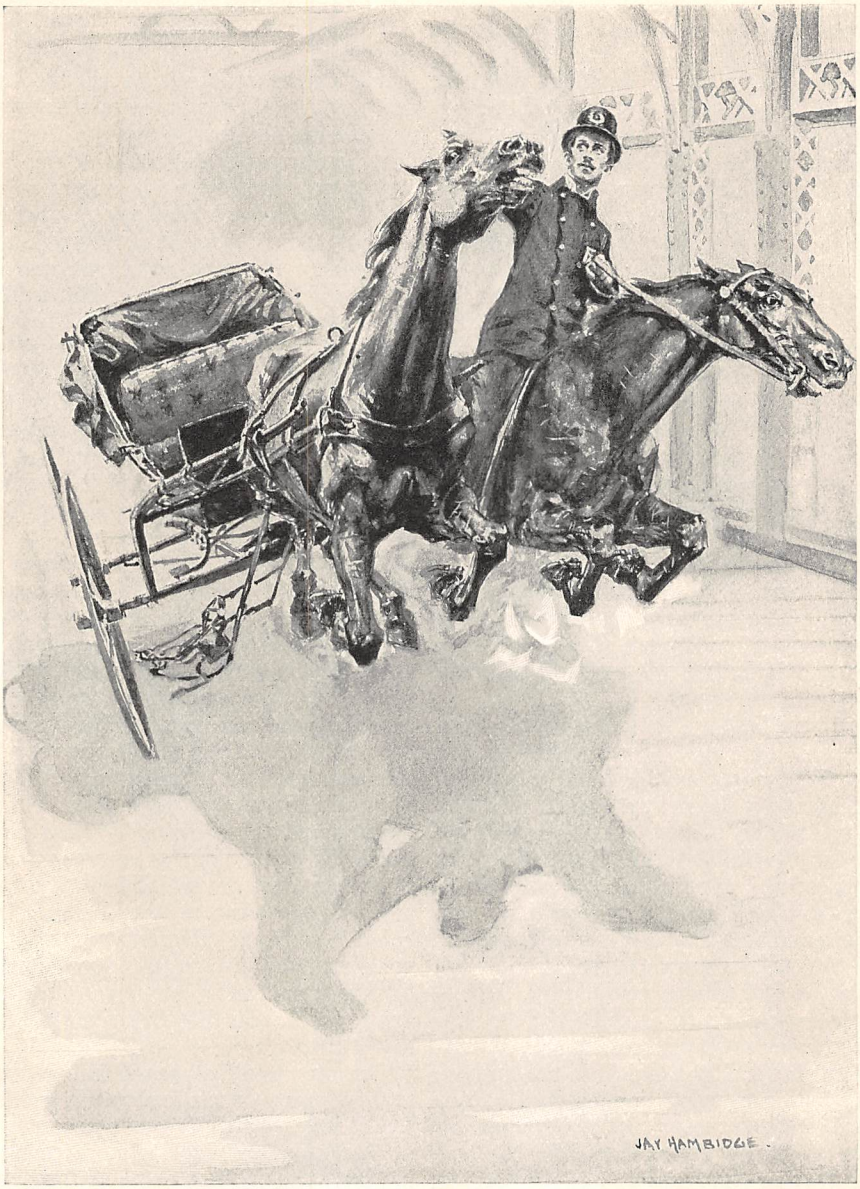
what was good. While warring on dishonesty, we made every effort to increase the efficiency of the force. After all, it is unfortunately true, as has been shown by sad experience, that at times a police organization which is free from the taint of corruption may yet show itself weak in some great crisis, or unable to deal with the more dangerous kinds of criminals. This we were determined to prevent.

Our efforts were crowned with entire success. The improvement in the efficiency of the force went hand in hand with the improvement as to honesty. The men in uniform and the men in plain clothes—the detectives—did better work than ever before. The aggregate of crimes where punishment followed the commission of the crime increased, while the aggregate of crimes where the criminal escaped unpunished decreased. Every discredited politician, every sensational newspaper, and every timid fool who could be scared by clamor, was against us. All three classes strove by every means in their power to show that in making the force honest we had impaired its efficiency; indeed, by their utterances they actually tended to bring about the very condition of things against which they professed to protest. But we went steadily along the path we had marked out. The fight was hard, and there was plenty of cause for worry and anxiety; but a resolute determination neither to falter nor to swerve can accomplish a good deal even under the most unfavorable conditions. The result in this case was that in February, 1897, the judge who charged the grand jury was able to congratulate them on the phenomenal decrease of crime, especially of the violent sort, in New York. This decrease was steady during the two years. The police, after the reform policy had been thoroughly tried, proved more successful than ever before in protecting life and property, and in putting down crime and vice.

The part played by the actual personal prowess of the members of the police force, and its recognition by the board, in producing this state of affairs was appreciable, though there were many other factors that combined to bring about the improvement. The immense improvement of discipline by punishing all offenders without mercy, no matter how great their political or personal influence; the resolute warfare against every kind of criminal who had hitherto been able to purchase protection; the prompt recognition of ability, even where it was entirely unconnected with personal prowess—all these were elements which had enormous weight in producing the change. Mere courage and daring, and the rewarding of courage and daring, could not supply the lack of discipline, of ability, of honesty; but they are of vital consequence, nevertheless. No police force is worth anything if its members are not intelligent and honest; but neither is it worth anything unless its members are brave, hardy, and well disciplined.

We showed recognition of daring and personal prowess in two ways: first, by awarding a medal or a certificate in remembrance of the deed; and, second, by giving it weight in making any promotion, especially to the lower grades. In the higher grades—in all promotions above that of sergeant, for instance—resolute and daring courage cannot normally be considered as a factor of determining weight in making promotions; rather is it a quality the lack of which unfits a man for promotion: for in the higher places we must assume the existence of such a quality in any fit candidate, and must make the promotion with a view to the man's energy, executive capacity, and power of command. In the lower grades, however, marked gallantry should always be taken into account in deciding among different candidates for any given place, and, wherever possible, should be made the determining consideration.

During our two years' service we found it necessary to single out men for special mention, because of some feat of heroism, over a hundred times. The heroism usually took one of four forms: saving somebody from drowning, saving somebody from a burning building, stopping a runaway team, or arresting some law-breaker under exceptional circumstances. Of course we occasionally awarded honorable mention for some other reason, such as coolness which averted a panic, or unusual nerve and skill in some arrest of the ordinary kind; but these instances were rare. The above-mentioned four kinds of gallantry are naturally those in which policemen are most apt to distinguish themselves. Their business is to prevent disorder and to arrest criminals, and now and then a desperate criminal or a violent mob will show fight. Their duties keep them in the streets, so that they necessarily observe every runaway, and try to stop it. They are of course present at every fire, and almost invariably before the firemen get there, so that they frequently have a chance to display gallantry in the rescue of life and property before the men of hose and ladder make their appearance. Finally, the river-front of the city is very ex-



STOPPING A RUNAWAY.

tensive, and the policemen stationed along it have unusual opportunities to see and rescue people who are drowning.

Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of why we awarded medals is to give a list of the men thus rewarded for two months. In October, 1895, we, on the 1st of the month, awarded a medal to a patrolman for peculiar gallantry in stopping a runaway horse under circumstances which made the act one of great danger to himself, and which doubtless resulted in saving the lives of those in the vehicle. The patrolman thus rewarded was also later made a roundsman, and put in charge of the bicycle squad, our attention having been first called to him by this act. On the same day we gave honorable mention, but without a certificate or medal, to three other officers: one had also stopped a runaway horse; another had rescued a man from drowning; and the third had arrested an insane man armed with a revolver, under circumstances which went to show that the officer's coolness and

presence of mind saved both himself and the onlookers from death or injury at the hands of the armed maniac. On the 8th of the month we gave a medal to an officer who had rescued a boy from drowning by plunging into the water between the wharf and the steamer from which the boy fell, at the imminent risk of being crushed to death between the two, a fate from which he and the rescued boy were saved purely by his pluck and his skill as a swimmer. Honorable mention was made of two other officers—one for rescuing a boy from drowning, and one for stopping a runaway horse. On the 15th yet another officer received honorable mention for saving a man from drowning; and on the 22d a sergeant and two patrolmen were commended for the coolness and skill they displayed in stopping a prize-fight and arresting both the participants and the spectators, though they were an uncommonly tough crowd, and showed immediate fight.

In February, 1897, we rewarded five men: two for stopping runaways; one for arresting a murderer, an ex-convict, who was armed and showed fight; and two for saving women from burning buildings.

Among the first promotions we made were two which illustrated the attitude of the board toward cases of this kind, and which also incidentally illustrated exactly what we mean by «taking the force out of politics» —that is, by administering it on principles of decency, and appointing and promoting men on their merits, without regard to their political backing. The first case was that of an old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, who was at the time a roundsman. I happened to notice one day that he had saved a woman from drowning, and had him summoned so that I might look into the matter. The old fellow brought up his record before me, and showed not a little nervousness and agitation; for it appeared that he had grown gray in the service, had performed feat after feat of heroism, but had no political backing of any account. He was a Grand Army man, but not one of the «political» type, and so had not received any attention from the former police boards; and now, at last, he thought there was a chance for him. He had been twenty-two years on the force, and during that time had saved some twenty-five persons from death by drowning, varying the performance once or twice by saving persons from burning buildings. Twice Congress had passed laws especially to empower the then Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, to give him a medal for distinguished gallantry in saving life. The Life-Saving Society had also given him its medal, and so had the Police Department. On examining into his record carefully, we found that it was wholly free from complaints for any infraction of duty, and that he was sober and trustworthy. We felt that he was entitled to his promotion, and he got it. We did not know his politics, nor did we care about them. It is very unlikely that the woman whom he last saved, as he swam out toward her, felt any special interest as to whether he had voted for Cleveland or Harrison; nor did we. He had risked his life freely again and again in the performance of his duty; he had conducted himself so as to be a credit to the department and a credit to the city; and we felt that he was entitled to his reward. It is worth while mentioning that he kept on saving life after he was promoted to a sergeantcy. On October 21, 1896, he again saved a man from drowning. It was at night, nobody else was in the neighborhood, and the slip from which he jumped was in absolute darkness, and he was about ten minutes in the water, which was very cold. The captain of the precinct, in reporting the case, said: «The sergeant was off the bulkhead and into the water after his man quicker than it takes to say ‹Jack Robinson.›» There was no way in which the board could reward him for this, except by telling him that he was an honor to the department; for he had been given all the medals, and bars to the medals, that he could be given. It was the twenty-ninth person whose life he had saved during his twenty-three years' service in the department, and he was fifty-five years old when he saved him.

Can any intelligent and honest man say that we were wrong in rewarding this man? Yet it was because of our constantly acting in this manner, resolutely warring on dishonesty, and on that peculiar form of baseness which masquerades as «practical» politics, and steadily refusing to pay heed to any consideration except the good of the service and the city, and the merits of the men themselves, that we drew down upon our heads the bitter animosity, the malignant hostility, of the bread-and-butter spoils politicians. Through their tools in the legislature they repealed the civil-service law. They attempted to legislate us out of office, and desisted only because at last decent citizens were roused to take action in our favor. They denounced us with a ferocity that became fairly incoherent. They joined

with the baser portion of the sensational press in every species of foul, indecent falsehood and slander as to what we were doing. When all this failed they tried intrigue. But they could not make one of my colleagues, Major Avery D. Andrews, swerve a hand's-breadth; and though they finally caused a split in the board, it was, fortunately, not until most of our work was done. They did all this on the plea that we were impractical, hostile to the «organization,» and not good politicians, because, forsooth, we applied in public life the principles of common sense, honor, and morality which any decent man would uphold in private life.

Early in our term we promoted a patrolman to the grade of roundsman for activity in catching a burglar under rather peculiar circumstances. I happened to note his getting a burglar one week. Apparently he had fallen into the habit, for he got another the next week. In the latter case the burglar escaped from the house soon after midnight, and ran away toward Park Avenue, with the policeman in hot chase. The New York Central Railroad runs under Park Avenue, and there is a succession of openings in the top of the tunnel. Finding that the policeman was gaining on him, the burglar took a desperate chance, and leaped down one of these openings, at the risk of breaking his neck. Now the burglar was running for his liberty, and it was the part of wisdom for him to imperil life or limb; but the policeman was merely doing his duty, and nobody could have blamed him for not taking the jump. However, he jumped; and in this particular case the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the unrighteous. The burglar had the breath knocked out of him, and the «cop» did n't. When his victim could walk the officer trotted him around to the station-house, and a week afterward he himself was promoted, it appearing, upon careful investigation, that he was sober, trustworthy, and strictly attentive to his duty.

Here again it seems to me that we followed the eminently common-sense plan of promoting a man who had earned his promotion by faithful and distinguished service, and by proved superior capacity. We cared no more for the policeman's views on the tariff or the currency than we did for those of the burglar. Our interest, and the interest of citizens generally, was to have the officer catch that burglar and otherwise do his duty. If he did his duty we were for him; if he did not we were against him; in neither event did we care whether the officer had or had not the backing of the congressional delegation of the city or the Central Committee of the county. Of course, as before, this exposed us to wild outcries from the local political bosses and heelers, and much sneering at «civil-service reform»; but all the outcries and sneers meant was that we were doing our duty as decent men and as public officials, with some slight appreciation of what was implied by the words honor and uprightness. Political organizations are eminently necessary and useful; but when they are seized by professional spoils politicians of low morality, who run the «machine» in their own interests, who clamor against honesty, and defy decency, and rail against that device for obtaining clean government which is known as civil-service reform—then it is time for all citizens who believe in good citizenship to rise in revolt.

Two or three cases may be given as examples where the men's names were put on the roll of honor, but where it was not possible or advisable to promote them. First I will take a couple of instances of gallantry at fires which occurred in January, 1897.

In one case an officer, while going home to get his breakfast, saw a number of people gathered round a fire-box on a street corner, and trying ineffectively to send off an alarm. The officer at once stopped, sent off the alarm, and ran round to where the fire was supposed to be. It was in a tenement-house, and the inmates, with the curious apathy they sometimes show, had declined to take any interest in the fire. The officer dashed up-stairs, and literally drove them all out of their rooms. Once out, they saw that the hallway was filled with smoke, and came down quickly enough of their own accord. But while the officer was hunting through the rooms to see whether any children had been left behind, the flames suddenly burst out, running through the halls and up the staircases. Shielding his eyes, he dashed down one flight of stairs through the flames, leaped the balusters, and rolled down the next flight into the street. He was badly scorched, and the skin was hanging from his hands, so that he had to be sent to the hospital. If it had not been for his prompt action there would have been a very serious loss of life in the building.

The other case, where the officer did fireman's work at about the same time, resulted in a rather more definite saving of life. Two policemen saw flames and smoke coming out of a four-story brick building. After sending in an alarm, one of them hastily established

A RESCUE AT A FIRE.

the fire-line to keep the crowd away from the building, and got everything in readiness for the coming of the firemen, while the other was alarming the people within. Almost all of them got out; but one woman, having run to the window of the second story, disappeared back into the room, and did not emerge. There was no flame in the halls, but they were thick with smoke, as were the rooms. The officer ran up-stairs, holding his breath. When he got on the landing he heard the woman moaning inside, and groped his way in on all fours. She was lying unconscious on the floor, and by this time he himself was almost smothered; but he managed to carry her down-stairs before he fell.

She speedily came to. The firemen arrived two or three minutes later, and got the fire under control.

In November, 1896, an officer who had previously saved a man from death by drowning added to his record by saving five persons from burning. He was at the time asleep, when he was aroused by a fire in a house a few doors away. Running over the roofs of the adjoining houses until he reached the burning building, he found that on the fourth floor the flames had cut off all exit from an apartment in which there were four women, two of them over fifty, and one of the others with a six-months-old baby. The officer ran down into the adjoining house, broke open the door of the apartment on the same floor,—the fourth,—and crept out on the coping, less than three inches wide, that ran from one house to the other. Being a large and very powerful and active man, he managed to keep hold of the casing of the window with one hand, and with the other to reach to the window of the apartment where the women and child were. The firemen appeared, and stretched a net underneath. The crowd that was looking on suddenly became motionless and silent. Then, one by one, he drew the women out of their window, and holding them tight against the wall, passed them into the other window. The exertion in such an attitude was great, and he strained himself badly; but he possessed a practical mind, and as soon as the women were saved he began a prompt investigation of the cause of the fire, and arrested two men whose carelessness, as was afterward proved, caused it.

A number of cases occurred in which the officers were obliged to use their revolvers in dealing with criminals who used theirs. We promoted one patrolman—a man with an already excellent record—for gallantry shown in a fray which resulted in the death of his antagonist. He was after a gang of toughs who had just waylaid, robbed, and beaten a man. They scattered, and he pursued the ringleader. Running hard, he gained on his man, whereupon the latter suddenly turned, and fired full in his face. The officer already had his revolver drawn, and the two shots rang out almost together. The policeman was within a fraction of death, for the bullet from his opponent's pistol went through his helmet, and just broke the skin of his head. His own aim was truer, and the man he was after fell dead, shot through the heart.

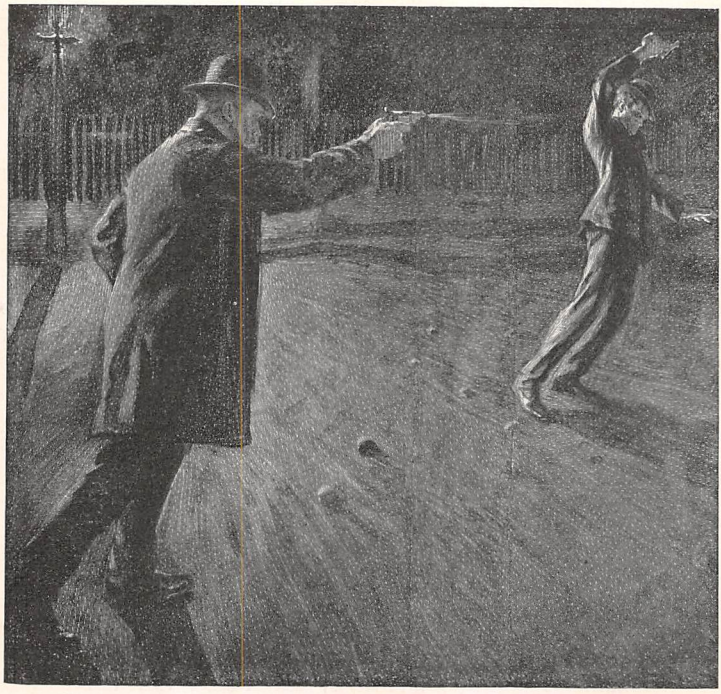
In May, 1896, a number of burglaries occurred far up-town, in the neighborhood of 156th street and Union Avenue. Two officers were sent out each night to patrol the streets in plain clothes. About two o'clock on the morning of May 8, they caught a glimpse of two men loitering about a large corner house, and determined to make them explain their actions. In order to cut off their escape, one officer went down one street, and one the other. The first officer, whose name was Ryan, found the two men at the gateway of the side entrance of the house, and hailed to know what they were doing. Without answering, they turned and ran toward Prospect Avenue, with Ryan in close pursuit. After running about one hundred feet, one of them turned, and fired three shots at Ryan, but failed to hit him. The two then separated, and the man who had done the shooting escaped. The other man, whose name proved to be O'Connor, again took to his heels, with Ryan still after him; they turned the corner, and met the other officer, whose name was Reid, running as hard as he could toward the shooting. When O'Connor saw himself cut off by Reid, he fired at his new foe, the bullet cutting Reid's overcoat on the left shoulder. Reid promptly fired in return, his bullet going into O'Connor's neck, and causing him to turn a complete somersault. The two officers then cared for their prisoner until the ambulance arrived, when he was taken to the hospital, and pronounced mortally wounded. His companion was afterward caught, and they turned out to be the very burglars for whom Reid and Ryan had been on the lookout.

In December, 1896, one of our officers was shot. A row occurred in a restaurant, which ended in two young toughs drawing their revolvers and literally running amuck, shooting two or three men. A policeman, attracted by the noise, ran up, and seized one of them, whereupon the other shot him in the mouth, wounding him badly. Nevertheless, the officer kept his prisoner, and carried him to the station-house. The tough who had done the shooting ran out, and was seized by another officer. He fired at him, the bullet passing through the officer's overcoat, but he was promptly knocked down, disarmed, and brought to the station-house. In this case neither policeman used his revolver, and each brought in his man, although the latter was armed and resisted arrest, one of the officers taking in his prisoner after having been himself severely wounded. A lamentable feature of the case was that this same officer was a man who, though capable of great gallantry, was also given to shirk his work, and we were finally obliged to dismiss

him from the force, after passing over two or three glaring misdeeds in view of his record for gallantry.

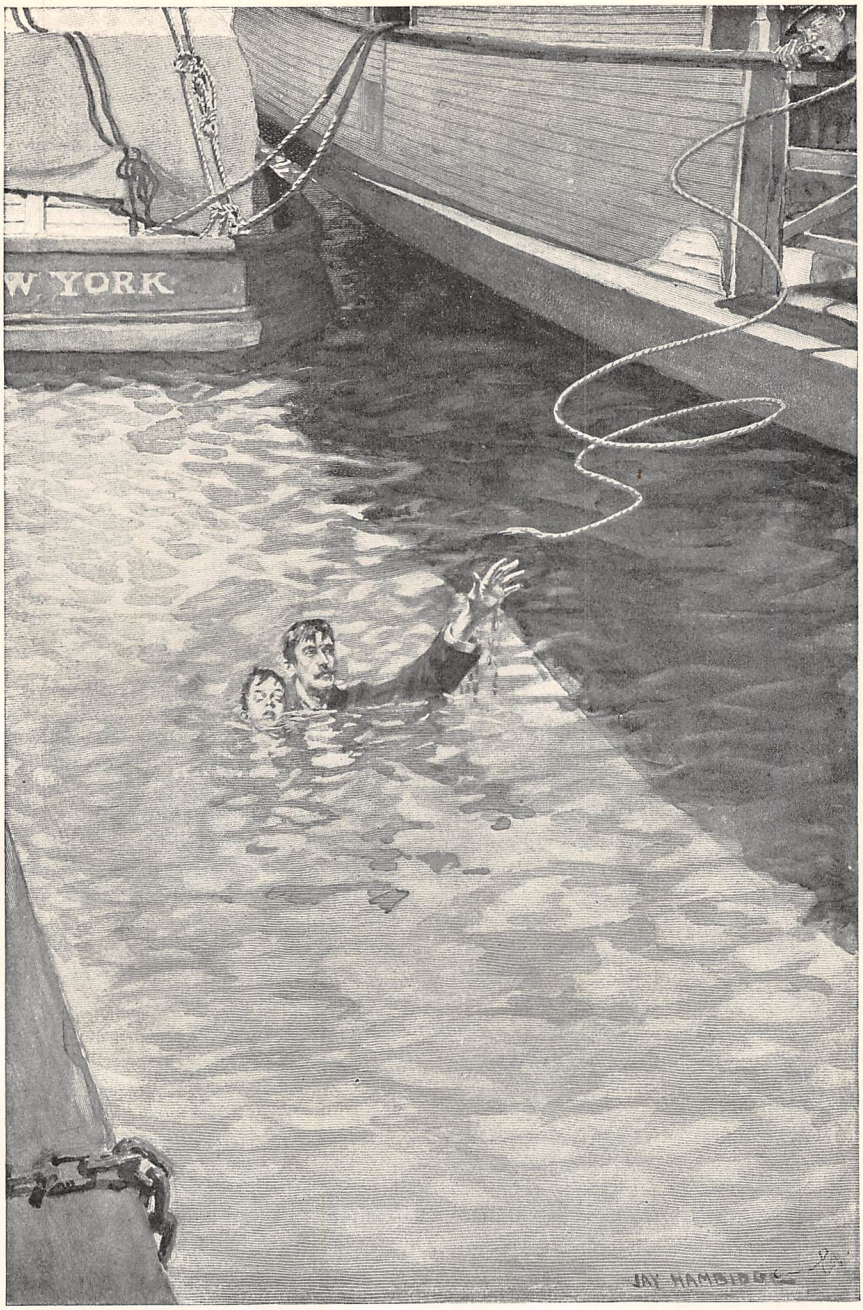
We promoted another man on account of finding out accidentally that he had performed a very notable feat, which he had forborne even to mention, so that his name never came on the roll of honor. Late at night, while patrolling in a lonely part of his post, he came upon three young toughs who had turned highwaymen and were robbing a peddler. He ran in at once with his night-stick, whereupon the toughs showed fight, and one of them struck at him with a bludgeon, breaking his left hand. The officer, however, made such good use of his night-stick that he knocked down two of his assailants, whereupon the third ran away, and he brought both of his prisoners to the station-house. Then he went round to the hospital, had his broken hand set in plaster, and actually reported for duty at the next tour, without losing one hour. He was a quiet fellow, with a record free from complaints, and we made him roundsman.

The mounted squad have, of course, many opportunities to distinguish themselves in stopping runaways. In May, 1895, a mounted policeman succeeded in stopping a runaway at Kingsbridge under rather noteworthy circumstances. Two men were driving in a buggy, when the horse stumbled, and in recovering himself broke the head-stall, so that the bridle fell off. The horse was a spirited trotter, and at once ran away at full speed. Heyer saw the occurrence, and followed at a run. When he got alongside the runaway he seized him by the forelock, guided him dexterously over the bridge, preventing him from running into the numerous wagons that were on the road, and finally forced him up a hill and into a wagon-shed. Three months later this same officer saved a man from drowning.



THE SHOOTING OF BURGLAR O'CONNOR.

The members of the bicycle squad, which was established soon after we took office, soon grew to show not only extraordinary proficiency on the wheel, but extraordinary daring. They frequently stopped runaways, wheeling alongside of them, grasping the horses while going at full speed; and, what was even more remarkable, they managed not only to overtake, but to jump into the vehicle and capture, on two or three different occasions, men who were guilty of reckless driving, and who fought violently in resisting arrest. They were picked men, being young and active, and any feat of daring which could be accomplished on the wheel they were certain to accomplish.



OVERBOARD.

Three of the best riders of the bicycle squad, whose names and records happen to occur to me, were men of the three ethnic strains most strongly represented in the New York police force, being respectively of native American, German, and Irish—or, more accurately, in this particular case of mixed Scotch and Irish—parentage.

The German was a man of enormous power, and he was able to stop each of the many runaways he tackled without losing his wheel. Choosing his time, he would get alongside the horse, and seize the bit in his left hand, keeping his right on the cross-bar of the wheel. By degrees he then got the animal under control. He never failed to stop it, and never lost his wheel. He also never failed to overtake any «scorcher,» although many of these were professional riders who deliberately violated the law to

see if they could not get away from him; for the wheelmen soon get to know the officers whose beats they cross.

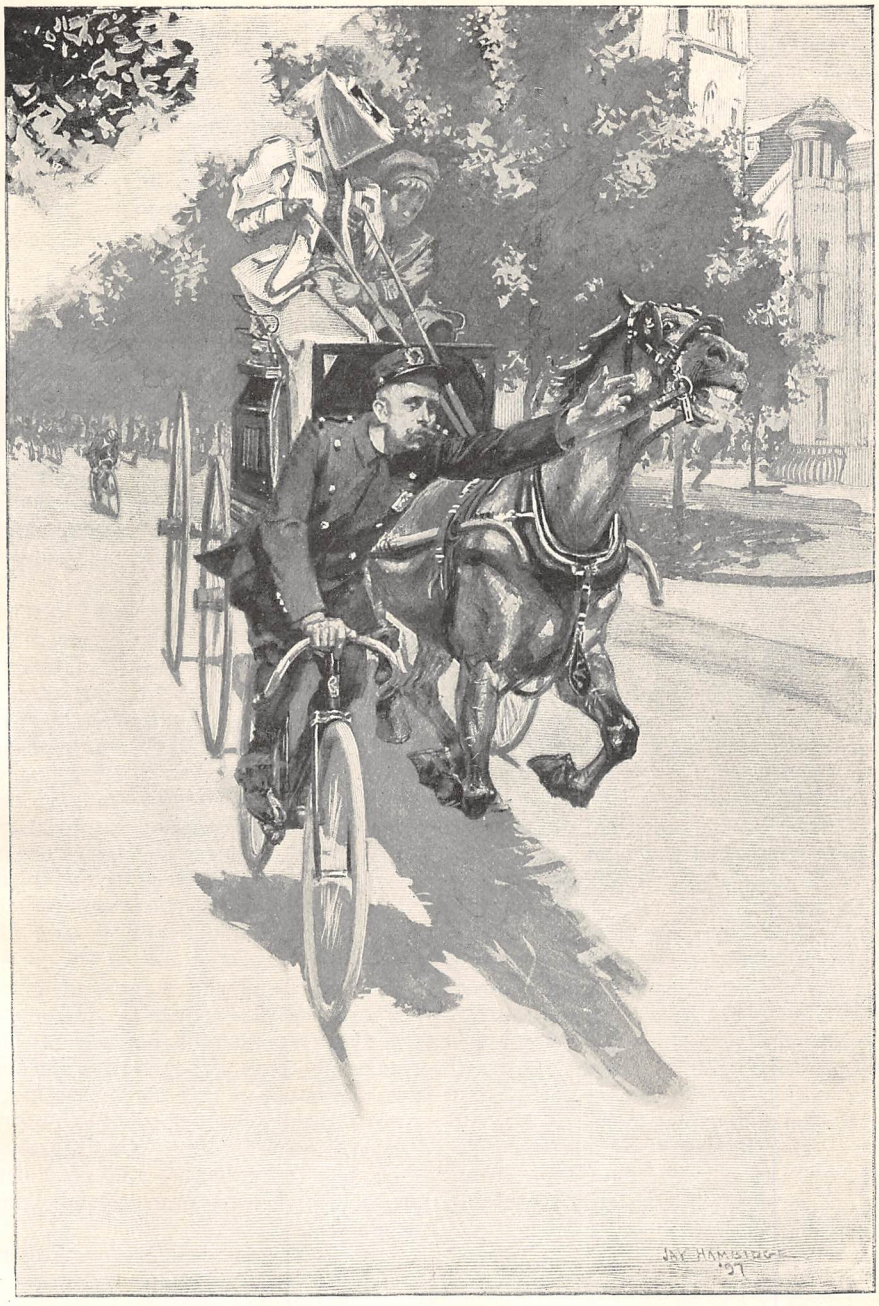
The Yankee, though a tall, powerful man and a very good rider, scarcely came up to the German in either respect; he possessed exceptional ability, however, as well as exceptional nerve and coolness, and he won his promotion first. He stopped about as many runaways; but where the horse was really panic-stricken he usually had to turn his wheel loose, getting a firm grip on the horse's reins, and then kicking his wheel so that it would fall out of the way of injury from the wagon. On one occasion he had a fight with a drunken and reckless driver who was urging to top speed a very spirited horse. He first got hold of the horse, whereupon the driver lashed both him and the beast, and the animal, already mad with terror, could not be stopped. The officer had of course kicked away his wheel at the beginning, and after being dragged along for some distance he let go the beast, and made a grab at the wagon. The driver hit him with his whip, but he managed to get in, and after a vigorous tussle overcame his man, and disposed of him by getting him down and sitting on him. This left his hands free for the reins. By degrees he got the horse under control, and drove the wagon round to the station-house, still sitting on his victim. «I jounced up and down on him to keep him quiet when he turned ugly,» he remarked to me parenthetically. Having disposed of the wagon, he took the man round to the court, and on the way the latter suddenly sprang on him, and tried to throttle him. Convinced at last that patience had ceased to be a virtue, he quieted his assailant with a smash on the head that took all the fight out of him until he was brought before the judge and fined. Like the other «bicycle cops,» this officer made a number of arrests of criminals, such as thieves, highwaymen, and the like, in addition to his natural prey—scorchers, runaways, and reckless drivers.

The third member of the trio, a tall, sinewy man with flaming red hair, which rather added to the terror he inspired in evil-doers, was usually stationed in a rather tough part of the city, where there was a tendency to crimes of violence, and incidentally an occasional desire to harass wheelmen. The officer was as good off his wheel as on it, and he speedily established perfect order on his beat, being always willing to «take chances» in getting his man. He was no respecter of persons, and when it became his duty to arrest a wealthy man for persistently refusing to have his carriage-lamps lighted after nightfall, he brought him in with the same indifference that he displayed in arresting a street-corner tough who had thrown a brick at a wheelman.

Soon after it came into office the board undertook to train the men in the use of the pistol. A school of pistol practice was established, and the marksmanship of the officers was wonderfully improved in a very short while. The man who was put in charge of the school was a roundsman whom we promoted to sergeant. He was one of the champion revolver shots of the country, and prided himself on being able to hit just where he aimed. Twice he was forced to fire at criminals who resisted arrest, and in each case he hit his man in the arm or leg, simply stopping him or crippling him, without danger to his life. This same roundsman one Sunday met a volunteer military company returning from a spree, which had included both shooting at a target and heavy drinking. They were very noisy and disorderly, and the roundsman promptly arrested the captain. The company attempted to rescue him, but he held them at bay, brought in his prisoner in triumph, and then sallied out with reinforcements, and brought in all the others.

These are only a few cases out of the many on the roll of honor. Wherever we could, we recognized any signal feat of courage which resulted in the saving of life, or which was incidental to the performance of police duty. Besides awarding a medal, we also strove to give more tangible proof of our appreciation where this was possible, either by passing over, so far as we could, an infraction of discipline, or by actual promotion where the man was worthy. In considering promotions to the higher grades, it was not possible to take much account of physical courage or hardihood, although, of course, its lack would have been a conclusive bar to advancement; for in the higher grades good judgment, power of command, and ability to take and bear responsibility, are needed beyond all other qualities. But in promotion to the lower grades, where there is much less demand upon the higher mental qualities, proof of signal physical courage can often be made a determining factor in a promotion.

Of course other qualities must go with courage, and it may often happen that the best man for a position will earn his promotion in spite of the fact that no opportunity is thrown in his way to show his hardihood or physical prowess. An alert, active, hard-



ONE OF THE BICYCLE SQUAD.

working fellow, evidently possessed of intelligence and resolution, and fit to bear responsibility, cannot be held back merely because there has never been a chance for him to distinguish himself at a fire or against a dangerous criminal. Nor can we promote a man given to drink or to gross misconduct, no matter how much of a hero he may be. Very frequently careful and patient investigation has shown that some man who had distinguished himself by a brilliant exhibition of personal gallantry on some given occasion was nevertheless unfit for promotion, whether because of lack of steadiness and sobriety, or for some other good reason. I remember one very gallant man whom I would have liked to promote, but who could not keep clear of drink. We overlooked this so far as we could while he was patrolman, because of his occasional per-

formance of deeds of marked excellence; but it rendered him unfit for promotion. I remember another man whom we promoted, but were forced afterward to reduce. He displayed great courage and address on several different occasions in arresting criminals and saving human life; but he was not truthful, and he proved a poor disciplinarian, protecting his favorites and wreaking vengeance upon those whom he did not like.

In making promotions, therefore, we could not consider courage and personal prowess as conclusive. But we did treat them as factors of the greatest weight. Where a man was sober, steady, and orderly as well as daring and energetic, there was no difficulty whatever in giving him his promotion; and if we found a man to be deficient, even in a very slight degree, in courage, no amount of faithful performance of his ordinary duties could atone for the deficiency. The difficulty came in the mixed cases. A man who was sober, industrious, and intelligent, but who had never had a chance to display heroism, could not be permanently kept back; and yet in promoting him there was a risk lest he might prove to be deficient in the quality of rising to a serious crisis. On the other hand, if the man had repeatedly shown striking qualities of daring and resource, and yet had been guilty of marked shortcomings, it was a case to be carefully weighed. If, on the whole, the shortcomings were so serious that we could not trust the man, then his promotion had to be denied; but unless they were very serious, we usually gave such a man a chance to show what he was made of.

Generally the result justified our judgment. The responsibility sobered the man, the recognition of his merits made him proud, and he felt bound to justify himself by proving that he was fit to hold the position he had reached. The man with strong virtues and strong failings is always preferable to the bloodless creature with neither. Of course the best men of all are those who have the virtues without the shortcomings—who are resolute, strong, and clear-eyed, without being wild or disorderly. But there is small use indeed in the man whose virtue is merely one of the incidents of a condition of low vitality. A policeman is worth little unless he is honest, temperate, orderly, and cleanly without and within; but he is worth even less if he does not possess the positive, virile good qualities of hardihood, energy, resolution, and personal daring.

I doubt if the average citizen, especially the average stay-at-home citizen, realizes how often the man of the night-stick is called upon to display qualities which in a soldier would be called heroic. His feats in saving life or in arresting dangerous criminals, alone and at night, attract no special attention when mentioned in the newspapers; but they often imply just as much courage as those of the man who captures an enemy's flag in battle, or plants his own flag on a hostile parapet. The men of the New York police force represent all the different creeds and different race origins that go to the make-up of our stock; but they all become good Americans who pay no heed to differences of creed and race, for otherwise they would be useless. The police occupy positions of great importance. They not merely preserve order, the first essential of both liberty and civilization, but to a large portion of our population they stand as the embodiment as well as the representative of the law of the land. To the average dweller in a tenement-house district, especially if born abroad, the policeman is in his own person all that there is of government: he is judge, executive and legislature, constitution and town meeting. His power and influence are great. For any vice or shortcoming he should be sternly punished, but for gallantry and good conduct he should receive prompt and generous recognition.

Theodore Roosevelt.

OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723–1792).

WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD BY TIMOTHY COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES.

THERE was nothing remarkable about the childhood of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was born at Plympton, July 16, 1723, and probably received a better education at the hands of his clerical father than most boys of his time. There was some talk at first of his studying medicine, but matters shaped themselves otherwise. The youth wished to be a painter, and at eighteen he was sent up to London to study painting under Hudson, with whom he remained for two years, learning something about the way the old masters drew, and painting some portraits on his own account. Then he suddenly left London, returning to Devonshire, where he passed some time, to no profit, as he afterward seemed to think. Later he, with two sisters, took a house at Plymouth, and in 1746 he was again in London, painting portraits for a living, and trying to get on in the world. An opportunity for travel came to him. He went to the Mediterranean with Captain Keppel, voyaging to Gibraltar and Algiers. In 1749 he found himself in Rome, where for two years he gave himself up to a study of the Italians, chiefly Michelangelo and Raphael. After that he spent several months at Florence, Parma, and Venice, finally returning by Paris to London, where he at once set up a studio in St. Martin's Lane and began portrait-painting as a profession.

At first his style was not applauded by the painters, and Ellis told him he did not paint in the least like Sir Godfrey Kneller. His method was somewhat novel, but he saw to it that the innovation should not be too startling for public approval. He met with encouragement almost from the start. The Duke of Devonshire and his friend Keppel gave him commissions; others followed, and the painter was able to move to Great Newport street and to raise his prices. Something of a courtier, and always a gentleman, Reynolds had little trouble in making his way with the great people of the day, noble and otherwise. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Wilkes, became his dining companions at «The Club» and elsewhere; and their table-talk was for many years the town talk. In this brilliant circle Reynolds himself cut no inconsiderable figure, for at thirty he had achieved a fame that never left him. The larger his acquaintance, the greater seemed his success as a portrait-painter. He had so many orders that assistants had to be called in. Again he moved to more spacious quarters in Leicester Square, and again he raised his prices. He was growing rich, and advertised the fact by setting up a coach. In 1768 came the founding of the Royal Academy. Reynolds was made its first president, and the king knighted him. Five years later Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and he was appointed painter to the king. Honors were falling fast upon him, but his head was not turned by them, and for all that he was the first portrait-painter of his time, he never relaxed his industry. At his apogee he was painting a hundred and fifty portraits a year. In 1781, and again in 1783, he made short trips in Belgium and Holland, studying and making notes of the pictures there; but as soon as he returned to London he took up the brush again like a young aspirant, trying with each new picture to rise above himself. At sixty-six, in the full flush of his power, his labors were suddenly stopped. While painting, one day, the sight of his left eye grew blurred. He put down the brush, and never took it up again. In a few weeks he was blind in one eye and the other was affected. Some quarrel or misunderstanding arose in the Royal Academy, and Sir Joshua resigned its presidency, then resumed it again at the king's request, but finally gave it up in 1790, after twenty-one years of rule. He never married, his family were dead or scattered, and with his occupation gone the painter failed rapidly. He died February 23, 1792; and, after a funeral which all London attended, he was buried beside Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left behind him a great reputation, a vast number of pictures (chiefly portraits), his «Academy Discourses» (so good in style that at one time Johnson was supposed to have written them), and sixty thousand pounds in money.

The manner in which Sir Joshua ordered

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE, BY PERMISSION OF EARL SPENCER. FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN ALTHORP HOUSE.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

his personal life is indicative of the spirit that influenced his art. There was nothing erratic, venturesome, or impulsive about either. It is difficult to believe that the man at any time, either in life or in art, possessed such things as fire, passion, romance. He was too calm for either love or hatred, too conservative for brilliancy, too philosophical for enthusiasm. In art he placed less reliance upon inspiration than upon intelligent knowledge, believed the gospel of genius to be work, and thought originality a new way of saying old truths. Such ideas as these form the chief counts in his discourses to the students of the Royal Academy. «Excellence is granted to no man but as the reward of labor.» And again: «Have no dependence on your own genius; if you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency.» His three stages of an art education were, first, learning the grammar of art; secondly, laying in a stock of ideas from the old masters; thirdly, independent action, but in moderation. And Sir Joshua usually practised what he preached. He hugged conservatism, held fast to the traditions, and tried to keep his genius in abeyance to rule and method. That he had genius cannot be denied; but in his own mind he confounded it with energy, and thought himself successful through work. He had slaved over execution, he had studied the art of the past, and with much labor had made other people's excellences his own. Naturally he thought work and education accounted for his success. Undoubtedly they were a great aid to him. The stock of ideas from the old masters helped him; his borrowings from others and his powers of assimilation helped him; but many painters have possessed these qualities and yet never attained high rank. Success as the result of such accomplishments would explain genius out of existence.

Sir Joshua's «borrowings» have been much talked about; but it should be borne in mind that the education of a painter in eighteenth-century England was largely a matter of borrowings. All the students of the time copied Raphael, Correggio, and Guido, and such a thing as a thorough academic training under a skilled master was not to be obtained. Indeed, it is not pushing the facts too hard to say that there was not a perfect craftsman in the school. Deficiency in training was made up for by taking hints from the old masters and by practising observation. Reynolds had greater chances than the others, and he improved them. «I know no man who has passed through life with more observation than Sir Joshua Reynolds,» said Johnson. What he observed as a pupil under Hudson we have slight means of knowing. Hudson was hard and dry in method, but, like all the painters of the time, he reverenced Van Dyck. And the Van Dyck doctrine of «painting noble men nobler still» Reynolds accepted in measure. He told his academy students that it was the duty of the portrait-painter «to aim at discovering the perfections only of those whom he is to represent»—a maxim he himself did not always follow, though doubtless he believed in it. And of course he believed in the Italians, for they were the fashion of the day. In Rome, like many another painter, he was at first disappointed in Raphael, but afterward grew very fond of his work, and in consequence declared that taste in art was not natural, but acquired; not on the surface, but underneath. Michelangelo impressed him instantly and lastingly. He talked about him all his life, held him up as a model to his students, but he himself did not follow him, except in the oft-cited case of the «Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.» He had nothing of Michelangelo's line, form, or spirit, nothing of Raphael's style or composition. He talked less about Correggio and the Venetians, yet here he helped himself more freely. In Venice he studied Titian's light-and-shade, and copied it in parts as he had copied Raphael's figures at Rome. Paolo Veronese also had an influence on his color, though Sir Joshua talked little about him. Nor did he discourse much on Guido and Guercino, yet one feels that his nymphs and Venuses were drawn from those sources—affectation and all. Besides these painters, he had the contemporary admiration for the Carracci: the eclecticism of Bologna was in both his theory and his art, and he even recommended Lodovico Carracci as a model in painting.

But notwithstanding Sir Joshua's admiration for the Bolognese, he was a very good judge of painting. He had not studied the art of Europe without profit. He knew very well how a thing should be done, but he did not always know how to do it. «Not having the advantage of an early academical education, I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure which an artist ought to have.» No, he had not. His drawing of the figure was tentative, hesitating, uncertain, hardly ever complete or wholly satisfactory. Hands he sometimes drew easily, and faces he understood better than anything else—not al-

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE, BY PERMISSION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AT CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

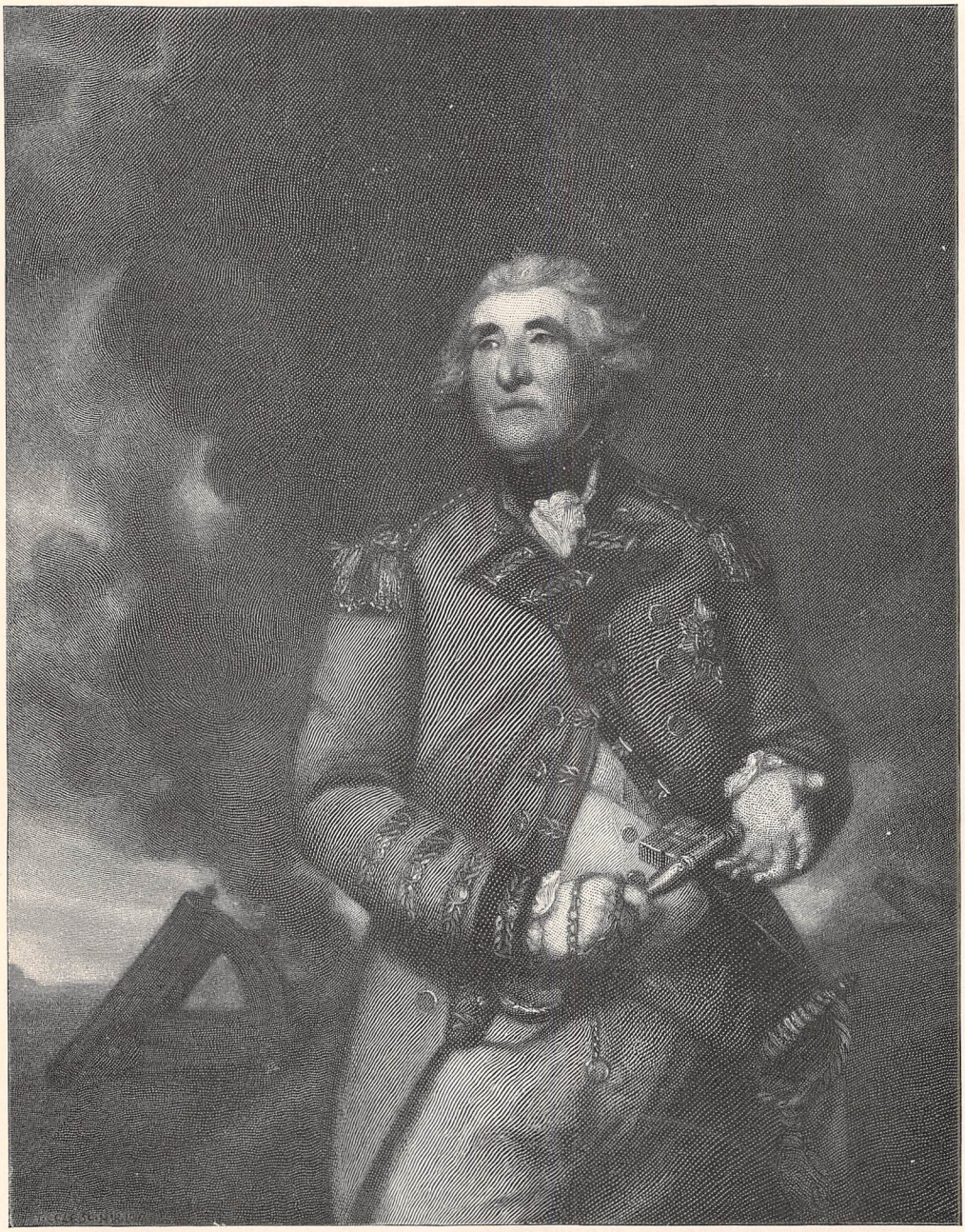
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND CHILD.

ways drawing them truly, but painting them very cleverly with the brush, and giving the fleshy texture with much force. If one compares the «Lord Heathfield,» the «Dr. Johnson,» or any other portrait by Reynolds, with the so-called «Gevartius» portrait attributed to Van Dyck in the National Gallery, the difference between the tentative and the absolute will be immediately apparent. The drawing of the mouth, nose, eyes, cheeks, and forehead in the «Gevartius» is positive, done easily, surely, unostentatiously; that of the «Heathfield» is rambling, questioning, groping. Doubtless much of Sir Joshua's unevenness was due to frequent emendation,—his wish to better each part,—but that in itself is proof of uncertainty. His success with composition was not greater than with drawing. He could pose a portrait-figure happily enough, but his so-called historical pictures were deficient in invention and imagination. He could not see nymphs and Venuses and classic groups except as some old master had seen them before him; and because he saw portrait-subjects, and did not see figure-subjects, is one reason why he succeeded with the former and virtually failed with the latter. At times, however, he was very clever in composing a family group, as the «Lady Cockburn and Children» will exemplify. The manner in which he has woven and intertwined the lines of the figures with the drapery, knit the whole group together in form and color, and made a complete ensemble, is worthy of all praise.

Color he experimented with all his life. He believed that the secret of it was known to the Venetians, but lost. «There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of coloring; we all have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art.» Sir Joshua sought for it with all pigments, mediums, and methods, and with some unfortunate results. In his experimental canvases painted during his early and middle periods he at times used fugitive blues, lakes, carmines, orpiments, mixing them with oil, wax, varnish—almost anything that would produce a desired effect. But the effect was often transient; the colors fled the canvas, and as a result many of his otherwise fine portraits are to-day pallid and cold. In fact, Sir Joshua's fading color was something of a town jest, and the girding Walpole suggested that his pictures should be paid for in annuities, to last as long as the pictures lasted. The painter felt badly enough about his fleeing colors, and he so mended his manner that many of his later canvases gave no cause for criticism on that score. Some of them are to-day in excellent preservation. Moreover, they are fuller and richer than his earlier works. In color, as in light, he finally returned to Rubens. The «Lady Cockburn and Children» shows how ornate he could be and still keep within the bounds of good taste. It is a magnificent harmony, as brilliant as a flower-garden, and yet serene, calm, well-ordered throughout. Sir Joshua was not quite just in saying no man living had any notion of color. He himself had a shrewd knowledge of it. His dictum about the use of warm and cold colors argues nothing whatever. He produced fine pieces of color on more than one occasion, not by virtue of any law or rediscovered secret, but because he had the color-instinct. Were he as much of a draftsman as a colorist, no one would be able to find many holes in his armor.

It might be thought that from his art principles Sir Joshua would have evolved a style, a manner somewhat like Raphael, the Carracci, or even the eclectic Mengs; but he never did. He talked much of things established, but took good care not to have them too firmly established with him. Every picture he painted was, in measure, different from its predecessor. Painstaking, industrious, persevering in the acquisition of knowledge, it is not remarkable that he finally became a painter of unusual culture. He never was quite spontaneous, never quite original in the sense of inventing a method wholly his own; but he was intelligent, perceptive, and for his time and people a painter with accomplishments. But again it must not be concluded that Sir Joshua's art hinged primarily on his technical ability. Granted his varied knowledge, the fact still remains that his craftsmanship was imperfect. If examined closely, many of his works will be found wanting. Take, for instance, the portrait of «Lady Elizabeth Foster.» It is not drawn, modeled, or painted. The features want articulation, the figure lacks solidity and substance, the color is chilly, the whole picture, even regarded as a sketch, lacks force. Yet, in spite of such sins of omission and commission, the portrait is most engaging, full of charm, full of loveliness. What is it about the work—about all of Sir Joshua's portraiture—that appeals to us so strongly?

It has been said that a portrait-painter puts no more in a head than there is in his own, which is equivalent to saying that every artist paints his own point of view. This was



ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE. FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

LORD HEATHFIELD.

true of Sir Joshua. With all his eclecticism and his absorptions from hither and yon, he never forsook his own individual way of seeing things. If there was any struggle between the portrait-model before him and the established Italian method of doing a portrait, it generally resulted in his trusting his own eyes. In the canvas the painter outbalanced academic rule, and to this day every one of his portraits bears the individual stamp and seal of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Now Sir Joshua's view was peculiarly attractive. He was conversant with the best side of social England in the eighteenth century, and was, moreover, a man of good breeding, refinement, and sensitive perceptions. Naturally he was in sympathy with everything well-bred and refined in his sitter. He saw that phase of character acutely, and selected it as best suited for his purpose. If there was anything manly about a man, feminine about a woman, or childlike about a child, he noticed it at once. And these were the qualities upon which he concentrated his strength. He appealed frankly and boldly to the taste for dignity, charm, winsomeness, loveliness, in the personal presence, and the appeal was not in vain—is not in vain to-day. The eternal womanly he saw in every woman—saw it in Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien as well as in the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Powis. Besides this, he saw in some haughtiness, loftiness, distinction; in others mildness, maternal feeling, sadness; in others again, gaiety, coquetry, gracefulness. How shrewd he was in his observation of the look, the pose, the smile that make women captivating! How sensitive he was to the young girl's modest glance, the coquette's sly roguery, the lady's frank demeanor! The witchery of women, the fascination of the sex, the nameless something that leads on to love, he knew by heart, though no wife taught him. And he knew with just what happy incident to portray them, though no old master gave him the hint. What, for instance, could be more winning than the «Viscountess Crosbie» coming out from behind a tree, a smile upon her face, and her hand outstretched in greeting! One's first exclamation is: «You charming creature! What a pity you are dead!» The graceful step and expectant look of «Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,» as she comes down the terrace steps, the woman still in the duchess; the loveliness of «Mrs. Bradyll» and the «Ladies Waldegrave»; the coy impishness of «Mrs. Abington»; the questioning glance of «Perdita Robinson»; the demureness of «Kitty Fisher»—how very attractive they all are! And how interested we become in the subject! You cannot be so enthusiastic over the women of Velasquez, Rubens, or Holbein. Even the Venetian women of Titian, perfect types of beauty as they are, provoke only a mild curiosity as to their personality. We rather overlook the painted in the painter. But Sir Joshua's people attract us, and the subject—the much-despised subject of modern art—has weight in this English portraiture. The painter intended that it should have weight—intended that people should know and feel the charm of the sitter. It is matter of history that he had the most noble and beautiful women of England for sitters. They look it. An air of distinction and refinement hangs about them as easily as a cloak. Women of less beauty and less nobility sat to him, but their pictures were never his great successes. He preferred the handsome woman, and it was a part of his selective sense that led him to paint her so often. He did not and could not entirely sympathize with the plain or the homely. Sir Joshua was fortunate, then, in having attractive subjects for his art. He was fortunate again in having an attractive point of view. With such winning cards, it is easy to see that he had two points out of three in the game of portraiture. Had he been as successful in the third point, technic, as in the other two, he would have ranked as a portrait-painter with Van Dyck.

His children, when done directly from life, were almost as successful as his women. There is some mannerism about the majority of them,—a reminiscence of the way Correggio painted children,—but they are no less childlike and graceful. The fancy for round eyes, a wide smile, and a sharp-pointed chin with a consequent mouselike expression of face prevails. We see it in the charming piece of the «Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick» standing on a hilltop, in the «Muscipula,» the «Robinetta,» the «Strawberry Girl,» the «Cupid as a Link-boy.» Presumably Sir Joshua employed this peculiar type to give the shy, frightened, or nervous character of children, and if so he certainly succeeded; but he is more pleasing when he gives the unconscious, self-absorbed character, as in the richly hued «Little Fortune-teller,» the «Dead Bird,» the «Master Bunbury,» the «Age of Innocence,» or the little «Miss Bowles» with the dog. He was very successful, too, with portrait-groups of women with children, two of which Mr. Cole has en-

graved. The children in the group with Lady Cockburn[1] are arranged, composed—posed, in fact; but how well this is done, and how firm is his grasp of the salient truths of childhood! Then, again, what could be more natural, unconscious, vivacious, than the Duchess of Devonshire,—the «Beautiful Duchess,» as she was called,—playing at «hot cockles» with her infant daughter! Both pictures were painted in the painter's mature period, when he had arrived at the height of his power, and both are excellent. They seize upon the incidental, the momentary, which was discoursed against by Sir Joshua in favor of the general and the permanent; but he himself proved more than once that his rules for the «grand style» were subject to many exceptions. He certainly never produced richer, fuller, nobler, more complete works of art than these two portrait-pieces.

His success with portraits of men was perhaps not so great. Occasionally he did a scholar or a general with great truth and power, but he seemed to have more sympathy with women and children. Every Englishman considers the «Lord Heathfield» a masterpiece, and in its original state it was undoubtedly a strong portrait. Unfortunately, one of its owners saw fit to cut it down to match another Reynolds on an opposite panel in his house, thus destroying the placing of the figure on the canvas; and after that it was repainted somewhat. It is still a noble canvas, in spite of bad treatment, and shows to-day something of the sturdy manhood of the English officer. The «Johnson» is heavy in touch and drawing, but portrays with much effect the unwieldy frame and the massive features of the irrepressible doctor. Sir Joshua's portraits of himself, of Gibbon, of Goldsmith, are also good pieces of characterization, beside which the flamboyant «Marquis of Rockingham,» the too heroic «Keppel,» the over-dramatic «Lord Ligonier» will not stand for a moment. Whenever Sir Joshua tried to practise his «old master» theory of generalization he left something to be desired. He had not enough imagination to see the abstract like a Titian or a Paolo Veronese; he needed the concrete before his eyes. When the model was on the platform he did not fail to see truly, and even at times powerfully; but whenever he wandered off to do the heroic or the grand he ran to the superficial. This is peculiarly true of his efforts in historical painting. The figure-piece was his lifelong aspiration, but never his success. The «Death of Dido,» the «Cleopatra,» the «Ugolino»—all the figure-pieces he ever did—would not save a name from the dust of oblivion. He painted half a dozen landscapes, but he never pretended to be a landscape-painter. He used trees, hills, and skies well enough as a background, just as he occasionally painted animals after Van Dyck; but they were mere accessory objects. We may dismiss them all, for Sir Joshua was a portrait-painter pure and simple. The limitation is not to his discredit. He could not have chosen a loftier field to work in. In the whole realm of painting there is nothing so difficult to produce as a thoroughly satisfactory portrait. And Sir Joshua produced more than one of them.

Taking him for all and all, Reynolds must be ranked at the head of the English school. He had not Hogarth's originality, nor Gainsborough's delicacy, nor Romney's spirit, nor Lawrence's skill; but in point of view, taste, intelligence, and breadth of accomplishment, he excelled any one of them. Not alone did peer and the duchess rank him as a great painter: his brothers of the craft acknowledged his position, and all through the works of his contemporaries and followers we shall find traces of his influence. He was virtually the founder of the school of English portrait-painters, and, in fact, the one man who put English art upon its feet and gave it importance.

John C. Van Dyke.

[1] See frontispiece.

COMPETITION.

THE race is won! As victor I am hailed
With deafening cheers from eager throats; and yet
Gladder the victory could I forget
The strained, white faces of the men who failed!

Julia Schayer.

THE ART OF CHARLES KEENE.

WITH EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK, FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

THE MANAGER'S CALL. («PUNCH» AND DISRAELI.)

I THINK that too much cannot now be said about Charles Keene, too much of his work cannot be exhibited, whether in print or elsewhere, as some slight amends for the general indifference which was his portion during life. I need not point out how small a fraction of the popularity of the «Punch» artists fell to him. To the many, «Punch» meant Leech or Dicky Doyle or Du Maurier; only the few looked to it for Keene. The little that has been written about him proves the little that was thought of him. His drawings, as a rule, were received in silence or with a silly guffaw. It is curious to note the attitude of a critic like Mr. Ruskin, who could be so generous in his recognition of lesser men. Mr. George Somes Layard, in his life of the artist, said (and I am unable to disprove his assertion): «Mr. Ruskin did not find that Keene was worthy even to be mentioned when he took upon himself to discuss the ‹Punch› artists.» In the lecture on Leech and Tenniel, Keene's name never appears, though there are continuous references to Du Maurier, and he and Leech and Tenniel, and even Lady Butler, Mrs. Allingham, Miss Kate Greenaway, and Miss Alexander, are exalted here or elsewhere. However, Mr. Ruskin could not quite ignore Keene. When, in «Ariadne Florentina» (Vol. VII), he sneers at the illustrators of cheap «Ladies' Pocket-books,» as he has just been praising Du Maurier and the others, it is clear that it can only be Keene who has so incensed him. And Keene again must be the object of Ruskin's wrath in that conveniently forgotten passage in the «Art of England» in which he says: «Cheap popular art cannot draw for you beauty, sense, and honesty; but every species of distorted vice—the idiot, the blackguard, the coxcomb, the paltry fool, the disgraced woman—is pictured for your honourable pleasure on every page. These are thoroughly representative of the entire art industry of the modern press, with clumsy caricature struggling to render its dullness tolerable by insisting on defect—if perchance a penny or two more may be coined out of the cockney reader's itch for loathsomeness.» This delectable sentiment is inspired by illustrated books and magazines and papers of the year 1867 in particular, and in general by all English illustrated books and papers of about the same date. As Charles Keene was among the most distinguished contributors to these publications, it is safe to assume that he came in for a sufficient share of Mr. Ruskin's anathema. But it is neither wise nor fair to judge Mr. Ruskin by any

one of his criticisms. He has an amusing way of contradicting himself, as by this time we all know. Certainly, with charming unconsciousness of the denunciation he had uttered or was going to utter,—I am not sure in what order these lectures were given,—he did not hesitate to confess in «Aratra Pentelici» that it chanced, «as I was preparing this lecture, one of our most able and popular prints gave me a woodcut of the ‹self-made man,› specified as such, *so vigorously drawn, and with so few touches, that Phidias or Turner himself could scarcely have done it better*»; and the woodcut—really a wood-engraving—which thus charms him, and is worthy to be ranked with Phidias and to be compared to a Greek coin, is the work of Charles Keene, printed in «Punch.» The man whom Mr. Ruskin, so far as I know, cannot condescend to mention by name, is thus set up by him to complete the trinity of his greatest gods! These are inconsistencies of criticism, it might be thought, better forgotten; but they help one to understand why Keene was so little known to the public, while draftsmen of very much less merit were glorified. Is it any wonder that English art and English criticism are a laughing-stock to the world, when such pronouncements can be seriously delivered from a professorial chair, and even more seriously printed with the official sanction of the University of Oxford?

A STUDY FOR «PUNCH.»

But if Keene, as the most accomplished draftsman in England, was never rightly recognized, there seems to be a prevailing impression that this was a matter of indifference to him. I am not able to analyze the mental attitude of an artist, to «reconstruct his psychology,» by scientific study of his work. But still, for all that has been written and said about Keene's indifference, for all the proof that his own letters may be declared to give, I cannot help thinking his supposed independence of appreciation something of a pose, concealing beneath it a feeling more akin to despair, which grew upon him with years of continued neglect. In writing of him, it has been pleasanter to speak, as one may now speak freely, of his delightful personality—of his quaint traits, of his love for music, of his more or less eccentric habits; of his dogs, his bagpipes, his clays; of the fact that he hardly ever rode in a hansom cab, and often cooked his own dinner in his studio. Why not forget the discreditable truth that when alive he was all but unknown; that to most people the initials «C. K.» meant nothing, the drawing

—unless of his tipsy men and Sandies—less, and the legend below everything, especially when quite pointless and unintelligible, as supplied to him by the professional purveyors of jokes? And after all, you are reminded, in England artists at least always knew his value, while he was for long received and respected on the Continent. If this be true, then certainly English artists had a curious fashion of expressing their pleasure and belief in his work. It was all very well, after his death, for Lord Leighton to utter platitudes about him; all very well to revive the legend that he had actually once been invited to an Academy dinner. But if there is any history to be written about the Royal Academy of Arts during the last thirty years, it will be to record that James McNeill Whistler, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Charles Keene were not of it—a scandal no white-washing by lord mayors, presidents, and prime ministers can remove.

PROBABLY A STUDY FOR «PUNCH.»

Nor, indeed, was Keene appreciated, as the report is, on the Continent. At the time of his death he had barely been heard of in France, despite the gold medal awarded him at the exhibition of 1889; for at that time M. Jacques Blanche could only hope that «prochainement il sera découvert à Paris . . . par quelqu'un de nos hardis lanceurs de nouveautés et déclaré homme de génie.» This was written after the Universal Exhibition. And it was also a few years after his death that Bracquemond (who, with Blanche, had got to know him, not from the pages of «Punch,» but from casual visits to London), wrote, «Keene est peu connu en France,» though the eminent etcher thinks he is worthy to rank with Daumier, with Gavarni. Even Béraldi, whose monumental «Graveurs du XIXe Siècle» gives him a position of authority in France, says: «Keene est de ceux que la critique met du temps à découvrir. Son nom n'est pas crié sur les toits.» Those are the verdicts of three of his French admirers, and the only other article about him I have been able to find in a French journal was contributed by an Englishman. I do not believe that the German public showed itself more sympathetic. The friendliness of Menzel is accepted as a sign of Keene's popularity in Germany. But the Menzel episode, as I heard the story from Keene's own lips, points to anything but a triumph in the studios of Berlin. As a tribute of his admiration of the German, Keene sent several of his drawings to Menzel. In return, and after an unflatteringly long interval, Menzel presented photographs and proofs of his own work—and eventually, I believe, some originals—to Keene. However, Keene was too generous to go into these details in any of his letters; it was only in terms of sincere eulogy that he could write or speak of the great illustrator.

There is the less excuse for the public's unanimity in ignoring him since the one phase of his art hitherto given to the public is his illustrations, essentially the most popular. The current impression is that if you look through the back numbers of «Punch,» and an occasional old magazine or book, you have learned all there is to be learned about Charles Keene as an artist. But this is by no means the case. His work may be divided properly—though the division has never been made—into two classes: that done, in one medium or another, for his own

study and delight; and that intended for publication. You may imagine, if you have not seen examples of the former class, that the engravings in «Punch» represent him fully and satisfactorily. Unfortunately, for the artist, they do not: for me, however, fortunately, as it is the reason I now have the pleasure of showing that there existed an entirely different artist, drawing in a style absolutely apart from that foisted upon him by the wood-engraver.

I shall begin by speaking of the unpublished work. These are chiefly costume poses which he drew at the Langham Sketching Club, and a series of studies done mostly in pen and ink, with a firm yet exquisitely delicate touch, portraits, or drawings of landscape and architecture, done for pure delight in the subject, though many afterward appear as backgrounds in his published designs. Much credit has been given to Keene and some of his contemporaries because they actually took the trouble to go to nature for the backgrounds of their illustrations. Frankly, I cannot see that they deserve great glory for doing only what every true artist does. It was no surprise to me to find a large number of landscapes among Keene's unpublished drawings. One has only to look at the moors and meadows and hills that stretch away beyond his gillies and rustics and sportsmen to be sure they were never faked. But I was amazed at the beauty and perfection of execution he put into these sketches. Some, drawn with a pen in old sketch-books, often on a nasty blue paper, are delicate and exquisite to a degree that makes me fear they must ever remain single works of art, so entirely are they beyond the possibility of any method of reproduction. However, there was another means of expression, capable of even greater delicacy and refinement, with the multiplication of a design as its chief end, of which Keene was master —etching. His few plates are as varied in subject as his drawings. Landscapes, Langham models, portraits—all these he drew with his needle. But from most of his plates so few proofs have been printed that his etchings have virtually escaped even the dealer and the collector.

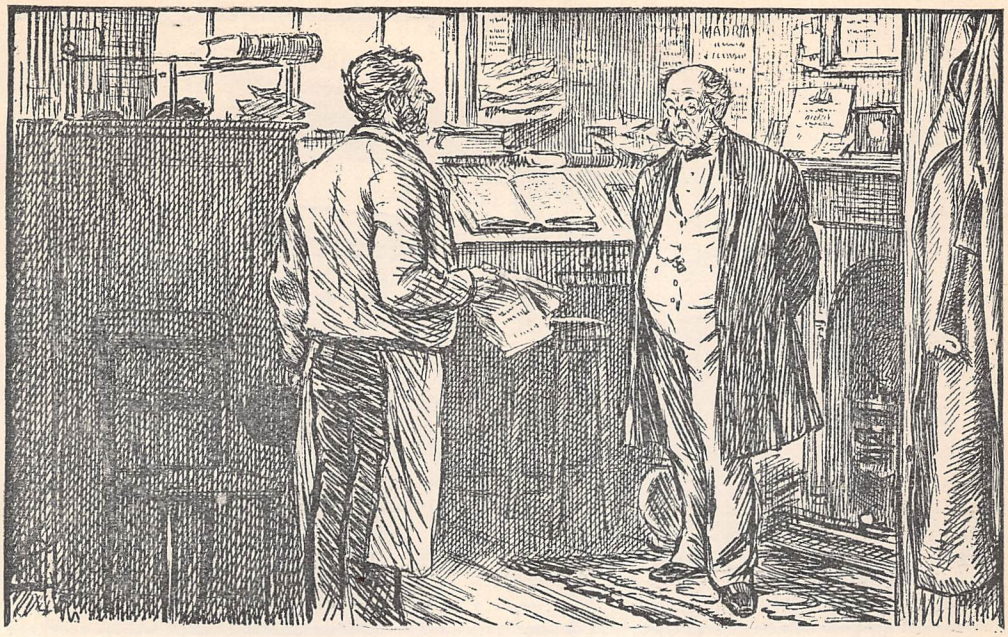
The unpublished drawings may be arranged under several different heads. Those which, in a way, can most appropriately be considered first are the life studies—studies from the nude. They are owned chiefly by the South Kensington Museum, where they are bound up in a small portfolio.

They are all frankly for practice, for study. A small proportion are in color. Many of the designs are excellent. The Langham studies of men in armor and costume are admirable, even if they cannot be compared to Menzel's. There are little heads so full of character and so good technically that they alone should give him high rank as a painter in water-colors—a medium in which his work was never known, though that of men far his inferior was lauded to the skies. I know of only two or three works in oil by him; but I have seen a few in distemper.

He did a few charcoal-drawings. As I look at them, I read in every line and tone the influence of Menzel, which he would have been eager and proud to acknowledge. And I realize also that they are not surpassed by Menzel's drawings in the same medium; that they are no less varied in subject and execution.

Artists who could appreciate Keene knew that he had produced a series of etched plates; but they probably might not have been able to tell you how many of these there were. M. Béraldi catalogues twenty, but there are really nearer forty. Keene himself was so delightfully vague that he seemed to think there were only about a dozen—too few to be catalogued seriously. «I am amused at the idea of putting me down as a ‹Graveur du XIXe Siècle,›» he wrote to Mrs. Edwin Edwards, in a letter quoted by Mr. Layard; «I have only scratched a few studies of sketches, not more than a dozen, all told, I should think—the merest experiments. Titles they have not. To save my life, I could n't tell the dates. And as to writing my life! ‹Story! God bless you, sir, I've none to tell.› A quotation to that effect. The most stirring incidents in my life are a visit to the dentist (date forgotten), and certain experiences of the last few days. Try to choke the French biographer off.»

The etchings may be grouped under four heads: studies at the Langham and from models, portraits, landscapes, and one humorous subject. As with his drawings, it is impossible to trace any progress, any development. They are the work of an accomplished artist with whom etching was but another responsive medium. If three or four are not successful, it is because they were meant to be elaborated, to be carried much further, and without the intended elaboration they are simply uninteresting. Among the Langham studies, a model with a 'cello is the most distinguished. Though in subject it might suggest Meissonier, in handling



CULTURE FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

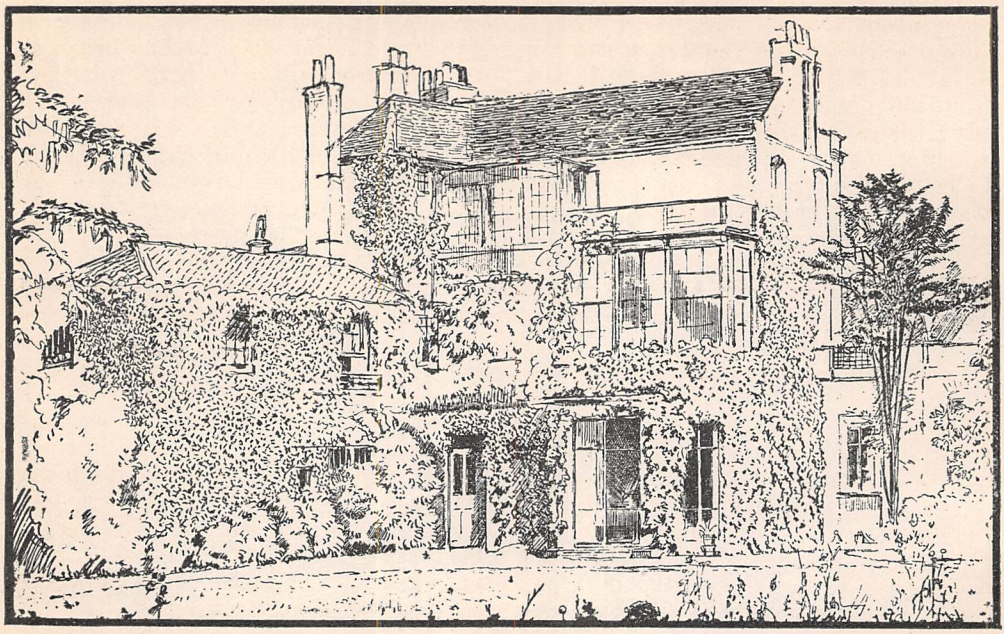
PHILANTHROPIC EMPLOYER (who has paid his workpeople's expenses to a neighboring Fine Art Exhibition). Well, Johnson, what did you think of it? Pick up an idea or two?

FOREMAN: Well, you see, sir, it were a this way. When us got there, we was a-considering what was best to be done, so we app'inted a depertation o' three on us, to see what it were like, an' when they come out an' said it were only picturs an' such, we thought it a pity to spend our shillin's on 'em. So we went to the Tea Gardens, and wery pleasant it were too. Thank you kindly, sir.

there is a suppleness and a painter-like quality of line that the more celebrated artist never approached in his life. And it is astonishing that a man who etched so little had such a command of the richness and depth of color to be obtained from a copper-plate. This, and the woman in the costume of Elizabeth, seated, at her side a lute, in a corner the head of an artist leaning over his drawing, are both signed, so I suppose Keene considered them finished and was pleased with them. It is curious to note that on some of the plates he recorded the number of bitings and the time which each took.

But of all his etchings, none can surpass the portraits. The finest, I think, is one of Edwin Edwards, seated in a garden chair, under a tree, reading a book. The way the man sprawls at his ease, as Keene had probably seen him sprawl hundreds of times, is wonderfully expressed with the finest and most eloquent lines. There is a second portrait of Mr. Edwards, this time painting, and a charming study of Mrs. Edwards. No less charming is the portrait of another lady,—on a lounge in front of a richly figured wall-paper. In this even the old-fashioned bell-pull, even the picture on the wall, as in Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, become important in the wonderful scheme of decoration; and the color is richer, more effective, more deliberately introduced as an essential quality, than was the rule in his plates. It is unsigned. There are several other etchings—none lovelier than the female figure seated with a book, and dressed in the great voluminous skirts of the sixties, held out by the swaying crinoline which Mr. Morris would have had us believe is not beautiful, which Whistler and Millais and Boyd Houghton have shown us was far more graceful than the shapeless draggleries of a later, esthetic generation. Their drawings and Keene's etchings will endure; the opinion of Morris, when confronted with them, must prove but empty words. It is something to be thankful for that, in his drawing of women, Keene did not become a tiresome, mannered conventionalist like Du Maurier.

When the Keene Exhibition was held at the Fine Arts Society, a few years since, besides the more familiar «Punch» designs on the walls there were portfolios containing a few pen-and-ink drawings of figures—mostly single figures—and of landscapes, done with a touch so delicate and so refined that no wood-engraver, unless he were a master like



HOUSE NEXT TO CHARLES KEENE'S IN HAMMERSMITH.

Timothy Cole, could have engraved them on the wood block; at any rate, no Englishman ever did. An admirable example is the seated figure with a veil, published here. Others are drawings of landscape and architecture, like the suburban villa—next, I believe, to his mother's place in Hammersmith. Almost all the landscapes are as English in subject as his illustrations. Those I have seen were mostly in sketch-books, made with a small steel pen and usually with pure black or slightly browned ink, which he carried in an exciseman's bottle hung from his waistcoat button. Mr. Stacy Marks says that he drew straight away in ink, «without any preliminary pencilling as a means of obtaining certainty and sureness of hand.» He was very particular in selecting the sketch-books, which were of old Whatman or thin white papers, or of that pale blue used by our fathers for correspondence. In his very early work for the wood-engraver you can see that Keene was influenced more or less by Leech, whose drawings could be engraved, I imagine, fairly well. They were far bolder and simpler, much less artistic, and vastly more popular than Keene's.

Keene's style of drawing for publication became bolder and bolder as time went on. For his own pleasure he continued to make with his pen little masterpieces which, in their refinement, are worthy to rank with the etchings of Rembrandt and Whistler. In his studies—and he made innumerable studies for «Punch» pictures—he never varied his handling. But when working for «Punch» he either began to think more about the engraver, or else despaired of him and gave him up as hopeless; and that this latter was the case is implied in the few references to the subject in his letters. «They 'll spoil it in the engraving, but you shall have the drawing,» he wrote of a certain design to Mr. Crawhall, from whom the subject had been obtained. And to the same friend he maintained his belief «that Bewick was a greater artist than wood-engraver, and that he worked in and was hampered by an ungrateful material. . . . We have not beaten the old masters of wood-engraving (wood-cutting), in my opinion, but have tried to do too much and failed.» Would he not have modified this opinion had masters like Cole and Juengling, Florian and Baude, been his interpreters? By 1866 all the refinement which was at least attempted before has vanished from the «Punch» drawings. Instead of the elaborate cross-hatching by which the modeling and the fleshy look of his faces were obtained, short straight lines have been substituted, and a more open cross-hatching in the background, in striking contrast to the delicate, beautiful, tender studies, impossible to reproduce, made by him for the finished illustrations.

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words about Keene's work generally. As some one has written, there is in it a wonderful feeling for character, a sense of movement and proportion, and a suggestion of living things in living nature. It is in this power of making things live that Charles Keene excelled; that he is the equal of any of the world's master draftsmen. Though all his figures are studied, they are never, in his finished compositions, mere models posing. They are doing what he wanted them to do, and he has seized them at the appropriate, the most expressive moment. He had no scheme, as some one else has pointed out, to which country and town must be reduced, no formula for the expression of day or night. For, as he himself said, and the saying does not lose by repetition, «If you can draw anything, you can draw everything.» You can even make the political cartoon a thing of interest to other people besides those delineated in it; and though his few attempts as cartoonist may be unintelligible in subject, they are interesting in design. He felt everything he drew, and he often acted his subjects and posed for himself. Though the earlier drawings are so elaborate, and the later ones, or the engravings from them, so simple, all are right. His drawings also have been praised for their straightforwardness, their economy of line. I do not know whether this is a merit or a misfortune.

Beauty, his critics like to lament, he could not see; his eyes, they think, were quite blind to it—not knowing the trouble to be in their own short-sightedness. It was left for one ingenious writer to put the general verdict into words, and to declare, after the artist's death, that Keene «failed in the portrayal of beauty, elegance, respectability. A pretty woman never lurked about the point of his pencil,»—how could she? might one venture to ask,—«as she does so delightfully about those of his principal collaborators on ‹Punch.› His gentlemen are snobs; his aristocracy and his clerks are cast in the same vulgar mold; and his brides are forbidding models of virtue, perhaps, but lacking every outward feminine charm.» The true beauty in his drawings must necessarily be hidden from such writers. The artist knows well enough that there is beauty, and of many kinds, in Keene's drawings—greatest of all, beauty in the method of expression, in every line set down, whether it gives the sweep of the wide moorland or the repeated house-fronts shutting in a London street; the greasy creases in Robert's coat, or the rags hanging about the little guttersnipe. And beauty there is, too, in his landscapes,—masterpieces many of them are,—and in his people, the women in voluminous skirts, the little girls in simple frocks. And, above all, there is the beauty essential to show character, however hideous in itself, or insignificant in a mere moral or social aspect. And that he could draw the typically beautiful woman when he wished, his unpublished work proves.

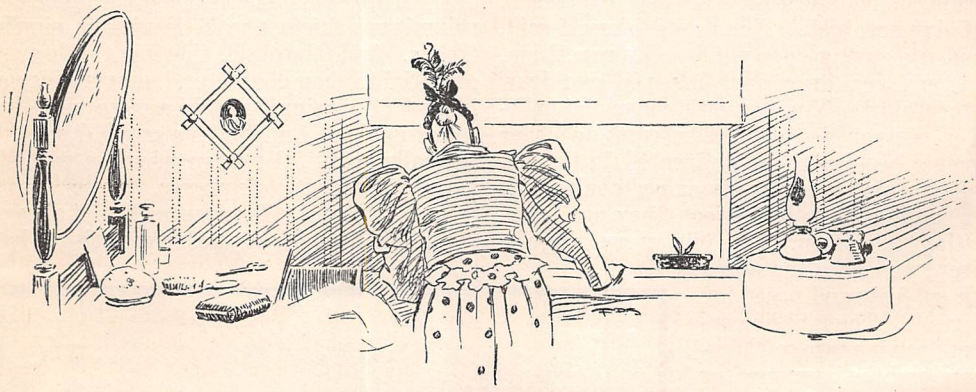
And his humor! Because he did not always invent his legends, he was no humorist, it has

A STUDY FOR «PUNCH.»

been argued. True, his drawings did not, like Gavarni's, depend equally for their wit and meaning upon the lines written below, these, more often than not, being the contribution or creation of a friend. But the humor is in the drawing, which needs no literary interpretation. His figures, his faces, his groups tell their story—a story of delightfully humorous quality, though not as brilliantly satirical as Gavarni's, nor, perhaps, as romantically audacious as Daumier's. His humor was more kindly, more genial, more sympathetic; never fantastic, seldom whimsical; the humor rather of a man who could see, and found his pleasure in seeing, his fellow-men as they are,—weak, foolish, vain, pert, pretentious, as it might be,—but who loved them none the less for it.

Besides this, in none of his drawings is there the slightest shadow of the vulgarity—the appalling vulgarity—that humorists like Rowlandson and Gillray substituted for the cleaner, because frank, indecency of the French draftsman. He was not a Zola, for all his realism; he was not a Phidias, with all due deference to Mr. Ruskin. He was just «C. K.,» the greatest English artist since Hogarth.

Joseph Pennell.



«'YOU 'D NEVER SEE A SINGLE SIGHT ON EARTH!'»

THE FLIRTING OF MR. NICKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «STORIES OF A SANCTIFIED TOWN.»

WITH PICTURES BY F. D. STEELE.

IT was Sunday morning, and church-time at the Station. Mrs. Garry was tying on her bonnet before the looking-glass of her bureau, which article of furniture she had turned a little aslant in order that she might, while dressing, enjoy a reflected view of the people coming up the street to church. She stopped, with her bonnet-strings half tied, to thrust her head out of the window at her side, as if she saw something that demanded a more direct scrutiny. She drew her head back, and called excitedly, «Ed Garry! Come quick!»

Mr. Garry appeared in the kitchen door, with an old gun-barrel and a ramrod in his hands, and a frown of remonstrance on his face. «You know I 'm busy, Marg'et,» he grumbled.

«Ed Garry,» she exclaimed, «you know if it was n't for me you 'd never see a single sight on earth! You come here to this window!»

Thus adjured, he made slow haste across the room.

She pushed his head and shoulders out of the window. «I wish to goodness,» she said, «you 'd look at that Tommy T. Nickins a-stepping up that street!»

Mr. Garry uttered a contemptuous groan, and attempted a retreat.

His better half held him fast. «I tell you to look!» she continued, with growing excitement. «Look at them pointed shoes, and that new suit, and that hat, and that there necktie! Oh, my goodness gracious alive! And that cane! Oh, if Almira May could rise up! It 's a sin and a shame, him setting out, and her not dead in her grave three months. Yes; that 's the way you men forget us, Ed Garry.» She shook Mr. Garry by

the collar, by way of venting her indignation on the offending sex; though, if the truth be told, she might have been considered a better representative than he of the faithlessness she condemned, he being her third consort, while she was his first. «Look *at* him!» she continued, loosing her husband's collar to bestow all her attention upon Mr. Nickins, and drawing back breathlessly within the window as that young gentleman passed jauntily along the plank walk in front of her house, twirling his cane, and wearing his hat at such a dangerous angle that it must have stayed on by a miracle. She gazed until he was out of sight. Then she turned to her husband. «You mind what I say, Ed Garry,» she exclaimed. Then she solemnly and mysteriously pointed her finger straight upward, and said nothing.

Mr. Garry followed her finger with puzzled eyes. «Heaven?» he guessed.

«No,» she answered with asperity. «Tommy T. ain't any more going to heaven than you are by cleaning your old gun every Sunday when you ought to be at church.»

«Angels?» he again ventured.

«Far from it,» she answered.

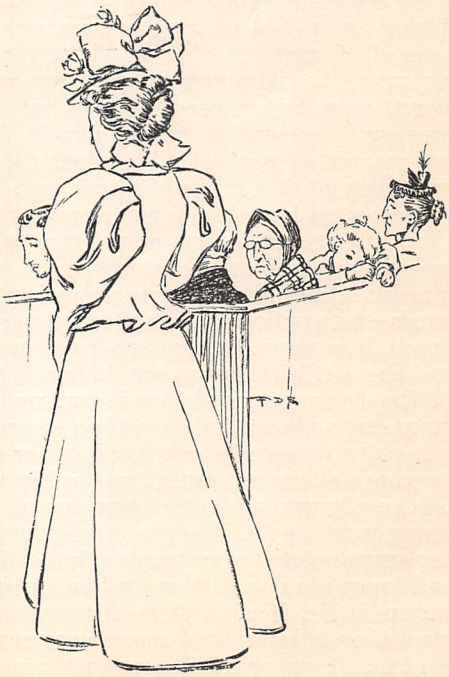
He gazed hopelessly at the ceiling.

She shook his arm. «You have n't got the sight of a two-hours' kitten!» she exclaimed. «Miss Molly Casselberry!»

Mr. Garry continued his upward gaze, and a slow light began to dawn in his eyes.

At the same instant a by no means fairy tread was heard upon the steep little stairs which led down from the upper room into Mrs. Garry's, and a young woman emerged from the narrow door. It was no less a person than Miss Molly Casselberry herself, the new teacher, and Mrs. Garry's boarder. Miss Molly was a large, slow-moving blonde of the type known as strawberry. It was apparent to the most casual observer that she was a town girl. No country girl could ever have achieved such trimness of figure, such an unbending carriage, such breadth of shoulders and sleeves, and a waist so amazingly small. Her heavy suit of light-red hair was lavishly coiled and curled. Her eyes were brown and stolid, but somewhat softened by white lashes. She was dressed in quite the latest style, and her hat might have represented the creation of a floral world. She stopped in the middle of the floor, and proceeded to pull on a pair of very tight kid gloves.

Mr. Garry escaped with his beloved gun to the kitchen, and the two ladies sallied forth in the direction of church. If Miss Casselberry had anticipated a repetition of the sensation her appearance had caused in church the preceding Sunday,—her first in the Station,—she was doomed to disappointment. It is true there was a good deal of neck-craning as she came down the aisle, and also no small amount of doleful head-shaking; for Miss Casselberry's worldliness was glaringly apparent, not only in her sleeves and dress and jewelry and hat, but in the stiffness of her back as well, which made it evident that in her case vanity had struck in to the very bone. On this occasion, however, there was a counter-attraction to Miss Molly; for half-way back on the men's side, resplendent in a new suit of clothes, a glistening shirt-front and collar, an electric-blue necktie, and a sweetly resigned expression, sat Mr. Tommy T. Nickins, the recent widower, who only the Sunday before had sat in the same bench clad in rusty black clothes, a home-laundered shirt, and a straggling black tie, with unkempt hair and a look of settled gloom. The transformation was startling. The congregation found it difficult indeed to fix their attention upon the sermon. Those who did observed that even Brother Cheatham's mind wandered at times. The younger women of the congregation looked at one another with suspicious inquiry, but the older and wiser women looked straight



«THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL OF NECK-CRANING AS SHE CAME DOWN THE AISLE.»

at Miss Molly Casselberry. The sentiment of them all was probably voiced by old Mis' Gerton, who whispered to Mary Alice Welden, while they knelt on the floor during prayers: «Ah-ha! Tommy T. is setting in to make a big impression on the town girl!»

These surmises received a triumphant verification when, after preaching, Mr. Nickins was seen to linger about the church door until Mrs. Garry and Miss Casselberry came out of it, whereupon he begged the pleasure of Miss Casselberry's company home. Mrs. Garry dropped back precipitately, and, with the rest of the congregation, followed the dashing couple at a respectful distance.

What the sentiments of Mr. Nickins were upon this eventful day may best be gathered from some remarks that fell from his lips that afternoon. Mr. Nickins was the clerk in Mr. Bundy's store, and possessed a key to the back door thereof; and it had been his habit for several years to retire into its seclusion on Sunday afternoons, with Mr. Tice Deacon and other admirers among the very young men, to give them the benefit of his wisdom and experience. His utterances at these times were as eagerly listened to as oracles; for be it known that Mr. Nickins was none other than «the glass of fashion and the mold of form» for the Station youths.

His words on this occasion carried with them the more weight for the reason that during the period of a year, covering the time of his married life and widowerhood, his authority and power in the above-mentioned capacity had been in abeyance. The previous summer he, whose nimble feet had escaped so many pitfalls of similar kind, had fallen into the snares of matrimony. He had consoled himself and his friends at the time by the reflection that he was «marrying money,» and had talked largely about running his father-in-law's farm and bossing the hands—assumptions which suffered a speedy downfall, however, for the very day after the wedding Mr. Nickins was put to hard labor in the fields by his father-in-law, not as overseer or «boss,» but as a plain «hand»; and at hard labor he continued, under the stern eye of the old squire, and to his own infinite disgust, up to the very day of his young wife's death. She was hardly laid in her grave before he hastened to the Station, and begged in abject terms to be allowed to return to Mr. Bundy's store, his reinstatement therein being the happiest moment of his life. He managed to repress his joyful sense of freedom, however, and dutifully «mourned» from June until September.

«And that,» he was saying, addressing all his remarks to Tice, and allowing merely the crumbs of his wisdom to fall upon the others, «is as much as a man ought to allow himself, knowing that them which is dead is as dead and gone as they ever *will* be, and this being a vale of tears anyhow, and human folks having to skirmish around lively to keep up any spirits at all. But if the Station people thinks I am setting out, they are the worst mistaken that ever was, and have n't got the sense that God gave geese, and will sure find it out before they live much longer. No; far be it from me to ever have the least notion of marrying again; and I never expected to do it the first time, and don't know how I come to. But let bygones be bygones, and peace to their ashes, and keep a peeled eye on the future. Of course not saying anything against the ladies, that has their attractions for me, as everybody knows, and I 'm not denying. But marrying, Tice, is a different thing, and a powerful good thing to keep out of, being mighty apt to lay a man low in some way or 'nother, in ways he is least expecting of, such as having to work out in the corn-field and tobacco-patch like a nigger, when he ought rightful to be standing behind a counter. No, Tice; fly around with the ladies, and have a big time with 'em, and let 'em admire you all they want, but draw the line at marrying, is my experience and advice, which I intend to keep, and you know I did keep a long time before I got married, under circumstances which other men would have fell into sure, some of the ladies liking me like they did—not meaning to brag, but all my friends knowing it is the gospel truth. Of course I don't mean to uphold flirting, and it has hurt my feelings a many a time at being called a flirt, and everybody giving me that reputation. But when the Station folks gets to marrying me off in their minds, just because I have bought me a new cravat and a new suit, let 'em remember them days before Tommy T. Nickins ever entered into matrimony, and ponder on 'em. And there being a strange young lady in the Station, and her being a town girl, and not knowing my ways, *she* will have to find 'em out.»

This speech made a profound impression, especially the last sentence, which was translated into less delicate language by his hearers, so that before night it was pretty well understood throughout the Station that Tommy T. Nickins was going to flirt Miss Molly Casselberry.

This added a hundredfold to the interest of the situation, and speculations were rife

concerning the outcome. The attractions of Mr. Nickins for the female heart were well known, and were felt to be a credit to the Station—a credit which would be augmented by his success in this case, a result confidently predicted by many. On the other hand, a number of the people were inclined to think that, Miss Casselberry being a town girl and knowing the ways of the world, Mr. Nickins was likely to get the worst of it, and be beguiled into marriage again. On the whole, the chances were regarded as about even; and the town settled down to the contemplation and enjoyment of the contest with all the zeal it would have expended upon a horse-race, had that amusement not been regarded as deeply worldly and distinctly contrary to the Bible, flirting being looked upon as one of the very few legitimate pleasures, and as, in fact, encouraged rather than otherwise by the canons of the Old Testament.

Mr. Nickins, confident in his powers both of insinuation and retreat, flung himself gaily into the fray with the proverbial zeal of a widower. The following Sunday he appeared in church wearing a cravat of brilliant salmon-pink, and again walked home with Miss Molly, and even went so far as to remain to dinner at Mrs. Garry's. During the progress of the meal he kept up an incessant flow of talk, both Mr. and Mrs. Garry feeling that it was their place to be seen and not heard when young folks were about, while Miss Molly herself, being one of those persons who prefer to win a reputation for brilliant conversational powers and rare wisdom by the simple method of keeping silence, threw in only an occasional monosyllable.

Nor did Mr. Nickins confine his attentions merely to Sundays, as was the habit of all the other young men of the Station. He not only braved public opinion to the extent of dropping into the Garry sitting-room on week-day evenings whenever it suited his pleasure, but if any letters came for Miss Molly in the night mail, he took them up to her at the school-house the following morning, walking boldly to her desk, and calmly interrupting any recitation that might be in progress, to deliver himself of such remarks as arose in his mind. In this proceeding he took a certain pride; for it is no small matter to be perfectly at one's ease with a person of whom the rest of the community stand in great awe, as the Station people could not fail to do of a young lady of so lofty and uncommunicative a disposition as Miss Molly, and one possessing such learning that a common jimson-weed became, upon her tongue, a Jamestown plant.

Miss Molly always walked down to Bundy's to get her afternoon mail, at which times Mr. Nickins was exceedingly solicitous, apologizing profusely if no letters had arrived for her, casting the most languishing glances at her across the counter, and never allowing her to depart without a small parcel of chewing-gum or candy, which he religiously charged up to himself if Mr. Bundy was in sight. Miss Molly would immediately proceed to enjoy these delicacies, chewing away with cow-like solemnity as she leaned against the counter or passed down the street.

It may readily be believed that Miss Molly was at an early day in possession of a full and minute history of the life of Mr. Nickins.

«MR. NICKINS WAS EXCEEDINGLY SOLICITOUS.»

So intent, indeed, was that gentleman upon the discussion of the absorbing subject, that he failed to elicit any confidences in return from Miss Molly, save the single fact that one of her sisters was a fashionable dressmaker up in Louisville, and sent her the dresses which seemed to be the chief thought and joy of her life.

Upon the occasions of Mr. Nickins's calls Mr. and Mrs. Garry always retired hastily to

the kitchen, and sat there during the remainder of the evening, with the self-effacement which was expected of old married people in the Station—not, however, entirely out of earshot of Mr. Nickins's almost unbroken monologue.

«It 's funny how she lets him do all the talking,» mused Mr. Garry, one evening. «It ain't natural.»

«You ain't able to see your hand before you, Ed Garry,» his wife said sharply. «She 's giving him plenty of rope so 's he 'll do his own hanging. He 'll talk himself right into marrying her, you 'll see.»

«Tommy T. is a heap too wary for any such,» declared Mr. Garry, emphatically.

«Miss Molly Casselberry is a deep one, and you 'll live to see it, Ed Garry; and plenty able to take care of herself,» retorted his spouse—«and Tommy T., too,» she added.

Along in the latter part of November Mr. Nickins reported the progress of his case to Mr. Deacon in the following words, as they leaned upon the counter one dismal day, and Mr. Nickins looked soulfully at the dropping rain.

«I am not proud, Tice,» he said, «and the Lord forbid my setting too much store by the talents he has give me; but if ever any man has reason to hold his head high, it is him that knows he has been fell in love with by a lovely woman, and likewise intelligent-minded and town-raised. But the way I have *managed*, Tice, being the thing that makes it harder for me to walk humble than anything else, so that I have to pray continual to be delivered from pride. And if I speak to you confidential, it is for you to keep your mouth shut, especial to your grandma, only telling you for your own good and guiding. Supposing, now, as is often the fact, the case of a beautiful young lady—not calling no names—setting where you are now at, and me here across the counter from her, and having handed her her letters, but she caring so little for 'em that she slips 'em careless into her pocket—them not being the *only* objects she has come down to Bundy's for, Tice. Then I will fold my arms and look at her, Tice, and maybe groan gentle, which a woman always appreciates, and never fails. Then she will say it is a nice day, and I will say yes, but there is other nice and beautiful creatures in this world besides the weather, and more affecting to my heart. Then I will lay my hand on my heart sudden, and ketch my breath, and she will say, oh, *have* I got the heart-disease? And I will tell her to never mind, and not notice the sufferings of such as me, that have no right to expect it from her; but that, if she must know, I have it, and incurable, but what has give it to me never, never shall pass my mortal lips. Then I will fix my eye wild-like on her hair, which is red, but which it suits me better to call golden, and pleases her a heap more. (O lovely hair!) I will say unconscious-like, (but not for me!) Likewise her eyes. Then, Mr. Bundy maybe having stepped out a minute, and her hand laying on the counter, I will lay mine on it, entirely unbeknown to me, and squeeze it mournful, all the time gazing out at the railroad-track. Then I will come to and realize, and snatch my hand away, and ask her to forgive one that is that bad off he has n't got not even a speck of mind left, and ain't accountable. And she will say that my troubles downright distresses her, and if it will do me any good to speak out my mind, to do so, and confide in her; which is getting a heap too near the danger-line, Tice, and puts me some to my paces. So I tell her no, Heaven forbid; that them thoughts I have it would be heartless and wicked to speak out over a new-made grave that I am bound to consider the feelings of; that never—no, never—will I speak under a year, if then, though lonesome I am, deprived of joys both past and future. Then she will say she understands my position exact, and my feelings, having knowed others in similar; but to cheer up, that I will get over them, as others has done, to her living knowledge; that it 's a long lane that knows no turning. I reckon she 's getting to think *I 'm* a pretty long one, Tice; but, howbeit, that gives you some notion of the way I manage; and not meaning to brag, but I believe there 's a mighty few could do the same as successful. And that is the way I am going to keep on, and never a more pointed word on the subject of marrying will she ever get out of me, Tice,—no, not in *ten* years; nor no other woman; and wild horses could n't drag it out of me,—having had, as I said, all the experience I want. And a man being the one that *has* to do the proposing, if any,—that being something a woman *can't* do,—I know I am safe, and can enjoy myself walking on the slippery edge without no fear of falling in—walking on the slippery edge being to me, Tice, what gambling or drink is to some men, but which is a thing you better not try till you get older and have more experience.»

All of which was faithfully reported by Mr. Tice to his maternal grandmother, old Mis' Gerton, before sundown, and promptly

handed down, with trifling additions, by her to the town.

Matters went on in the smooth and charming way described by Mr. Nickins until the week before Christmas—that gentleman carrying out his plans to the letter, and venturing to the extreme limit of the slippery edge with never a misstep nor a waver in equilibrium. Down to the very abyss of matrimony would his talk run; but in the twinkling of an eye, by some astonishing mental gymnastic, his thoughts would be browsing upon the placid hillsides of friendship or the green grass of a grave.

His amazement may therefore be better imagined than described when, on the evening of the Sunday before Christmas, Miss Casselberry fixed firm eyes upon him, and opened her rosy and seldom-parted lips to give calm utterance to these words:

«Mr. Nickins, I have made up my mind to marry.»

Mr. Nickins stared at her with starting eyes and helplessly open mouth. The young lady continued imperturbably:

«I do not think it is well for either man or woman to live alone, but especially man; and, above all, a man who has once loved and lost—as well you know, and I have often heard you say.»

The muscles of Mr. Nickins's body suffered a relaxation which made him almost unable to keep a sitting posture.

«Feeling that I am fitted to shed a balm upon the path of such a man,» she continued, «I have decided to marry; and I think it best to speak out plain and unmistakable to you at the present time, knowing your feelings for me, and wanting things to go off smooth and pleasant to all. I have made up my mind to marry, Mr. Nickins, and to marry on Christmas day.»

Mr. Nickins gasped. «Ain't it a little soon, Miss Molly,» he tremulously inquired, «to be showing the proper respects to them that is dead and gone?»

Miss Molly opened her eyes. «I hope not,» she answered severely. «I have thought about that, and I hope I am the last one, Mr. Nickins, to step into another's shoes before the proper time. No; I have made up my mind to marry on Christmas day, in church, after morning meeting, in a golden-brown ladies' cloth trimmed in seal fur and jewel passementerie and cream-colored lace, with hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings to match, which my sister has been getting ready for me, and which will be here to-morrow by express. And I am going to have a black velvet cape trimmed in jet, and a dozen of all kinds of underclothes, and a pale-blue silk morning wrapper, and a pink cashmere tea-gown with a Watteau plait, and a dark-green silk dress with iridescent beading, and a picture hat, and an opera bonnet, and will go to Louisville on my bridal trip.»

These various items Miss Molly told off solemnly and impressively on her long white fingers, with evident relish.

Mr. Nickins listened spellbound as he felt the tremendous weight of circumstance crush in upon him. Now or never was the time for his brilliant strategic talents to assert themselves. Surely out of that eloquently open mouth would issue some saving words, some new declaration of independence, which would dispel this lowering cloud of doom, and burst asunder these frightful toils. Twice, thrice, the words seemed to rise to his dry lips; twice, thrice, they lost themselves in a gasping sigh. Oh, Mr. Nickins, where is your tongue? where is your boasted talent? whither has your gallant courage flown? Speak, speak before it is everlastingly too late; for you hang upon the uttermost edge of the abyss! Upon your action at this dreadful moment depend not only your own safety and happiness, but the pride and credit of the Station, the confident wagers of your many friends!

But the fateful moment passes; the edge, for once, is too slippery and slanting. Is it possible that in the young man who visibly shrinks within himself before the determined gaze of that large and placid young woman we behold the confident and valiant being who gave utterance, only three short months before, to the declaration that the said young woman being a town girl and not knowing his ways, she would have to find them out? Is it possible that we hear him say, in a broken voice of base capitulation, these ignoble words:

«And what would you wear if you was me, Miss Molly?»

Mr. Nickins took an early leave that evening. As he went down the street his shoulders were bowed as if with the weight of years, and every few minutes he pinched himself wonderingly. He let himself into his room over the store, and soon fell asleep from sheer brain exhaustion.

Morning, however, threw a brighter glamour over his prospects; that adaptability with which the human mind is reconciled to the inevitable began to assert itself. When Mr. Tice Deacon sauntered into the store about

ten o'clock, Mr. Nickins was in sufficient spirits mournfully to buttonhole him and escort him through the store to the back portion thereof. Here, seated upon a flour-barrel, Mr. Nickins began the following interesting confidences:

«Little did I think, or would have believed, Tice,—no, not if a' angel from heaven had blowed it on a trumpet,—that ever I would live to see what I do see, or say what I do say. Far was it from me to make any such calculations as have come round, and I honest had as little expectation of 'em as a new-born babe, or as that old dominicker hen of

«IF I AIN'T ANYTHING ELSE, I *AM* A GENTLEMAN.»

your grandma's had Tuesday of being e't up by a hawk Wednesday, my principles being each and every single one the direct other way. But I now realize that, like Solomon says, things is going to happen to us, no matter how much we kick against the pricks. And if any man is able to kick out of all sorts of traces, I have always thought I was, and still believe. But there is situations, Tice, that no man can kick out of—no, not even if he was a Samson—and keep his self-respects, especial when chickens has been counted before they are hatched, and wedding-clothes bought and made up. I hope, if I ain't anything else, I *am* a gentleman, and can't bear to break the heart of a weak woman, or disappoint her affections, which has twisted themselves around me so strong and tender that it is beautiful to see and hear from her own lips. No; I am not that hard heart and vile sinner, nor never could be, I pray the Lord, even if it *was* sprung on me that sudden my skin was all goose-flesh when I heard it, never expecting no such, and thinking it was a man's place to say such words as them, and not a young lady's, and not believing a woman could take such a bit as that between her own teeth. And when a man don't know a thing *can* happen, he natchully ain't able to prepare his mind for it, and got to take it as it comes, whether or no. Not saying anything against anybody, or that things don't have their advantages, which I could not see at first, but am able to see some now; for I don't know of a handsomer nowheres, not to say imposing, nor a better dresser, which is a comfort to a man not to have his women-folks look dowdy and country; and her outfit is going to open the Station's eyes. Then, being a town girl, too, is a good thing—a' indispensable, I might say, country girls not being congenial to my mind, which I know, having tried.»

Mr. Nickins paused a moment after this delicate allusion to his late spouse, and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling.

«Then, her folks being town folks, it will be perfectly natchul for them to want us to live with them in town, so I reckon you 'll see me leaving the Station before long, always having felt like the Station was n't no place for a man like me to live in. So I say, the Lord knows best, and is mighty apt to provide for us, which Mr. Bundy, being a' infidel, says there ain't no such a thing; but I know better, because if the Lord never provided for me this time, who did? I know I never done it myself. Yes; I say the Lord provides for us, though in ways unbeknown, and sometimes so unexpected and strong and sudden that they 're like my pa-in-law's old butting ram for taking a man plumb off his feet, which is the way I have been took. What has took me, Tice, being that next Sunday, it being Christmas, me and Miss Molly Casselberry are going to get married in church, right after meeting, and go up to Louisville on our wedding-trip.»

Mr. Nickins looked intently at his friend as he made this startling announcement. Mr. Deacon's fair face, with its suspicion of a mustache, flushed and then paled; his lip quivered; he caught his breath, and winked very fast.

«Tommy T.,» he faltered in a voice of profound reproach, «I am disappointed in you. I cannot deny it. I wish you joy.» He looked

at Mr. Nickins as he would have gazed upon some crumbling ruin, then crushed his hat savagely upon his head and departed.

He went straight home, and hastily unbosomed his sorrow to his grandmother, who was chopping mince-meat in the kitchen. That lady made no attempt to conceal her excitement. The chopper shook visibly in her hands; her eyes grew as sharp as an eagle's; she drew short breaths. «Tell it again, Tice,» she commanded; «every word!» He did so, repeating Mr. Nickins's language as nearly as possible. Old Mis' Gerton flung the chopper down on the table, snatched her bonnet and shawl, fastened them on with violently trembling fingers, and was gone like a flash, regardless of snow and rheumatism.

In an hour's time the amazing news was all over town that Mr. Nickins and Miss Casselberry were to be married the following Sunday; that Miss Casselberry, having ordered her trousseau beforehand, had done the proposing, and that Mr. Nickins had not had the spirit to refuse. These were savory morsels to roll under the tongues of the various gossips, and excitement ran high. A large proportion of the Station people dropped in casually during the afternoon to offer congratulations to Mr. Nickins, which he received with much composure and an air of perfect resignation.

A number of the ladies also called at Mrs. Garry's during school hours that day. Did she know Miss Molly and Tommy T. were going to get married the next Sunday? Merciful goodness, no; but she had looked for it from the first, and had told Ed Garry so, as he was called in from the wood-house to bear witness. When people had talked so big about Tommy T. Nickins being able to flirt Miss Molly Casselberry, a teacher, and a town girl, and her boarder, they had talked like the wind, which listeneth not whither it bloweth.

And while the ladies discussed the absorbing subject, there arrived by express for Miss Casselberry two large, fat pasteboard boxes, evidently from a dressmaker, which of course confirmed the matter. The ladies took what peeps they could by raising the corners of the lids. In the neighborhood of four o'clock all the visitors except old Mis' Gerton took a hasty leave—going, in fact, out of the back door, having caught sight of Miss Molly entering the front gate. Old Mis' Gerton grimly and courageously remained, and, when Miss Molly came in, demanded the truth as to her getting married Sunday. Miss Molly solemnly said that she could not deny it; that she was indeed going to marry after meeting on Sunday, in a golden-brown ladies' cloth trimmed in seal fur, jewel passementerie, and cream-colored lace, with hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings to—but here were the interesting articles themselves, which the ladies should see with their own eyes. Thereupon the boxes were opened, and the contents inspected in all lights, and condemned for their worldliness and praised for their beauty.

The entire week passed in much the same way as this first day. Every lady in the Station called during school hours to inspect the bride's trousseau, which Mrs. Garry made bold to exhibit. New boxes arrived every day, and many of the visitors were fain to call as often. If by chance Miss Molly caught any of them there on her return from school in the afternoons, they had seemingly dropped in on urgent errands, and were careful not to refer to the subject uppermost in their minds, save on one or two occasions when Miss Molly herself, in a burst of condescension, opened up a discussion of her wedding-clothes. By common consent all reference to the bridegroom was avoided, the ladies of the Station feeling that the peculiarly delicate circumstances of the case precluded any mention on their part of Mr. Nickins, unless the subject were first broached by Miss Molly, while her own thoughts soared in too high a heaven of clothes ever to drop down to the level of her prospective husband.

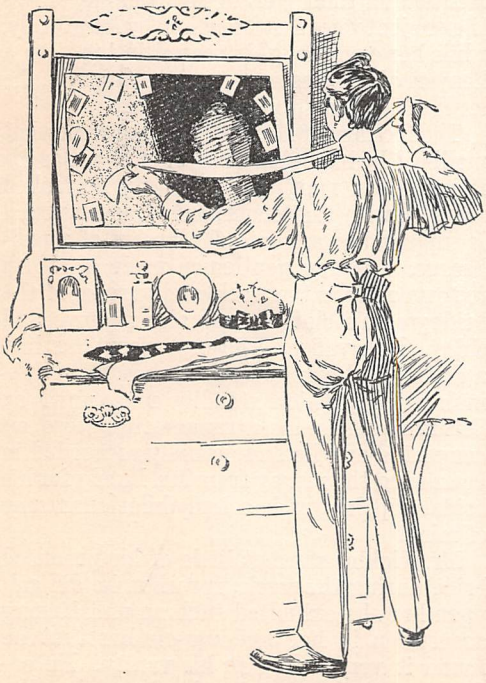
The feelings of Mr. Deacon were somewhat mollified by his being requested to act as his friend's best man, to which duty he looked forward with that mournful pleasure which is supposed to animate the bosom of a pall-bearer. The two gentlemen made a trip up to town early in the week, and purchased the bridegroom's clothes, and also a large and shiny black valise. These preparations had a distinctly favorable effect upon Mr. Nickins's spirits, which steadily rose, until by Saturday, when his arrangements were all completed and he had actually succeeded in borrowing the money from Mr. Bundy for his bridal trip, he was in a truly hilarious frame of mind.

Mr. Nickins saw but little of his promised bride during the week; for when he did call upon her she exhibited such an unflattering absorption in her wedding-clothes that he found it very trying to his vanity. He endeavored to interest her by describing the clothes he had bought, but without success, for she only looked at him absent-mindedly. When he inquired how she wished him to enter the church, she said, oh, of course he

must suit himself about that; and on his stating that Tice was to walk in with him, she said she was sure that was very nice. Mr. Nickins could only conclude that it was the proper and delicate way of town girls to devote all their thoughts to their trousseaux, and none to their future husbands; and of Miss Molly's affection for himself there arose in his mind not the shadow of a doubt.

On Saturday afternoon he called upon Brother Cheatham, the minister, to secure his services for the all-important event. Brother Cheatham congratulated him cordially, and said he was not unprepared, having just received a note from the lady herself. He playfully drew from his pocket a sheet of pink paper covered with Miss Casselberry's large and legible writing, begging him to hold himself in readiness to unite her in the holy bonds of matrimony to the gentleman of her choice immediately after meeting on the morrow.

SUNDAY was as clear and cold and bright as Christmas day and a wedding-day should be. Excitement was at a high pitch in the Station, and the church was crowded to overflowing. Every man, woman, and child

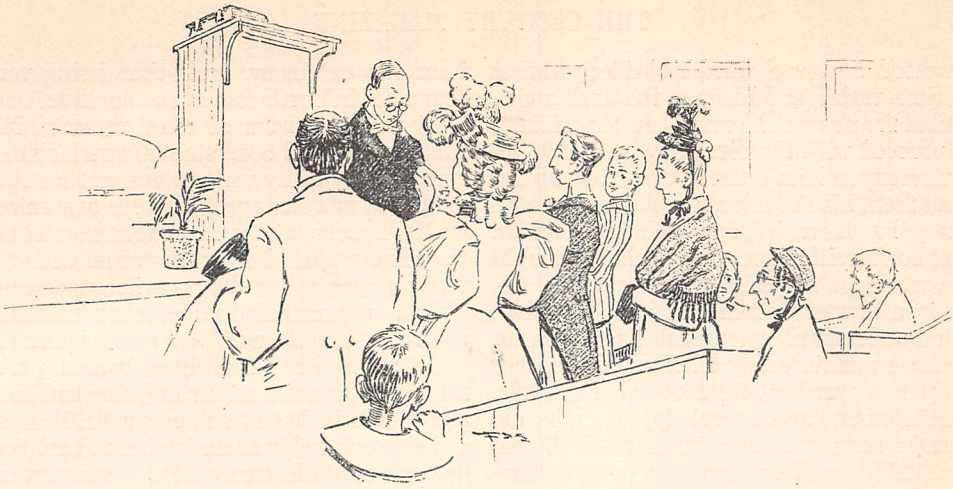


«ANY ONE OF THEM TIES WOULD LOOK MORE ELEGANT.»

in town was there, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Garry, who were to come later with the bride, and Mr. Nickins and Mr. Deacon. These two gentlemen were engaged in making as stunning a toilet as possible. The bridegroom gazed regretfully at three satin neckties stretched across his bureau, which were of the respective colors of lavender, pale blue, and sea-green. «Any one of them ties would look more elegant, not to say more cheerful, Tice, and becoming,» Mr. Nickins said critically, trying them severally against his complexion; «but white she said, and white it shall be, me not being the man to contradict a lovely woman, and having plenty of chance, anyhow, to wear them gayer ones on the wedding-trip.»

The toilets being completed, the gentlemen descended to the street, Mr. Deacon lugging his friend's valise down to the railroad platform. They then walked up in the direction of Mrs. Garry's house. Some distance in front of them, with stately and pompous tread, walked a portly gentleman who had come out of the hotel, and who was known to have arrived on the midnight train the night before. He was evidently a city gentleman approaching middle age, and wore a shining silk hat and elegant black broadcloth clothes. Mr. Nickins and Mr. Deacon eyed him with some curiosity, which was heightened when he turned in at Mrs. Garry's gate and was admitted to the house. They quickened their pace, and were greeted at the door by Miss Molly herself, who said she was glad to see them, and appreciated their coming, but would have to ask them to excuse her, as time was short, and she had yet to put on her hat and gloves; that she would see them a little later at the church. The middle-aged gentleman eyed them blandly from the sitting-room sofa. There was nothing left for them but to saunter up to the church, Mr. Nickins confiding to Tice on the way that the middle-aged gentleman was either Miss Molly's uncle or her brother-in-law, he could not decide which, knowing that she had several of both; that he appeared to be in fine circumstances, which was a good thing, and had evidently come to give the bride away.

The bridegroom and his best man entered the church, and sat on the back seat of the gentlemen's side. To say that every head in that congregation was turned is to do small justice to the occasion; for every head was turned not once, but many times, each seeming to be the center of a small but lively cyclone. Mr. Nickins was a man of sufficient self-possession to enjoy thoroughly the impression he was making. So intent, indeed, was he upon this that the remainder of the bridal party had entered the church and



«AT THIS POINT A SHRIEK WENT UP FROM THE BRIDE.»

were some distance up the aisle before he realized it. He sprang to his feet, seized Mr. Deacon by the arm, and hurried after them. Miss Casselberry, in the conscious glory of her golden-brown ladies' cloth, trimmed exactly as she had foretold, with hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings to match, stepped proudly up the aisle on the arm of the handsome and portly gentleman, her uncle or brother-in-law, as the case might be. Then followed Mrs. Garry and her husband, the latter hanging back painfully, and looking wildly about as if for some avenue of escape. The bridegroom, with his best man, whom he was obliged to support all the way up the aisle, brought up the rear. Arriving before the pulpit, Mr. Garry beat a retreat to the front seat, while the portly relative, the bride, the bridegroom, and the best man ranged themselves before the minister, and Mrs. Garry stationed herself in the rear.

The loud hum and buzz in the congregation subsided into a deep silence as Brother Cheatham began the marriage ceremony with a few preliminary remarks, addressed to his two dear young friends, in which he warned them of the many snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and of the duties of mutual forbearance and patience, following up this exhortation with a prayer, wherein he repeated for the benefit of the Omnipotent pretty much what he had said to them. The moment of intensest interest then arrived, when he signified, by a movement of his hand, that the interested parties should draw a step nearer, which all five of them did. The congregation leaned breathlessly forward as one man; the solemn words, in Brother Cheatham's best manner, rolled sonorously forth:

«Do you, Thomas T. Nickins, take this woman, Mary Ann Casselberry, to be your lawful wedded wife, to love, cherish, and protect—»

At this point a shriek went up from the bride, who had stood as if paralyzed during the utterance of these words, as also had the portly relative. «No, no,» she said weakly; «there is a mistake! Somebody has made a mistake! Mr. Nickins is not the bridegroom! Oh, my goodness gracious, what on earth—» With a hysterical sob, she looked about her, and then laid her head upon the shoulder of the portly gentleman.

The latter, seeing that the congregation gazed with fascinated horror at the bridal party, and feeling that something must be done, drew forth a card from his pocket and presented it pompously to the minister. It bore this inscription:

STEPHEN BARTHOLOMEW,

Funeral Director.

Louisville, Ky.

As this failed to enlighten the minister, having no apparent bearing upon the occasion, Mr. Bartholomew went on to declare, with considerable unction of manner, that it was evident there had been a slight misunderstanding in the present instance, which doubtless a few words would set right: that he, Stephen Bartholomew, was the chosen husband of the young lady who now wept on his shoulder, overcome by her feelings; that he had met and loved her the previous summer, but the wedding had been postponed that due respect might be shown, as was entirely proper, to a deceased; that sufficient time having elapsed since the decease of said

deceased, he now claimed his bride; and that as time, trains, and likewise the dark angel, waited for no man, he must beg the minister to proceed with the ceremony.

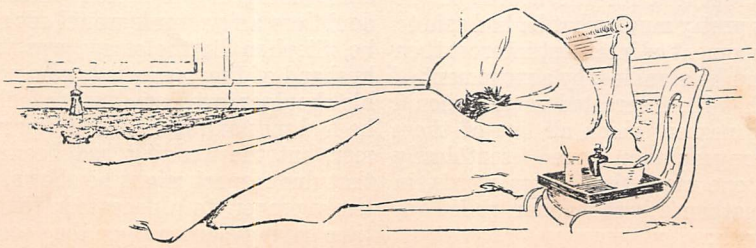
Thereupon Miss Casselberry lifted up her head from his shoulder, wiped her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and said, with dignity, that how Mr. Nickins could ever have thought she would be *his* bride was more than she, being a mortal woman and not a prophet, could understand, when such had never for a single minute crossed her mind, and her heart had ever beat faithful to her dear Mr. Bartholomew; and especially, she said, did it seem strange to her, when she had told Mr. Nickins, with her own lips, only the Sunday evening before, about her full intentions of getting married at this very hour that now was, and even the identical clothes she was going to marry in, being a golden-brown ladies' cloth trimmed in seal fur, jewel passementerie, and cream-colored lace, with hat, gloves, shoes, and—and handkerchief to match, which they could see for themselves bore out her word, and which she had taken particular pains to tell Mr. Nickins first of all, and enlighten his mind, he having shown her so many kind attentions, which she appreciated highly, but could not reciprocate, and not wanting Mr. Nickins to build any hopes on sand. If she had failed to mention the name of her intended, it was simply an oversight on her part, she having so many things on her mind. When Mr. Nickins had spoken to her about his clothes and those of Mr. Deacon, and, later, when she had seen the two gentlemen come up the aisle, she had supposed that they were only paying her the compliment of being her ushers. Words could not express her sad state of mind at being even the innocent cause of any unpleasant feelings to Mr. Nickins, even if it was all his own fault for being too presumptuous, and none of hers. And regretting all that had happened, and hoping it would never happen again, she must ask Mr. Cheatham to perform the ceremony, train-time being very near, and Mr. Bartholomew's business waiting.

At the conclusion of these remarks, Mr. Nickins, who had been standing with dilated eyes and a ghastly whiteness about his lips, unable to move or speak, felt his arm seized by Mr. Deacon, and realized that he was being rapidly piloted down the aisle, with the terrible eyes of the congregation upon him.

There is a merciful numbness which falls upon the human mind at some junctures when a too keen realization would prove fatal. It was not until Mr. Nickins had been put to bed in his own room by Mr. Deacon, and a strong toddy administered to him, that he came to a full sense of the situation, when he went off into as wild a fit of hysterics as could be expected of any woman, his moans and groans and cries of wounded pride being distinctly audible when the newly married couple, accompanied by the congregation, arrived at the railroad platform to wait for the train. It was observed, however, that these painful manifestations cast no damper whatever upon the spirits of the bride, who was much absorbed in contemplating, first over one shoulder and then over the other, the «set» of a handsome black velvet cape, heavily ornamented with jet, which now intervened between the wintry blasts and her wedding-dress, and who smiled a serene farewell to her friends as the rushing train stopped for an instant to receive the happy pair into the luxurious interior of its parlor-car.

But whether the dire humiliation of Mr. Nickins was the result of a premeditated and carefully arranged plan on the part of Miss Casselberry,—an opinion fostered by certain inscrutable smiles from Mrs. Garry,—or only one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence whereby a shining mark is not infrequently made a target for «the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,» the Station has failed, even after an exhaustive discussion of the question, to make up its mind.

Lucy S. Furman.



MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA, MOTHER OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE AS DAUPHINE.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF «LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.»

THE real Marie-Antoinette has not yet been fully depicted. Recent publications of undoubted authenticity[2] throw a new light on the true character of one who was neither a saint nor yet a sinner in any grave degree, but an amiable and lovable woman, frivolous in her prosperous days, engrossed in the pursuit of amusement, thoughtless and imprudent in many of her actions and words, but who, nevertheless, in the time of adversity showed that she had inherited the heroic spirit of her mother.

Maria Theresa was a great sovereign, a woman of masculine mind; and although the mother of sixteen children, she remained essentially a politician—a *statesman*, if such an expression may be used. Her daughters were regarded principally as instruments for obtaining political alliances. The youngest and fairest she had destined from her earliest years for the heir to the throne of France.

Marie-Antoinette-Josèphe-Jeanne, of Hapsburg-Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria and future Queen of France, was born on November 2 (feast of All Souls), 1755—the day after the terrible catastrophe at Lisbon, when that city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. Maria Theresa's daughter was taught the correct pronunciation of French by two actors of the Théâtre Français, while the French Abbé de Vermond was appointed to direct her education, which, however, was unhappily very incomplete. The writers who glorify the maternal care and vigilance of Maria Theresa are contradicted by the most trustworthy witnesses, the truth seeming to be that the great Empress, engrossed by her political cares, left her children far too completely to the discretion of governesses and subordinates, who were neither very capable nor, perhaps, very conscientious. Drawings were shown to the Empress as the work of Marie-Antoinette which the latter afterward declared she had never touched, and this «make-believe» system seems to have been carried on throughout. The Abbé de Vermond directed only her French studies; but although a good and well-meaning man, the results which he obtained were far from creditable to his efforts. He does not seem to have had the art either of interesting her in any serious pursuit, or of acquiring proper control over her mind and character. Her handwriting even, as proved by autographs, was utterly unformed and childish at the time of her arrival at the court of France, and her spelling was defective.

Through the manœuvers of her imperial mother, and the influence of the Duc de Choiseul, then prime minister of France, who favored the Austrian alliance, the mar-

[1] Readers of this article may be interested to know that the next number of THE CENTURY will contain another paper by the same writer entitled «The Last Days of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.»—EDITOR.

[2] Taken from the State Papers at Vienna.

riage was settled at the earliest possible age of the Dauphin and of the Archduchess, the bride being only fourteen, and the bridegroom a year older.

On January 21, 1770, Marie-Antoinette received the wedding-ring sent by the Dauphin —the very day, twenty-three years later, on which Louis XVI ascended the scaffold! On April 16 the official demand was made to the widowed Empress, in the name of the «most Christian King,» by the Marquis de Durfort. On the 17th the Archduchess solemnly renounced her rights in Austria. On the 19th a ceremony of marriage by proxy was performed (the Archduke Maximilian representing the Dauphin of France), and the official signatures were then appended to the imperial register of births, deaths, and marriages. The young Princess was then required to spend three days in meditation and prayer, as a preparation for her future state. On April 21, after receiving the holy communion, she was taken to pray before the tombs of her ancestors, where lay the father who had loved her with peculiar affection, and whom she had lost in her early childhood. Then came the final parting from her mother, the last meeting in this world; for in those days few people traveled, and sovereigns never left their states.

Before the last heartrending embrace, Maria Theresa gave her daughter a plan and rule of life «to be read over every month.» Part of this seems to be the «cut-and-dried» advice taken from a devotional book; but here and there, more particularly in a private supplement of instructions, the eager, earnest tones, evidently of the Empress herself, are in marked contrast with the rest:

«Have no curiosity—this is a point on which I have great fears for you. Avoid all familiarity with your subordinates. Ask Monsieur and Madame de Noailles,[1] and even insist, that they shall tell you what you ought to do; and request that they shall warn you sincerely of anything to be corrected in your manner or your speech, or in any other respect. Do not be ashamed of asking advice, and do nothing out of your own head. At the beginning of every month I will despatch a special messenger to Paris; meanwhile you can prepare your letters so as to send them immediately on the arrival of this messenger. Mercy[2] will have orders for his return. You can also write to me by post, but only on unimportant matters such as every one may know. Destroy my letters, which will enable me to write to you more openly; I will do the same as regards yours. Say nothing about domestic affairs here; there is nothing but what would be uninteresting and even wearisome. Speak of your family with truth and moderation.»

Elsewhere she says very sagely: «I should in no wise be desirous of your introducing any novelties or doing anything contrary to the custom of France; you must pretend to nothing peculiar to yourself, nor quote what is done here, nor try that such should be imitated.»

This judicious advice might be followed with advantage by many young brides even in private life; but the state of the court of France at that time was such as to render the future position of the innocent but thoughtless and imperfectly educated young Princess one of peculiar difficulty and peril.

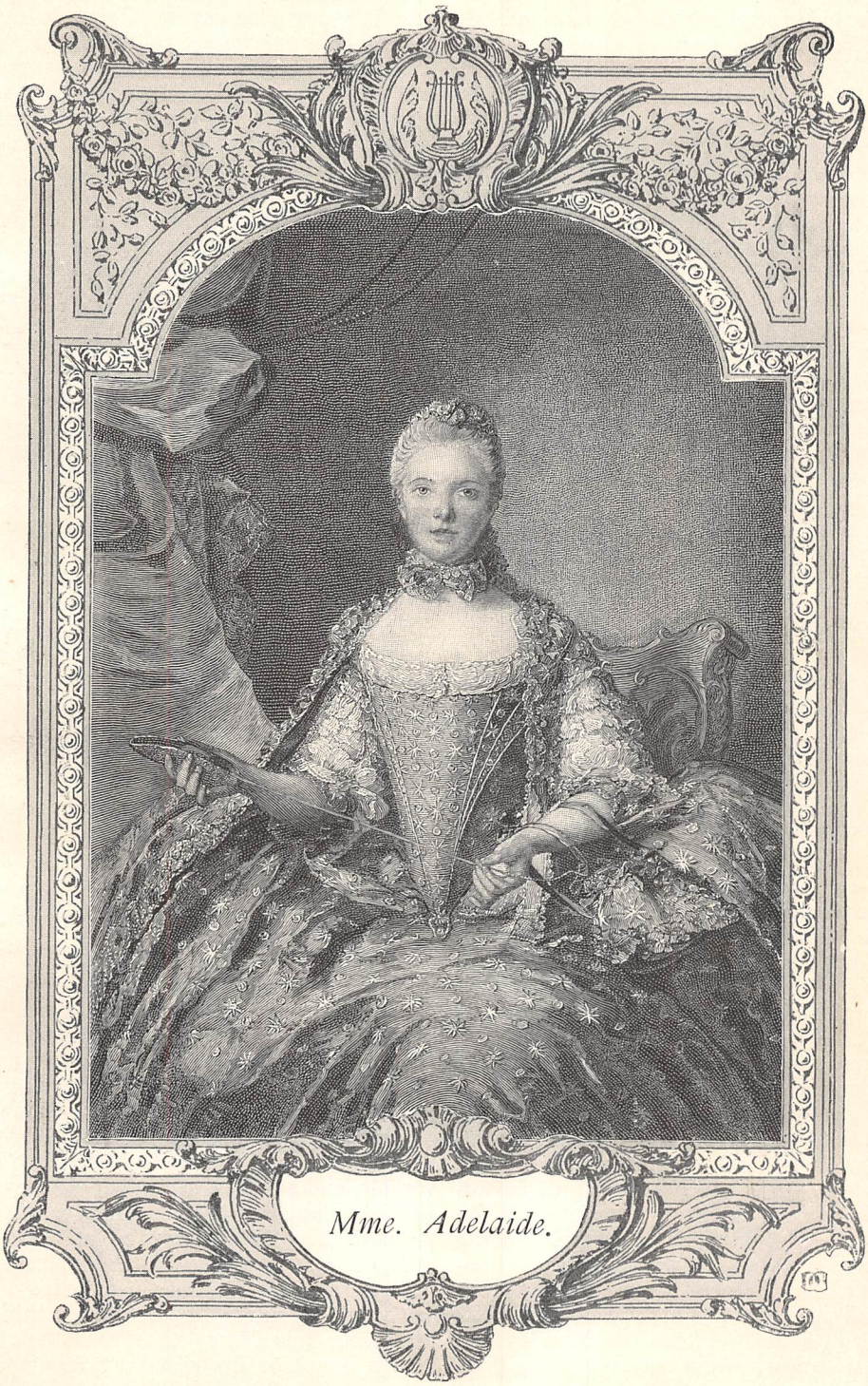
The King, worn out physically and mentally by the excesses of his life, was bearing the yoke of his favorite, the Comtesse du Barry, who reigned supreme. The first Dauphin had died several years before, to the great grief of the nation, for his principles were in strong contrast to those of his father. His wife, the Dauphine, an exceedingly estimable woman strongly attached to her husband, did not long survive him. They left five children: three sons—the Duc de Berry, who after his father's death became Dauphin and heir apparent to the throne of France (afterward king as Louis XVI), the Comte de Provence, and the Comte d'Artois (later known respectively as Louis XVIII and Charles X); and two daughters—Madame Clotilde and Madame Elisabeth.

The Queen, Marie Leczinska, had died some time before the marriage of the Dauphin, her grandson; and since her death the position of «first lady in the land» had been held by her daughter, Madame Adelaide, a clever woman of an imperious, domineering temper, who was by no means pleased to yield her prerogatives, as she must needs do, to the child-wife of a boyish nephew. Madame Victoire, fat, sleepy, and good-natured, cared little for anything beyond a good dinner and her other comforts, but was led and governed by her elder sister; Madame Sophie was singularly ill-favored, very shy, very disagreeable, and utterly insignificant; the youngest and most amiable of the four sisters, Madame Louise, had recently left the court for a Carmelite convent.

Maria Theresa had a strong desire to give

[1] They were appointed to conduct the Dauphine to Versailles.

[2] The ambassador of the German Empire at the court of France.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N. Y., OF A PAINTING BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER.

suitable guidance to her daughter. She consequently arranged with the German ambassador, Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, a secret correspondence, by which she was to be told of everything concerning the young Dauphine. Mercy kept a journal, which was regularly sent to the Empress, in which the most minute details of the daily life of the Princess are jotted down; every act, every incautious word, is registered. Being in utter ignorance of this agreement, Marie-Antoinette treated Mercy with full confidence, often expressing astonishment at the information possessed by the Empress concerning her, but never dreaming that Mercy, whom she entirely trusted, was in fact an accredited spy through whom everything was revealed.

There is, it must be owned, something revolting in the part played by Mercy. True, the revelations were made only to her mother; but she was Empress of Germany, and while Marie-Antoinette ought henceforward to have been devoted to the interests of France, the country over which her husband was to reign, the one idea of Maria Theresa was the prosperity and welfare of her own empire.

On May 6, 1770, after having, in those days of slow traveling, left Vienna on the 21st of April, Marie-Antoinette reached the last German town before Kehl, and the bridge over the Rhine. A pavilion had been erected on the island in the middle of the river, where she was to be solemnly given to the French envoys, and where she was to meet her French household.

The three envoys of the French king stood in the central division as the door opened on the Austrian side and the Archduchess appeared. She advanced toward a platform in the center of the room while the formal surrender to the French was read over; her Austrian attendants then kissed her hand, and disappeared into the Austrian division, closing the door of separation. The Princess was then taken into a room on the French side, where she was undressed and clothed from head to foot in French attire, according to custom on such occasions. When ready, the door was thrown open, and the Princess appeared in full dress, as «Dauphine.» Her French household was then formally presented to her; when, gracefully running to the Comtesse de Noailles, her *dame d'honneur*, or first lady, the young Princess embraced her, with the earnest request that she would be her guide and counsel in the performance of the new duties which awaited her.

On the French bank of the Rhine one of the sixty traveling-carriages sent to meet her took the Princess to Strasburg; but meanwhile a storm, which had grown more and more dark and lowering during the ceremony, burst over the city, and terrific peals of thunder mingled with the cheers of the crowd as Marie-Antoinette passed through the gates—a dreary entry into her future kingdom! After a short rest, the Princess continued her journey, finding in every town an enthusiastic reception.

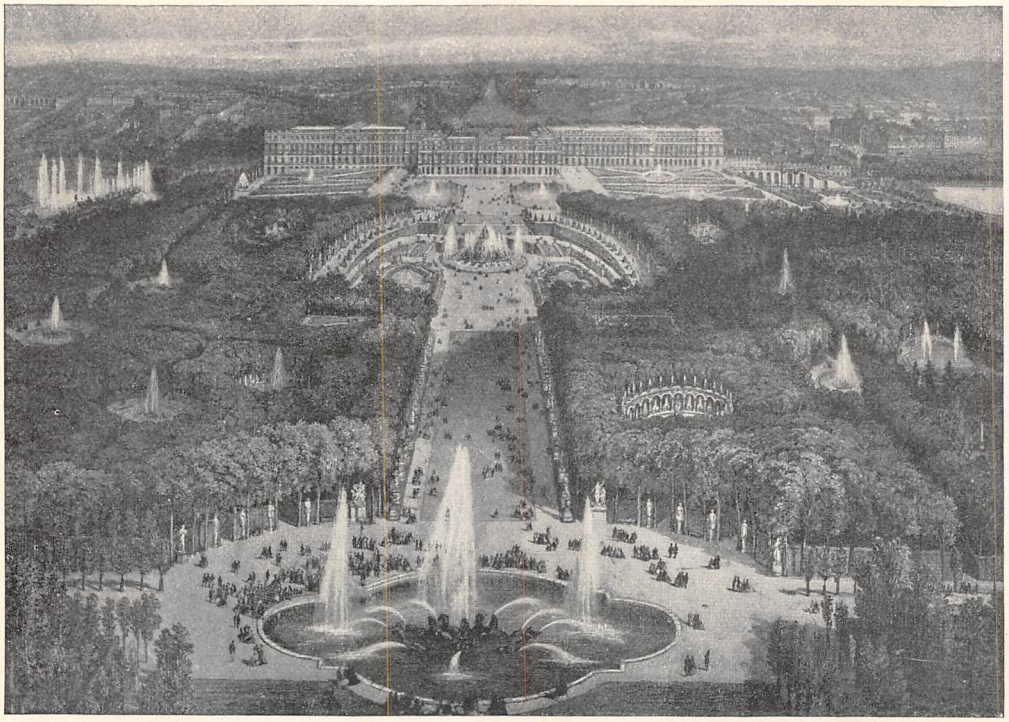
On the 14th of May she reached Compiègne, where, at some distance from the town, she met the Duc de Choiseul, whom she welcomed as a friend. A few minutes later, as she crossed the forest of Compiègne, the King and the Dauphin, with a numerous escort, were seen coming out to meet her. Marie-Antoinette stepped from her carriage, and, running toward the King, threw herself on her knees, whereupon he raised and embraced her. The Dauphin, overpowered with shyness, hardly dared to look at his bride, but ventured to «salute her on the cheek.»

The next day the whole court left Compiègne for Versailles, stopping at St. Denis, where Marie-Antoinette, to the great delight of the nuns, wished to see her new aunt, Madame Louise, then a novice at the Carmelite convent. She spent the night at the small château of La Muette, where the King presented her with a pearl necklace that had been brought to France by Anne of Austria, and worn by the queens and dauphines of France, in which each pearl was the size of a hazel-nut and all were exactly of the same water.

On May 16, 1770, at ten o'clock in the morning, Marie-Antoinette made her official entry into that celebrated palace of Versailles which became her home till the outbreak of the French Revolution. The definitive marriage ceremony took place that morning in the chapel of Versailles, and was followed by great rejoicings. The youth of the bride, her childish grace, impressed every one favorably, and even the hostile «Mesdames de France,» daughters of the King, were propitiated. She was so young, so pretty, so ingenuous, so caressing, that the imperious Madame Adelaide at once concluded that she would be easily directed in all things. The King told Mercy that he found the young Dauphine lively, but «rather childish»; adding, however, «But that is only natural at her age.» The heavy, shy Dauphin was not demonstrative; still he admitted that he liked her face and conversa-

Mme. Louise.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N. Y., OF A PAINTING.



THE PALACE AND PARK OF VERSAILLES.

tion, that she was very agreeable, and that he was altogether well pleased.

The memoirs of the time all dwell upon the promise of her yet undeveloped beauty: the noble cast of her features, her brilliant complexion, the golden shade of her beautiful hair, her graceful manner, and the remarkable dignity of her attitude. She spoke French well, with a slight German accent and some German idioms; but she was so young and so completely surrounded by French attendants that these traces of her foreign origin soon disappeared.

On the first arrival of Marie-Antoinette at Versailles, the traditional apartments of the queens of France were not ready to receive her, and for the first six months she resided in temporary rooms on the ground floor of the palace. After this period she removed to the first floor, where a suite of splendid rooms opening out of the Galerie des Glaces, or Hall of Mirrors, was devoted to her use.

Madame de Noailles, having been dame d'honneur to the late Queen, was naturally appointed to the same post in the household of the young Dauphine. Unfortunately the habits acquired while attending a very precise and aged princess rendered her particularly unfitted to direct a wilful, merry girl of fourteen, whom she annoyed incessantly by remonstrating on some unconscious breach of etiquette. Madame de Noailles was essentially the court lady, stiff and formal, entirely absorbed by the rules of her position, and looking upon the smallest breach of custom as little less than a sin. The Princess was respectfully chided for having forgotten this or that detail of etiquette, or told that her smiles and bows had not been properly distributed according to rank, till the young Dauphine, who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, became both exasperated and diverted by the constant anxiety of her dame d'honneur. Madame de Noailles seemed to be perpetually in the agonized state attributed to some old lord-in-waiting at one of Queen Victoria's first drawing-rooms, when, seeing the Queen make a move toward a lady presented, he cried aloud in great alarm, «Don't kiss her, ma'am! She is not a peeress!»

Marie-Antoinette had been ill prepared by the simplicity of the court of Vienna for such minute observances. The Empress was so revered by the people, the imperial family was so loved, that it was not necessary to awaken respect by so many of the proverbial «externals.» On the other hand, the intense haughtiness which lay behind prevented any close contact with that half-nobility which

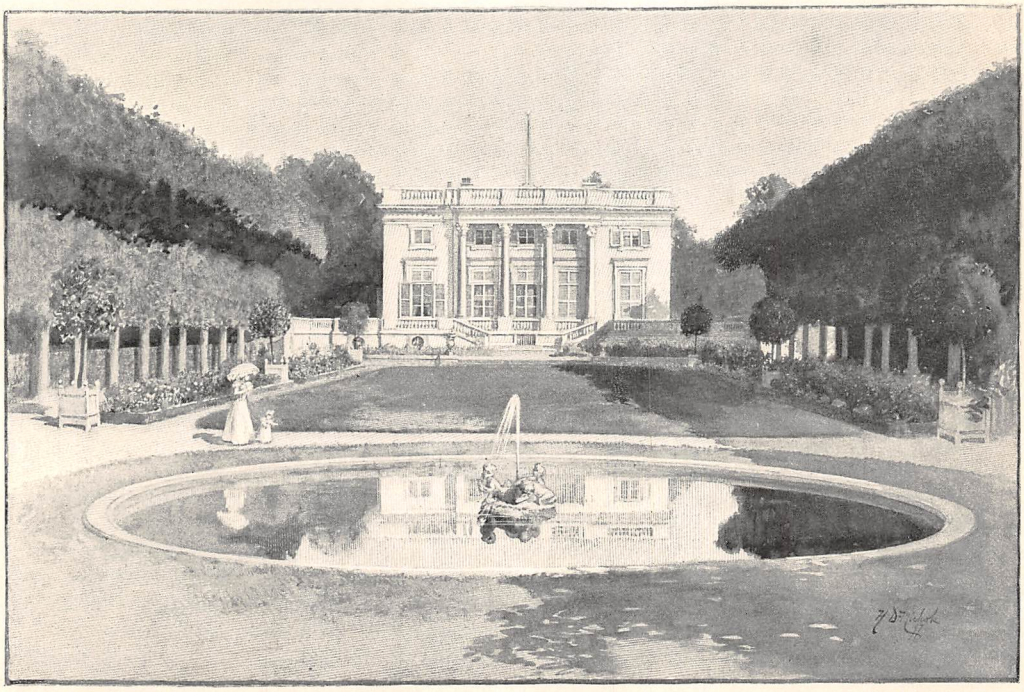
had pushed its way into the precincts of the court of France.

On June 8, three weeks after the arrival of the young Princess, Mercy went to the palace to deliver into her hands a letter from her mother, the Empress, full of good advice. «The only real happiness in this world,» she wrote, «is that which comes of a happy marriage. I can speak from experience. All depends on the wife, if she be obliging, amiable, and *amusing*.» Again the Empress warns her against familiarity, well knowing her good-natured, easy temper; also against the demands which would assail her from those wishing to use her influence in their favor—an error into which Marie-Antoinette, forgetting her mother's warnings, often fell at a later period.

Mercy reached the palace during the usual card-playing; but as soon as the Dauphine saw him she called him to her, saying that she wished to speak to him. He urged her to finish the game, but as soon as possible she rose. «Seeing that I had a paper in my hand,» says Mercy, «she at once understood that it was a letter from your Majesty, and seized it with great eagerness, exclaiming, ‹Gott sei Dank!› showing much joy at receiving this letter, which she read immediately.»

But troubles were already gathering round Marie-Antoinette, and her wise mother not being within reach, she was anxious to consult Mercy as to what she ought to do. It was indeed necessary for the poor child to have a friend near her, for she was surrounded by opponents, not the least important of whom was the Duc de la Vauguyon, state tutor, or, as it was termed, «governor,» of the Dauphin. In this instance there was no personal animosity, but only excessive jealousy of any influence which might counterbalance his own over the docile but apathetic and obtuse Dauphin. He knew that the pretty young wife was too childish to be feared, but those about her might make her their instrument, and he particularly disliked and dreaded the Abbé de Vermond. The difficulty which Marie-Antoinette wished to lay before her adviser reveals the extraordinary disorder which prevailed in the court; for she informed Mercy that the persons who now held posts in her household, and who previously were employed in other ways, had not been paid their salaries for six months, and that Madame de Noailles urged her to interfere by speaking herself to the Contrôleur-Général. What was she to do?

Mercy approved, but had no time to say more, as supper was served. When he went out the Comtesse de Noailles summoned him to her apartments, and there he learned that



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

PETIT TRIANON, VERSAILLES.

the Duc de la Vauguyon was trying to get rid of the Abbé de Vermond on the ground that his office of reader was a mere sinecure, and that he was useless and out of place at court. Mercy exerted all the influence that he could command to smooth over difficulties and pacify quarrels, interfering successfully with the King to prevent the dismissal of the Abbé de Vermond.

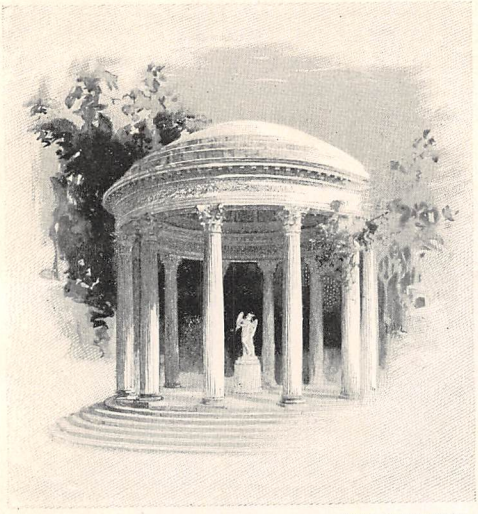
The cloud had blown over, but Mercy took advantage of the threatened storm to work upon the good feelings of Marie-Antoinette by telling her that the Abbé could not, in justice to himself, retain his position unless the Princess accepted his services. The good Abbé had never known how to interest his pupil in her studies or readings, and certainly seems to have been something of what is familiarly called a bore; but affectionate and warm-hearted as was Marie-Antoinette, she could not bear to be the cause of the departure of an old and tried friend. Consequently, though with evident reluctance, she promised to resume regular occupation under his direction. She had just reached the age when emancipation from school-room tasks is most earnestly desired, although she was still so childish that Mercy complains of her hoidenish ways, her fondness for romping with the young children of her attendants, and the consequent disorder of her dress. He notes also what were always marked characteristics of Marie-Antoinette —a strong sense of the ridiculous, and considerable pungency in the manner of calling attention to anything of the kind which caught her fancy.

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HOUSE OF THE SEIGNEUR, PETIT TRIANON.

In this, as in many other respects, Madame de Noailles ought to have exercised a wise and restraining influence; but she incessantly tormented the wilful young Princess, who, wearied and impatient, finally gave her the nickname of «Madame l'Etiquette.»

Two months after her arrival at Versailles, Marie-Antoinette relates the particulars of her daily life, in a letter to her mother:



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

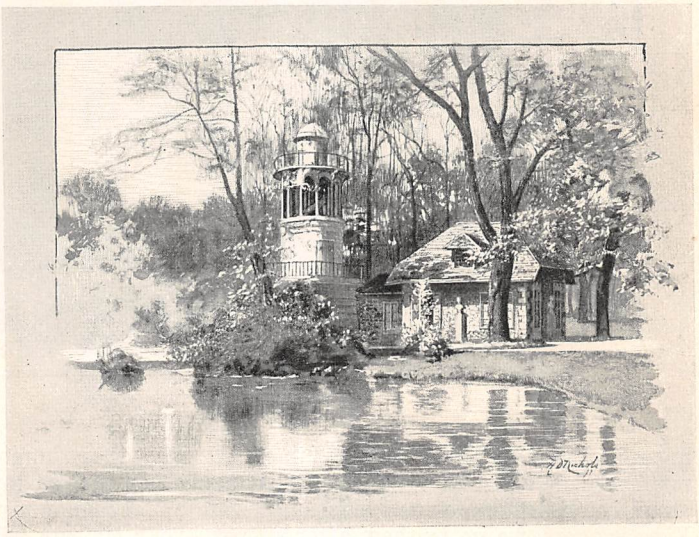
THE TEMPLE OF LOVE, VERSAILLES.

«CHOISY,[1] 12th July.

«MADAME MY VERY DEAR MOTHER: I cannot express how much I am affected by your Majesty's kindness, and I protest that I have not yet received one of your dear letters without tears of regret filling my eyes at being parted from such a kind and tender mother; and although I am very happy here, I should earnestly wish to return to see my dear, very dear family, if only for a short time. . . .

«We have been here since yesterday, and from one o'clock in the afternoon, when we dine, till one in the morning, we cannot return to our own apartments, which is very disagreeable to me. After dinner we have cards till six o'clock; then we go to the play till half-past nine; then supper; then cards again till one o'clock, sometimes even half-past one; only yesterday the King, seeing that I was tired out, kindly dismissed me at eleven, to my very great satisfaction, and I slept very well till half-past ten.

«Your Majesty is very kind to show so much interest in me, even to the extent of wishing for an account of how I spend my time habitually.[2] I will say, therefore, that I rise at ten o'clock, or nine, or half-past nine, and after dressing I say my prayers; then I breakfast, after which I go to my aunts',[3] where I usually meet the King. This lasts till half-past ten. At eleven I go to have my hair dressed. At noon the ‹Chambre› is called, and any one of sufficient rank may come in. I put on my rouge[4] and wash my hands before everybody; then the gentlemen go out; the ladies stay, and I dress before them. At twelve is mass; when the King is at Versailles I go to mass with him and my husband and my aunts; if he is not there I go with Monsieur the Dauphin, but always at the same hour. After mass we dine together before everybody,[5] but it is over by half-past one, as we both eat quickly. I then go to Monsieur the Dauphin; if he is busy, I return to my own apartments, where I read, I write, or I work: for I am embroidering a vest for the King, which does not get on quickly; but I trust that, with God's help, it will be finished in a few years [!]. At three I go to my aunts', where the King usually comes at that time. At four the Abbé comes to me; at five the master for the harpsichord, or the singing-master, till six. At half-past six I generally go to my aunts'



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE DAIRY AND TOWER OF MARLBOROUGH, VERSAILLES.

[1] One of the royal residences, destroyed during the Revolution.

[2] At Versailles. [3] The «Mesdames.»

[4] Rouge was then a recognized part of court dress.

[5] Any well-dressed people were admitted to see the dinners of the royal family, which they witnessed separated from them by a railing only. Marie-Antoinette greatly disliked the custom.

when I do not go out. You must know that my husband almost always comes with me to my aunts'. At seven, card-playing till nine; but when the weather is fine I go out, and then the card-playing takes place in my aunts' apartments instead of mine. At nine, supper; when the King is absent my aunts come to take supper with us; if the King is there, we go to them after supper, and we wait for the King, who comes usually at a quarter before eleven; but I lie on a large sofa and sleep till his arrival; when he is not expected we go to bed at eleven. Such is my day.

«I entreat you, my very dear mother, to forgive me if my letter is too long; but my greatest pleasure is to be thus in communication with your Majesty. I ask pardon also for the blotted letter, but I have had to write two days running at my toilet, having no other time at my disposal; and if I do not answer all questions exactly, I trust that your Majesty will make allowances for my having too obediently burned your letter. I must finish this, as I have to dress and go to the King's mass. I have the honor to be your Majesty's most submissive daughter,

«MARIE-ANTOINETTE.»

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N.Y. OF THE PAINTING BY MLLE. BRESSON.

DUC DE LA VAUGUYON.

After reading this graphic account of the frivolous obligations inseparable from the court life of the period, can any one be surprised that a girl not yet fifteen was carried away by the current of the stream, and felt no inclination for a more useful or more serious life? It was so easy and natural to plead impossibility; all the princesses she saw lived in the same manner, and did little but courtesy to the King at stated hours, and put on and off their cumbrous court dresses.[1] Why should she alone be expected to employ her time usefully and cultivate her mind?

In her letters to Mercy, the Empress complains bitterly of her daughter's handwriting and spelling, and again and again urges the necessity of taking up her education seriously. But it was very late to begin regular studies.

In answer to an indignant letter from Maria Theresa, Mercy states that he spoke to the Abbé de Vermond, who acknowledged deficiencies, but maintained that the Dauphine never wrote so badly as when addressing her mother; the reason being that she did not consider what she wrote to be safe, and consequently delayed till the special messenger was about to leave, writing then in such haste that her letters were full of «inaccuracies due to precipitation.» Whether with just cause or not, the Dauphine considered no papers safe in her apartments; she feared the use of false keys, or that her own would be taken from her pockets at night. Her fears were carried to such an extent that she actually took her mother's letters to bed with her, as the only means of keeping them secure till the next day.

That the caution of Marie-Antoinette was not entirely unfounded is proved from the fact that the Duc de la Vauguyon was actually caught listening at the door of the room where the Dauphine was conversing privately with her husband. Marie-Antoinette, in a letter to her mother, relates this disgraceful act, saying: «A servant, who was either very honest or very stupid, threw the door open, and there was the Duke standing bolt upright, without being able to get away. I remarked to my husband how very objectionable it was for people to listen at doors, and he took it very well.»

As yet there was only childish friendship between the boyish Prince and his young wife; he was amused at her playful ways, and good-naturedly submitted to all her wishes, even to the prohibition of his favorite dainties, which disagreed with him, and which she ordered to be removed from the dinner-table without allowing him to partake of them. As he possessed the enormous appetite which characterized the Bourbons, this must have been a trial of temper for the young husband.

Meanwhile the Duc de la Vauguyon was not inactive, and did not scruple to put forward Madame du Barry as a means of keeping his influence over the Dauphin. The latter had boyishly expressed a wish to join the King's private hunting and shooting parties. Madame du Barry, to whom this was made known, immediately informed the King, who gave the required permission. The consequence was that the Dauphin, a boy of fifteen, was thus authorized not only to join the sport, but also to attend the suppers with the favorite which followed at the King's shooting-box, called Saint-Hubert, where, as Mercy solemnly states, «the rules of propriety are not always scrupulously observed.»

The «Mesdames,» not unnaturally, were much alarmed at this emancipation of the young Prince, and at once determined to acquaint him with the real position of Madame du Barry and all the mischief that she had already caused. The Dauphin was much shocked; his honest nature at once revolted, and from that time he treated Madame du Barry with marked aversion. To his young wife he showed increased affection and confidence, entirely agreeing with her feelings as to the Duc de la Vauguyon, and expressing his own with regard to Madame du Barry, though not without his usual caution.

In vain Maria Theresa writes to her daughter: «Keep a neutral position in everything. . . . I desire you to be more reserved than ever as regards what is going on; listen to no secrets, and have no curiosity. I am sorry to be obliged to say, *confide nothing*—even to your aunts, whom I esteem so much. I have my reasons for saying this.» But the open-hearted nature of Marie-Antoinette often prevented the prudence which her wise mother so earnestly inculcated.

The young Dauphine had a great wish to ride on horseback, which, in modern days, would give rise to no objections; but Mercy, foreseeing the disapprobation of the Empress, applied to the King, through the Duc de Choiseul, pleading the youth of the Princess and the probable want of moderation that she would show in the practice of «such violent exercise.» The King satisfied them by refusing his consent to the use of horses, but

[1] The state dress of the Dauphine, mother of Louis XVI, weighed sixty-five pounds.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N. Y., OF THE PAINTING BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER.

allowed donkeys. Some exceedingly quiet animals were chosen, and the Dauphine rode with her ladies in the forest, Mercy gravely assuring the Empress that «these animals are not at all dangerous.»

Nevertheless, Marie-Antoinette managed to slip from her saddle and have a harmless fall. Her ladies, much alarmed, flew to her assistance. She sat on the ground, suppressing a strong inclination to laugh, but would not be raised till they had ascertained «what was the etiquette to be observed when a dauphine of France fell from a donkey.» History does not enlighten us as to the rules observed on this momentous occasion, or the decision of «Madame l'Etiquette.»

The Dauphine continued to ride her donkeys, but with an ever-increasing desire for real equestrian exercise, notwithstanding the strong objections of her mother, who wrote that she would spoil her complexion and her figure, besides many other evils. Still the wilful young Princess longed more and more for a horse instead of the humble substitute.

Madame Adelaide—whether from a good-natured wish to satisfy her, or from a more

treacherous motive, does not seem clear—suggested that she might set out for one of her donkey excursions, sending beforehand an equerry with a horse, and that at a stated place she might meet the horse and dismiss the donkey. The Dauphine, though strongly tempted, pleaded the fear of displeasing her mother, also that the King might refuse his permission; but Madame Adelaide overruled all scruples, and finally the Dauphine consented. At the appointed place the horse met her, and the young Princess rode with great delight and no danger, an equerry holding the bridle, and several attendants walking by her side. Marie-Antoinette enjoyed her ride, and not less the prospect of seeing «how Mercy would look,» as she told the Duchesse de Chaulnes, who, of course, immediately repeated the childish jest to Mercy. The latter delayed attending her evening circle for a day or two, although he had letters from the Empress to deliver; but finally he made an ominously solemn entrance into the presence of the young Dauphine, who at once called him to her, asking if he knew that she had «ridden a horse.» Mercy bowed low, and gravely answered, «Oui.» The Dauphine then rejoined, with evident nervousness: «I was in great haste to tell you, but I did not see you, although every one immediately congratulated me on what had given me so much pleasure.»

Still solemn, Mercy replied that he should be much mortified if she supposed that he could join those who complimented her; that as he had real zeal and respect for what concerned her, he could only be grieved at what he thought injurious and likely to displease the Empress.

At this the poor girl's countenance changed, and, exceedingly frightened, she said earnestly, with childlike simplicity: «You would throw me into despair if you said that I could grieve the Empress; I assure you that I am in great anxiety,» then eagerly bringing forward as her justification the King's consent and her wish to please the Dauphin by sharing his favorite exercise. Mercy made no reply, but solemnly delivered the letters, and retired, leaving poor Marie-Antoinette more frightened than ever. The whole, according to modern appreciation, would seem to be a case of «much ado about nothing.»

The next day the Princess sent for Mercy, and entreated him to take her part and to justify her in the sight of her mother, the Empress, which he consented to do, provided she would promise not to follow hunts on horseback or to gallop. Mercy, in fact, warned Maria Theresa that as the King had consented, and the Dauphin had approved, it would be impossible to prevent Marie-Antoinette from continuing to indulge in exercise on horseback, and that the fruitless attempt might have injurious consequences with regard to the moral authority of the Empress over her daughter. Maria Theresa answered that she knew her daughter sufficiently well to be quite convinced that nothing would prevent her from doing anything that she strongly wished to do; but that, nevertheless, she would write to her.

Marie-Antoinette waited with great anxiety for her mother's answer with regard to equestrian exercise, and eagerly asked Mercy if he had «good news» to give her. The letter of Maria Theresa, although hardly satisfactory, sufficed as a half authorization, of which she took advantage heartily. «You say that the King approves, also the Dauphin; they must dispose of all concerning you. I have given them my pretty Antoinette.» But the Empress dwells at length on all the evils which may result from this concession, and concludes: «Now that I have laid all this before you, I shall say no more, and shall try not to think about it.»

Marie-Antoinette had carried her point, and this was all for which she really cared. Notwithstanding her childish wilfulness, her nature was so bright and amiable that it was easy for her to win general popularity; but in what concerned the King her life was a perpetual struggle with court cabals, which created incessant difficulties.

Still, the pretty and winning Dauphine managed playfully to keep in favor with «papa,» as she called the King. The Dauphin, heavy and almost stupid as he seemed, was more and more captivated by his young wife, submitting to be scolded by her for his uncivilized ways, and ever ready to further her wishes, even when contrary to his own. He hated dancing, but as she liked it he arranged to have a ball every Monday in the private apartments of the young couple, but without ceremony, the ladies wearing white dominoes, the gentlemen their ordinary court dress. These balls were highly approved by Maria Theresa as «a great advantage to the Dauphin,» whose somewhat boorish manners really considerably improved, while he retained, nevertheless, the good-natured simplicity which had always characterized him. Madame de Noailles having given a ball in her own private apartments, the Dauphin took his young wife on

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO. N. Y. OF THE PAINTING BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER.

his arm and walked in unexpectedly, saying graciously to the hostess: «I hope, madame, that you will admit both husband and wife. We come not to inconvenience you in any way, but only to share your amusements.» This condescension was highly appreciated by all present, and the Dauphine was credited with having civilized the young Prince.

The minute difficulties and inconveniences which beset the Princess in her daily life would hardly be believed but for the testimony of competent witnesses. Mercy states in a letter to Maria Theresa: «I must call attention to the fact that the Dauphine, whose purse is nominally of six thousand livres[1] a month, has in reality not a single crown at her disposal. There are scandalous abuses here as regards money matters. The Dauphine's purse is given into the care of her treasurer, who keeps back two thousand five hundred livres every month for pensions granted by the late Queen, and which have fallen on the Dauphine without her knowing anything about them. Her *garçons de chambre* receive one hundred louis a month for the Dauphine's card-playing. Whether she wins or loses, no one sees anything more of this money. The bedchamber women take charge of all the remainder, which is usually distributed in gifts suggested by Madame de Noailles, with the forced consent of the Dauphine, who thus keeps no money at her own disposal. She is certainly not well dressed, but that is the fault of the lady who has the charge of her wardrobe. This lady pays little attention to it, and has not much taste.»

[1] The livre was rather more than the modern franc.

The Dauphine was allowed a sum of 120,000 livres for her dress alone; but she never interfered in any way, and everything was decided, without consulting her, by the *dame d'atour*, who ordered what was necessary according to her own appreciation, and settled the bills of the tradesmen. At the end of the year she presented incomprehensible accounts, which the Dauphine was required to approve, with the result that her expenses greatly exceeded the allotted sum, through no fault of hers. Mercy was called to the rescue, and discovered the most absurd extravagance. For instance, three ells of ribbon, to tie the powdering-gown of the Dauphine, were put down daily; also several ells of silk (daily!) to cover the basket in which her gloves and fan were deposited, with many other items of the same kind, noted by Mercy in solemn reprobation. With all this waste, the arrangements about her were strangely deficient in comfort.

The Dauphine followed the King's hunting-parties two or three times a week, and in her ready good nature she desired cold meats and refreshments to be taken in her carriage, which she herself distributed among the courtiers as a collation. The natural consequence was that all the young men crowded about her, with the result of too much freedom and buoyancy of spirits on all sides, which greatly displeased the King. The kindness of Marie-Antoinette, which often led her into difficulties, was not deficient on more serious occasions, and no accident or injury to any of her servants ever failed to awaken her warmest sympathy, which was shown in the most efficacious manner.

Her mother's severe letters, the troublesome interference of Mercy, the exhortations of the Abbé de Vermond, never ruffled her sweet temper or provoked a word of rebellion. «I admire every day her gentleness and docility,» says the Abbé de Vermond. «She allows me, in the presence of her dame d'honneur and her bedchamber women, to express truths which, though respectfully worded, are firm, and stronger than what I used to say to her at Vienna in her private room. I know that I owe her confidence to the approbation of the Empress; but is it not remarkable that it should be persistent, and that the Dauphine should have the moral courage to keep near her a troublesome monitor in the midst of so much flattery and adulation?»

But although always gentle and submissive, there was one point in which no satisfactory result could be obtained—that of regular occupation. She was full of good resolutions, sincerely promised amendment, and with much self-reproach—went on as before! She romped with children; she played with dogs; she laughed and chatted with «my aunts»; she followed hunts even on horseback, notwithstanding her word pledged to her mother; she danced; and so her life passed despite her dread of «mama's» scrutinizing letters.

The attention of the wise mother became, however, engrossed by a more serious matter. The fall of Choiseul was not only of the greatest importance to Maria Theresa, by withdrawing from the French government her most valuable friend, but it was also an event which gained greater magnitude as a criterion of the influence to be attributed to Madame du Barry. Choiseul had always treated the favorite with the contempt that she deserved, and the ladies of his family had spoken of her in unsparing terms. Consequently she hated the whole family, and was determined to remove their obnoxious presence from Versailles, leaving nothing untried to reach this end. She playfully but incessantly teased the King, winding up her arguments by tossing oranges as she laughingly repeated, «Jump, Choiseul! Jump, Praslin!»[1] Meanwhile her supporters importuned the King more seriously, calling his attention to the supposed danger of Choiseul's liberal views and his alleged connivance with the rebellious Parliament. The peace of the indolent old monarch was sufficiently disturbed to induce him to get rid of Choiseul at any cost. The prime minister was informed of his disgrace by a stern letter from the King expressing great dissatisfaction with his services, and enjoining him to retire to his country house, which he was not to leave without permission.

Mercy writes shortly afterward (April 16, 1771) to Maria Theresa, giving a strange picture of the court:

«It is almost impossible that your Majesty should form a correct idea of the horrible confusion which reigns here. The throne is disgraced by the extensive and indecent influence of the favorite, and the wickedness of her partizans.

«The nation shows its feeling by seditious remarks and disloyal pamphlets, where the person of the sovereign is not spared. Versailles is the abode of treachery, spite, and hatred; everything is done through motives of personal interest, and all honorable feeling seems to be discarded.»

[1] The Duc de Choiseul was also Duc de Praslin.

LOUIS XVI
MARIE=ANTOINETTE
AT THE
AGE OF 15 YEARS
DESIGNED & DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER

Madame du Barry had proved her power, and Maria Theresa was too good a politician not to draw her own conclusions as to the necessity of conciliating the favorite. But here she met with unexpected resistance from Marie-Antoinette, who would not stoop to any advances toward a woman she despised.

In vain Maria Theresa brought forward the plausible argument that the Dauphine had no right to judge her grandfather or to look upon Madame du Barry's position as different from that of any other lady admitted to the court. For once Marie-Antoinette was rebellious, and plainly declared to her mother that she would do anything to satisfy her except what was «contrary to honor.»

Great was the wrath of the Empress, who in her reply showed so much indignation at the insinuation that she could advise anything «contrary to honor» that the poor young Dauphine finally was driven to half measures, which, as usual, satisfied no one, and decidedly displeased Madame Adelaide, whose aversion for Madame du Barry was not concealed, and who required the same attitude from her nephew's wife. In all these difficulties the Dauphin was too timorous and too undecided in his actions to be of any real use or support to the young wife thus besieged by conflicting advice and exigencies. Although the marriage of the Comte de Provence was in serious preparation, the royal brothers were still such absolute school-boys that they quarreled and fought even in the presence of Marie-Antoinette, who on one occasion hurt her hand in trying to separate them. They were all, in fact, mere children, and should be judged as such.

The Dauphin had received a good, plain education, and possessed a considerable amount of stolid good sense, with the best and most honorable feelings. He was thoroughly kind-hearted and good-natured; unfortunately, he was aware of his external deficiencies, and was consequently so painfully shy and timid that his natural awkwardness was considerably increased. He seldom knew what to say or do, or when it should be said or done. This unfortunate hesitation followed him through life, and was the principal cause of many misfortunes. Even toward his young wife, whom he deeply loved, he could not bring himself to show his real affection; and although always kind and particularly good-natured, he seemed indifferent and even cold in his treatment of her.

The Comte de Provence was more intelligent than his elder brother, and rather pedantic, fond of classic studies and quotations. He was jealous of the Dauphin's superior rank, and quite convinced that he himself was far more capable of filling his position. In this he was, perhaps, not wholly mistaken. He was reserved and prudent, but neither straightforward nor sincere; he had, however, far more tact than the Dauphin, and knew better how to steer his way through court intrigues and cabals.

The Comte d'Artois was a complete scapegrace, who behaved like a spoiled child and followed his very questionable tastes without restraint. Nevertheless, his appearance and manners distinguished him favorably from his brothers—that is, when he chose to behave like a gentleman, which was not always the case.

The question of the marriage of the Comte de Provence, soon to be followed by that of the Comte d'Artois, was a subject of fresh anxiety to Maria Theresa and her faithful Mercy. Would the Princess chosen be a friend or an enemy? What would be her influence over the King and the «Mesdames»? To the latter the final choice of a princess of Savoy, daughter of the Prince of Piedmont (afterward King of Sardinia), was agreeable,—any one rather than an Austrian,—and many cutting insinuations were thrown out by Madame Adelaide, sometimes endured with seeming unconsciousness, sometimes taken up sharply, by Marie-Antoinette.

«If mama could see how things go on here, she would be less severe in her judgment of me,» said the Dauphine to Mercy; «matters are really unendurable.»

The Princess of Savoy arrived—shy, insignificant, and absolutely devoid of beauty. Her portraits give the idea of a dark, full face with coarse features and thick lips, redeemed only by fine dark eyes. But the first impression of the King was unfavorable. «She is very ugly,» was his characteristic remark. The Dauphin, with his usual blunt sincerity, expressed much the same opinion to his brother, who, to his credit, replied with dignity, «I like her as she is.»

There could be no comparison between the Dauphine and her sister-in-law—a fresh source of envy, increased by the marked preference shown by the King to the pretty and graceful Dauphine. With her natural warmth of feeling, aided by the politic advice of Mercy, Marie-Antoinette tried in every way to propitiate the Comtesse de Provence, and, though with some fluctuations due to ill-natured remarks from the «Mesdames,» she succeeded in establishing friendly intercourse; but from time to time

small incidents revealed a degree of duplicity on the part of both the Comte and Comtesse de Provence which especially shocked and chilled the open-hearted frankness of Marie-Antoinette.

On one of these occasions she ran to her husband and embraced him, saying earnestly: «I feel that I love you every day more and more. Your honesty and frankness charm me, and the more I compare you with others, the more I know how much greater your worth is than theirs.»

This effusive speech, although so evidently sincere, did not suffice to give confidence to the too diffident Prince. Some time after this incident he suddenly asked his wife, «Do you really love me?» She earnestly replied, «Indeed I do; and every day I esteem you more highly.»

He seemed happy on receiving this assurance; but his uncouth manners and awkward ways often irritated the Dauphine, who lost patience and reproved him sharply. He showed no anger at these remonstrances, but his eyes would fill with tears. When she saw this she would embrace him, and her own tears would flow; but notwithstanding her efforts and his good intentions, the attempt to civilize the Dauphin seemed hopeless.

As a boy he had been neglected, and, with his very sensitive heart, the absence of all tenderness and affection about him had made him shrink within himself and become incapable of expressing what he well knew how to feel. After the death of his mother he had said mournfully: «Whom can I love now? No one loves me here!» He now loved his wife, but could hardly believe that she returned his affection.

The death of the Duc de la Vauguyon delivered Marie-Antoinette from an adversary, if not an enemy. Unhappily, the Duc d'Aiguillon, who had replaced Choiseul as prime minister, headed the anti-Austrian party, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Madame du Barry. This was enough to cause intense dislike on the part of Marie-Antoinette, which she showed with her characteristic but impolitic frankness. In vain her wary mother and Mercy remonstrated, both understanding only too well that she was wilfully creating a dangerous enemy.

The marriage of the Comte d'Artois to the sister of the Comtesse de Provence soon followed, attended by the usual intrigues. The Princess was not endowed with more beauty or grace than her sister, though with a better complexion—her only superiority. But she was less intelligent and more disagreeable in manner. From the first arrival of the Piedmontese princesses, the daughter of the German Cæsars could not maintain her position without incessant struggles. In her dislike for court trammels, she had gladly allowed Madame Adelaide to continue to preside over the official circle in the evenings, which was her own prerogative as future queen; but Mercy now insisted upon her right being immediately claimed, lest it should be usurped by the Comtesse de Provence, who would thus be placed in a superior position.

«Trifles light as air» caused incessant squabbles, notwithstanding the amiable efforts of Marie-Antoinette to promote peace and affectionate intimacy with her sisters-in-law. The aunts interfered, taking part now with one, now with another, but more frequently blaming Marie-Antoinette.

The state visit of the Dauphin and Dauphine to Paris, which ought to have taken place on their marriage, but which had been constantly deferred, was at last granted by Louis XV. The Dauphine won all hearts by her grace and charm of manner; even the Dauphin sufficiently conquered his habitual shyness to produce a favorable impression; and when they both appeared on that balcony of the palace of the Tuileries [1] where so many princesses have been presented to the population of Paris, the enthusiasm with which the Dauphine was greeted knew no bounds.

Marie-Antoinette, describing the scene to her mother, the Empress, exclaims: «How happy we should feel in our state, on winning so easily the love of a whole nation! And yet nothing is so precious. I felt this deeply, and shall never forget it.»

The Empress continued her exhortations and reprimands, without ever provoking rebellion on the part of her really remarkably submissive daughter, who tried to improve, renewed her resolutions, and, though with fluctuations, read more regularly with the Abbé de Vermond, studied music, and made considerable progress, especially on the harp, which she particularly liked. She also danced very gracefully and well. The poor Dauphin took lessons with her, but with his ungainly figure and heavy steps never reached the desired result. The Empress complained of her daughter's letters as too laconic and cold; but when exhorted by Mercy on the subject of showing affection to her mother, poor Marie-Antoinette replied: «I love the Empress; but I fear her, even at a distance. When I write I never feel at ease with her.»

[1] The last royal bride who appeared there was the Empress Eugénie.

To this Maria Theresa replies: «Do not say that I scold, that I preach, but say: ‹Mama loves me, and has constantly my advantage in view; I must believe her and comfort her by following her good advice.› You will find the benefit of this, and there will then be no further shadow between us. I am sincere, and I exact great sincerity and candor toward myself.»

But in writing to Mercy the Empress speaks severely of Marie-Antoinette. «Notwithstanding all your care and discernment in directing my daughter, I see only too clearly how unwilling are her efforts to follow your advice and mine. In these days only flattery and a playful tone are liked; and when, with the best intentions, we address any serious remonstrance, our young people are wearied, consider that they are scolded, and, as they always suppose, without reason. I see that this is my daughter's case. I shall, nevertheless, continue to warn her when you see that it may be useful to do so, adding some amount of flattery, much as I dislike that style.» She adds that she has not much hope of conquering her daughter's «indolence.»

Notwithstanding her mother's asperity, Marie-Antoinette really loved her; if she knew that the Empress was ill in health or unhappy, she wept bitterly and seemed miserable. With regard to the vexed question of the readings with the Abbé, the few books the titles of which are quoted are so uninteresting that her dislike for them cannot cause surprise.

The enthusiastic reception which the young couple had met from the Parisians led them to return to Paris and appear at the opera and theaters, where they were always well received. But the young members of the royal family, encouraged by the free use of these pleasures, took a strong fancy to see the public masked ball at the Opéra. Every precaution being taken as to the manner in which they were surrounded, so as to obviate the evident drawbacks to such an amusement, the King consented to the freak, which was much enjoyed. Unfortunately, this was the beginning of the excessive liking shown at a later period by Marie-Antoinette for such diversions.

Theatricals also became a passion. The young princes and princesses got up charades and even plays in their private apartments, with only the Dauphin as spectator; and so far there was no harm. The Dauphin, seeing how much all this was enjoyed, established a small theater in his apartments, where short, amusing plays were performed by professional actors; these, too, were received with delight. There were, however, balls given in the palace which the Dauphine liked sufficiently to remain till six o'clock in the morning; she then heard mass, and went to bed till two o'clock in the afternoon. On such occasions it may be supposed that the literary interviews with the Abbé were omitted.

The pleasures which they shared with the King, had other serious drawbacks. In one evening at the King's play of lansquenet, the Dauphine won twelve hundred louis.[1] Much annoyed at her success, she tried to lose the sum again; finally, at the end of the game, she retained seven hundred louis. The next morning she sent fifty louis to each of the two principal parishes of Versailles for the poor, and consulted Mercy as to the disposal of the remainder, declaring that she would keep nothing for herself. Mercy advised her to divide the sum between her servants, who had now remained a year and a half without wages; this the Dauphine effected immediately, which caused general satisfaction. Mercy notes that she was not naturally generous, and in general she did not spontaneously show even sufficient liberality for the requirements of her high position.

On April 28, 1774, Louis XV felt the first symptoms of illness while at Trianon, his favorite summer palace adjoining Versailles, to which he returned immediately. During the night of the 29th the characteristic eruption of smallpox appeared in its worst form. With admirable devotedness, the King's daughters came to his bedside, notwithstanding the dreadful danger of contagion, and remained there day and night till his death. Marie-Antoinette had asked admittance to his room, but, for very evident reasons, neither the heir apparent nor his wife was allowed to breathe an atmosphere so dangerous that more than fifty persons took the smallpox, merely from having crossed the gallery before the door of the King's room. Monsieur de Létorières took the disease fatally, merely through having opened the door to look at the King for two minutes.

Regardless of danger, the Archbishop of Paris came to Versailles. He was anxious to secure the means of repentance and a Christian death to the wretched sinner; but, at the same time, he declared that he would not allow the last sacraments of the church to be administered to the dying man unless Madame du Barry were previously dismissed

[1] The louis was then worth nearly twenty-five francs (between four and five dollars).

from the palace. On the 4th of May the Duchesse d'Aiguillon took her to a country house belonging to the Duc d'Aiguillon. There was consequently no further obstacle to the administration of the last rites of the church. Shortly afterward his condition became more alarming, and it was evident that the end was at hand.

The courtiers crowded in the large room called the «Salle de l'Œil de Bœuf,» where they habitually awaited the King's pleasure. The carriages were in readiness to take the royal family to Choisy; a lighted candle placed in the window of the King's apartment was to be extinguished as the signal for departure, which the fear of contagion, in addition to other considerations, caused to be impatiently expected.

The candle was extinguished; the great clock was stopped at the fatal hour—3 P. M. It was the 10th of May, 1774. The rush of the courtiers, with a noise like thunder, as they hastened to pay homage to the new sovereign, was the first announcement of the great event to the young heir and his wife. Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette burst into tears, and with a joint impulse fell on their knees, exclaiming: «God help us and protect us! We are too young to reign!» The King was not yet twenty; the Queen was in her nineteenth year.

Madame de Noailles came into the room where they had remained together in seclusion and anxious expectancy, and addressing them by their new titles, begged them to receive the dignitaries who had come to pay homage to the King and Queen. The Queen appeared leaning on the King's arm; weeping bitterly, she received the first visits of the royal family and the principal officials; but the physicians urged the necessity of immediate departure. The carriages were ready, and the whole court set off for Choisy, leaving the wretched remains of the late sovereign to the care of servants and workmen. The unfortunate man who soldered the lead coffin died within twenty-four hours. The body was taken to St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France, during the following night, with a military escort, followed by the execration of the populace loudly expressed on the way. The scandalous reign of Louis XV was ended; a new reign was beginning.

«Le roi est mort!»

«Vive le roi!»

Anna L. Bicknell.

THE BLOOD-RED BLOSSOM.

«WHENCE comest thou, Child, when April wakes,
So phantom-fair through these green brakes?
Why wilt thou follow, fond and fain,
My footsteps to the wood again?

«Why, as I rest by this gray rock,
Do thy wet eyes the violets mock?
Oh, tell me why in thy white bosom
Thou ever wearest the blood-red blossom?»—

«Thou comest to watch the violets die,
And over early love to sigh;
Thou comest to watch the wild rose waken,
And drop thy tears o'er love forsaken.

«And wouldst thou know why these three years,
When April wakes, I rise in tears?
And wouldst thou know why in my bosom
I wear forever the blood-red blossom?

«'T was here I grew, warm nature's child,
Too young to be by love beguiled;
I took the mantle of the spring
To be my infant covering.

«My heart was full of tender loves,
Soft as a dove-cote full of doves;
I brought the violets kisses true,
Warm as the sun and fresh as dew;

«Loved to-day and wished the morrow,
Went blue-eyed and knew no sorrow,
Dreaming what I saw, and seeing
What I dreamed, a gentle being;

«Seeing, dreaming, loving all,
What should such a child befall,
Save the sunshine, save the breeze
Blowing to the shining seas?

«Oh, fair I flowered in opening youth,
Too pure to doubt that love is truth;
I took the fragrance of the May
To be the sweetness of my clay.

«Came the spirit of desire;
Came the finding of the lyre;
Came the night without repose;
Came the singing of the rose.

«I saw it open, fresh and fair,
And spread upon the country air;
I saw the shy bud swell apart,
And at the last give all its heart.

«I felt a tremor seize my breast,
And hopes unknown and unconfest;
I only knew some joy to be
By joy that then was dear to me.

«And down I knelt, and kissed it oft—
Kisses many, pure, and soft;
I thought—I was so childish wise—
God planted it in Paradise.

«Oh, blithe beneath the branch of June
My heart danced with the stars in tune;
And, throb on throb, deep nature's flood
Grew warm and gladdened in my blood.

«Oh, love began as Phosphor bright
Melts on the rosy breast of light;
Oh, love began as this wild wood
Quires with its red-throat multitude!

«I gave my body to sweet desire;
I gave my soul to the shrill lyre;
And all night long, without repose,
I sang the beauty of the rose.

«And I forgot the violets dead,
And many a lily's golden head;
And I passed by all gentle flowers
Wherewith love decks his mortal bowers.

«My blood is faint, my cheeks are pale,
Since I began the deathless tale;
And thee I follow, fond and fain,
When to the wood thou goest again.

«By this gray rock I stand, a child;
My eyes are wet, my looks are wild,
I see a deep wound in thy breast,
And tears bedew thy secret rest.

«The wood shall wilt, the grass shall wither,
But with the spring will I come hither;
And when from all things here I fade
With lovers dead shalt thou be laid.

«And now thou knowest why these three years,
When April wakes, I rise in tears;
And now thou knowest why in my bosom
I wear forever the blood-red blossom.»

George Edward Woodberry.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XXIX.

«WHEN,» continues Jack, «I found Delaney had gone away, I was in a quandary. I by no means desired to go alone to see Captain Wynne. At last I made up my mind to ask Hugh. If there came a quarrel, it should be mine. I resolved there should be no fight if I could help it, and that there might be trouble if Hugh were first to see his cousin I felt sure. The small sword was out of the question, but the pistol was not. I intended no such ending, and believed I had the matter well in my own hands. When I found Hugh at the quarters I told him quietly the whole story.

«That he was in a mad rage at his aunt I saw. I hate to see Hugh smile in a certain way he has, with his lips set close. He said nothing save that he would go with me, and that I was altogether in the right. He was reluctant to promise he would leave me to speak alone, but at last I did get him to say so.

«Mr. Arthur Wynne was alone in his room at the inn, and would see us. He was writing, and turned from his table, rising as we entered. He looked red and angry, in a soiled dressing-gown, and I thought had been drinking. He did not ask us to be seated, and we remained standing until our unpleasant talk came to a close.

«He said at once, ‹My good cousin, I presume I owe to you the note I have had from Miss Peniston to-day.›

«‹You do not,› said Hugh, not looking at all displeased.

«‹Indeed? I had hoped you had come to offer me the only satisfaction in life your slanders have left me. My health is no longer such as to forbid the use of a pistol.›

«‹Pardon me,› said I, ‹this is my affair, and not Mr. Wynne's. I have had the honour of late to hear Mr. Delaney relate what passed in the jail.›

«‹Have you, indeed? An old story,› said Arthur Wynne.

«‹None the less a nasty one. I had also the pleasure to tell Miss Peniston that you suggested to the traitor Arnold to use my friend's known loyalty as a safe means of getting to Sir Henry Clinton a letter which was presumably a despatch as to exchange of prisoners, but was really intended to convey to Sir Henry the news that the scoundrel Arnold was willing to sell his soul and betray his country.›

«‹Who told you this nonsense?› said the captain, coming toward us.

«‹Major André,› said I. ‹You may have my friend's word for that.›

«‹It is a lie!› he cried.

«‹Men about to die do not lie, Mr. Wynne. It is true.›

«The man's face changed, and he got that slack look about the jaw I have heard Hugh describe. To my astonishment, he did not further insist on his denial, but said coldly, ‹And what then?›

«‹Nothing,› said I. ‹Having told what I knew to a woman, I had no mind to have you say I had slandered you behind your back. That is all.›

«‹Is it, indeed? And which of you will give me the honour of your company tomorrow?›

«‹Neither,› said I. ‹We do not meet men like you.›

«His face flushed. ‹Coward!› he said.

«‹If I am that,› said I, pretty cool, and shaking a little after my silly way, ‹you know best, and will remember, I fancy, for many a day. Good-morning, sir.›

«On this he cried out, ‹By——! this shall not pass! I—I will post you in every inn in town, and my cousin too. No man shall dare—›

«‹Stop a little,› said Hugh. ‹If it comes to that I shall know what to do, and well enough. I have no desire to put my own blood to open shame, but if this matter goes further, I shall publish Mr. Delaney's statement, and that, sir, will close to you every gentleman's house here and in London too.›

«‹And shall you like it better to have it known that you were General Arnold's agent?›

«I saw Hugh's face lose its quiet look, and again he smiled. ‹In that case,› he said, ‹I should tell my own story and Mr. André's to his Excellency, and then, my good cousin, I should kill you like a mad dog, and with no ceremony of a duel. You warned me once when I was a mere boy. It is my turn now. As there is a God in heaven, I will do as I have said.›

«‹Two can play at that game,› said Arthur. Hugh made no reply.

«And on this we left the man standing, and went forth without another word.

«‹I think his fangs are drawn,› said Hugh. And indeed that was my opinion. I made up my mind, however, that at the least unpleasant rumour of any kind, I would take such a hand in the matter as would save Hugh from having to go to extremities.»

With the date of a week or so later I find added: «The man thought better of it, I dare say, when the drink wore off; how much of his folly was due to that I cannot tell. It was plain that my dear Darthea had let him go at last. Was it because her sweet pity distressed her to wound a man once dear that she was held so long in this bondage? or was it that absence, said to be the enemy of love, was, in a woman of her sense of honour, a reason why she should not break her word until she had a more full assurance of being right?

«I think he slowly lost his place in the heart won when Darthea was younger and perhaps carried away by vain notions which lost value as time went on. Such men have for the best of women a charm we cannot understand.»

I have left Jack to tell a part of my life which I am glad to leave to another than I. I heard no more of my cousin, except that he had made up his mind to go home under his parole. This did not fill me with grief. I had the sense to know that for many a day Darthea were better left alone.

My Aunt Gainor had recovered from the remorse which, as usual with her, followed upon some futile attempt to improve the machinery of other folks' fates. In fact, although Darthea closed her doors upon Mistress Wynne and would on no account see her, my aunt was already beginning to be pleased with the abominable trap she had set, and was good enough to tell me as much.

For three days after Jack had informed me as to the drama my aunt had planned I stayed away from her, being myself in no very happy state of mind, and unwilling to trust myself. When at last, of a Saturday afternoon, I came in on Mistress Wynne, she got up from her

accounts, which she kept with care, saying at once: «It is a week since you were here, sir, and of course I know why. That long-tongued girl-boy has been prating, and your lordship is pleased to be angry, and Darthea is worse, and will not see me because I had the courage to do what you were afraid to do.»

«Upon my word, Aunt Gainor,» said I, «you are a little too bad. I was here four days ago, and have I said an impatient word? If I was angry I have had no chance to say so.» Nor had I.

«Then if you are not angry you ought to be.» She seemed to me bigger than ever, and to have more nose than usual. «You ought to be. I made a fool of myself, and all for you; and because I have burned my fingers in pulling your goose out of the fire, you must get into a passion. You have no need to smile, sir. I suppose it were finer to say chestnuts, but a goose she is, and always will be, and I love her like a child. Your soft-hearted Excellency was to see me last week, and saying that he had no children, I, that have no right to any, said I was as ill off, and we looked at each other and said nothing for a little, because God had given to neither the completeness of life. Is he stern, sir? I don't think it. We talked of General Arnold, and of poor Peggy his wife, and as to all this he was willing enough, and frank too. Despite Dr. Rush and Mr. Adams, he can talk well when he has a mind to. But when I said a word of poor André, I had better have kept my tongue quiet, for he said quickly: 'Mistress Wynne, that is a matter I will never hear of willingly. I ask your pardon, madam.' I could do no more than excuse my want of thought, and we fell to discussing tobacco-growing.»

«But what more of Darthea?» said I, for all the generals in the world were to me as nothing compared with one little woman.

«Oh, there is no more, except that I am unhappy. I will never again be kind to anybody. I am only a miserable, useless old maid.» And here she began to cry, and to wet a fine lace handkerchief.

Just now comes in saucy Miss Margaret Chew,—we call her Peggy,—and is rather flustered by my aunt in tears. «Oh, Mistress Wynne,» she says, «I beg pardon. I—»

«What for?» says my aunt. «My Manx cat has eaten the raspberry jam. That is all.» Whereon we laugh, and the little lady, being pretty-spoken, says she wishes she was Mistress Wynne's cat, and while my aunt dries her eyes goes on to say, «Here is a note for you to dine with us and Mr. Washington, and I was bid write it, and so I did on the back of the queen of hearts for a compliment, madam,» and with this she drops a curtsey.

My aunt, liking beauty and wit combined, kissed her, and said she would come.

This diversion cleared the sky, which much needed clearing, and Miss Chew being gone away, my aunt detained me who would willingly have followed her.

After that I comforted her a little as to Darthea, and said she could no more keep up being angry than a June sky could keep cloudy, and that, after all, it was just as well Darthea knew the worst of the man. I related, too, what Jack had told, and said that now my cousin would, I thought, go away, and we—thank Heaven!—be quit of him forever.

«And yet I must see him once,» she said, «and you too. I have put that deed in the hands of James Wilson, and he has taken counsel of our friend Mr. Attorney-General Chew.»

«I suppose you are right, Aunt Gainor,» said I. «The man is bad past belief, but he has lost Darthea, which is as much punishment as I or any could desire. I think with you this estate business should some way be settled, and if it is to be his, I have no mind to leave the thing in doubt, and if it be mine or my father's, I for one do not want it. I have enough, and no wish to muddle away my life as a Welsh squire.»

«We shall see,» said my aunt, not at all of my opinion, as I readily perceived. «We shall see. He shall have justice at our hands, and James Wilson will be here at four to-morrow, and you too, Hugh, whether you like it or not.»

I did not, and I said so. She had written my cousin that she desired to see him concerning the deed. Whether from interest, or what, I know not, he had replied that he would be with her at half-past four.

Thus it happened that I was to see Arthur Wynne once more, and indeed I felt that my aunt was right, and that it were as well all our accounts with this man were closed. Just how this would come about I knew not yet, but closed they should be; as to that I was fully advised in my own mind.

XXX.

At four punctually arrived my friend the famous lawyer. He was not a handsome man, but possessed a certain distinction, which he owed to a strong face, well-modeled head, and a neatly powdered wig, the

hair being tied back, after the fashion of the bar, in a black queue-bag with, at the end, a broad black ribbon. He took the snuff my aunt offered, carefully dusting the excess off the collar of his brown velvet coat, and sat down, saying, as he took some papers from a silk bag, that it was altogether an interesting and curious question, this we had set before him. And why had we held this deed so long and said nothing?

I told him of my father's and my grandfather's disinclination to open the matter, and why and how the estate had seemed of little worth, but was now, as I believed, more valuable.

Hearing this, he began to question my aunt and me. He learned from our replies that at the time I got the deed from my father none but my parent had any clear idea of what this old family compact meant, but that now we were in possession of such facts as enabled us to understand it. I then went on to make plain that my aunt was full of the matter, and eager, but that I had no inclination at any time to enter on a long and doubtful litigation in another country.

To myself I confessed that I desired no immediate settlement until I saw what Arthur meant to be at. It was one more hold on a scamp still able to do me mischief. If it was clearly his father's estate, and not ours, he should soon or late be relieved of any possible doubt this deed might still make as to questions of title.

When Mr. Wilson turned to my aunt he found a more warlike witness. She delighted in the prospect of a legal contest.

«When a child,» she said, «I used to hear of my father's having consented to make over or give away to his brother William an embarrassed estate, and that the crown officers were in some way consenting parties to the agreement, my father engaging himself to go to America when let out of jail.

«There is no doubt,» she went on, «that Wyncote was under this arrangement legally transferred by my father to his next brother. Our Welsh cousins must have this conveyance. It seems, from the deed you have examined, that privately a retransfer was made, so as, after all, to leave my father possessed of his ancestral estate. If ever he chose to reclaim it he was free to do so. The affair seems to have become more or less known to the squires in that part of Merionethshire. William was, we presume, unwilling to take an unfair advantage of his brother's misfortune, and hence the arrangement thus made between them.»

«You state the case admirably,» said the lawyer. «And what else is there?»

«But little. Letters of affection and esteem came and went at long intervals. I recollect hearing bits of them, but cannot say if the estate matter were ever mentioned. After William's death the correspondence may or may not have ceased. His brother Owen came into the property without interference, and, dying, left a young son, Owen, who is still alive. His son Arthur, Captain Wynne, is to be here to-day. There are personal matters involved, into which there is no need to go. The Welsh branch is no doubt desirous in some way to clear the matter; but having held the estate for a century they are, we may presume, not very eager to give it up. In justice to Owen Wynne, I may say that it is probable that because of a long minority he only began, as I think, a few years ago to have any doubt as to his title. I may add,» my aunt went on, «that Captain Wynne came and went during the war, and that only of late has this deed turned up.»

«And your brother is quite unfit to help us?» said Wilson.

«Yes; and unwilling if he were able.»

«I see, madam, I see; a difficult business.»

«And this deed?» said my aunt; «you were about to speak of it.»

«It is,» he replied, «a simple act of sale for one shilling, a reconveyance of Wyncote from William to Hugh, the date October 9, 1671. It is in order, and duly witnessed.»

«Well?»

«As to its present value, Mistress Wynne, there is a consensus of opinion between the Attorney-General and myself.»

«That is to say, you agree,» said my aunt.

«Precisely, madam. It is our belief that the lapse of time has probably destroyed the title. There is no annexed trust, on William's part, to hold for his brother's use, and the length of undisputed, or what we lawyers call adverse, possession—something like an hundred years or more—*seems* to make it impossible for my friends to oust the present holder. Am I clear?»

«Too clear, sir,» said my aunt. «Is that all?»

«No; I said, 'seems.' There are other questions, such as the mention of the matter in letters. If the succeeding brothers in letters or otherwise from time to time acknowledged the rights of Hugh Wynne, that might serve to keep alive the claim; if, too, it can be proved that at any time they paid over to Hugh or his son, your brother, madam, rents or dues, as belonging to these American

claimants, this too would serve to give some validity to your present claim. It is a question of dates, letters, and of your possession of evidence in the direction of repeated admissions on the part of the Welsh holders.»

My Aunt Gainor was at once confident. Search should be made. She had some remembrance in her childhood of this and that. In fact, my aunt never admitted the existence of obstacles, and commonly refused to see them. Mr. Wilson shook his head dubiously. «There seems to have been negligence or a quite culpable indifference, madam. The time to be covered by admissions is long, and the statutes of 32 Henry VIII and 21 James I, 1623, do, I fear, settle the matter. The lapse in the continuity of evidence will be found after the death of Hugh. Twenty years will suffice, and I am forced to admit that your claim seems to me of small value. It was simply an estate given away, owing to want of the simplest legal advice.»

«Wait until I look through our papers,» said my aunt. «We are not done with it yet, nor shall be, if I have my way, until the courts have had a chance to decide.»

«It will be mere waste of money, my dear lady. Now, at least, you can do nothing. The war is not over, and when it is, none but an English court can settle the title. I confess it seems to be a case for amicable compromise.»

«There shall be none—none,» said my aunt.

«And we are just where we began,» said I.

«Not quite,» he returned. «You may have a case, but it seems to me a weak one, and may lie in chancery a man's lifetime. I, as a friend as well as a lawyer, knowing you have no need of the estate, hesitate to advise you to engage in a suit of ejectment. I should rather counsel—ah, that may be Mr. Wynne.»

It was a clamorous knock at the hall door, which caused Mr. Wilson to cut short his advice with the statement that it would need longer discussion, and that this must be the other party.

It was, in fact, my cousin, who was set down in a chair, as I saw by a glance through the window. When Jack and I had seen him at his inn he had been a little in liquor, and wore a sort of long chintz bedgown wrapper, with his waistcoat buttoned awry—not a very nice figure. He was now Arthur Wynne at his best. He stood a moment in the doorway, as beautiful a piece of manhood as ever did the devil's work. His taste in all matters of dress and outer conduct was beyond dispute, and for this family meeting he had apparently made ready with unusual care. Indeed this, my last remembrance of Arthur Wynne, is of a figure so striking that I cannot resist to say just how he looked. His raiment was costly enough to have satisfied Polonius; if it bore any relation to his purse, I know not. It was not «expressed in fancy,» as was that of the macaroni dandy of those early days. He knew better. As he stood he carried in his left hand a dark beaver edged with gold lace. His wig was small, and with side rolls well powdered, the queue tied with a lace-bordered red ribbon. In front a full Mechlin lace jabot, with the white wig above, set his regular features and dark skin in a frame, as it were, his paleness and a look of melancholy in the eyes helping the natural beauty and distinction of a face high-bred and haughty. The white silk flowered waistcoat, the bunch of gold seals below it, the claret-tinted velvet coat and breeches, the black silk clocked hose with gold buckles at ankle and knee, and a silver-hilted dress-sword in a green shagreen sheath, complete my picture. I wish you to see him as I saw him, that in a measure you may comprehend why his mere personal charms were such as to attract and captivate women.

He came forward with his right hand on his heart and bowed to my aunt, who swept him a space-filling curtsey, as he said quite pleasantly, «Good afternoon, Cousin Gainor; your servant, Mr. Wilson.» To me he bent slightly, but gave no other greeting. It was all easy, tranquil, and without sign of embarrassment. As he spoke he moved toward the table, on which Mr. Wilson had laid his papers and bag. Now, as always, a certain deliberate feline grace was in all his movements.

«For a truth, he is a beauty,» said my Aunt Gainor after our meeting was over. «And well-proportioned, but no bit of him Wynne. He has not our build.» Nor had he.

«Pray be seated,» said my aunt. «I have asked my friend and counsel, Mr. James Wilson, to be present, that he may impartially set before you a family matter in which your father may have interest. My nephew, Hugh Wynne, is here at my earnest solicitation. I regret that Mr. Chew is unable, by reason of engagements, to do me a like favour. Mr. Wilson will have the kindness to set before you the nature of the case.»

Mistress Wynne, sitting straight and tall in a high cap, spoke with dignified calmness.

«At your service, madam,» said the lawyer, looking Arthur over with the quick glance of a ready observer. Before he could go on

to do as he was bidden I found my chance to say, «You will be so good, Mr. Wilson, as to state Mr. Owen Wynne's case, as well as our own, with entire frankness; we have no desire to wrong any, and least of all one of our blood.»

«I think I understand you fully,» said Wilson. «A deed has been put in the hands of Mr. Attorney-General Chew and myself, and as to its value and present validity an opinion has been asked by Mistress Wynne and her nephew.»

«Pardon me,» said Arthur; «is not my Cousin John the proper person to consider this question?»

«Assuredly,» returned Mr. Wilson, «if his state of mind permitted either his presence or an opinion. No interests will be affected by his absence, nor can we do more than acquaint those who are now here with what, as lawyers, we think.»

«I see,» said Arthur. «Pray go on.»

«This deed seems to convey to my client's grandfather—that is to say, Mistress Wynne's father—certain lands situate in Merionethshire, Wales. I understand that you, sir, represent the present holder.»

«I am,» said Arthur, «the son of the gentleman now in possession of Wyncote, and have full permission to act for him. If, indeed, you desire further to learn on what authority—»

«Not at all, not at all,» interposed Wilson. «Your presence suffices; no more is needed. This meeting commits no one.»

«I was about to ask the date of this document,» said Arthur.

«Certainly; here it is.» And so saying, the lawyer spread the deed out on the table. «It is a conveyance from William Wynne to Hugh of that name; the date, 1671, October 9; the witnesses are Henry Owen and Thomas ap Roberts. It is voluminous. Do you desire to hear it?»

«No; oh, no! What next?»

«We believe,» continued the lawyer, «that this deed has ceased to have effect, owing to lapse of time and the appearance—pray note my words—the *appearance* of undisputed ownership by the younger branch. Neither is there any trust to hold the estate for Hugh; it is a mere conveyance.»

«There can be, of course, no doubt,» returned Arthur—«I mean as to a century of unquestioned possession.»

«I am not secure as to the point you make,» said Mr. Wilson, courteously. «I cannot now decide. I am asked to state the matter impartially. My clients wish justice done to all, and will take no unfair advantage. It may be you have no case. There may have passed frequent letters on both sides, admitting the claim or reasserting it, and thus keeping it alive. Rents may have been paid. Facts like these may open questions as to the length of undisputed holding. Only your own courts can decide it, and that with all the evidence before them.»

«I am obliged by your frankness,» said my cousin. «I had hoped to see the matter fully settled.»

«That will never be,» said my aunt, «until I have carried it through every court in England.»

«As you please,» replied Arthur.

«Mr. Wynne,» said I, «while my father lives we shall do nothing; nor even afterward, perhaps. I do not want the money, nor the old home. What is done may depend much on your own actions, sir.» I had no desire to lose this hold on him. As I spoke I saw him look up astonished, as was also, I thought, the lawyer, who knew nothing of our quarrels.

«If,» said I, «you had come to us frankly at first, and stated why you came, we should have said what I now say. No, *I* should have said far more. I believe this ends the matter for the present.» My aunt lifted her hand, but I added, «I pray you let it rest here, aunt,» and for a wonder she held her peace.

Arthur, too, seemed about to speak, but his worse or better angel, I know not which, prevailed, and quietly saluting us all, he rose and took his leave.

«We shall see when this war is over,» said my aunt, taking the deed. «Many thanks, Mr. Wilson; I should like to have your opinion in writing.»

«I shall send it in a week or two. Mr. Arthur Wynne seems to have come over, as I judge from what he said, with authority to act for his father. Why he did not at once relate his errand I cannot see. Had you had no deed it would have closed the matter. If he found you had one he would have been only in the position he is now in to-day.»

«I fancy he may have been fearful and over-cautious, not comprehending the nature of those he had to deal with,» said I. «You must have known him as I do, Mr. Wilson, to understand his actions. I was sorry you did not let him tell us what powers he really had. I was curious.»

«Yes, yes, I interrupted him. It was a mistake.» And so saying he rose.

«It shall not rest here,» said my aunt.

«Something shall be done.» And on this I too went away, declining further talk.

When Arthur came over to learn what he could as to their title to Wyncote, he failed to see that we were people whom no prospect of gain could lead into the taking of an advantage. He thus lost the chance a little honest directness would have given him. When, later, my father threw in his way the opportunity of absolute security as to the title, the temptation to get secretly from him a legal transfer, or—God knows—perhaps the power to destroy the deed, was too much for a morally weak and quite reckless nature. I was the sole obstacle, or I seemed to be. We loved the same woman; she had begun to doubt her English lover. If I had died he had become assured, not only of the possession of Wyncote, but of being ultimately my father's heir.

Of this Jack writes: «Here was a whole brigade of temptations, and he could not stand it. He would have broken that tender heart I loved. God help me! I think I should have killed him before he had the cruel chance.»

If to the estate and other worldly baits was added the remembrance of the blow a mere boy gave, I do not know. It is certain that at last he hated me, and as sure that I had as little love for him.

XXXI.

EARLY in March of 1782 Jack and I concluded that the war was over, or was to be but a waiting game, as indeed it proved. After some thought over the matter we both resigned, and as it was desired to lessen the list of officers, we were promptly released from service.

On March 22 his Excellency rode away from town under escort of Captain Morris's troop of light horse. I went along as far as Burlington, being honoured when I left by the personal thanks of the general, and the kind wish that I might discover it to be convenient to visit him at Mount Vernon.

April was come, and we gladly turned again to the duties which awaited us both. His Excellency had gone to watch Sir Guy Carleton penned up in New York. Congress wrangled, our gay world ate and danced, and the tardy war fell to such slackness that it was plain to all a peace must soon come, although we were yet to see another winter pass before the obstinate Dutchman on the English throne gave up a lost game.

In July my father died of a sudden afflux of blood to the head; and although he was blooded by Dr. Rush several times, never was so far bettered as to speak to me. Only once, as I am told is not rare, he so revived when in the very article of death as to look about and say, thinking my hand in his was my mother's, that she must not grieve for him.

Alas! he had been as one dead to me for many a year. I wore no black for him, because I was and am of the opinion of Friends that this custom is a foolish one. My aunt was ill pleased at my decision, and put herself and all her house in mourning. None the less, for my part, did I regret, not so much the natural, easy death, as the sad fact it seemed to fetch back so plainly, that from my youth up here were two people, neither of them unkindly or ill-natured, who were all through life as completely apart as if no tie of a common blood had pledged them to affection.

I saw—I can see now—the gray and drab of the great concourse of Friends who stood about that open grave on Arch street. I can see, too, under the shadow of his broad gray beaver, the simple, sincere face of James Pemberton, my father's lifelong friend. He spoke, as was the custom of Friends, at the grave, there being no other ceremony, an omission of which I confess I do not approve. Much moved, he said:

«Our friend John Wynne departed this life on the 23d of July of this year [being 1782]. For many years he hath carried the cross of afflicting sickness, and hath unceasingly borne testimony to the doctrine and conduct upheld of Friends. He was a man of great abilities, and, like our lamented William Penn, of an excellent gravity of disposition, without dissimulation, extensive in charity, having neither malice nor ungratefulness. He was apt without forwardness, yet weighty, and not given to unseemly levity. The wise shall cherish the thought of him, and he shall be remembered with the just.» And this was all. One by one they took my hand, and with my Aunt Gainor I walked away. I closed the old home a day or two later, and went with my aunt to her farm.

I had not seen Darthea for many a day. «Let her alone,» said my aunt. I think Jack was often with her; but he knew to hold his tongue, and I asked no questions. At last, a week after the funeral, I recognised her hand in the address of a note to me. I read it with a throbbing heart.

«SIR: I have heard of your great loss with sorrow, for even though your father has been

this long while as one lost to you, I do think that the absence of a face we love is so much taken from the happiness of life. You know that your aunt hurt me as few could, but now I am not sorry for what then befell. The thought of death brings others in its train, and I have reflected much of late. I shall go to see Mistress Wynne to-day, and will you come and see me when it shall appear to you convenient? I am for a little at Stenton, with Madam Logan.»

Would I, indeed? My dear old Lucy, a little stiff in the knees, carried me well, and seemed to share my good humour as I rode down the long road from Chestnut Hill.

The great trees about the home James Logan built were in full leaf, and under their shade a black groom held two horses as I rode up. Darthea came out, and was in the saddle before she saw me.

The rich bloom of health was again on her cheek, and deepened a little as I went toward her.

I said I was glad to see her, and was she going to my Aunt Gainor's? If so, and if it were agreeable to her, the groom might stay. I would ride back with her. Then Mrs. Logan, at the door, said this would suit very well, as she needed the man to go to town. After this we rode away under the trees and up the Germantown road, Miss Peniston pushing her horse, and we not able on this account to talk. At last, when I declared Lucy too old to keep up the pace, the good beast fell to walking.

Soon we went by the graveyard where the brave Englishman, General Agnew, lay; and here Darthea was of a mind to be told again of that day of glory and defeat. At the market-house, where School-house Lane comes out into the main street of Germantown, she must hear of the wild strife in the fog and smoke, and at last of how I was hurt; and so we rode on. She had gotten again her gay spirits, and was full of mirth, anon serious, or for a moment sad. Opposite Clieveden I had to talk of the fight, and say where were Jack and Sullivan and Wayne, although Jack more concerned her. As we rode up the slope of Mount Airy I broke a long silence.

«Darthea,» said I, «is it yes, or always no?»

«Will you never be contented?» she returned. «Is n't it mean to say these things now? I can't get away. I have half a mind to marry Jack, to be rid of you both.»

«Is it *yes* or *no*, Darthea?»

«Yes,» she said, looking me in the face. I am a strong man,—I was so then,—but a great rush of blood seemed to go to my head, and then I went pale, as she told me later, and I clutched at Lucy's mane. I felt as if I might fall, so much was I moved by this great news of joy.

«Are you ill?» she cried.

«No, no,» I said; «it is love! Thy dear love I cannot bear. Thank God, Darthea!»

«And do you love me so much, Hugh? I—I did not know.» She was like a sweet, timid child.

I could only say, «Yes, yes!»

«Oh, Hugh!» she cried. «How can you forgive me? But I am not like other women. My word—you will know—and then you will forgive me.» Her eyes were full of tears, her face all aglow.

«There is—there never will be anything to forgive.»

«But I was so foolish—and—I was so foolish.»

«Let us forget, Darthea. I have thy love. God knows it is enough.»

«Thank you, Hugh. Don't speak to me for a little, please.» And under the warm August afternoon sky we rode on at a footpace, and said no word more until we came to my aunt's door. Then Darthea slyly put on her riding-mask, and we went in.

My aunt had her in her great arms in a moment. The mask fell, and then my aunt held her off a little, looked from her to me, and said, «Has he made you cry, sweetheart? He always was a fool. I am very glad. You have made an old woman's heart sing with joy. It is not your fault. Hugh's silly face was enough. Lord! girl, how pretty you are! Do you suppose I never was in love? I never was, but I know the signs.» Darthea, released, was pleased enough to be let go up to my aunt's room. By and by she came down, saucy and smiling, and later came Jack, when my aunt, being too happy to hold her dear old tongue, told him, while poor Darthea looked at him with a tender gravity I did not understand. He went away very soon, saying he had business in town, and this is what he writ that night:

«And so she will have my Hugh, and he the best lady alive. I pray the good God to keep them from all the sorrows of this world. If he love her as I love her, she can ask no greater love; and he will—he cannot help it. Now I will write no more. God bless thee, Darthea!» It was thus a gallant gentleman loved in those stormy days.

And here, with this dear name, his records close, and there is the date of August 1, 1782, and a line drawn underneath.

The new relation soon to be established

between us of necessity brought Madam Peniston and my aunt into frequent council. There were matters of dress to be considerately dealt with, and I was told it must be six months before orders could be filled from France, England being just now out of the question. Where the mysteries of women's garments are concerned a man hath no better resort than to submit humbly, as to a doctor or a lawyer. Here of a certainty knowledge is power, and as to this matter, a man had best learn to conceal amazement under a show of meekness.

When I ventured to remonstrate Darthea looked serious, and would I ever have fallen in love with her unless she had laid snares of gown and ribbon, and how was my love to be kept if for the future there were not provided a pretty variety of such vanities? Even my Aunt Gainor refused to discuss the question. I must wait; and as this was the single occasion known to me when she had declined a hand at the game of talk, I began to perceive that ignorance is weakness, and so at last, calmly confessing defeat, I waited until those consulting chose to advise me, the patient, of their conclusions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Peniston had ceased to grieve over the lost lover and the great estate—it never was really great.

My aunt could not let go of the notion that we must have a fight for Wyncote. This tendency to become possessed by an idea, I came to see later, was a family trait, of value if wisely kept in due place, but capable, also, of giving rise to mischief. My aunt, in some of her talks with Darthea's relative, heard of that good dame's past regrets at the loss of a title and estate and a British lover, and of how flattered we ought to be.

I presume poor Madam Peniston was well and sharply answered; but it was not in my Aunt Gainor not to boast a little of how we were the elder branch, and of what might chance in the fairy future. When Mrs. Peniston saw the deed, and was told of the search my aunt was making for letters to support our claims, she was too excited not to let out enough to disturb Darthea, and this although my aunt told Mrs. Peniston of my dislike of the whole matter, and how it was never to be mentioned or known to any until more evidence came to light. Thus cautioned, she was just mysterious enough to excite my quick-witted maid, who was as curious as any of her sex.

When of course she questioned me, and some notion of the mischief on hand came thus to my knowledge, I saw at once how it might annoy Darthea. I said that it merely concerned a question in dispute between Arthur Wynne's family and my own, and ought not, I thought, to be discussed just now. The mere name of her former lover was enough to silence her, and so I begged her to put it aside. She was willing enough. I had happier things on my own mind, and no present desire to stir in the matter. In fact, I wished most earnestly to keep it awhile from Darthea. How much she knew I could not tell, but I was well aware that she was, above all things, sensitive as to any reference to Arthur Wynne. That she had once loved him with the honest love of a strong nature I knew, and somewhat hated to remember; but this love was dead, and if the sorry ghost of it haunted her at times, I could not wonder. My aunt had once or twice mentioned him casually, and each time Darthea had flushed, and once had asked her never to speak of him again. I meant soon —or more likely later—to discuss the matter quietly with Darthea; for then, as always, I held to the notion that the wife should have her share in every grave decision affecting the honour and interests of her husband.

After this I spoke most anxiously of the matter to my aunt, and entreated her to quiet Madam Peniston, and to let the thing rest in my hands. This she declared most reasonable, but I knew her too well not to feel uneasy, and indeed the result justified my fears.

My aunt, as I have said, had gone wild a bit over that deed, and when Darthea was not with her was continually discussing it, and reading over and over Mr. Wilson's opinion. I got very tired of it all.

One night, late in October, I rode out from town, and, after a change of dress, went into the front room with the dear thought in my mind of her whom I should see.

A welcome fire of blazing hickory logs alone lighted up the large room, for my aunt liked thus to sit at or after twilight, and as yet no candles had been set out. As I stood at the door, the leaping flames, flaring up, sent flitting athwart the floor queer shadows of tall-backed chairs and spindle-legged tables. The great form of my Aunt Gainor filled the old Penn chair I had brought from home, liking myself to use it. Just now, as usual, she was sitting erect, for never did I or any one else see her use for support the back of a chair. At her feet lay Darthea, with her head in the old lady's lap—a pretty picture, I thought.

Darthea leaped up to run to me. My aunt

said nothing, not so much as «Good evening,» but went out, and in a minute or two came back, exclaiming, in an excited way, that she had waited all day, and now at last she had great news, and we must hear it.

I was bewildered until I saw she had in one hand the deed and in the other a bundle of letters. Then I knew what a distressful business was to be faced, and that it was vain to cry «Stop!»

«What is it?» said Darthea.

«It can wait,» said I. «I insist, Aunt Gainor.»

«Nonsense! The girl must know soon or late, and why not now?»

«I must hear, Hugh,» said Darthea.

«Very well,» I returned, as angry with the old lady as ever I had been in all my life.

«It is a thing to settle,» cried Aunt Gainor, in her strong voice. «We must agree—agree on it—all of us.»

«Go on,» said I. And Darthea insisting, I said nothing more, and was only concerned to be done with it once for all.

«The war will soon end,» said my aunt, «and something must be done. These letters I have come upon put a new face on the matter. I have not yet read all of them. But among them are letters to your grandfather of great importance.»

I was vexed as I have rarely been. «I never doubted, Aunt Gainor, that in my grandfather's life some acknowledgments may have passed; but it is the long lapse of time covered by my father's life which will fail as to evidence.»

«It shall not!» she cried. «You shall be mistress of Wyncote, Darthea. These letters—»

«I? Wyncote?» said Darthea.

«Let us discuss them alone, aunt,» I urged, hoping to get the matter put aside for a time.

«No; I will wait no longer. I am deeply concerned, and I wish Darthea to hear.»

«Why not refer it to Mr. Wilson? Unless these letters cover far more of a century than seems likely, they cannot alter the case.»

«That is to be determined,» said the old lady. «I shall go to England and settle it there. You shall be Wynne of Wyncote yet, sir.»

«What! what!» cried Darthea. «What does all this mean? Tell me, Hugh. Why is it kept from me?» It was plain that soon or late she must know.

«My aunt thinks Wyncote belongs to us. There is an old deed, and my aunt will have it we must go to law over it. It is a doubtful matter, Darthea—as to the right, I mean. I have no wish to stir it up, nor to leave my own land if we were to win it.»

I saw Darthea flush, and in a moment she was at my aunt's side.

«Stop!» said I. «Remember, dear, I have not hid it from you. I desired only that some day you and I should consider it alone and tranquilly. But now there is no help for it, and you must hear. The deed—»

«Is this it?» she broke in, taking the yellow parchment off the table where my aunt had laid it.

«Yes, yes,» said my aunt; «and you must bring Hugh to his senses about it, my dear. It is a great estate, and rich, and the old house—we have its picture, Darthea. Madam Wynne of Wyncote, I shall come and visit you.» The old lady was flushed, and foolishly eager over this vain ambition.

Darthea stood in the brilliant firelight, her eyes set on the deed. «I cannot understand it,» she said.

«I will send for candles,» cried Mistress Wynne, «and you shall hear it, and the letters too»; and with this she rang a hand-bell, and bade Cæsar fetch lights.

I looked on, distressed and curious.

«And this,» said Darthea, «is the deed, and it may give you, Hugh—give us the lands?»

«But *I* do not want it,» cried my aunt, greatly excited. «It is to be Hugh's. Yours, my dear child.»

«If,» said Darthea, speaking slowly, «the elder brother dies, as he surely will before long, it will be—it will be Arthur Wynne who, on his father's death, will inherit this estate?»

«That is it,» said my aunt. «But he shall never have it. It is ours. It is Hugh's.»

My dear maid turned to me. «And it would be ours,» said Darthea, «if—»

«Yes,» cried Miss Wynne. «There are no ifs.»

«Do you want it, Hugh—these Welsh lands?» asked Darthea.

I thought she looked anxiously at the deed in her hand as she stood. «Not I, Darthea, and least of all now. Not I.»

«No,» she went on; «you have taken the man's love from him—I think he did love me, Hugh, in his way—you could not take his estate; now could you, Hugh?»

«No!» said I; «no!»

«Darthea, are you mad?» said Aunt Wynne.

«I will not have it!» cried Darthea. «I say I will not have it, and it concerns me most, madam.» I had never before seen her angry.

«Do you love me, Hugh Wynne?» she cried. «Do you love me, sir?»

«Darthea!»

«Will you always love me?»

«Dear child!» I exclaimed. «What is it?»

«Give me that deed,» said my aunt. «Are you crazy fools, both of you?»

«Fools, Mistress Wynne?» said Darthea, turning from me, the deed still in her hand. «You are cruel and unkind. Could I marry Hugh Wynne if he did this thing? Are there no decencies in life, madam, that are above being sold for money and name? I should never marry him if he did this thing—never; and I mean to marry him, madam.» And with this she unrolled the deed, crumpled it up, and threw it on the red blaze of the fire.

There was a flash of flame and a roar in the chimney. It was gone in a moment, and our Welsh lands were so much smoke and cinders.

My aunt made a wild rush to rescue them, but struck her head against the chimney-shelf, and fell back into a chair, crying, «You idiot! you fool! You shall never marry him!»

I picked up the slim little lady in my arms, and kissed her over and over, whilst, as she struggled away, I whispered:

«Thank God! Dear, brave heart! It was well done, and I thank you.»

My aunt's rage knew no bounds, and I may not repeat what she said to my Darthea, who stood open-eyed, defiant, and flushed.

I begged the furious old lady to stop. A whirlwind were as easily checked. At last, when she could say no more, my dear maid said quietly:

«What I have done, Hugh should have done long since. We are to live together, I trust, madam, for many years, and I love you well; but you have said things to me not easy to forget. I beg to insist that you apologise. For lighter things men kill one another. I await, madam, your excuses.»

It was a fine sight to see how this fiery little bit of a woman faced my tall, strong aunt, who towered above her, her large face red with wrath.

«Never!» she cried. «I have been—it is I who am insulted and put to shame, in my own house, by a chit of a miss.»

«Then good-by,» said Darthea, and was by me and out of the house before I could see what to do or know what to say.

«She is gone!» I cried. «Oh, Aunt Gainor, you have broken my heart!»

«What did I say, Hugh?» said my aunt. I do truly think she did not know what she had said; and now she was off, and I after her, knocking over Cæsar and our belated candles, and out of doors after Darthea. I saw her join her a few yards away, and did wisely to hold back. I knew well the child-heart my aunt carried within that spacious bosom.

What the pair of them said I do not know. In a few minutes they were back again, both in tears, the whole wretched business at an end. I thought it better to go away and leave them, but my aunt cried out:

«Wait, sir! I am an old ass! If either of you ever mention this thing again, I—I will wring your necks. I make free to say that some day you will both regret it; but it is your affair and not mine. O Lord! if Cat Ferguson ever comes to know it—»

«She never will,» said Darthea; «and we will love you and love you, dear, dear mother, and I am sorry I hurt you; but I had to—I had to. If I was wise I know not; but I had to end it—I had to.»

Never before had I heard the sweet woman call my aunt mother. She often did so in after years. It melted the old spinster, and she fell to kissing her, saying:

«Yes, I am your mother, child, and always will be.» But ever after Mistress Wynne was a trifle afraid of my little lady, and there were no more such scenes.

When my aunt was gone away to bed, though not to sleep, I fear, my dear maid came and sat at my feet on a cushion, and for a time was silent. At last, looking up, she said, «Hugh, was I wrong to burn it?»

Then I was silent a little while, but from the first I was resolved to be ever outright and plain with my lady, who was impulsive, and would need help and counsel and government, that her character might grow, as it did in after years. I said; «Yes, Darthea. It was not yours, nor altogether mine; it was my father's land, if it belonged to any of us. It is better for me to tell you the simple truth. It would have made no difference had the deed been left undestroyed; it would only have given you the chance to know me better, and to learn that no consideration would have made me take these lands, even had our title been clear. Now you have destroyed my power of choice. I am not angry, not even vexed; but another time trust me, dear.»

«I see! I see,» she exclaimed. «What have I done?» and she began to sob. «I was—was wicked not to trust you, and foolish; and now I see Aunt Gainor had reason to be angry. But you are good and brave to tell me. I could not have said what you said; I should have declared you were right. And now I know it was weakness, not strength, that made me do it. I shall pray God to for-

give me. Kiss me, Hugh; I love you twice as much as ever I did before.»

When I had done her sweet bidding, I said, «Darthea, let us forget all this. Wrong or right, I at least am pleased to have the thing at rest forever; and, wrong or right, I thank you. I was honest, Darthea, when I said so; and now good-night.» At this she looked me in the eyes, and went slowly out of the room, and, I fear, had no better slumbers than my Aunt Gainor.

XXXII.

EARLY in February of 1783 we were married by the Rev. William White, long after to be our good bishop. Christ Church was full of my old friends, my Aunt Gainor in the front pew in a magnificent costume, and Mrs. Peniston with Jack, very grave of face, beside her. As no De-Lanceys were to be had in our rebel town, Mr. James Wilson gave away the precious gift of Darthea Peniston. We went in my aunt's chariot to Merion; and so ends the long tale of my adventures, which here, in the same old country home, I have found it pleasant to set down for those who will, I trust, live in it when I am dead.

In April, 1783, peace was proclaimed. In November of that year I heard from Colonel Hamilton that our beloved general would, on December 4, take leave of his officers, and that he was kind enough to desire that all of his old staff who wished should be present. I was most pleased to go.

In New York, at Fraunce's Tavern, near Whitehall Ferry, I found the room full of the men who had humbled the pride of England and brought our great war to a close. His Excellency entered at noon, and seeing about him these many companions in arms, was for a little so agitated that he could not speak. Then with a solemn and kindly expression of face, such as I had once before seen him wear, he filled a glass with wine, and, seeming to steady himself, said:

«With a heart full of love and gratitude, I take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.»

So saying, he drank his wine, and one after another went by him, shaking his hand. No word was said, and these worn veterans of the winter camps and the summer battlefields moved out, and saw their former general pass down, between lines of infantry, to the shore. There he got into a barge. As he was rowed away he stood up and lifted his hat. All of us uncovered, and remained thus till he passed from sight, to be seen no more by many of those who gazed sadly after his retreating form.

There is an old book my grandchildren love to hear me read to them. It is the «Morte d'Arthur,» done into English by Sir Thomas Malory. Often when I read therein of how Arthur the king bade farewell to the world and to the last of the great company of his Knights of the Round Table, this scene at Whitehall slip comes back to me, and I seem to see once more those gallant soldiers, and far away the tall figure of surely the knightliest gentleman our days have known.

My years go on in peace. We have enough —far more than enough—for all the wants and even for the luxuries of life. It is late in the night, and Christmas-time, in the great stone house at Merion. The noise of little ones—and they are many—has ceased. I hear steps and laughter in the hall. The elder ones troop in to say good-night. There are Darthea and Gainor, mothers of the noisy brigade now in bed, and here is Hugh, the youngest, and Jack, with the big build of his race. And soon all are gone and the house quiet.

I looked up where, under my dear Jack Warder's face, which Stuart did for me, hangs Knyphausen's long blade, and across it Jack's sword. Below, my eye lights on the Hessian pistols, and the sword-knot the gallant marquis gave me.

I watch the crumbling fire, and seem to see once more the fierce struggle in the market-place, the wild fight on the redoubt, and my cousin's dark face. The years have gone by, and for me and mine there is peace and love, and naught a man in years may not think upon with joy.

Suddenly two hands from behind are over my eyes; ah, well I know their tender touch! Says a dear voice I hope to hear till life is over—and after that, I trust—«What are you thinking of, Hugh Wynne?»

«Of how sweet you have made my life to me, my darling.»

«Thank God!»

THE END. *S. Weir Mitchell.*

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

«IS IT YES OR NO, DARTHEA?»

WHAT IS AN AURORA?

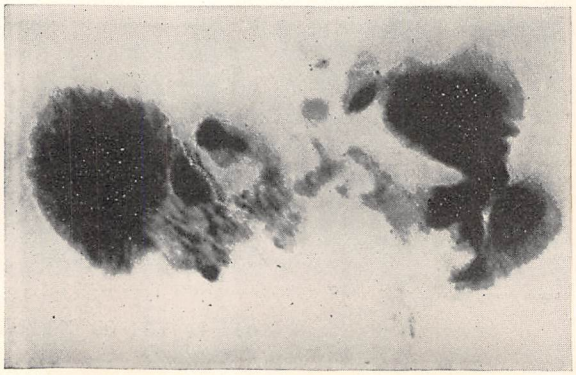
WEST END OF AN AURORAL BAND.
Photographed February 1, 1892, by Dr. Brendel, and sent by him to Mr. James P. Hall, and by him given to the writer.

ON the first day of January, 1892, Dr. Brendel and Herr Raschen reached the Alten Fiord, Lapland, to remain several months, studying auroral displays and magnetic disturbances. Brendel succeeded in photographing the aurora, a very difficult thing to do, as all who have attempted it know. The deep reds which are so beautiful to the eye make little impression on the photographer's plates, and the light itself is generally feeble and flickering. Not unaptly have the quivering auroral beams been called «merry dancers.» Even the bright displays are hard to photograph, as we may see from an entry in General Greely's note-book on January 21, 1882. «A most beautiful aurora,» he says, «with intense light, at times sufficiently bright to cast my shadow on the snow. Rice exposed a sensitive plate without effect, but the constantly changing position of the aurora may have been the cause.»

But, some one will say, photographing an aurora, while interesting from a scientific standpoint, is not a very momentous matter to men or nations. And we make haste to answer that these auroral displays are linked with phenomena which have a very practical interest. Long before the now well-known relations of solar phenomena and terrestrial magnetism had been determined, Sir William Herschel thought he could from meager data detect evidence that the price of wheat was generally higher at times of few sun-spots. In later days we have Stanley Jevons tracing a connection between financial crises and sun-spots, and a host of writers tabulating the allied phenomena—of auroras, sun-spots, magnetic disturbances—and tracing in their periodicities a close relation to famines, commercial crises, and abnormal weather. What a wonderful achievement it would be to foresee the weal and woe of a decade!

While such relations are conjectural, there is little doubt that auroras and solar and magnetic disturbances are closely linked. They do not come and go by chance. The astrophysicist knows that these phenomena will be very numerous in 1903. He knows that a similar condition will not again occur until 1915, the mean period being eleven years. How was this period discovered? Professor Langley tells us in his «New Astronomy,» page 76:

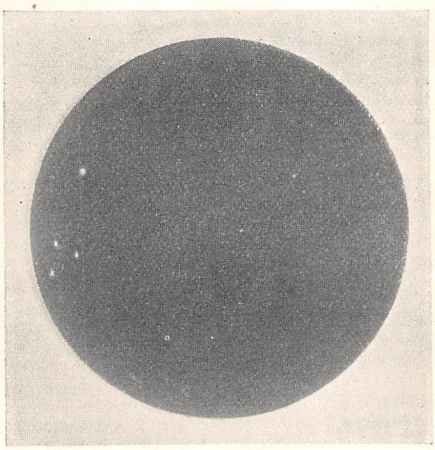
> It does not seem to have occurred to any one to see whether they [sun-spots] had any regular period for coming or going, till Schwabe, a magistrate in a little German town, who happened to have a small



PHOTOGRAPH OF SUN-SPOTS OF AUGUST 8, 1893. MADE AT LICK OBSERVATORY BY PROFESSOR C. D. PERRINE.

telescope and a good deal of leisure, began for his own amusement to note their number every day. He commenced in 1826, and with German patience observed daily for forty years. He first found that the spots grew more numerous in 1830, when there was no single day without one; then the number declined very rapidly, till in 1833 they were about gone; then they increased in number again till 1838, then again declined, and so on, till it became evident that sun-spots do not come and go by chance, but run through a cycle of growth and disappearance, on the average about once in every eleven years. While amusing himself with his telescope, an important sequence in Nature had thus been added to our knowledge by the obscure Hofrath Schwabe, who indeed compares himself to Saul, going out to seek his father's asses and finding a kingdom.

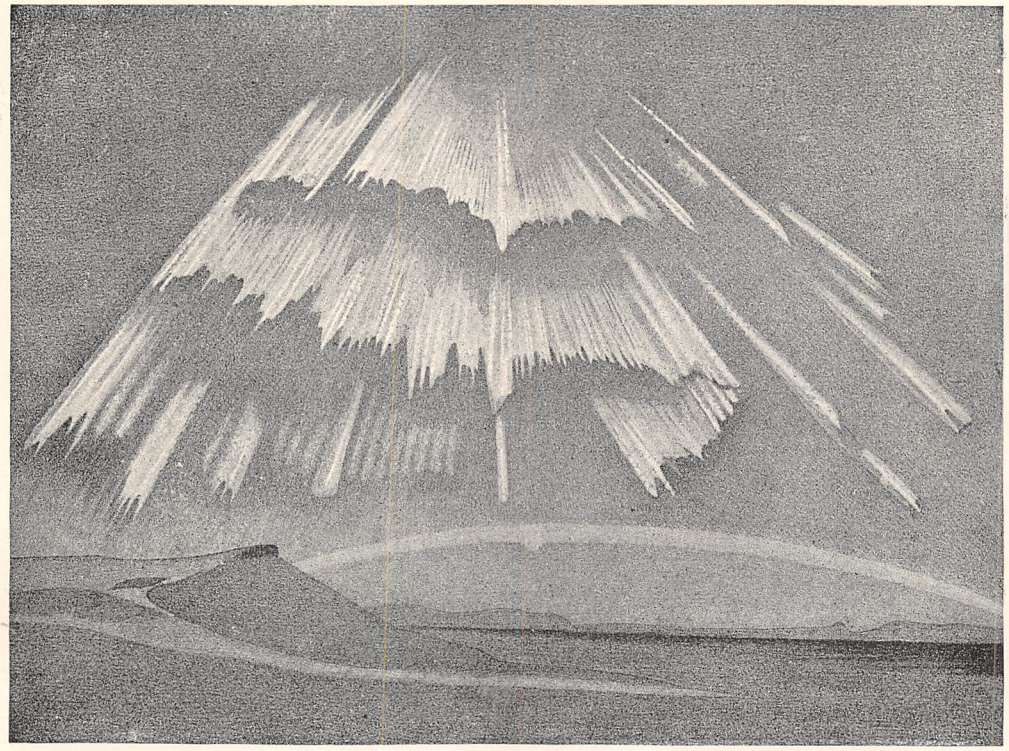
Once the sun-spot period was clearly established, it was only necessary to ransack chronological lists of auroras to find how intimately auroras and sun-spots were connected. Three patient investigators, Wolf, Fritz, and Loomis, soon proved that auroras were most frequent when sun-spots were most numerous. The next step was to find individual relations. One bright September morning thirty-seven years ago, Carrington and Hodgson, separately studying the face of the sun, saw a remarkable outburst near the edge of a great spot. For some days the magnetometers at Kew showed unusual perturbation, and for several nights magnificent auroral displays were seen over two continents. It was long thought that a violent magnetic disturbance occurred *simultaneously* with the outburst, but recent examination of the records disproves this. In 1872 Professor Young noticed a disturbance in the chromosphere in the neighborhood of a sun-spot, and upon asking the astronomers at Greenwich and Stonyhurst to examine their magnetic records, it was found that great disturbances had occurred about that time. Ten years later the astronomer at Greenwich sent out a message that read something like this: «Remarkable sun-spot now visible. . . . Area of whole spot, $\frac{247}{100000}$ of the sun's visible surface.» Try to imagine what this means, and fancy yourself on the sun while that tremendous storm was in progress. We know that here on earth there was a magnetic storm with auroral displays that beggar description. Beginning a little before daylight on November 17, 1882, not a wire of the Western Union Telegraph Company could be used for three hours. The market quotations could not be sent. Late in the afternoon the trouble seemed to decrease, but at night there was a brilliant auroral display, and all telegraphic service was again interrupted. A very short circuit from Boston to Dedham showed the disturbance equally with other circuits. The cables to Europe and the wires to Chicago were alike unworkable. A message was sent from Bangor to North Sidney, seven hundred miles, by cutting out the regular batteries and allowing the energy of nature to have its own way. The current was just as strong as if a hundred cells had been at work. At Albany the switchboard was ignited; and in telephone offices generally the annunciators dropped continually. Switchboards and wires were burned at Chicago. Incandescent lamps were illuminated in St. Paul, and even in far San Francisco the telephone operators were nigh distracted. Over half of North America, across the Atlantic, and on over northern Europe, it seemed as if legions of ethereal demons were busy inciting electric and magnetic apparatus to strange and mischievous antics.



PHOTOGRAPH OF SUN-SPOTS OF AUGUST 29, 1893, SHOWING RELATIVE SIZE. MADE BY PROFESSOR C. D. PERRINE, LICK OBSERVATORY.
For purposes of illustration the spots are made white.

It so happened that about the pole that year were clustered representatives from twelve nations. The Russian international expeditions were at the Lena Delta and Nova Zembla; the Norwegian at Bossekop; the Dutch at Dicksonhavn; the German at Kingua Fiord; the Finnish at Sodankyla; the Swedish at Spitzbergen; the Danish at Godthaab; the Austro-Hungarian at Jan Mayen; and the British at Fort Rae. France had two stations in the antarctic region, and our own country had the well-known Lady Franklin Bay party under Greely, and the Point Barrow party under Ray.

November 14–19, 1882, was a period never to be forgotten by these arctic prisoners. While we at home saw the display of a decade, the observers of the frozen North, turning



APPEARANCE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE EAST, AS SEEN AT CAPE THORDSEN, DECEMBER 21, 1882.
From the report of the Swedish expedition, «Aurores Boreales,» by Carlheim-Gyllenskiold.

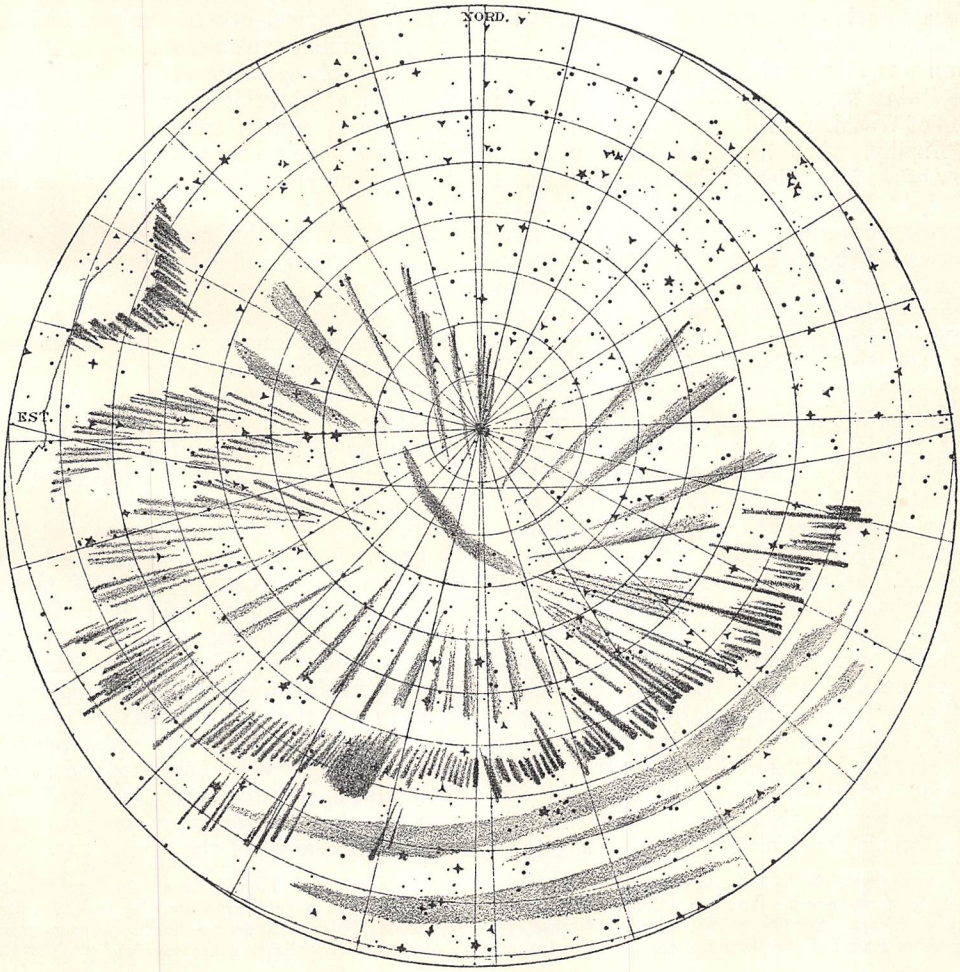
their eyes southward or westward or eastward, saw visions glorious by *day* as well as by night, and felt perhaps some measure of recompense for their isolation and peril. Coming out of their dark quarters, they were startled and at first blinded, and General Greely writes: «The curtain appeared at one time so near our heads that Gardner and Israel speak of having unconsciously dodged to avoid it.» In Ralston's diary is the entry: «The aurora appeared so low down that I raised my hand instinctively, expecting to bathe it in the light»; and Brainard relates a like impression. What a pity that under such conditions no electrometric apparatus was available! With Thomson water-dropping collectors and multiple-quadrant electrometers, records of the electrification of the lower air could have been obtained, and a few more threads raveled out from nature's tangled skein. Some observations of the potential of the air, made by Andrée, who was a member of the Swedish party at Cape Thordsen, Spitzbergen, seem to show that the electric potential diminished very rapidly during an aurora, and in fact became negative. As is well known, this same Andrée has lately attempted to reach the pole in an air-ship. Not the least valuable result of the adventure will be the increase in our knowledge of the electricity of the air in polar regions. We shall learn a little more about the height of auroras. We know now that while they are from fifty to seventy miles high in latitude 50°, the height decreases as we approach 68°. At Godthaab, Paulsen measured many with theodolites, and found that some were less than two fifths of a mile high. Hildebrandsson and others have seen auroras below the clouds. Such results lead us to believe that the time is ripe to suggest a new classification of auroral displays. It has been further noticed that the colorless and quiescent auroras were *not* necessarily coincident with magnetic disturbances, while those of brilliant color and rapid change were. Many so-called auroras are probably what the Germans would call *wetter-leuchten*, and akin to silent lightning.

Our little planet unquestionably responds to solar disturbances. The intense auroral displays that occur simultaneously over continents are, one may think, answering signals to the messages flashed from the sun through the quivering ether. But we may also have our own little storms and

disturbances; and while appearances may be similar, the phenomena are of different origin. Some of the difficulties and discrepancies which have been met in tabulating sun-spot, magnetic, and auroral phenomena can be thus explained. One wise remark by Professor Young should not pass unnoticed. «The solar tumult,» he says, «may be the brother, and not the father, of our aurora.» But this much is plain: the phenomena are closely allied, and mastery of the terrestrial displays will enable us to reach out and attempt the conquest of the solar ones. It may be frankly said that the man of science feels that the aurora has baffled his scrutiny. Unlike lightning, this mysterious light is as harmless as it is beautiful. Weyprecht, who did so much to establish the circumpolar stations, watching from the deck of his ice-bound corvette, thus describes what he saw:

In the south a faint, scarcely visible band lies close to the horizon. All at once it rises and spreads rapidly east and west; . . . the waves of light drive on violently; . . . the edges assume a deep red and green color, and dance up and down; the rays shoot up more rapidly and become shorter; all rise together and approach nearer and nearer the magnetic pole. It looks as if there was a race, and each aspired to reach the pole first. The whole sky is in flames. Involuntarily we listen; such a spectacle must, we think, be accompanied with sound. But unbroken stillness prevails. No pencil can draw it, no colors can paint it, no words describe in all its magnificence the aurora of the coming storm.

In 1881–2 Lemström covered a hillside at Oratunturi with uncovered copper wire having at certain intervals discharging points. A powerful electric current was sent through this, and the peak of the hill at night, it was said, glowed with a pale-yellow or blue light.



POLAR PROJECTION OF THE HEAVENS, SHOWING POSITION OF THE AURORA BOREALIS OF JANUARY 6, 1883.
From the report of the Swedish expedition, «Aurores Boreales,» by Carlheim-Gyllenskiold.

None of the neighboring peaks were thus marked. This was an attempt at artificial production of the aurora, and may in some respects be fairly compared with Franklin's kite experiment with the lightning. Experiments elsewhere, however, have failed to give similar results. Tromholt, with similar apparatus and in high latitudes, and Vaussenat at the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, where an area of six hundred and forty square meters was covered with wire having fourteen thousand discharging points, obtained no artificial auroras.

One well-nigh forgotten experiment of the Faraday of America may be recalled. Joseph Henry in 1872 concentrated by a small concave mirror a beam of auroral light, and allowed it to fall upon a paper on which were written some letters with sulphate of quinine, and these became visible just as when illuminated by a discharge of electricity. He also noticed the effect upon a galvanometer needle during an aurora, observing that the needle was deflected, and that a like deflection was always observed «when a flash of lightning took place within the visible horizon of Washington.»

Finally, what has that most powerful pry of modern science, the spectroscope, revealed? It tells us what metals are flaming in distant worlds; what can it tell us of the aurora? When the light emitted by an incandescent gas is examined with a spectroscope, bright bands or lines are seen, and these are so characteristic that they serve to identify the substance. When the light passes through a gas, however, certain rays are absorbed, depending upon the intervening gas; and in the spectrum *black* lines are seen exactly where characteristic bright lines would have been. The aurora gives a spectrum something like that given by lightning, or rather like several lightning spectra superposed. One bright line is always present, but as many as eleven lines had been seen up to 1883. The Cape Thordsen observers ran the number up to thirty-two. Sixteen of these lines nearly coincide with air-lines, eight with the positive-pole spectrum of nitrogen, four with the nitrogen negative pole, and three with hydrogen lines. From spectroscopic evidence we should say that the aurora was a discharge of electricity in rarefied air. Lockyer has built up a spectrum almost identical with that of the aurora by taking low-temperature spectra of manganese, magnesium, lead, and thallium. It is not the auroral spectrum, however. Very recently Berthelot succeeded in condensing the new gas argon with benzine vapor, and obtained a magnificent green-and-yellow fluorescence under the influence of a gentle electrification. The spectrum was very much like that of the aurora, and it is suggested that through some combination of argon in the upper air under electrical influences an auroral appearance might result. This brings us to the views which have been put forward by Paulsen abroad and Bigelow at home. The former thinks that the aurora may be a luminous electrification of the upper air, brought about by the absorption of radiant energy of a certain character and alteration of the wave-length. The auroral light, then, would be a kind of fluorescence. Bigelow, independently of Paulsen, had suggested a similar explanation. He regards the aurora as a phosphorescence due to the transformation of vibrating energy by the air. In other words, certain motions of the ether, which we have no way of recognizing, are altered just enough to convert them into light.

Before leaving the question of the origin of the aurora, we should mention that occasionally in the southern part of the United States feeble sporadic displays are seen. These are now known to occur at times of great thunder-storm activity.

We have been called «children of the sun,» and there is truth as well as poetry in the designation. Year by year the man of science drags himself a little closer to the great central engine. When Faraday, in his mind's eye, saw lines of force traversing space, and when his great disciple Maxwell bequeathed to us the electromagnetic theory of light, men of science felt that a path had been staked out across the maze of solar mysteries. The sun no longer shone as a giver of heat and light only, for in the ether were nerve-like waves of every description. Children of the sun, we respond not only to the great periodic changes, but to every passing spasm and disturbance. Auroras are associated with solar change. In studying them we may fathom the secrets of the sun.[1]

[1] Astrophysicists look forward with interest to the opening of the new Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. Already, at the Kenwood Observatory, Professor Hale has photographed certain solar disturbances, attempting to identify them with magnetic disturbances. «It is yet premature,» he says, «to draw conclusions; but the magnetic disturbances seem to synchronize closely with spot activity.»

Alexander McAdie.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX AND THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

GRANT'S RIDE TO APPOMATTOX.

IT was proposed to the general to ride during the day in a covered ambulance which was at hand, instead of on horseback, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun; but his soldierly instincts rebelled against such a proposition, and he soon after mounted «Cincinnati,» and started from Curdsville toward New Store. From this point he went by way of a cross-road to the south side of the Appomattox, with the intention of moving around to Sheridan's front. While riding along the wagon-road which runs from Farmville to Appomattox Court House, at a point eight or nine miles east of the latter place, Lieutenant Charles E. Pease of Meade's staff overtook him with a despatch. It was found to be a reply from Lee, which had been sent into our lines on Humphreys's front. It read as follows:

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.
Commanding U. S. Armies.

Pease also brought a note from Meade saying that, at Lee's request, he had read the communication addressed to Grant, and in consequence of it had granted a short truce.

The general, as soon as he had read these letters, dismounted, sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside, and wrote the following reply to Lee:

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A. M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

He handed this to Colonel Babcock of the staff, with directions to take it to General Lee by the most direct route. Mounting his horse again, the general rode on at a trot toward Appomattox Court House. When five or six miles from the town, Colonel Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant-general, came riding up from the direction of Appomattox, and handed the general a communication. This proved to be a duplicate of the letter from Lee that Lieutenant Pease had brought in from Meade's lines. Lee was so closely pressed that he was anxious to communicate with Grant by the most direct means; and as he could not tell with which column Grant was moving, he sent in one copy of his letter on Meade's front, and one on Sheridan's. Colonel Newhall joined our party, and after a few minutes' halt to read the letter we continued our ride toward Appomattox. On the march I had asked the general several times how he felt. To the same question now he replied: «The pain in my head seemed to leave me the moment I got Lee's letter.» The road was filled with men, animals, and wagons, and to avoid these and shorten the distance, we turned slightly to the right and began to «cut across lots»; but before going far we spied men conspicuous in gray, and it was seen that we were moving toward the enemy's left flank, and that a short ride farther would take us into his lines. It looked for a moment as if a very awkward condition of things might possibly arise, and Grant become a prisoner in Lee's lines instead of Lee in his. Such a circumstance would have given rise to an important cross-entry in the system of campaign bookkeeping. There was only one remedy—to retrace our steps and strike the right road, which was done without serious discussion. About one o'clock the little village of Appomattox Court House, with its half-dozen houses, came in sight, and soon

Porter. Marshall. Sheridan. Ingalls. Babcock. Custer.

Lee. Grant. Merritt. Parker.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

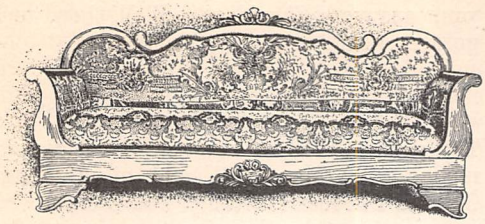
we were entering its single street. It is situated on rising ground, and beyond it the country slopes down into a broad valley. The enemy was seen with his columns and wagon-trains covering the low ground. Our cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and part of Ord's command were occupying the high ground to the south and west of the enemy, heading him off completely. We saw a group of officers who had dismounted and were standing at the edge of the town, and at their head we soon recognized the features of Sheridan. No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that «much danger makes great hearts most resolute,» fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battle-field. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Cæsar's Tenth Legion. Wherever blows fell thickest, there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense, opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pause till the folds of his banners waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding «Rienzi» through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of, or heroic deeds are honored, the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

Ord and others were standing in the group before us, and as our party came up General Grant greeted the officers, and said, «How are you, Sheridan?» «First-rate, thank you; how are you?» cried Sheridan, with a voice and look which seemed to indicate that, on his part, he was having things all his own way. «Is Lee over there?» asked Grant, pointing up the road, having heard a rumor that Lee was in that vicinity. «Yes; he is in that brick house, waiting to surrender to you,» answered Sheridan. «Well, then, we'll go over,» said Grant.

HOW LEE REACHED McLEAN'S HOUSE.

THE general-in-chief now rode on, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord, and others; soon Colonel Babcock's orderly was seen sitting on his horse in the street in front of a two-story brick house, better in appearance than the rest of the houses. He said General Lee and Colonel Babcock had gone into this house half an hour before, and he was ordered to post himself in the street and keep a lookout for General Grant, so as to let him know where General Lee was. Babcock told me afterward that in carrying General Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines, and found General Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket which had been spread over a few fence-rails placed on the ground under an apple-tree which was part of an old orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the wide-spread report that the surrender occurred under an apple-tree, and which has been repeated in song and story. There may be said of that statement what Cuvier said of the French Academy's definition of a crab—«brilliant, but not correct.»

Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The wheels of wagons, in passing along the road, had cut away the earth of this embankment, and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. Colonel Charles Marshall, his military secretary, came forward, took the despatch which Babcock handed him, and gave it to General Lee. After reading it the general rose, and said he would ride forward on the road on which Babcock had come, but was apprehensive that hostilities might begin in the meantime, upon the termination of the temporary truce, and asked Babcock to write a line to Meade informing him of the situation. Babcock wrote accordingly, requesting Meade to maintain the truce until positive orders from Grant could be received. To save time, it was arranged that a Union officer, accompanied by one of Lee's officers, should carry this letter through the enemy's lines. This route made the distance to Meade nearly ten miles shorter than by the roundabout way of the Union lines. Lee now mounted



THE SOFA IN THE McLEAN HOUSE.

his horse, and directed Colonel Marshall to accompany him. They started for Appomattox Court House in company with Babcock, followed by a mounted orderly. When the party reached the village they met one of its residents, named Wilmer McLean, who was told that General Lee wished to occupy a convenient room in some house in the town. McLean ushered them into the sitting-room of one of the first houses he came to; but upon looking about, and seeing that it was small and unfurnished, Lee proposed finding something more commodious and better fitted for the occasion. McLean then conducted the party to his own house, about the best one in the town, where they awaited General Grant's arrival.

The house had a comfortable wooden porch with seven steps leading up to it. A hall ran through the middle from front to back, and upon each side was a room having two windows, one in front and one in rear. Each room had two doors opening into the hall. The building stood a little distance back from the street, with a yard in front, and to the left on entering was a gate for carriages, and a roadway running to a stable in rear. We entered the grounds by this gate, and dismounted. In the yard were seen a fine, large gray horse, which proved to be General Lee's favorite animal, called «Traveller,» and a good-looking, dark-colored mare belonging to Colonel Marshall. An orderly in gray was in charge of them, and had taken off their bridles to let them crop the grass.

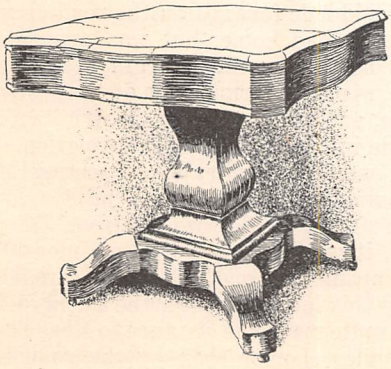
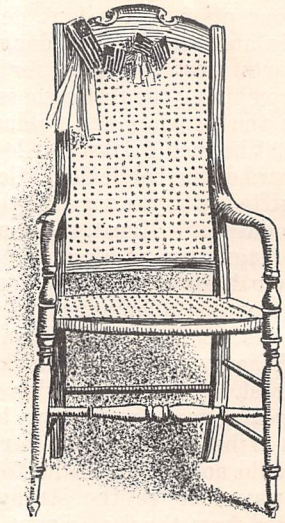


TABLE AT WHICH LEE SAT.

MEETING BETWEEN GRANT AND LEE.

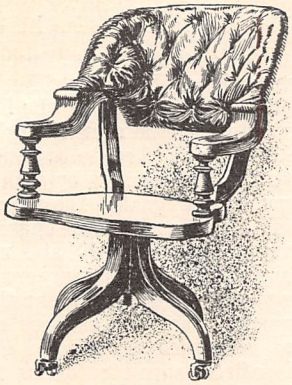
GENERAL GRANT mounted the steps, and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Colonel Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window, opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with General Lee and Colonel Marshall awaiting General Grant's arrival. The general passed in, and as Lee arose and stepped forward, Grant extended his hand, saying, «General Lee,» and the two shook hands cordially. The members of the staff, Generals



CHAIR IN WHICH LEE SAT.

Sheridan and Ord, and some other general officers who had gathered in the front yard, remained outside, feeling that General Grant would probably prefer his first interview with General Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and, making a motion with his hat toward the sitting-room, said: «The general says come in.» It was then about half-past one on Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant seated in an old office arm-chair in the center of the room, and Lee sitting in a plain arm-chair with a cane seat beside a square, marble-topped table near the front window, in the corner opposite the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall was standing at his left, with his right elbow resting upon the mantelpiece. We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people

enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa standing against the wall between the two doors and on the few plain chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.



CHAIR IN WHICH GRANT SAT.

The contrast between the two commanders was singularly striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention as they sat, six or eight feet apart, facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on his single-breasted blouse of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had worn a pair of thread gloves of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt «sugar-loaf,» stiff-brimmed hat was resting on his lap. He had no sword or sash, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was six feet and one inch in height, and erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver-gray, and thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned to the throat, and a handsome sword and sash. The sword was of exceedingly fine workmanship, and the hilt was studded with jewels. It had been presented to him by some ladies in England who sympathized with the cause he represented. His top-boots were comparatively new, and had on them near the top some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were clean. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long, gray buckskin gauntlets, lay beside him on the table. We endeavored afterward to learn how it was that he wore such fine clothes, and looked so much as if he had turned out to go to church that Sunday afternoon, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the «shabby-genteel.» One explanation was that when his headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, it was found that his officers would have to destroy all their baggage, except the clothes they carried on their backs; and each one naturally selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the god of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best. Another reason given was that, in deference to General Grant, General Lee had dressed himself with special care for the purpose of the meeting.

CONDUCTING THE SURRENDER.

GRANT began the conversation by saying: «I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere.» «Yes,» replied General Lee; «I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it, and tried to recollect how you

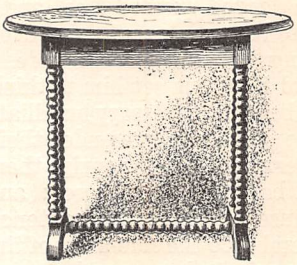


TABLE ON WHICH GRANT WROTE THE ARTICLES OF SURRENDER.

looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature.» After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said: «I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would

receive the surrender of my army.» General Grant replied: «The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday; that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property.» Lee nodded an assent, and said: «Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed.» General Grant then continued: «Yes; I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting, and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities, and be the means of preventing any further loss of life.»

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

«I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon.»

«Very well,» replied Grant; «I will write them out.» And calling for his manifold order-book, he opened it, laid it on a small oval wooden table which Colonel Parker brought to him from the rear of the room and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with «officers appointed by me to receive them.» Then he looked toward Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword that hung at that officer's side. He said afterward that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses; and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: «This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.»

When he had finished the letter he called Colonel Parker to his side, and looked it over with him, and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words, and to strike out the word «their,» which had been repeated. When this had been done the general took the manifold writer in his right hand, extended his arm toward Lee, and started to rise from his chair to hand the book to him. As I was standing equally distant from them, with my back to the front window, I stepped forward, took the book, and passed it to General Lee. The terms were as follows:

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA., April 9, 1865.
GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Lee pushed aside some books and two brass candlesticks which were on the table, then took the book and laid it down before him, while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. He crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the terms, and proceeded to read them attentively. They consisted of two pages. When he reached the top line of the second page, he looked up, and said to General Grant: «After the words ‹until properly› the word ‹exchanged› seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word.»

«Why, yes,» said Grant; «I thought I had put in the word ‹exchanged.›»

«I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently,» continued Lee; «and, with your permission, I will mark where it should be inserted.»

«Certainly,» Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but he did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this, I handed him my lead-pencil. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back, it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of

the occasion. When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses, and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant, as he finished reading, and said with some degree of warmth in his manner, «This will have a very happy effect upon my army.»

General Grant then said: «Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink, and sign it.»

«There is one thing I should like to mention,» Lee replied, after a short pause. «The cavalrymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States.» This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: «I should like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses.»

«You will find that the terms as written do not allow this,» General Grant replied; «only the officers are permitted to take their private property.»

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said: «No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear.» His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made; and Grant said very promptly, and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

«Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private soldiers owned their animals; but I think we have fought the last battle of the war,—I sincerely hope so,—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others; and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way. I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms.» (This expression has been quoted in various forms, and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said: «This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people.» He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel T. S. Bowers of the staff to him, and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of any one else on the staff. Parker sat down to write at the oval table, which he had moved again to the rear of the room. Wilmer McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand with a paper stopper which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up, and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and took from his pocket a small boxwood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy to furnish the «stage properties» for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

Colonel Marshall then took a seat on the sofa beside Sheridan and Ingalls. When the terms had been copied, Lee directed his military secretary to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it formal, beginning with, «I have the honor to acknowledge,» etc. General Lee took it, and after reading it over very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out, and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterward went over it again, and seemed to change some words, and then told the colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing the paper, it was found that we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they

are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.
R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of U. S.

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The general shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs; but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker of our staff was presented to him. Parker being a full-blooded Indian, when Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with evident surprise, and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind no one knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked cordially. Williams at one time referred in a rather jocose manner to a circumstance which had occurred during their former service together, as if he wished to say something in a good-natured way to thaw the frigidity of the conversation; but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the remark was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

«I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train-loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them.»

At this remark all eyes turned toward Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before near Appomattox Station. General Grant replied: «I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?»

«Indeed, I am not able to say,» Lee answered, after a slight pause. «My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides, there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and indeed some of my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days, so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength.»

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces from all the data that could be obtained, and judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said: «Suppose I send over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?» «I think it will be ample,» remarked Lee, and added with considerable earnestness of manner, «and it will be a great relief, I assure you.»

General Grant now turned to his chief commissary, Colonel M. R. Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of officers and men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army, on starting out, to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and by way of explanation, and so that it could not be construed as a discourtesy, he said to Lee:

«I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters baggage since, I have been riding about without any side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible—only during the active

operations of a campaign.» «I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time,» remarked Lee, «when I am among my troops moving about through the army.»

General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee, and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them, he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast pocket of his coat, and handed them to Sheridan, with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstance should have occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed. Grant signed the terms on the oval table, which was moved up to him again for the purpose. Lee signed his letter of acceptance on the marble-topped table at which he sat. Colonel Parker folded up the terms, and gave them to Colonel Marshall. Marshall handed Lee's acceptance to Parker.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

BEFORE parting Lee asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front, and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. A little before four o'clock General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step, and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his army lay—now an army of prisoners. He thrice smote the palm of his left hand slowly with his right fist in an absent sort of way, seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unaware of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, moving toward him, and saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off at a slow trot to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and his staff then started for the headquarters camp, which, in the meantime, had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines, and the firing of salutes began at several points; but the general sent an order at once to have them stopped, using these words: «The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again; and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field.» This was in keeping with his order issued after the surrender of Vicksburg: «The paroled prisoners will be sent out of here to-morrow. . . . Instruct the commanders to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, and to make no offensive remarks.»

There were present in the room in which the surrender occurred, besides Sheridan, Ord, Merritt, Custer, and the officers of Grant's staff, a number of other officers and one or two citizens, who entered the room at different times during the interview.

Mr. McLean had been charging about in a manner which indicated that the excitement was shaking his nervous system to its center; but his real trials did not begin until the departure of the chief actors in the surrender. Then relic-hunters charged down upon the manor-house, and began to bargain for the numerous pieces of furniture. Sheridan paid the proprietor twenty dollars in gold for the table on which General Grant wrote the terms of surrender, for the purpose of presenting it to Mrs. Custer, and handed it over to her dashing husband, who galloped off to camp bearing it upon his shoulder. Ord paid forty dollars for the table at which Lee sat, and afterward presented it to Mrs. Grant, who modestly declined it, and insisted that Mrs. Ord should become its possessor. General Sharpe paid ten dollars for the pair of brass candlesticks; Colonel Sheridan, the general's brother, secured the stone inkstand; and General Capehart the chair in which Grant sat, which he gave not long before his death to Captain Wilmon W. Blackmar of Boston. Captain O'Farrell of Hartford became the possessor of the chair in which Lee sat. A child's doll was found in the room, which the younger officers tossed from one to

the other, and called the «silent witness.» This toy was taken possession of by Colonel Moore of Sheridan's staff, and is now owned by his son. Bargains were at once struck for nearly all the articles in the room; and it is even said that some mementos were carried off for which no coin of the republic was ever exchanged. The sofa remains in possession of Mrs. Spillman, Mr. McLean's daughter, who now lives in Camden, West Virginia. Colonel Marshall presented the boxwood inkstand to Mr. Blanchard of Baltimore. Of the three impressions of the terms of surrender made in General Grant's manifold writer, the first and third are believed to have been accidentally destroyed. No trace of them has since been discovered; the second is in the possession of the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, which purchased it recently from the widow of General Parker. The headquarters flag which had been used throughout the entire Virginia campaign General Grant presented to me. With his assent, I gave a portion of it to Colonel Babcock.

It is a singular historical coincidence that McLean's former home was upon a Virginia farm near the battle-ground of the first Bull Run, and his house was used for a time as the headquarters of General Beauregard. When it was found that this fight was so popular that it was given an encore, and a second battle of Bull Run was fought the next year on the same ground, Mr. McLean became convinced that the place was altogether lacking in repose, and to avoid the active theater of war he removed to the quiet village of Appomattox, only to find himself again surrounded by contending armies. Thus the first and last scenes of the war drama in Virginia were enacted upon his property.

Before General Grant had proceeded far toward camp he was reminded that he had not yet announced the important event to the government. He dismounted by the roadside, sat down on a large stone, and called for pencil and paper. Colonel Badeau handed his order-book to the general, who wrote on one of the leaves the following message, a copy of which was sent to the nearest telegraph-station. It was dated 4:30 P. M.:

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Upon reaching camp he seated himself in front of his tent, notwithstanding the slight shower which was then falling, and we all gathered about him, curious to hear what his first comments would be upon the crowning event of his life. But our expectations were doomed to disappointment, for he appeared to have already dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and turning to the chief quartermaster, his first words were: «Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that So-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?» «Why, perfectly,» said Ingalls, who was just then in a mood to remember the exact number of hairs in the mule's tail if it would have helped to make matters agreeable. And then the general-in-chief went on to recall the antics played by that animal during an excursion to Popocatepetl. It was not until after supper that he said much about the surrender, when he spoke freely of his entire belief that the rest of the Confederate commanders would follow Lee's example, and that we should have but little more fighting, even of a partizan nature. He then surprised us by announcing his intention of starting for Washington early the next morning. We were disappointed at this, for we wished to see something of the opposing army, now that it had become civil enough, for the first time in its existence, to let us get close up to it, and to meet some of the officers who had been acquaintances in former years. The general, however, had no desire to look at the conquered,—indeed, he had little curiosity in his nature,—and he was anxious above all things to begin the reduction of the military establishment, and diminish the enormous expense attending it, which at this time amounted to nearly four millions of dollars a day. When he considered, however, that the railroad was being rapidly put in condition as far as Burkeville, and that he would lose no time by waiting till noon of the next day, he made up his mind to delay his departure.

GRANT'S FINAL CONFERENCE WITH LEE.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the morning of April 10, Grant with his staff rode out toward the enemy's lines; but it was found, upon attempting to pass through, that the force of habit is hard to overcome, and that the practice which had so long been inculcated in Lee's army of keeping Grant out of its lines was not to be overturned in a day, and he was politely requested at the picket-lines to wait till a message could be sent to headquarters

asking for instructions. As soon as Lee heard that his distinguished opponent was approaching, he was prompt to correct the misunderstanding at the picket-line, and rode out at a gallop to receive him. They met on a knoll that overlooked the lines of the two armies, and saluted respectfully by each raising his hat. The officers present gave a similar salute, and then withdrew out of ear-shot, and grouped themselves about the two chieftains in a semicircle. General Grant repeated to us that evening the substance of the conversation, which was as follows:

Grant began by expressing a hope that the war would soon be over; and Lee replied by stating that he had for some time been anxious to stop the further effusion of blood, and he trusted that everything would now be done to restore harmony and conciliate the people of the South. He said the emancipation of the negroes would be no hindrance to the restoring of relations between the two sections of the country, as it would probably not be the desire of the majority of the Southern people to restore slavery then, even if the question were left open to them. He could not tell what the other armies would do, or what course Mr. Davis would now take; but he believed that it would be best for the other armies to follow his example, as nothing could be gained by further resistance in the field. Finding that he entertained these sentiments, General Grant told him that no one's influence in the South was so great as his, and suggested to him that he should advise the surrender of the remaining armies, and thus exert his influence in favor of immediate peace. Lee said he could not take such a course without first consulting President Davis. Grant then proposed to Lee that he should do so, and urge the hastening of a result which was admitted to be inevitable. Lee, however, in this instance was averse to stepping beyond his duties as a soldier, and said the authorities would doubtless soon arrive at the same conclusion without his interference. There was a statement put forth that Grant asked Lee to see Mr. Lincoln and talk with him as to the terms of reconstruction, but this was erroneous. I asked General Grant about it when he was on his death-bed, and his recollection was distinct that he had made no such suggestion. I am of opinion that the mistake arose from hearing that Lee had been requested to go and see the «President» regarding peace, and thinking that this expression referred to Mr. Lincoln, whereas it referred to Mr. Davis. After the conversation had lasted a little more than half an hour, and Lee had requested that instructions be given to the officers left in charge to carry out the details of the surrender, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the form of paroles, the manner of turning over the property, etc., the conference ended. The two commanders lifted their hats and bade each other good-by. Lee rode back to his camp to take a final farewell of his army, and Grant returned to McLean's house, where he sat on the porch until it was time to take his final departure. It will be observed that Grant at no time actually entered the enemy's lines.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

INGALLS, Sheridan, and Williams had asked permission to visit the enemy's lines and renew their acquaintance with some old friends, classmates, and former comrades in arms who were serving in Lee's army. They now returned, bringing with them General Cadmus M. Wilcox, who had been one of General Grant's groomsmen; Longstreet, who had also been at his wedding; Heth, who had been a subaltern with him in Mexico, besides Gordon, Pickett, and a number of others. They all stepped up to pay their respects to General Grant, who received them very cordially, and talked frankly and pleasantly with them until it was time to leave. They manifested a deep appreciation of the terms which had been accorded to them in the articles of surrender, but several of them expressed some apprehension as to the civil processes which might ensue, and the measures which might be taken by the government as to confiscation of property and trial for treason.

The hour of noon had now arrived, and General Grant, after shaking hands with all present who were not to accompany him, mounted his horse, and started with his staff for Burkeville. Lee set out for Richmond, and it was felt by all that peace had at last dawned upon the land. The charges were now withdrawn from the guns, the camp-fires were left to smolder in their ashes, the horses were detached from the cannon to be hitched to the plow, and the Army of the Union and the Army of Northern Virginia turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

In this campaign, from March 29 to April 9, the Union loss was 1316 killed, 7750 wounded, and 1714 prisoners—a total of 10,780. The enemy lost about 1200 killed, 6000 wounded, and 75,000 prisoners, including the captures at Appomattox.

GRANT AVOIDS VISITING RICHMOND.

THE repairers of the railroad had thought more of haste than of solidity of construction, and the special train bearing the general-in-chief from Burkeville to City Point ran off the track three times. These mishaps caused much delay, and instead of reaching City Point that evening, he did not arrive until daylight the next morning, April 11. A telegram had been sent to Mrs. Grant, who had remained aboard the headquarters steamboat, telling her that we should get there in time for dinner, and she had prepared the best meal which the boat's larder could afford to help to celebrate the victory. She and Mrs. Rawlins and Mrs. Morgan, who were with her, whiled away the long and anxious hours of the night by playing the piano, singing, and discussing the victory; but just before daylight the desire for sleep overcame them, and they lay down to take a nap. Soon after our tired and hungry party arrived. The general went hurriedly aboard the boat, and ran at once up the stairs to Mrs. Grant's state-room. She was somewhat chagrined that she had not remained up to receive her husband, now more than ever her «Victor»; but she had merely thrown herself upon the berth without undressing, and soon joined us all in the cabin, and extended to us enthusiastic greetings and congratulations. The belated dinner now served in good stead as a breakfast for our famished party.

The general was asked whether he was going to run up to Richmond on the steamer, and take a look at the captured city, before starting for Washington. He replied: «No; I think it would be as well not to go. I could do no good there, and my visit might lead to demonstrations which would only wound the feelings of the residents, and we ought not to do anything at such a time which would add to their sorrow»; and then added, «But if any of you have a curiosity to see the city, I will wait till you can take a trip there and back, for I cannot well leave here for Washington anyhow till to-morrow.»

Several of us put our horses aboard a boat, and started up the James. As a portion of the river was supposed to be planted with torpedoes, we sat close to the stern, believing that in case of accident the bow would receive the main shock of the explosion. We reached the lower wharf of Richmond in safety, put our horses ashore, and rode about for an hour, looking at the city upon which we had laid covetous eyes for so many months. The evacuation had been accompanied by many acts of destruction, and the fire which our troops found blazing when they entered had left a third of the place smoldering in ashes. The white population were keeping closely to their houses, while the blacks were running wildly about the streets in every direction.

GRANT'S RESPECT FOR RELIGION.

UPON our return that evening to City Point, we found aboard the headquarters boat a clergyman, a member of the Christian Commission, who was personally acquainted with the general. He had called to see him to tender his congratulations, and during their conversation made the remark: «I have observed, General Grant, that a great many battles in our war have been fought on Sunday. Shiloh occurred on that day, the surrender of Donelson, Chancellorsville, the capture of Petersburg, the surrender at Appomattox, and, I think, some other important military events. How has this happened?» «It is quite true,» replied the general. «Of course it was not intentional, and I think that sometimes, perhaps, it has been the result of the very efforts which have been made to avoid it. You see, a commander, when he can control his own movements, usually intends to start out early in the week so as not to bring on an engagement on Sunday; but delays occur often at the last moment, and it may be the middle of the week before he gets his troops in motion. Then more time is spent than anticipated in manœuvering for position, and when the fighting actually begins it is the end of the week, and the battle, particularly if it continues a couple of days, runs into Sunday.» «It is unfortunate,» remarked the clergyman. «Yes, very unfortunate,» observed the general. «Every effort should be made to respect the Sabbath day, and it is very gratifying to know that it is observed so generally throughout our country.» It was always noticeable that he had a strict regard for the Sabbath, and this feeling continued through life. He never played a game of any kind on that day, nor wrote any official correspondence if he could help it. He had been brought up a Methodist, and regularly attended worship in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but he was entirely non-sectarian in his feelings. He had an intimate acquaintance among clergymen, and counted many of them among his closest friends. He rarely, if ever, spoke about his own religious convictions. It was one of those subjects not to be discussed lightly, and was so purely personal that he naturally shrank

from dwelling upon it, for he always avoided talking upon any subject which was personal to himself. There was such a total lack of egotism in his nature that he could not see how anything touching his own personality could be of interest to others. He was imbued with a deep reverence, however, for all subjects of a religious nature, and nothing was more offensive to him than an attempt to make light of serious matters, or to show a disrespect for sacred things. His correspondence makes mention of his recognition of an overruling Providence in all the affairs of this world; and in his speech to Mr. Lincoln accepting the commission of lieutenant-general he closed with the words: «I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me, and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men.» He was always a liberal contributor to church work, and in fact to every good cause. His fault was that he was not sufficiently discriminating. Every mail brought begging letters, and he gave away sums out of all proportion to his means. When pay-day came, it took all the persuasion of those about him to prevent him from parting in this way with the greater part of his pay, his only source of revenue.

GRANT'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT WASHINGTON.

PREPARATIONS were made to break up headquarters, and the next afternoon the party started by steamer for Washington, reached there the morning of the 13th, and took up their quarters at Willard's Hotel. It soon became noised about that the conqueror of the rebellion had arrived in the city, and dense crowds thronged the streets upon which the hotel fronted. During the forenoon the general started for the War Department. His appearance in the street was a signal for an improvised reception, in which shouts of welcome rent the air, and the populace joined in a demonstration which was thrilling in its earnestness. He had the greatest difficulty in making his way over even the short distance between the hotel and the department. At one time it was thought he would have to take to a carriage as a means of refuge, but by the interposition of the police he finally reached his destination.

That afternoon the Secretary of War published an order stating that, «after mature consideration and consultation with the lieutenant-general,» it was decided to stop all drafting and recruiting, curtail the purchases of supplies, reduce the number of officers, and remove restrictions on commerce as far as consistent with public safety. This was a sort of public declaration of peace, and the city gave itself over to rejoicing. Bands were everywhere heard playing triumphant strains, and crowds traversed the streets, shouting approval and singing patriotic airs. The general was the hero of the hour and the idol of the people; his name was on every lip; congratulations poured in upon him, and blessings were heaped upon him by all.

GRANT'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH LINCOLN.

GENERAL GRANT visited the President, and had a most pleasant interview with him. The next day (Friday) being a cabinet day, he was invited to meet the cabinet officers at their meeting in the forenoon. He went to the White House, receiving the cordial congratulations of all present, and discussed with them the further measures which should be taken for bringing hostilities to a speedy close. In this interview Mr. Lincoln gave a singular manifestation of the effect produced upon him by dreams. When General Grant expressed some anxiety regarding the delay in getting news from Sherman, the President assured him that favorable news would soon be received, because he had had the night before his usual dream which always preceded favorable tidings, the same dream which he had had the night before Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. He seemed to be aboard a curious-looking vessel moving rapidly toward a dark and indefinite shore. This time, alas! the dream was not to be the precursor of good news.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln invited the general and Mrs. Grant to go to Ford's Theater and occupy a box with them to see «Our American Cousin.» The general said he would be very sorry to have to decline, but that Mrs. Grant and he had made arrangements to go to Burlington, New Jersey, to see their children, and he feared it would be a great disappointment to his wife to delay the trip. The President remarked that the people would be so delighted to see the general that he ought to stay and attend the play on that account. The general, however, had been so completely besieged by the people since his arrival, and was so constantly the subject of outbursts of enthusiasm, that it had become a little embarrassing to him, and the mention of a demonstration in his honor at the theater did not appeal to him as an argument in favor of going. A

note was now brought to him from Mrs. Grant expressing increased anxiety to start for Burlington on the four-o'clock train, and he told the President that he must decide definitely not to remain for the play. It was probably this declination which saved the general from assassination, as it was learned afterward that he had been marked for a victim. It was after two o'clock when he shook Mr. Lincoln's hand and said good-by to him, little thinking that it would be an eternal farewell, and that an appalling tragedy was soon to separate them forever. Their final leave-taking was only thirteen months after their first meeting, but during that time their names had been associated with enough momentous events to fill whole volumes of a nation's history.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH SHADOWS GRANT.

THE general went at once to his rooms at the hotel. As soon as he entered Mrs. Grant said to him: «When I went to my lunch today, a man with a wild look followed me into the dining-room, took a seat nearly opposite to me at the table, stared at me continually, and seemed to be listening to my conversation.» The general replied: «Oh, I suppose he did so merely from curiosity.» In fact, the general by this time had become so accustomed to having people stare at him and the members of his family that such acts had ceased to attract his attention. About half-past three o'clock the wife of General Rucker called with her carriage to take the party to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad-station. It was a two-seated top-carriage. Mrs. Grant sat with Mrs. Rucker on the back seat. The general, with true republican simplicity, sat on the front seat with the driver. Before they had gone far along Pennsylvania Avenue, a horseman who was riding in the same direction passed them, and as he did so peered into the carriage. When Mrs. Grant caught sight of his face she remarked to the general: «That is the same man who sat down at the lunch-table near me. I don't like his looks.» Before they reached the station the horseman turned and rode back toward them, and again gazed at them intently. This time he attracted the attention of the general, who regarded the man's movements as singular, but made light of the matter so as to allay Mrs. Grant's apprehensions.

GRANT'S INTERRUPTED VISIT TO BURLINGTON.

ON their arrival at the station, they were conducted to the private car of Mr. Garrett, then president of the Baltimore and Ohio railway company. Before the train reached Baltimore a man appeared on the front platform of the car, and tried to get in; but the conductor had locked the door so that the general would not be troubled with visitors, and the man did not succeed in entering. The general and Mrs. Grant drove across Philadelphia about midnight from the Broad street and Washington Avenue station to the Walnut street wharf on the Delaware River, for the purpose of crossing the ferry and then taking the cars to Burlington. As the general had been detained so long at the White House that he was not able to get luncheon before starting, and as there was an additional ride in prospect, a stop was made at Bloodgood's Hotel, near the ferry, for the purpose of getting supper. The general had just taken his seat with Mrs. Grant at the table in the supper-room when a telegram was brought in and handed to him. His whereabouts was known to the telegraph people from the fact that he had sent a message to Bloodgood's ordering the supper in advance. The general read the despatch, dropped his head, and sat in perfect silence. Then came another, and still another despatch, but not a word was spoken. Mrs. Grant now broke the silence by saying: «Ulyss, what do the telegrams say? Do they bring any bad news?» «I will read them to you,» the general replied in a voice which betrayed his emotion; «but first prepare yourself for the most painful and startling news that could be received, and control your feelings so as not to betray the nature of the despatches to the servants.» He then read to her the telegrams conveying the appalling announcement that Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and probably the Vice-President, Mr. Johnson, had been assassinated, and warning the general to look out for his own safety. A special train was at once ordered to take him back to Washington, but finding that he could take Mrs. Grant to Burlington (less than an hour's ride), and return to Philadelphia nearly as soon as his train could be got ready, he continued on, took her to her destination, returned to Philadelphia, and was in Washington the next morning.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

IT was found that the President had been shot and killed at Ford's Theater by John Wilkes Booth; that Mr. Seward had received severe but not fatal injuries at the hands of Payne, who attempted his assassination; but that no attack had been made on the Vice-President. When the likenesses of Booth ap-

peared, they resembled so closely the mysterious man who had followed the general and Mrs. Grant on their way to the railroad-station in Washington, that there remained no doubt that he had intended to be the President's assassin, and was bent upon ascertaining the movements of the general-in-chief. An anonymous letter was afterward received by the general saying that the writer had been designated by the conspirators to assassinate him, and had been ordered by Booth to board the train and commit the deed there; that he had attempted to enter the special car for this purpose, but that it was locked, and he was thus baffled; and that he thanked God that this circumstance had been the means of preventing him from staining his hands with the blood of so great and good a man.

Washington, as well as the whole country, was plunged in an agony of grief, and the excitement knew no bounds. Stanton's grief was uncontrollable, and at the mention of Mr. Lincoln's name he would break down and weep bitterly. General Grant and the Secretary of War busied themselves day and night in pushing a relentless pursuit of the conspirators, who were caught, and were brought to trial before a military commission, except Booth, who was shot in an attempt to capture him. John H. Surratt, who escaped from the country, was captured and tried years later, the jury disagreeing as to his guilt.

I was appointed a member of the court which was to try the prisoners. The defense, however, raised the objection that as I was a member of General Grant's military family, and as it was claimed that he was one of the high officials who was an intended victim of the assassins, I was disqualified from sitting in judgment upon them. The court very properly sustained the objection, and I was relieved, and another officer was substituted. However, I sat one day at the trial, which was interesting from the fact that it afforded an opportunity of seeing the assassins and watching their actions before the court. The prisoners, heavily manacled, were marched into the court-room in solemn procession, an armed sentinel accompanying each of them. The men's heads were covered with thickly padded hoods with openings for the mouth and nose. The hoods had been placed upon them in consequence of Powell, *alias* Payne, having attempted to cheat the gallows by dashing his brains out against a beam on a gunboat on which he had been confined. The prisoners, whose eyes were thus bandaged, were led to their seats, the sentinels were posted behind them, and the hoods were then removed. As the light struck their eyes, which for several days had been unaccustomed to its brilliancy, the sudden glare gave them great discomfort. Payne had a wild look in his wandering eyes, and his general appearance stamped him as the typical reckless desperado. Mrs. Surratt was placed in a chair at a little distance from the men. She sat most of the time leaning back, with her feet stretched forward. She kept up a piteous moaning, and frequently called for water, which was given her. The other prisoners had a stolid look, and seemed crushed by the situation.

SHERMAN'S TERMS TO JOHNSTON.

As soon as the surrender at Appomattox had taken place, General Grant despatched a boat from City Point with a message to Sherman announcing the event, and telling him that he could offer the same terms to Johnston. On April 18 Sherman entered into an agreement with Johnston which embraced political as well as merely military questions, but only conditionally, and with the understanding that the armistice granted could be terminated if the conditions were not approved by superior authority. A staff-officer sent by General Sherman brought his communication to Washington announcing the terms of this agreement. It was received by General Grant on April 21. Perceiving that the terms covered many questions of a civil and not of a military nature, he suggested to the Secretary of War that the matter had better be referred at once to President Johnson and the cabinet for their action. A cabinet meeting was called before midnight, and there was a unanimous decision that the basis of agreement should be disapproved, and an order was issued directing General Grant to proceed in person to Sherman's headquarters and direct operations against the enemy. Instead of merely recognizing that Sherman had made an honest mistake in exceeding his authority, the President and the Secretary of War characterized his conduct as akin to treason, and the Secretary denounced him in unmeasured terms. At this General Grant grew indignant, and gave free expression to his opposition to an attempt to stigmatize an officer whose acts throughout all his career gave ample contradiction to the charge that he was actuated by unworthy motives. The form of the public announcement put forth by the War Department aroused great public indignation against Sherman, and it was some time before his motives were fully understood.

Grant started at daybreak on the 22d, proceeded at once to Raleigh, explained the situation and attitude of the government fully to Sherman, and directed him to give the required notice for annulling the truce, and to demand a surrender of Johnston's army on the same terms as those accorded to Lee. Sherman was, as usual, perfectly loyal and subordinate, and made all haste to comply with these instructions. When he went out to the front to meet Johnston, Grant remained quietly at Raleigh, and throughout the negotiations kept himself entirely in the background, lest he might seem to share in the honor of receiving the surrender, the credit for which he wished to belong wholly to Sherman. The entire surrender of Johnston's forces was promptly concluded. Having had a talk with the Secretary of War soon after General Grant's departure, and finding him bent upon continuing the denunciation of Sherman before the public, I started for North Carolina to meet General Grant and inform him of the situation in Washington. I passed him, however, on the way, and at once returned and rejoined him at Washington.

THE END OF HOSTILITIES.

HOSTILITIES were now brought rapidly to a close throughout the entire theater of war. April 11, Canby compelled the evacuation of Mobile. By the 21st our troops had taken Selma, Tuscaloosa, Montgomery, West Point, Columbus, and Macon. May 4, Richard Taylor surrendered the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi. May 10, Jefferson Davis was captured; and on the 26th Kirby Smith surrendered his command west of the Mississippi. Since April 8, 1680 cannon had been captured, and 174,223 Confederate soldiers had been paroled. There was no longer a rebel in arms, the Union cause had triumphed, slavery was abolished, and the National Government was again supreme.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

THE Army of the Potomac, Sheridan's cavalry, and Sherman's army had all reached the capital by the end of May. Sheridan could not remain with his famous corps, for General Grant sent him post-haste to the Rio Grande to look after operations there in a contemplated movement against Maximilian's forces, who were upholding a monarchy in Mexico, in violation of the Monroe doctrine.

It was decided that the troops assembled at Washington should be marched in review through the nation's capital before being mustered out of service. The Army of the Potomac, being senior in date of organization, and having been for four years the more direct defense of the capital city, was given precedence, and May 23 was designated as the day on which it was to be reviewed.

During the preceding five days Washington had been given over to elaborate preparations for the coming pageant. The public buildings were decked with a tasteful array of bunting; flags were unfurled from private dwellings; arches and transparencies with patriotic mottos were displayed in every quarter; and the spring flowers were fashioned into garlands, and played their part. The whole city was ready for the most imposing fête-day in its history. Vast crowds of citizens had gathered from neighboring States. During the review they filled the stands, lined the sidewalks, packed the porches, and covered even the housetops. The weather was superb.

A commodious stand had been erected on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House on which were gathered a large number of distinguished officials, including the President; the members of his cabinet, who had won renown in the cabinet of Lincoln; the acting Vice-President; justices of the Supreme Court; governors of States; senators and representatives; the general-in-chief of the army, and the captor of Atlanta, with other generals of rank; admirals of the navy; and brilliantly uniformed representatives of foreign powers.

General Grant, accompanied by the principal members of his staff, was one of the earliest to arrive. With his customary simplicity and dislike of ostentation, he had come on foot through the White House grounds from the headquarters of the army at the corner of 17th and F streets. Grant's appearance was, as usual, the signal for a boisterous demonstration. Sherman arrived a few minutes later, and his reception was scarcely less enthusiastic.

At nine o'clock the signal-gun was fired, and the legions took up their march. They started from the Capitol, and moved along Pennsylvania Avenue toward Georgetown. The width and location of that street made it an ideal thoroughfare for such a purpose. Martial music from scores of bands filled the air, and when familiar war-songs were played the spectators along the route joined in shouting the chorus. Those oftenest sung and most applauded were «When this cruel war is over,» «When Johnny comes marching home,»

and «Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching.»

At the head of the column rode Meade, crowned with the laurels of four years of warfare. The plaudits of the multitude followed him along the entire line of march; flowers were strewn in his path, and garlands decked his person and his horse. He dismounted after having passed the reviewing-stand, stepped upon the platform, and was enthusiastically greeted by all present. Then came the cavalry, with the gallant Merritt at their head, commanding in the absence of Sheridan. The public were not slow to make recognition of the fame he had won on so many hard-fought fields. Conspicuous among the division commanders was Custer. His long golden locks floating in the wind, his low-cut collar, his crimson necktie, and his buckskin breeches, presented a combination which made him look half general and half scout, and gave him a daredevil appearance which singled him out for general remark and applause. When within two hundred yards of the President's stand, his spirited horse took the bit in his teeth, and made a dash past the troops, rushing by the reviewing officers like a tornado; but he found more than a match in Custer, and was soon checked, and forced back to his proper position. When the cavalryman, covered with flowers, afterward rode by the reviewing officials, the people screamed with delight.

After the cavalry came Parke, who might well feel proud of the prowess of the Ninth Corps which followed him; then Griffin, riding at the head of the gallant Fifth Corps; then Humphreys and the Second Corps, of unexcelled valor. Wright's Sixth Corps was greatly missed from the list, but its duties kept it in Virginia, and it was accorded a special review on June 8.

The men preserved their alinement and distances with an ease which showed their years of training in the field. Their movements were unfettered, their step was elastic, and the swaying of their bodies and the swinging of their arms were as measured as the vibrations of a pendulum. Their muskets shone like a wall of steel. The cannon rumbled peacefully over the paved street, banks of flowers almost concealing them.

Nothing touched the hearts of the spectators so deeply as the sight of the old war-flags as they were carried by—those precious standards, bullet-riddled, battle-stained, many of them but remnants, often with not enough left of them to show the names of the battles they had seen. Some were decked with ribbons, and some festooned with garlands. Everybody was thrilled by the sight; eyes were dimmed with tears of gladness, and many of the people broke through all restraint, rushed into the street, and pressed their lips upon the folds of the standards.

The President was kept busy doffing his hat. He had a way of holding it by the brim with his right hand and waving it from left to right, and occasionally passing his right arm across his breast and resting the hat on his left shoulder. This manual of the hat was original, and had probably been practised with good effect when its wearer was stumping east Tennessee. As each commander in turn passed the reviewing-stand, he dismounted and came upon the platform, where he paid his respects to the President, was presented to the guests, and remained during the passage of his command.

A prominent officer of the engineer brigade, while riding by, led to a slight commotion on the platform. He wore a French chasseur cap, which he had had made of a pattern differing from the strict regulation head-gear in having an extra amount of cloth between the lower band and the crown. As he came opposite the President and raised his sword in saluting, he paid an additional mark of respect by bowing his head. At the same moment the horse, as if catching the spirit of its rider, kicked up behind and put down its head. This unexpected participation of the horse in the salute sent the officer's head still lower, and the crown of his cap fell forward, letting out the superfluous cloth till it looked like an accordion extended at full length. The sight was so ludicrous that several of us who were standing just behind the President burst out into a poorly suppressed laugh. This moved him to turn squarely round and glare at us savagely, in an attempt to frown down such a lack of dignity before, or rather behind, the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

For nearly seven hours the pageant was watched with unabated interest; and when it had faded from view the spectators were eager for the night to pass, so that on the morrow the scene might be renewed in the marching of the mighty Army of the West.

The next day the same persons, with a few exceptions, assembled upon the reviewing-stand. At nine o'clock Sherman's veterans started. Howard had been relieved of the command of the Army of the Tennessee to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, and instead of leading his old troops he rode with

Sherman at the head of the column, his armless right sleeve giving evidence of his heroism in action.

Sherman, unknown by sight to most of the people in the East, was eagerly watched for, and his appearance awoke great enthusiasm. His tall, spare figure, war-worn face, and martial bearing made him all that the people had pictured him. He had ridden but a little way before his body was decorated with flowery wreaths, and his horse enveloped in garlands. As he approached the reviewing-stand the bands struck up «Marching through Georgia,» and played that stirring air with a will. This was the signal for renewed demonstrations of delight. When he had passed, he turned his horse into the White House grounds, dismounted, and strode rapidly to the platform. He advanced to where the President was standing, and the two shook hands. The members of the cabinet then stepped up to greet him. He took their extended hands, and had a few pleasant words to say to each of them, until Stanton reached out his hand. Then Sherman's whole manner changed in an instant; a cloud of anger overspread his features, and, smarting under the wrong the Secretary had done him in his published bulletins after the conditional treaty with Johnston, the general turned abruptly away. This rebuff became the sensation of the day. There was no personal intercourse between the two men till some time afterward, when General Grant appeared, as usual, in the rôle of peacemaker, and brought them together. Sherman showed a manly spirit of forgiveness in going to see Stanton in his last illness, manifesting his respect and tendering his sympathy.

Sherman's active mind was crowded with the remembrance of past events, and he spent all the day in pointing out the different subdivisions of his army as they moved by, and recalling in his pithy and graphic way many of the incidents of the stirring campaigns through which they had passed.

Logan, «Black Jack,» came riding at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, his swarthy features and long, coal-black hair giving him the air of a native Indian chief. The army corps which led the column was the Fifteenth, commanded by Hazen; then came the Seventeenth, under Frank P. Blair. Now Slocum appeared at the head of the Army of Georgia, consisting of the Twentieth Corps, headed by the gallant Mower, with his bushy whiskers covering his face, and looking the picture of a hard fighter, and the Fourteenth Corps, headed by Jefferson C. Davis.

Each division was preceded by a pioneer corps of negroes, marching in double ranks, with picks, spades, and axes slung across their brawny shoulders, their stalwart forms conspicuous by their height. But the impedimenta were the novel feature of the march. Six ambulances followed each division to represent its baggage-train; and then came the amusing spectacle of «Sherman's bummers,» bearing with them the «spoils of war.» The bummers were men who were the forerunners, flankers, and foragers of the army. Each one was often his own commanding officer. If a bummer was too short-sighted to see the enemy, he would go nearer; if he was lame, he would make it an excuse to disobey an order to retreat; if out of reach of supplies, he would wear his clothes till there was not enough of his coat left to wad a gun, and not enough of his shirt to flag a train. He was always last in a retreat and first in an enemy's smoke-house. In kindling his camp-fire, he would obey the general order to take only the top rail of the neighboring fences, but would keep on taking the top rail till there were none of the fences left. The trophies of his foraging expeditions which appeared in the review consisted of pack-mules loaded with turkeys, geese, chickens, and bacon, and here and there a chicken-coop strapped on to the saddle, with a cackling brood peering out through the slats. Then came cows, goats, sheep, donkeys, crowing roosters, and in one instance a chattering monkey. Mixed with these was a procession of fugitive blacks—old men, stalwart women, and grinning piccaninnies of all sizes, and ranging in color from a raven's wing to a new saddle. This portion of the column called forth shouts of laughter and continuous rounds of applause.

Flowers were showered upon the troops in the same profusion as the day before, and there was no abatement in the uncontrollable enthusiasm of the vast assemblage of citizens who witnessed the march.

Comparisons were naturally instituted between the Eastern and Western armies. The difference was much less than has been represented. The Army of the Potomac presented a somewhat neater appearance in dress, and was a little more precise in its movements. Sherman's army showed, perhaps, more of a rough-and-ready aspect and a devil-may-care spirit. Both were in the highest degree soldierly, and typical representatives of the terrible realism of relentless war.

At half-past three o'clock the matchless pageant had ceased. For two whole days a

nation's heroes had been passing in review. Greeted with bands playing, drums beating, bells ringing, banners flying, kerchiefs waving, and voices cheering, they had made their last march. Even after every veteran had vanished from sight the crowds kept their places for a time, as if still under a spell and unwilling to believe that the marvelous spectacle had actually passed from view. It was not a Roman triumph, designed to gratify the vanity of the victors, exhibit their trophies, and parade their enchained captives before the multitude: it was a celebration of the dawn of peace, a declaration of the reëstablishment of the Union.

GRANT'S PLACE IN MILITARY HISTORY.

GENERAL GRANT now stood in the front rank of the world's greatest captains. He had conquered the most formidable rebellion in the annals of history. The armies under his immediate direction in Virginia had captured 75,000 prisoners and 689 cannon; the armies under his general command had captured in April and May 147,000 prisoners and 997 cannon; making a total of 222,000 prisoners and 1680 cannon as the achievement of the forces he controlled.[1]

Most of the conspicuous soldiers in history have risen to prominence by gradual steps, but the Union commander came before the people with a sudden bound. Almost the first sight they caught of him was at Donelson. From that event to the closing triumph of Appomattox he was the leader whose name was the harbinger of victory. He was unquestionably the most aggressive fighter in the entire list of the world's famous soldiers. He never once yielded up a stronghold he had wrested from his foe. He kept his pledge religiously to «take no backward steps.» For four years of bloody and relentless war he went steadily forward, replacing the banner of his country upon the territory where it had been hauled down. He possessed in a striking degree every characteristic of the successful soldier. His methods were all stamped with tenacity of purpose, originality, and ingenuity. He depended for his success more upon the powers of invention than of adaptation, and the fact that he has been compared at different times to nearly every great commander in history is perhaps the best proof that he was like none of them. He realized that in a sparsely settled country, with formidable natural obstacles and poor roads, and in view of the improvement in range and rapidity of fire in cannon and small arms, the European methods of warfare and the rules laid down in many of the books must be abandoned, and new means devised to meet the change in circumstances. He therefore adopted a more open order of battle, made an extensive use of skirmish-lines, employed cavalry largely as mounted infantry, and sought to cultivate the individuality of the soldier instead of making him merely an unthinking part of a compact machine. He originated the cutting loose from a base of supplies with large armies and living off the invaded country. He insisted constantly upon thorough coöperation between the different commands, and always aimed to prevent operations of corps or armies which were not part of a joint movement in obedience to a comprehensive plan. His marvelous combinations, covering half a continent, soon wrought the destruction of the Confederacy; and when he struck Lee the final blow, the coöperating armies were so placed that there was no escape for the opposing forces, and within forty-seven days thereafter every Confederate army surrendered to a Union army. He had no hobby as to the use of any particular arm of the service. He naturally placed his main reliance in his infantry, but made a more vigorous use of cavalry than any of the generals of his day, and was judicious in regulating the amount of his artillery by the character of the country in which he was operating.

His magnanimity to Lee, his consideration for his feelings, and the generous terms granted him, served as a precedent for subsequent surrenders, and had much to do with bringing about a prompt and absolute cessation of hostilities, thus saving the country from a prolonged guerrilla warfare.

He was possessed of a moral and physical courage which was equal to every emergency in which he was placed. He was calm amid excitement, patient under trials, sure in judgment, clear in foresight, never depressed by reverses or unduly elated by success. He was fruitful in expedients, and had a facility of resource and a faculty of adapting the means at hand to the accomplishment of an end which never failed him. He possessed an intuitive knowledge of topography, which prevented him from ever becoming confused as to locality or direction in conducting even the most complicated movements in the field. His singular self-reliance enabled him at critical junctures to decide instantly ques-

[1] These figures relate to the final campaign alone. The whole year's captures were of course much larger. EDITOR.

tions of vital moment without dangerous delay in seeking advice from others, and to assume the gravest responsibilities without asking any one to share them.

His habits of life were simple, and he enjoyed a physical constitution which enabled him to endure every form of fatigue and privation incident to military service in the field. His soldiers always knew that he was ready to rough it with them and share their hardships on the march. He wore no better clothes than they, and often ate no better food. There was nothing in his manner to suggest that there was any gulf between him and the men who were winning his victories. He never tired of giving unstinted praise to his subordinates. He was at all times loyal to them. His fidelity produced a reciprocal effect, and is one of the chief reasons why they became so loyally attached to him. He was never betrayed by success into boasting of his triumphs. He never underrated himself in a battle; he never overrated himself in a report.

General Sheridan, in his «Memoirs,» says of his chief, in speaking of the later campaigns: «The effect of his discomfitures was to make him all the more determined to discharge successfully the stupendous trust committed to his care, and to bring into play the manifold resources of his well-ordered mind. He guided every subordinate then, and in the last days of the rebellion, with a fund of common sense and a superiority of intellect which have left an impress so distinct as to exhibit his great personality. When his military history is analyzed after the lapse of years, it will show even more clearly than now that during these, as well as his previous campaigns, he was the steadfast center about and on which everything else turned.»

General Longstreet, one of his most persistent foes on the field of battle, says in his reminiscences: «General Grant had come to be known as an all-round fighter seldom, if ever, surpassed; but the biggest part of him was his heart.» And again: «As the world continues to look at and study the grand combinations and strategy of General Grant, the higher will be his reward as a soldier.»

While his achievements in actual battle eclipse by their brilliancy the strategy and grand tactics employed in his campaigns, yet the extraordinary combinations effected, and the skill and boldness exhibited in moving large armies into position, should entitle him to as much credit as the qualities he displayed in the immediate presence of the enemy. With him the formidable game of war was in the hands of a master.

THE END.

Horace Porter.

THE CONQUERED.

WE who so eager started on life's race,
And breathless ran, nor stinted any whit
For aching muscles or the parching grit
Of dust upon the lips; who set the face
Only more desperately toward the place
Where the goal's altar smoked, if runners knit
With stronger limbs outran us; we who sit
Beaten at last—for us what gift or grace?

Though we have been outstripped, yet known have we
The joy of contest; we have felt hot life
Throb through our veins, a tingling ecstasy;
Our prize is not the wreath with envy rife,
But to have been all that our souls might be:
Our guerdon is the passion of that strife.

Arlo Bates.

UP THE MATTERHORN IN A BOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «A DAY IN TOPHET,» «A JUDICIAL ERROR,» ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

PART IV.

V.

I SAW Hill's lips move two or three times, but it was impossible to hear a word in the uproar by which we seemed engulfed. Have you ever seen a withered leaf caught in the angle of some big building, and hurled hither and thither, round and round, up and down, almost dropped, perhaps skimming the surface of the ground in search of some peaceful spot on which to rest, and then caught up again and hurled on high, a plaything for the autumn winds? Well, that was precisely the position we were in for what seemed a cycle of time. In reality I suppose not more than a minute or two elapsed before the crashing roar beneath died away, and the last of the avalanche disappeared down the mountain-side. Beneath us, where that strange rushing field had been only a moment before, there lay a great jagged trough, a furrow plowed out by a power before which iron would have been like paper, and steel like wisps of straw. And then, as if the forces of the air lost interest as soon as the great dance was ended, the winds passed in a howling gust, after driving us with only moderate force against the towering wall of the mountain. Here a precipice rose above us, straight and tall; and against this the balloon was lightly tossed now and then, rebounding like a ball, but drawn back again to the rocky cliff as if by a magnet. Probably that was the secret of the unaccountable attraction the *Cloud Queen* exhibited for the earth in preference to the air —an attraction that forced us to be constantly on the alert to push the craft away from projecting points of rock toward which we were continually being drawn perilously near. This slow, seemingly cautious ascent gave the balloon the appearance of feeling its way like a person giddy with the height above and the depth beneath; and it did not take us long to realize that we were enjoying a unique experience, even though our nerves were somewhat shaken. As for Hill, he revived from danger as a gull does from a dash of spray, and events that would have turned an ordinary man's hair white seemed to him unworthy any special comment.

«How 's this?» he asked Clambor, pushing the boat away from an arm of rock that seemed reaching for it. «Does n't this beat your method of climbing?»

«Well, rather!»

«Less exertion required, and, according to my way of thinking, less anxiety.»

«Wait a bit,» said I. «You may call this trip free from anxieties; but if I get back alive, I mean to pay the premium on my accident policy with humble gratitude and my congratulations to the company.»

Hill looked at me quizzically, and nodded to Clambor.

«Pretty poor performance, that, on the fiddle-string of friendship, eh? Here I 've pulled him through everything so far, and yet he expresses doubts as to my ability. There 's nothing like judging a man's future by his past. However, Jabez and I don't worry, do we, Jabez?»

Being aroused from a light slumber by this question and the prod of a boot-heel, Jabez wagged consent at once—but he was a bit of a wag anyway. He then for the first time became aware of the vicinity of the mountain, and he at once sized it up as a trespasser, and pounced upon it accordingly.

«Can't you read a sign when you see it?» he indignantly inquired of the Matterhorn. «What does ‹Keep off the grass› mean, anyhow? ‹Come and sit down›? Well, I rather guess not! You 'd better go to school, you had.»

Jabez paused, but the mountain maintained a haughty silence which irritated him, and he went on:

«I 've had my eye on you for some time, and I wish to say right now that of all the ugly-looking mugs I ever saw, yours is the best specimen of that kind of architecture. Wow! Go off and hang yourself to something high, and get out of the way!»

I had often encouraged Jabez to express himself freely, but I had more than once had occasion to lament his tendency to drop at

once into personalities. He ought to have edited a city daily or been a politician. I could see that he was working himself up to a pitch of profanity, and I tried to calm him. This timely effort would no doubt have succeeded had not the edge of the boat caught just then upon a sharp projection of rock beyond Hill's reach. In an instant Jabez had it by the throat.

«You miserable Castle Garden importation, you!» he growled. «What do you get for your vote, anyhow? Fifty cents—eh? And when you 've floated it on a deluded democracy, you don't know whether you 've voted for justice of the peace or president of the Guatemalan republic, do you?» (Jabez thought he was shaking the mountain savagely, but it was himself chiefly.) «You 're a pretty specimen of darkest Africa to be let loose in a civilized world, you are! I 'll teach you the difference between a good, free, stand-up-and-fight democracy and a set-down-and-die-away European monarchy before I 'm through with you—see if I don't!»

Just then the balloon wrenched us free, and Jabez was flung violently to the bottom of the boat. He picked himself up at once, and scrambled to the side, where he supported himself with his fore paws, panting with rage.

«You just do that again, if you want me to give you what for! You 'll want to crawl into your kennel and die when I get through with you next time.»

«Go for him, Jabez!» said Hill, encouragingly. «Don't you hesitate to tell that Matterhorn fellow what you think of him. You ease your feelings and hurt his all you want to, and I 'll keep the price of board down just as if nothing had happened.»

I suppose that men who had climbed up by foot and hand to where we were would not have been in a very hilarious mood. I could imagine the way they would have felt by the way I felt trying to climb out of the crevasse and cutting my steps as I went. That method is pretty hard grubbing. It 's like comparing the struggles of the worm with the flight of the butterfly, and almost any one will admit that crawling is not to be compared with flying. But ballooning goes to your head; it 's intoxicating; and I could understand how Hill had grown to the point of absolute physical superiority to fear of airy distances and depths, through familiarity with them and many successful ascents and descents. I knew this to be his position,—I had seen it demonstrated,—and I aspired to share it, although I knew that I could not so easily shake off that bugaboo of mankind, the fear of death.

«Let 's have a look,» said Clambor, intently studying the map of rock and glacier and precipice below us. Presently he pointed to a spot some little distance down. «I think it must have been about there I lost my footing and began to slide. By Jove! it 's deuced uncomfortable to think my mother and sisters at home believe I 've been lost in some awful way here in the Alps. They did n't want me to do the Matterhorn.»

«You mean they did n't want the Matterhorn to do you,» amended Hill. «But you will probably find out that every one thinks a great deal more of you now than before your demise—and that 's not intended as any reflection on you or on their powers of affection. It 's the way of the world. A man has to die to find out how much he is really worth in cash and character—and then others find it out, not he. It amounts to this, that a man never can get a proper estimate of himself.»

«Quite so,» assented Lord Clambor, readily; and he seemed wonderfully cheered by this view of the case. I concluded that perhaps some English maiden on whom his young affections were riveted might have been obdurate—until she knew he had fallen off the Matterhorn. Women are like that sometimes. When a man is here they wish him somewhere else; and when he 's dead at last they want him back again. At any rate, dead or alive, they like him none the worse for having done something really big, and Lord Clambor certainly had. We had seen him do it, and could witness his claim.

We were now at that portion of the final precipice guarding the top of the mountain from which four of the seven men composing the first party ever making a successful ascent up that terrible height had fallen to destruction while descending. Such toll the giant claimed of those who passed his gate of victory failing to read the sign:

«Here thou shalt not.»

Above us were the overhanging turrets of the monster's castle, and below us a drop of nearly a mile to the glacier's hard bed. Now and then we passed bits of rope attached to the rocks, as blackened as frosted ferns, and tasseled with icicles from the tips of which the water dripped in the sun. Thin, glass-like ice clung to corners where the heat had not yet penetrated, while the exposed points were wet and warm, steaming in the cold air as the south slant of a roof will in a February thaw. The thought that

little human things were ambitious to crawl over that stony countenance, to play hide-and-seek with death in the frowns of that awful face, where a false step would flirt them into eternity as if the giant shook his head, was appalling to me. But it made the true sportsman's blood in Lord Clambor's veins tingle with enthusiasm. He exclaimed. He was enchanted. He even forgot his monocle; and the passage of expression over his physiognomy, disturbing surfaces unaccustomed to it (like the big Alpine face before us), displaced the glass, and it fell continually like loosened rocks from the mountain's face.

«St. George and the dragon!» he cried presently, «this is what I call ripping fine sport.»

«How does it compare with golf?» asked Hill, blandly.

«Well, you know it 's different—quite different.»

«Does n't work in links, eh? Now there 's polo, for instance: how does polo compare with ballooning?»

But I interrupted. I did not propose to have the young lord quizzed into another facial paralysis.

«I should say those two sports were about alike so far as promise of a broken neck is concerned. You can do it in either game, ballooning or polo. Exceptional facilities offered in steeplechasing, too.»

«Quite so,» agreed Clambor, evidently relieved.

«Now,» cried Hill, abruptly, leaning out and looking up, «take a last look at Zermatt and the Gorner Grat, for we are going to inspect Italy next. Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon having done what no man has ever accomplished before you: you have made the ascent of the Matterhorn in a boat!»

Hardly had his words reached our ears, and the realization of what they meant made itself clear to us, than we were on the ridge of the mountain. As every one knows, the top of the Matterhorn bears the same relation to the rest of it that the spinal column bears to the bulk of the human body. But there is this difference: the body of the Matterhorn slopes away sheer and precipitous from the narrow line of its backbone, so to speak. Our boat caught, and for a few moments we looked along that uninviting ledge of schistose rock and snow, no wider in some places than the saddle of a hobby-horse, and as gnarled as the knuckles of age. It was literally a ledge of rock seemingly resting on the air, a sliver of terra firma uptilted into space, and apparently defying gravitation and every law ascribed by the finite to the infinite mind as contrived to preserve the equilibrium of terrestrial things. Hill swung a switch, and I knew by the sound that he had lowered the anchor-claw.

«You may as well get out,» he said airily—as might have been expected. «This boat touches here to discharge cargo and load. Ten minutes' stop for inspection. Trading or bartering with the natives prohibited.»

I had never felt any mountainward-soaring ambition, so I merely put one leg over and touched my toes to earth. It was enough to justify any statement I might wish to make thereafter about having actually «set foot» on the Matterhorn. But Lord Clambor scrambled out eagerly, and began collecting pieces of rock. He had filled one pocket when Hill said to me:

«I wonder if he is thinking of taking home a load from this quarry—enough to build an ancestral hall, or something?»

Jabez had looked over the edge of the boat, and decided there was no attraction for him in the lay of that land, at which he sniffed suspiciously; and when our English visitor came on board once more we were ready to weigh anchor and sail on. But by one of those contrarieties of fate by which persons depending upon electricity are sometimes annoyed, we did neither the one nor the other. We could neither weigh nor away. In vain Hill touched buttons and wielded switches. Like a penny-in-the-slot machine, we were out of order. The anchor-claw was overboard and gripping the Matterhorn like grim death. The cable that held it might have been filed, for it was not as big as a barrel nor as long as a crusader's pedigree; but, like Mercutio's wound, it was «enough,» for it was out of reach even if we had been provided with a file, which we were not. And cold! Gods of the arctic regions and snow-mountains, how cold it was! The thermometer did not say this, but we felt it keenly, for there was a bleak wind blowing, and it pierced to the bone. Moreover, we had been comparatively comfortable in the crevasse until we lighted the gas—or found it, rather. Then, what with our exertions and excitement, we had been far too warm. As a matter of fact, we were drenched with perspiration, and considering that Hill and I were both incased in two suits of the thickest procurable all-wool underwear, this was not surprising. We had not dared to lay off a pair, knowing that we should need both as soon as we were out again. Lord Clambor wore thick silk and a

knitted sweater under his jacket, so he was not so uncomfortably warm below, and naturally did not find it so freezingly cold above. Jabez, too, having been less inconvenienced by temperature of one kind, was not so susceptible to the change.

Hill took up some planks, and went to work in what would have been the hold if we 'd had one, and left us time to spare in the contemplation of our surroundings. There may be things or places in this world more beautiful than the panorama beneath us. I have seen some spots in Japan that I thought lovelier than any known portion of the globe,—known to me, I mean to say,—and I have championed the Himalayas, and Darjeeling, with its glimpse of Kunchinjinga, many a time. Also, I have waxed eloquent (after the third course) at many a dinner when I dwelt in memory upon the beauties of that hill of the Moors,—that European treasure-house of Oriental history in tangible form,—the Alhambra, with the Darro flowing under its walls, and the snowy Sierra Nevada glimpsing the sky beyond it. And then there is Ceylon, the Garden of Eden—but all these comparisons are futile. There is no place like the Matterhorn. I shall not try to describe it, for it would be impossible to do it justice. Besides, we were viewing it under disadvantageous circumstances. There we were, anchored to a rock, with no certainty of ever letting go our hold, with no spiked shoes or guides or ropes, with no lanterns, no experience, no toboggan—no nothing of anything that is usually considered essential to climbing up or down a cold, unsympathetic mountain like the Matterhorn. There was a certain anxiety connected with our position which any conservative man can understand. And all the while I did Hill full justice—as much justice as any man ever gets in this world. I took reasonable account of what he had done, but I held to the knowledge that human ingenuity is fallible, and that, however brilliant his achievements might have been in the past, there was no telling what disaster might overtake him yet.

So while he tinkered with his machinery Clambor and I looked at the world: at all the horns of the Alps—the Rimpfischhorn, the Breithorn, the Rothhorn, the Gabelhorn, none like the one that impaled us. We had not even the satisfaction of knowing that our dilemma had two horns, and that we were between. The Matterhorn was built like a rhinoceros, and we were fast to the business end. Our only comfort—and it was a cold one, as cold as a refrigerator-car—lay in our view. Mont Blanc towered over everything about it, a white mountain of grand proportions. Other peaks stood about like ninepins about a hunchback player. At one side there was a Niagara (reproduced upon a large scale) of clouds tumbling and boiling over a mountain damming the Italian skies; and these nebulous torrents, so tangible to the eye, melted suddenly into a different temperature, and vanished like some lost river of the air.

Hill lifted his head presently to catch breath. «Don't go ashore again,» he said. «If we ever get shut of this grab-bag game, we may leave suddenly, without blowing a whistle.»

He continued to putter with his electrical apparatus, and we continued to contemplate the beauties of nature in lofty altitudes, for perhaps another quarter of an hour. No one seemed to feel communicative. It makes a difference in one's conversational ability whether one has anything to say or not. Speaking for myself, and I judged that Clambor felt as I did, my intellectual energies were devoted to the problem of how we were going to get down in case the balloon could not be released. I did not see that we were any better off than we were in the crevasse. Then we were afraid that something was going to fall on us, and now we were afraid that we were going to fall on something. Neither Hill nor I was a mountain-climber, and Clambor's record was not distinguishing. He might better be listed with mountain-tumblers; and I could see by the anxious pucker in the brows over the monocle that he had small relish for a return to earth by pedestrian methods. In my own mind I suspected that, for a while at least, his nerve was pretty well shaken. As to Hill, he was not to be considered speculatively. He could be depended upon as being game to the last, and he might get the machine in shape—he had pulled us along so far. But I felt gloomy. Pretty soon he bobbed up again.

«Well,» said he, «we may as well take our midday repast here as anywhere.»

«I like that,» said I, with my best ironical inflection, «considering the fact that we have nothing to repast on.»

He looked at me for a moment with both eyes, and then he slowly and impressively shut one, and looked at me with the remainder of his optical equipment.

«You just hop out and gather a few icicles, won't you? I 'll melt them for drinking-material.»

«I say,» said Clambor, «let me.»

«My young friend,» remarked Hill, earnestly, «I have caught you on the fly once when you came flying down, and I have cheerfully assisted you to come flying up to our present exalted station in life. I have done these things at great expense and with exceeding labor, but I protest against your getting up any further entertainment. If you take a header from this quarter of the globe now it will be U P with you; so compose yourself and sit still. But you»—to me—«you shatter your composure for a minute, and fetch me an armful of icicles. I 'll have the steak ready in a jiffy.»

«Steak!» exclaimed Clambor.

«Steak!» yelled I.

«Steak!» barked Jabez.

«You did n't suppose I was going to come away from any such refrigeration as that with an empty larder, did you? Our bill of fare might be more varied, gentlemen, but I doubt if it could be more sustaining.» He opened a little cupboard where he had stored provisions when we had any, and having lighted the gridiron, as he called it, proceeded to lay a big mule-steak upon it.

«Why,» said I, as I crawled cautiously overboard, «I had been thinking what fools we were to come off without a mouthful.»

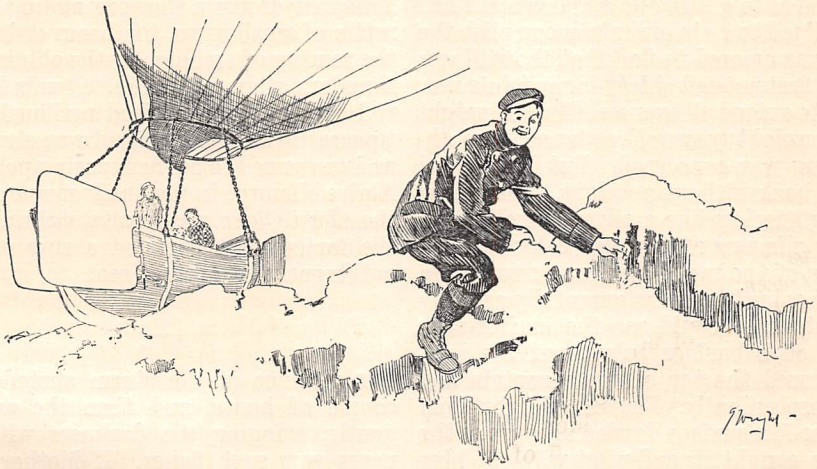
«I 'm not such a fool as I look,» retorted Hill. «Will you get those icicles, or won't you?»

I finally managed to get out,—feeling curiously stiff in the joints, which I attributed to sitting still so long,—and started icicle-hunting. I soon found that it was not safe for me to try to walk on that narrow ledge, because of giddiness; so I sat astride it, and hitched along slowly. The wind was rising, and as I worked away from the boat, it seemed to pierce the side of my body most exposed to it with sharp, hornet-like stings.

«Look sharp!» shouted Clambor. «If he stumbles you 'll come a deuce of a cropper.»

«Keep a tight rein!» yelled Hill. «If he kicks up you 're a goner.»

They were having a good time at my expense, and I thought if it pleased them it certainly did not displease me. An occasional appetizing smell of roasted flesh was wafted to me, and it did a great deal toward keeping me in good humor. I suspected it also raised their spirits.



«KEEP A TIGHT REIN!»

«I say, is n't he going to bolt?»

«Somebody head off that mule—he 's got the bit between his teeth.»

«I saw Buffalo Bill in London, don't you know; and upon my word, he exhibited nothing like this. He had some ripping rough-riders, too.»

«Ladies and gentlemen, you will now see an unequaled exhibition of skill and daring by Texas Tuck, the world-renowned and only King of the Bucking Bronco Steerers, rounding up a herd of icicles over a piece of the roughest riding in the world.»

«You fellows can come out here and round up your own icicles in about one minute—if I hear much more of your cheek,» said I. I had my pockets full of young and presumably tender specimens, and two or three big, hard-shelled samples were under my arm, so I concluded to turn around and go back. They both gave me the benefit of their advice over this movement.

«Pull hard on the right rein, and grip tight with your knees,» contributed Clambor.

«You 'd better tack, if you can,» hailed Hill. «Take in a reef, and try not to run us down.»

I scrambled up to a wider place, and turned around. It was wide enough for me to lose sight of the precipice below, and I felt that I could shake my fist at the mockers without shaking myself off the mountain; so I did it with all the muscle I could muster. The process of lifting my arm was exceedingly tiresome, and as to getting up and down as I had been obliged to do in order to accomplish the turn, I was amazed to find that the stiffness I had at first noticed chiefly in my joints now seemed to extend all over me. My back might have been eighty years old, so far as its youthful spring was concerned. But I managed to start back without accident. The *Cloud Queen*, glittering like a silver corselet, and showing glimpses of changing color between the links of fine metal lace, was swaying in the freshening breeze as gracefully as a lily on its stalk. I could see the anchor-claw gripped on a boulder below, and the boat itself grazed the top of the mountain and shone resplendently. Flashes of light from its mirror-like surface dazzled my eyes as the sunshine caught it; and what with the blue above and the distance and depth all about, it was a magnificent spectacle. Hill and Lord Clambor grinned like demons over the side, and Jabez had his pointed nose aimed at me as it rested between his paws.

«You 'll need some patching done when you get home,» said Hill, as I drew alongside. «I should say the effects of that exercise would beat cellar doors all to pieces.» He reached over the edge and relieved me of the icicles under my arm, and I contrived with great effort to climb back unassisted. Then I emptied my pockets of their cold cargo, and rolled myself up in my blanket. Hill melted an icicle, poured in some brandy, and served it all round.

«Grog it is when tea it is not,» said he, with unimpaired cheerfulness. He kept up a continuous fire of funning all through the meal, and when it was finished went back to work on his machinery, smoking like a chimney. We found solace in tobacco, too; but I could not get the idea of my strange sensations out of my head, and conversation languished on my part. The wind blew ever fiercer and fiercer, and our position was becoming more and more unpleasant. In case of any phenomenal disturbance of the air, the balloon might be beaten down against the rocks, torn to pieces, perhaps blown clean away from the boat. In any event, that meant an immediate capsizing of our craft and an indiscriminate spilling of passengers down the mountain-side. In lulls of the increasing gale we could hear detonations of varying degrees of sound below, where detached boulders started on their rounds of echoing leaps, touching the earth at intervals with explosive pops like the discharging of guns. These died away in the abysmal depths, and according as they were big or little, few or many, they resembled the sharp rattle of small arms, the boom of big guns, the roaring of artillery, or the all-enveloping thunders of an avalanche. Clouds began to roll about us as we poised perilously on the topmost brink. The world was shut away, and we seemed to be the focusing-point of an Alpine blizzard, in the thick snows of which the *Cloud Queen* was lost to sight above, as the farthermost parts of a ship melt into nothingness in a fog at sea.

VI.

THE violence of the storm abated after a couple of hours, and then the snow fell gently, bringing the darkness with it. I never saw such flakes. If Mother Winter was picking her geese in the cold clouds above us, she owned a remarkable flock. Judged by the size of the feathers on the Matterhorn, her geese must have been ostriches. These huge flakes fell softly about us, obliterating the rocks, and changing the outline of the knife-back of earth to which we were moored. After a time this also ceased; but the moon and the stars were obliterated by dense clouds. Hill had succeeded in getting all his electrical contrivances in order—except the anchor-claw, of course. We could have done without all the others, and naturally they were what we had at our disposal. It was cheerful, however, to have the light-gun to fire into the darkness about us. It turned the mountain into a lighthouse, and, we afterward learned, carried consternation into the towns below, where people forsook their beds to marvel and wonder if a star had fallen and caught upon the peak—a star the light of which was often obscured by drifting clouds. Every guide within sight started that night to make the ascent and investigate the phenomena, and one party already *en route* turned back under the impression that the Matterhorn was developing volcanic symptoms. I asked Hill what effect he thought the light-balls would

have upon the imaginations of the inhabitants, and he said:

«None whatever. They probably look no bigger than lightning-bugs at this distance.»

«But they move,» I persisted; «and I believe they are reflected upon the clouds beyond and increased until they present a very noticeable illumination.»

In point of fact, this was actually the case, and the light-gun of the *Cloud Queen* revived those old legends concerning the city of demons on the peak—that ghostly city superstitious folk believed in until human eyes had actually seen the top at close quarters. Even then there were those who said that a phantom city could not be visible in the sun, anyhow; but had not they themselves seen it—tower and battlement, wall and dome, uplifted often and often against the skies, tipped with roseate hues at sunrise, or standing black and grim against the clouds at night? Of course; they had seen it with their own eyes. And now strange will-o'-the-wisp lights streamed from this goblin stronghold. Perhaps the cycle had come round,—the hundred years or the thousand years,—the gala time when the castle was gay with the ghost of beauty, and the fortress was manned by shadowy yeomanry whose thin blades dazzled weirdly in the moonlight. For the moon was rising over some white shoulder of the Alps, and like a silver sea the clouds had melted before her. The sight was magnificent beyond description.

I had noticed that Hill had been quiet for some time, talking but little, though when he did speak it was in his usual happy-go-lucky style. I had hesitated to say anything concerning my own feelings, for I felt we had enough to worry about without adding any new and inexplicable ailment of one of us to the situation. We had managed to rig a blanket over the boat during the snow-storm, and this we had taken off, shaken as well as we could, and when it came time to go to sleep we had tried to wrap up as usual. I was half dead for sleep, and yet I was unable to move hand or foot, and the knowledge of this kept me from closing my eyes.

«We shall have to help Jabez keep dog-watches through the night,» said Hill. I felt that I could remain silent no longer.

«Hill,» said I, «I 'm sorry to say anything about it, but there is something wrong with me.»

«The deuce, you say!»

«No, I did n't say the deuce, but I feel deuced queer.»

«Egad! I 've been feeling that way myself for the last twelve hours.»

«You don't say!»

«It 's a fact, though. Lord Clambor, are you O. K.?»

«Never more fit in my life, bar nothing but too much appetite for too little dinner.»

«Jabez,» said I, «come out here, you beggar. How do *you* feel?»

Jabez came wriggling out from under the blanket, and I saw at a glance that he was in possession of all his faculties. I drew a sigh of relief. Thank Heaven, we had two able-bodied passengers! We all looked at one another, and I could see Clambor's eyeglass fairly twinkling with interest.

«I say,» said he to Hill, «are you feeling seedy?»

«Seedy!» retorted Hill. «I 've gone to seed. I 'm nothing but a dry and lifeless pod. I can turn my head and my wrists, and wriggle my fingers, but that is the end of my abilities.»

«By Jove!» exclaimed Clambor, genuinely alarmed. The monocle glittered in the moonlight like the diamond-crusted hilt of Excalibur in the eyes of good Sir Bedivere. He looked apprehensively at me, and Hill said judicially:

«Holdem, state your symptoms.»

«I have n't any,» said I; «I have n't a symptom to hang a statement on. I have no pain, I think as clearly as ever, I see as well as ever, my mouth does not taste livery; but I 've had a stroke. I can turn my head as you can, and have the use of my hands as you have; but otherwise I 'm a dead man.»

«How very extraordinary!» exclaimed Clambor.

«Yes,» I went on; «I 've either had a stroke, or else I 'm frozen to death and don't know it.»

«Same way with me,» said Hill. «I expect it was exposure in that confounded crevasse.»

«Oh,» groaned I, not with pain, but mental anguish, «they say death by freezing is painless. Maybe that 's what ails us.»

Clambor unrolled, and went to first one and then the other. He felt us over carefully, and tried to take our pulses. I suppose he wished to do something professional to cheer us up.

«Aw,» said he, with due deliberation, «you—aw—you can't be frozen, you know. You're warm.»

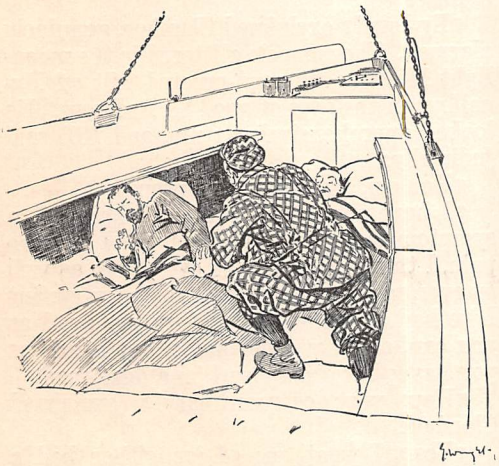
«Do you know anything about medicine?» I asked. He was obliged to admit that he did not. It was like his British cheek to give an opinion about something he knew nothing at all about. Was n't science always making

new discoveries? Were not medical reports always full of unprecedented cases and diseases that the medicos had to think up new names for? And freaks—were there any prospects of ever getting to an end with freaks? How, then, did he presume to say that we were not frozen just because we were warm? Mighty little he knew about it! But he wrapped us up in blankets just as if he thought they would do us good, and went on with his asinine driveling.

«On the other hand, you are not feverish. I 've had fever myself,—a jolly bad spell of it, too,—so I know it is n't fever.»

Fever! Two men dead from frost, and yet suspected, even, of having fever!

«Do you think you could let me see your tongue?» Clambor next asked me. Idiot! But I knew he had his hands full with us both, so I was willing to gratify him to that extent if it would make him feel any better. It could do me no harm, even exposing it to



«LET ME SEE YOUR TONGUE.»

the night air like that. He did not know how to shoot with our light-gun, so he scratched a match, and burned the brimstone under my nose while he examined that tongue as if he were trying to decipher hieroglyphics on an obelisk. He would have looked wise and made me keep my mouth open until I had chilled my lungs and added pneumonia to my other miseries, had not Jabez taken an interest in the examination, and tried to crawl down my throat, which gave me an excuse to shut my mouth without appearing rude. But when Clambor scrambled over to Hill on his errand of mercy, and scratched another match to illuminate another tongue, Hill was rude.

«Get out!» said he, not considering the difficulties attending that instruction if Clambor tried to follow it. «You would n't know a human tongue from a pickled sheep's or a smoked beef's if you saw all three on a plate together. I won't have any man but a dentist prying into my mouth, and I never had one of them try it but I came within an ace of knocking him into the middle of next week. My tongue is all right, my lord. You can tell that by the sound— O shades of the great departed!»

I never heard an able-bodied seaman express himself more fluently and eloquently than Hill did during the next six hours. I should have remonstrated with him if his expressions had not agreed so perfectly with my sentiments. As for the Englishman, if he was shocked he managed to conceal it. I could not make out whether it was natural politeness or profanity welling up in him.

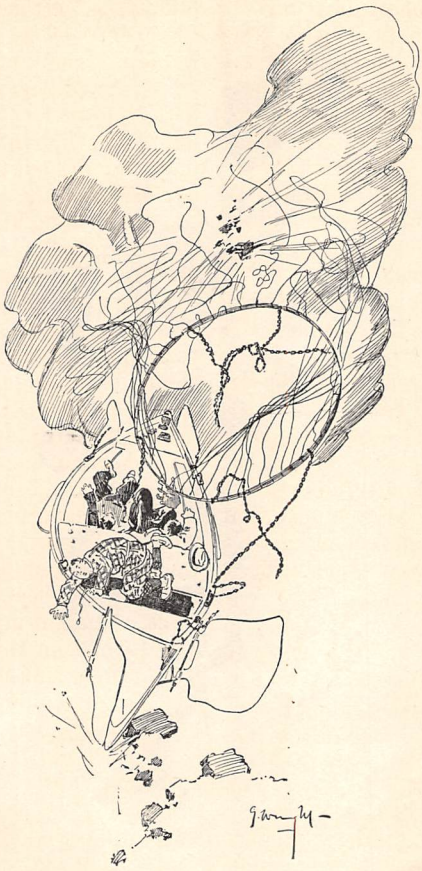
«I wish you 'd punch some of these buttons for me,» said Hill to Clambor, as viciously as if they had been heads. Under his instructions, Clambor fired off the light-gun, and also turned on the current under the gridiron. Then, Hill acting as *chef*, with Clambor as a sort of scullery-boy, they cooked the last of our mule-steak.

«We 've got to have breakfast now,» Hill explained, «and we might just as well eat everything we have, for I 'm going to consume all the electricity in order to release that anchor-claw. It 's the only way. I hesitated to do it at first, because I did not want to exhaust our power; but there 's no use hesitating any longer. It 's our only chance to get off this blankety-blank mountain. I 've always wondered how a camel's hump felt; but it seems to me we are doing the hump act now with a vengeance.» He trailed off into broken wanderings that I will not record.

We ate our breakfast at midnight, Clambor feeding us each in turn, like a big one-eyed robin bringing up a brood of phenomenally early birds. But I think to any discerning eye we would have resembled a nest of nightmares rather than a nest of nightingales or robins. We were as helpless as babes; and as a diet of meat and brandy had made our chief want that of something to drink, Clambor finally gave us each an icicle to suck, and Hill and I lay there and glared at each other, like a pair of bad-tempered, overgrown twins in a cradle trying to extract comfort from their bottles. Thus the night passed slowly; but about four o'clock we saw the balls from our light-gun, which had been constantly discharged into the darkness since twelve o'clock, fade gradually away; and after their

disappearance there was a tinkle from our anchor-claw as its strength departed from it. The next moment we rose into the air and floated off, released at last.

Oh, the joy, the satisfaction, of that sensation! the pleasure of seeing that mountain receding over our stern! We felt as Prometheus would if Jupiter had said hocus-pocus over his liver and set him free. And then the sunrise! Catching its heavenly hues, and illuminating like a fleet at sea for some emperor's fête, the valley clouds rose about us, and we descended softly into them as if launched into a fairy ocean. But as the sun rose higher and higher, and the clouds dispersed, and it became necessary for Hill to take our bearings in order that we might make a proper descent, I perceived that he was merely a log like myself, with the use of only his head and his hands, all three members attached to immovable sticks, as mine were. Clambor executed all orders with cheerful alacrity, and manned the craft, under Hill's direction, as well as any one could, now that we had no complicated machinery to look after. With the coming of daylight our English friend inspected us minutely, and after a deliberation that seemed truly medical he diagnosed our cases as paralysis.



«THERE WAS A CRASH.»

«You be blessed!» said Hill, irreverently. «I tell you, I am not paralyzed. Why, did you ever know a true case that did not extend to the mental faculties, and also affect the facial muscles? Does this look like paralysis?» He winked with his right eye, and then with his left. «Or this?» He elevated his frosted nose, off which the skin was peeling, until it seemed to grow between his eyebrows like a Japanese pug's. «Or this?» He slid his ears up and down on his head, and wound up with a succession of the most awful distortions of countenance that I ever looked at.

«Hill,» said I, after I had watched this performance for a minute or two, «you could earn your living making faces for the public. What the world wants is amusement, and I never saw so unique a talent hidden under such a bushel as yours before.»

His eyes twinkled, and he took kindly to the idea.

«If I find out that I have ossified, or petrified, or done anything past revision up here, I will remember that suggestion, and try to get a job making faces in a museum.»

We had been so entertained by this exhibition that the balloon had been left to its own devices; but now, glancing ahead, we were horrified to see that we were approaching Mont Blanc at railroad speed. It was really Mont Blanc this time, and if we kept on there was no reason to doubt that we should strike about half-way up the mountain in very short order. I never saw Hill wink so fast, and I knew that all the repressed energy in his body had been transmitted to those lids.

«Throw all these seats overboard!» he shouted. Clambor tumbled us off unceremoniously, and did as directed. «Throw out the blankets!» again yelled Hill, seeing that no effect had been produced. «Throw out the dog—anything that is n't nailed down!»

Now when he said, «Throw out the dog,» Jabez knew what he meant as well as I did. He looked at Hill reproachfully, and then, the instinct of self-preservation being strong even in a dog, he tried to hide himself under me. But, fortunately for Jabez and his master, there was something else to do; for by the time the first articles had gone by the board Hill was shouting other orders:

«Pull the valve-rope! It 's no use trying to do anything else. Let the gas escape as quick as you can, and when we reach the ground the dangling anchor-claw will break our fall somewhat.»

Clambor was adjusting his monocle and squinting about for the rope; but Hill was impatient. Like the average man, his temper was not improved by sickness and adversity.

«Oh, hang the eye-glass!» he shrieked. «Pull the rope, man! pull the rope! Look at that blankety mountain ahead!»

But it was too late. The next moment there was a crash, an explosion, and we were buried under a mass of fine chains and gassy-smelling silk. The balloon had been blown a few feet in advance of us, and I shall always think that saved our lives; for nothing but the mesh of chains over the top of the boat prevented us from being fired right at the mountain when the craft struck. As it was, we were caught by the fallen mass of the balloon, which had itself hit a projecting boulder and collapsed with a big pop like an air-inflated paper bag on a large scale.

«WE STOPPED WITH A JERK.»

I have always admired nerve in a man,—probably because I have none too much of it myself,—and I have regarded Hill as the nerviest person of my acquaintance. But I must say that, for an Englishman, Clambor made a pretty good exhibition of that quality. He struggled until he had freed himself, and then he contrived to pull us up by the shoulders and give us air. Jabez did not require assistance; for, after giving two or three yelps when the crash came, he speedily took account of himself, and finding that he was in good working order, he followed his nose out without loss of time. We were moving, but not with the motionless ease of air-transportation. We seemed to be bumping along like a springless wagon over a bad road, but going at a good pace.

«What 's the matter now?» asked Hill, not nearly so tart as before. A danger passed always raised his spirits. It was then that Clambor rose in my estimation to sublime heights of nerve. He had made a wad of the balloon material to sit on, the seats being gone; and he now took a handkerchief out and polished his monocle as carefully and painstakingly as he ever did in his life. Then he put it on, and steadied himself by a hand on the side of the boat, for we seemed to be increasing our speed.

«I 'm blowed if we are not on the tail-end of a blasted avalanche!» he said sulkily. But he was just as calm as if he had said, «We are in the Duke of Sutherland's conservatory.» I could not help looking at him admiringly.

«Great guns!» cried Hill, his eyes sparkling. He thought a moment, and then exclaimed: «Well, that may be as good a way of getting down as we could wish—if we don't try any leap-frogging over something bigger than we are. I did n't plan the *Cloud Queen* with a view to playing leap-frog, or doing any tobogganing or snow-shoe act.»

Lord Clambor looked as vexed as if he thought we had put up that avalanche job on him, and for a while he sulked like a salmon. Of course we did not expect him ever to see a joke. As for Jabez, he had barked at the convent, at the clouds, at the flag, at the crevasse, at the mountain, and he now barked at the avalanche. He barked at it from the front, and the rear, and both sides; and from whichever way he saw it, he was unable to discern any virtue in it. In his opinion, it had a tumbled, tousled, dissipated, just-been-out-all-night-and-have-n't-combed sort of look that was to the last degree disreputable. So he barked, and Lord Clambor sulked, and Hill and I waited.

The chief objection to going avalanching is that you never know when you are going to stop, or how; and as the same sort of troubles beset you before starting, I feel that I am safe in making the statement that, in my judgment,—based upon experience,—there is nothing about it to warrant its ever becoming a popular pastime. But I

have always advocated the theory that whatever is, is for the best, and I felt more than justified in my belief by the final experiences of that trip. It very often happens that things we can only regret at the time, that seem specially calculated for our vexation or undoing, turn out to be the traditional disguised blessings. For instance, had Clambor pulled that valve-rope when Hill wanted him to, we should have dropped far afield in the avalanche, and been buried somewhere at the foot of the Alps to-day, instead of pursuing our separate vocations (Clambor has none, but he 's married—and married to the girl who would n't have him before he fell off the Matterhorn) as we are. That delay in doing what seemed to be the best and wisest thing at the moment saved us. As it was, we jogged along with the anchor-claw trailing after; and presently this caught on something we had bumped over, and we stopped with a jerk. Lord Clambor and Jabez took headers from where they were sitting; and Hill and I, in our plaster casts, catapulted out indiscriminately, and raked along a little way on our own account after we landed. But the avalanche had gone on.

I received a smart rap on the head from something we passed, and this rendered me unconscious for a few minutes. I remember coming hazily back, and getting a dim glimpse of Clambor at work over Hill. He had a knife in his hands, and had every appearance of being engaged in the operation of skinning him. A horrible thought that Hill was dead and Clambor gone mad flashed through my mind before I again lost consciousness. My next sensations were of blessed freedom, of restored strength and animation in my poor body. I jumped at the conclusion that I had died and gone to heaven; but the sound of unholy laughter and loud barking disabused my mind of that pleasant fiction. I judged I must be in the other place until I recognized Jabez's voice. Then I tried my arms; they moved. I tried my legs; they were alive. I concluded to sit up; and I sat up. Lord Clambor was holding his sides and shrieking with laughter; and Hill was trying to hold his sides and wipe his eyes at the same time; but he was a little stiff yet. I looked at myself. My hands were red and swollen, and my body was ribbed in red and white of a curiously familiar pattern. A pile of small-sized, thick, shrunken-looking garments lay between Hill and me, and they were raveled and ragged where they had been cut, but in their cast-off estate they bore the same resemblance to the human body that a snake's skin does to his.

«Hill,» said I, with a gasp,—I was beginning to comprehend our paralysis, our having been dead, but yet being alive,—«it—it was n't—»

«Yes, it was,» gurgled Hill, between hysterical breaths; «all wool, and a yard wide, too.» He rolled over on his back, and writhed as if he had recovered the use of himself.

Clambor sat down on a rock left by the avalanche, and said weakly, «Oh, I 'm blowed!»

He was, literally. And while he wept for joy, and we joined in, content that he had at last seen a joke, we also dressed by degrees, as our strength would permit; and Jabez barked and gamboled about like a dog gone mad. We were not even damaged—as Hill said, not even our feelings hurt.

«WE TRUDGED MERRILY TO THE NEAREST TOWN.»

So we trudged merrily to the nearest town. We had lost our balloon and our woolens; but what did it matter? We were ourselves intact, and we had been up the Matterhorn in a boat.

THE END.

Marion Manville Pope.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

XIV.

THE May afternoon was waning in Compiègne. It had been a golden day for the north provinces at that season of the year, and the city was put in a joyful stir by the coming of the pucelle. She had arrived at dawn, with about five hundred men, from Crépy, and entered on the south side, unseen by the besiegers on the north. Splendidly mounted and equipped, her saddle-cloth made of cloth of gold, a crimson levite belted over her armor, her standard displayed, she cantered with her troops toward the bridge gate; for it had been concerted with the Captain of Compiègne that she should strike and surprise the Burgundians at Margny before the sun went down, cutting off the farther camp of Clairoix from the English at Venette.

It was not the first time the maid had been seen in Compiègne since Easter. In April, when English captains were about to embark fresh troops for France, they refused to go. «The witch is out again,» they declared to their angry officers. «It is true she hath not been seen in the north since autumn; but soldiers have this feeling only when she is afield.» They deserted in crowds. Beating and imprisonment had no effect on them. Only those who could not escape were forced on board.

Then the Duke of Bedford heard the maid was actually at Melun, and had helped the inhabitants drive out the English garrison. As swiftly, she was at Lagny-sur-Marne, striking English marauders. She had leaped again into the field, for there had never been any truce with the invaders, and Charles's truce with the Duke of Burgundy expired at Easter. The French were renewing their struggle without the king. The Bastard of Orléans, who had been made Count Dunois, was pushing, with the Duc d'Alençon, toward St. Denis. At first it was told in terrified Paris that the maid was coming to renew her attack. She certainly attempted, both by Soissons and Pont-l'Evêque, to break her way southward. But Compiègne, the most important town of northern France, often besieged and harried by the invaders, holding fast to its loyalty, was at this time threatened by both Burgundians and English. The French captains flocked to the maid. The Duke of Bedford at once issued a proclamation against soldiers and officers who should «be terrified by the enchantments of this pucelle.»

Her squire and the Chevalier du Lys, her brother, knew with what force she had sprung into the field. They rode alone with her out of Sully-sur-Loire without the king's knowledge or consent, a few needful things strapped behind their high saddle-backs. It was a three-days' ride to Melun across rough country and up the long ridge of Fontainebleau forest. Pierre thought with hatred of Sully-sur-Loire, the most inhospitable place in France—a many-towered castle, with pointed roofs, and curtains of stone, rising from a river-like moat. It stood beside the Loire; but how dreary was the great river at Sully, running deep along the high bank, and spreading far off in shallows, seeming to cut France off from the north!

At Sully, Pierre had watched day after day in vain for Madeleine Power. The morning the court left Bourges he was early afoot, determined to press his suit again; but a page wearing the De Beuil livery came to him with a message for the pucelle. The demoiselle Power sent word that her marriage was to be postponed, and she was to join the court at Sully. So easy was it for Pierre to believe what was told him that he suspected no trick until La Trémouille's insolent hospitality, which made every mouthful of bread bitter, forced the truth upon him. Madeleine Power was not brought to Sully, and he heard no more of her. He thought of dashing out by himself to Loches. But if he were there, what had he to offer a demoiselle who had merely looked at him? Should he carry her off by violence?

«Pierrelo,» Jeanne once said to him, «do you remember the huge red snails about Bermont spring? They must be creeping forth; and all the Meuse valley is quickening with green. I cannot stay here idling any longer, where we are not wanted, and so little time remains to me.»

«God he knoweth I have no stomach for this place,» answered Pierre, «and less care what becomes of me now, so I go free of it.» What lonelier spot was there in France than this old village of worm-eaten carved timbers clustering about a feudal stronghold? And how delicious was the forest of Fontainebleau after Sully-sur-Loire!

The second night the three riders came to a deep oval valley in the forest, a vast cup of white and gray rock. Sunset was behind as they descended into the gorge, a pink flame mounting the sky, sparkles upon sparkles, the rosy smoke sweeping the zenith. And when they had picked their way across, and ascended to the opposite forest level, there, in sand as soft as ashes, rock turned to dust without grain, stood ruined walls which they knew to be the ancient abbey of Franchard, to which a peasant had directed them as a landmark. There was enough roof to shelter them for the night. They heard the bubblings of nightingales; and near them were moss-crusted elms dropping finger-tips of branches almost to the ground, white-pillared, forming cathedral naves in the forest; white birch, pine, and oaks; hills and dales of springing fern. Jeanne closed her eyes, thinking how near also was Paris; and Bertrand closed his, contented to be anywhere with her.

To Bertrand this was the happy spring of his life. He felt riding to heaven alone with her, for Pierre was moody, and lagged. She had grown so accustomed to his tendance that there was communion between them without talk. He had her to himself, depending on his presence, while the English began to feel the coming terror. She told him before she told Pierre that her voices had warned her she was to be taken prisoner before St. John's day. Always reticent in speaking about this unseen counsel, she sometimes turned a startled face toward Bertrand as they rode. Her lips parted; her lifted eyes filled with light. He held his breath.

This twenty-third day of May in Compiègne his nearness to her was incredibly crowned: Jeanne and Pierre and Bertrand took the sacrament in the church of St. Jacques at the morning mass, kneeling in the fifth small chapel from the entrance, on the right-hand side of the church. As they passed into the aisle it happened that the bells began to chime. Bertrand and Jeanne both lifted their faces. Did he hear a faint tone of some unearthly voice—a sweet, still articulation under the clamor?

Jeanne leaned, pallid, against a pillar opposite the chapel. The paneled and flower-carven wood, supporting shorter stone pillars near the clearstory, threw her face into relief. At once the early worshipers in St. Jacques's church drew toward her, smiling, and some of them secretly touched her. Bertrand had seen her stand godmother to many a baby during her campaigns, and every boy that she held was christened Charles for the king.

«My friends,» spoke out Jeanne, «I am soon to be taken and sold into captivity, and then I can never again have it in my power to help France and the king. Pray for me.»

Bertrand remembered what awe struck through the listening faces. But the people of Compiègne could not think of such forecasting when the pucelle rode out to make her attack on Margny.

«Did you know,» Bertrand inquired, as he helped her mount, «this Captain of Compiègne was appointed to his post by favor of La Trémouille?»

The maid, startled, looked at her squire. «No, I did not. But for the honor of France he is bound to support us in this sally. En nom Dé, if I thought I should be taken at this time I would not go out. God grant I may perish when I am taken, for it is far easier to trust my soul to him than my body to the English. But St. Jean's day is a month distant, and we must do all we can.»

Poton de Xantrailles rode beside her, and the setting sun shone on the left side of their faces as they galloped over the lowered drawbridge and the rosy Oise, where archers were taking to boats to support the attack from the river.

The Oise flows southwestward, and Compiègne is on the left bank. A fortified bridge then joined it to the northeast shore, where defensive works were further guarded by a deep foss. Over this a stationary bridge was built, and it seemed the entrance to a high causeway stretching across the marshy meadows. In the north, bounding the wet land, was a low range of hills. Straight ahead, beyond the causeway, could be seen the church tower of Margny, a third of a league from Compiègne, and there lay the

Burgundian camp she meant to strike. Beyond that, and at twice the distance, was Clairoix, the second Burgundian camp, which she meant, by this quick blow at an unexpected hour, to cut off from the English camp at Venette, a half-league to the west of her route.

The archers in the boats saluted the pucelle as the armor of her troops flashed across the Oise bridge. Five hundred strong, the attacking party took at speed the long line of the causeway. A little lower and a little ruddier, the level-lying sun touched the walls of Compiègne and the great forest lying behind them. It promised to be a pleasant May twilight, clear and fair. The waiting bowmen laughed and talked to one another, even after the noise of combat reached them from Margny. The pucelle would doubtless bring in many prisoners. The Duke of Burgundy was himself said to be at Clairoix, and a surprised duke would he be when he found himself suddenly cut off from his allies at Venette.

People on the walls of Compiègne could see what the archers at the river level could not see. Venette was aroused by the clamor in Margny. English troops were streaming out to attack the French rear. Gunners on the walls made haste to train cannon which they dared not fire, and the silenced archers in the boats made ready shafts which they dared not discharge. For back came French and English together, pell-mell, crowding the causeway, pushed off into the marsh, a fighting, struggling mass, the Burgundians of Margny pressing behind; and the Captain of Compiègne did nothing.

The archers, unable to shoot without wounding their friends, gathered refugees into the boats. Alarm-bells were rung in the city; men and women ran to the open gates. The pucelle and her body-guard could be seen covering the rear of her panic-stricken troops. Now she rode back and lashed the pursuers, and now she turned to rally her own soldiers. Her brother and her squire and De Xantrailles, the one captain who never left her, pressing about her, fought with desperate courage. Shouts and the clang of weapons seemed to fill that little sunset world. The entrance to the Oise bridge was wedged with struggling bodies, and horses trampled their own dying riders. The pucelle, when she could no longer cover her troops, conspicuous in her crimson garment, was seen to make a dash for the marshes. Surrounded by Burgundians, she was dragged from her plunging horse by her robe, and yells upon yells of triumph drowned the noise of battle, The pucelle was taken! It would be shouted long after nightfall at Clairoix by drunken soldiers, and repeated with joyful derision from camp to camp. The witch was caught. Trumpets which usually called to arms shrieked discordant fanfares over this great prisoner. Captains taken with her counted as nothing; they might easily ransom themselves. But the witch of the Armagnacs, worth more than the ransom of a king,—the terror of England,—was at last a captive, dragged off to the Burgundian camp! The Duke of Burgundy would that very hour send out despatches bearing the news to the regent and all Christendom.

Men and women of Compiègne ran struggling across the Oise bridge, as the mob of soldiers cleared away, to fall with any weapon on the rear of their retreating foes. What did English and Burgundians care at that moment for Compiègne? They had done enough that great day. The inspired maid was taken!

It was four days afterward that Jeanne turned in her saddle to watch that dear town of Compiègne grow less in the distance, as she rode among her captors northward along the course of the Oise. A score of men-at-arms guarded her, and wherever a device appeared on their housings, it was the rampant two-tailed lion of Burgundy. Wooded hills lay along the horizon at their left, and at their right, in the low ground, flowed the pleasant Oise.

Jeanne could not speak to her squire, for he was held in charge by troopers at the rear; but she took comfort from the thought: «We are prisoners to the Burgundians, not to the English. While the Lord of Luxembourg, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, holds us to ransom, it might be worse with us.»

Pierre and De Xantrailles were yet in the camp at Clairoix, slightly wounded. She hoped she was not going far from them; but late in the day the cavalcade passed Noyon, winding among the path-like streets of the ancient gray town. Huge white oxen, yoked by the horns in many pairs, were crowded to the walls to let them go by. The people of Noyon ran to look at the captive pucelle paraded to their sight; and some were sorrowful, while others, having it in mind to stand well with Burgundy, shouted as she rode with her head bowed. Charlemagne had been crowned in Noyon.

Bertrand noticed with dull attention the carved beam-ends and oaken cross-pieces in

house-fronts, and the little leaded windows. Beyond Noyon he made a landmark of every windmill standing with spread arms against the fading sky. Neither Jeanne nor he had given parole not to escape, but there was small hope of escape. Both were mounted on poor horses, the refuse of the camp.

The moist May night closed over desolate fields as they turned westward into a path lined with no villages and no lights. Remote and lonely exile waited behind unknown horizons. It grew chill, and the jaded horses lagged until they heard the barking of a dog. A cluster of houses where no fires burned skirted the way. Then a moat showed its livid water on the right hand, as the party mounted a short ascent and turned into an orchard.

«What place is this?» inquired Bertrand of his guards.

«This is the tower of Beaulieu.»

«I see no tower.»

But as they drew nearer to a drawbridge he saw its low top against the sky. It was a round tower of brick, at one end of a long, dusky château. The only lights came through two south windows of this tower. The cavalcade called impatient curses on the keeper before the gates were opened. Bertrand noticed, as they rode across the lowered drawbridge which came down creaking on its unused chains to meet them, an oblong hole in the bricks, about three feet above the water in the moat, made noticeable by shine reflected from a wall within.

One old man held up a candle in the brick-paved court, where the horses were crowded against one another, so near was the opposite wall, and he smiled without teeth at the liberal abuse he received as he locked the gates under the archway again.

Thought Bertrand, «This does not seem a strong place.»

«Now, Messire d'Aulon,» said the captain of the escort, using the name which Bertrand had given at his capture, «you will do your last service to the maid, and disarm her.»

The servants of the party led away the horses. Jeanne was already in the tower, and her squire followed her. She had been stripped in camp of her crimson levite, her courser, and her cloth-of-gold saddle-housings; but the Lord of Luxembourg, her captor, had allowed her to remain in her armor, according to her custom among men in the field.

Many spurs jingled on the paved floor, and as soon as the jailer had turned a huge key behind the prisoner, her escort, taking candles and bidding him bring them firing and supper in fewer minutes than it had required to open the gates, trooped through another door into the château.

Opposite this door in the tower was a high, shallow fireplace with an oven beside it. On the pot-hanger hung a seething kettle. The lazy blaze and the old man's candle showed brown timbers and many cross-pieces hung with cobwebs overhead, flooring the concave of the tower, and roofing the circular walls. A table, a bench, a kind of lair which could not be called a bed, and some cooking-vessels, were all the furniture.

Jeanne stood spreading her hands before the blaze while Bertrand knelt to unbuckle her mail. Her supple body drooped. He did not let himself say, «This is the last time I shall take off her harness,» but his fingers fondled every strap. The cleft between her lower lip and her chin seemed more deeply indented than ever, and her eyes were weary. She was recalling the dark face and broad-tipped nose of Philip of Burgundy, surnamed the Good, whom her king in youth had offended with deadly offense. Her usual distrust of him, which the magnificent man in black velvet had courteously shaken by a few words of pride in her,—being French himself, and unable to repress them,—had begun to revive. She was prisoner to Burgundy's vassal; but would he stand between her and the English?

The old man, trotting from side to side of the tower, paused with his back and hands laden as Bertrand said to him sternly:

«Before you carry fire or food to rough men-at-arms, your duty is to the pucelle. For this unmannerly treatment of such a prisoner your Lord of Luxembourg will hold you to account.»

Opening and shutting his mouth with indecision, the jailer put down his loads, and dipped broth from his kettle, and put wine and bread on the table, taking them from a kind of buttery within the château door. He pacified with high-pitched voice impatient calls for his service ringing through empty rooms beyond.

«Where is the pucelle to lodge?» asked the squire, laying down the last piece of her armor.

The old man beckoned, and trotted with his candle down three steps at the left side of the chimney, Jeanne and Bertrand following. He thrust the light beside an iron-clamped oaken door over three steps at right angles to the first descent, showing behind the fireplace a vaulted cell about six feet high and nine feet long and less than three

feet wide. They could hear the lapping of the moat through that slit in the wall which Bertrand had noticed as he crossed the drawbridge, and which let in all the air a prisoner could hope for when the door was shut and locked. The floor was stone. The farther end of the cell was concave.

«I have lain hard many a time,» said Jeanne, laughing; «but never before was I put to sleep in a tomb.»

«The pucelle is not to be lodged in this dungeon?»

Her keeper nodded.

«Let me lie here,» entreated Bertrand. «There must be better places in a château for a noble maid.»

«You, messire?» chuckled the old man. «Who cares to hold you? That is simply a matter of ransom between you and your captor. But this is the witch of the Armagnacs.»

«Have you no fear of her?»

The jailer shook his head hardily. «I am a Christian man.»

«I have known men who called themselves so, yet they durst not move hand or foot when they would approach her,» whispered the squire at the old man's ear as he ascended the steps behind that disturbed servitor.

The men-at-arms were by this time clamoring in such wrath that he seized his loads again and ran through the château rooms.

«Quick!» whispered Bertrand, holding the bowl of broth to Jeanne. She understood him, and swallowed. He put some pieces of bread in his pouch while she drank. The jailer's steps had not passed out of hearing on resounding floors within when both prisoners were outside, locking the door behind them.

They turned toward the front of the château, for there seemed no way except this. So habitually had Jeanne let herself be guided by others since the warning of capture had followed her, that she took no thought but Bertrand's, and stooped as he did, running under the windows. Damp greenness, gathered on the outlines of old bricks, came to their nostrils. A wall bounded them on the left, and it turned at right angles on a walk which led to a gate at the top of a terrace. The gate was fast, but it was low, and both scrambled over it. A high balustrade of brick with a coping of stone guarded one side of the stairs; a wall guarded the other.

They were feeling their way downward into the moist darkness when Bertrand turned and caught Jeanne's hands. He saw the dim guards below, but they had also seen him. Shouts of warders, oaths, and the rattle of swords leaping from scabbards drove them back over the gate. The front of the château flashed with candles, and men dropped from the low windows.

The prisoners, grasped by many hands, faced each other in one look before they were separated. All Bertrand's patience and faithfulness and self-restraint, and his sympathy like a discerning god's, the maid owned and blessed as she lost them. The dungeon closed upon her. She heard no sound but the lapping of the moat.

XV.

THE Old World's reek, a stench left by death and ignorance and sudden flight, met a party of knights and men-at-arms at the entrance of a village. Coucy Castle could yet be seen in the wooded world behind them. The village was empty, and as silent as the withered bush hanging in front of what had been the wine-shop. No dog barked at the cavalcade, and the late afternoon sun probed desolate houses through the open doors. But deserted villages were common in northern France. This one was intersected by a road coming from the west, and at its junction with the road from Coucy the men drew rein and screened themselves by the church wall. Two archers dismounted, and went along the bending street, stooping to examine marks in the dust.

«English,» said one of them, pointing with his bow-end at many hoof-prints having a triangular shape. Horseshoes made in France were round, but the English horseshoes had a broader base of iron, forming a triangle in the center.

«Here be the tracks left by Messire du Lys's troop,» said the other archer, and they went back with their information.

Both captains pushed up their pointed vizors, showing disturbed faces. «By my baton,» swore the broad-backed knight, «if the pucelle's guards have escaped us, Poton, La Hire will curse thee as no fit man to lead a sortie.»

«What have these shoe-prints to do with the pucelle's guards?» returned De Xantrailles. «Her guards are Burgundians, the vassals of Luxembourg. Mounted on English-shod coursers they may be; but by this token there is more than one troop to meet, and the Chevalier du Lys will find himself hard pressed on the north road.»

«What certain information have you that

the pucelle is to be removed from Beaulieu tower at this time?»

«It is not a far cry from Beaulieu to Coucy. The place hath been watched for me nearly three months, and I know that Luxembourg is about to carry her to his château of Beaurevoir in the north. It hath a strong, high tower. If you had come to my help sooner, we might have broken into Beaulieu.»

«Come to thy help sooner? Had not La Hire enough to do to hold his own town of Louviers, in the very teeth of Rouen, where the English have their stronghold?»

«And not a coin didst thou send to my ransom,» continued De Xantrailles, his wrath gathering. «By hardship did I get free, for I never made myself rich with pillage, and the country is destroyed, as thou dost see, about Coucy. The pucelle's ransom I could not pay, but I sent a messenger at once to the king showing her state. It was only this month that I was able to exchange some prisoners I had taken for her brother and her squire; and they added the churchman, Brother Pasquerel, her confessor, who, since he is also ordained to priestly offices, my mother hath employed at Coucy. By St. Martin, I have been too poor this summer to pay for mass and candles.»

«Is La Hire rich himself? In running this venture he hath scarce a coin in his strong box stored against need. And Louviers is a slippery holding, while Coucy is impregnable, only to be taken by surprise. And against all counsel thou didst leave it open to surprise, with so few warders, when we rode away.»

«Since Compiègne I have few warders to leave. By St. Martin, I cannot make men-at-arms.»

«And if thou couldst, they were better patterned on another than thyself.»

«I wish I had the making of thee over,» said De Xantrailles, savagely. «I would not use a damned atom of thy old substance.»

La Hire sat stiff, a head and shoulders below his friend, and glared at De Xantrailles.

«What hath La Hire ever seen in Poton de Xantrailles to love?»

«A well-made man, one able to sit down without holding a great lapful of bowels.»

«Well made, thou sayest? Can a man call himself well made who knows not hunger from the backache?»

Having reached this pitch of disagreement, both knights laughed in the hollows of their casques. Their retinues, accustomed to the pair, kept guard, and watched about the church wall for the approach of the pucelle.

«Where is the young Chevalier du Lys, that he was not left in charge of Coucy?»

«Have I not told thee many times I sent him out with part of my retinue to watch the northern road from Beaulieu while we take the southern?»

«If La Hire had reached Coucy in time, that had been better ordered.»

«Who made thee captain over me, Étienne de Vignolles?»

«God Almighty,» shouted La Hire, standing up in his stirrups. «He gave thee length of legs and arms, but no head; for saith he to himself, 'The fool will lose it; let us make it a separate member, and call it La Hire.'»

«Fat-witted I was never called before,» sneered Poton de Xantrailles. «It doth cut me to the heart.»

«Whoever doth cut thee to the heart will find no blood on his knife,» retorted La Hire. «Where is Bertrand de Poulengy? Did you send the squire also with the chevalier?»

«Since I must read you the tale of all my men, Bertrand de Poulengy hath been my spy on Beaulieu since he came to Coucy, and it is he that I now expect to give me warning of the maid's approach. He hath a good horse under him.»

«That was not ill planned.»

«God be praised,» said Poton de Xantrailles, «that one device at least was not ill planned.»

«Yea, amen; though La Hire dreads winning by this ride a bed that will cool him after the fever in Louviers.»

«In God's name, if you were laid low with the fever, La Hire, why have you let me accuse you?»

«To ease thee, Poton; to ease thee. It was the wound taken with Louviers. All flesh is not the flesh of the pucelle, that closes in four or five days.»

«Well, then, a truce to words between us. It put me in a rage to ride alone, when we have fought elbow to elbow so long.»

«Slit La Hire's tongue if he has offended thee, Poton. Thou art the bride and the son of a ruffian, but the ruffian loves thee.»

«I am but half a knight without you,» acknowledged De Xantrailles. «If you had been at Compiègne the pucelle had not been taken.»

«La Hire is no amulet to keep off evil; but whatever befalls at Coucy, his hand is in thine.»

They embraced each other as well as they could in armor and on horseback, and swore that this should be their first and last tilt with words. Their retinues, who had heard

many first and last tilts with words, smiled idly, and pulled leaves to chew or struck at floating mosquitos. The horses moved restless feet, for time was passing, and the sun shone horizontally across the village, throwing longer shadows of the stone houses on unplanted fields.

Its light dazzled the men's eyes, and they drew their lids together, watching through slits for the cavalcade on which they intended to pounce. Some of them had ridden with their masters to Rheims, and they remembered the pucelle's compassion on the French prisoners at Troyes. She would not permit the English garrison to carry them away. So intently had the waiting troops fixed their minds on the west that clashing arms and a whirlwind of pursuit through the crooked northern street took them unawares.

The Chevalier du Lys came into sight, fighting and flying with a handful of men before a full retinue of English. La Hire saw with rage that there was a concerted ambush; for behind, on the Coucy road, galloped another company of English.

It was the evening time when maids drove in their geese, and peasants with laden panniers appeared from the fields. This untenanted village, this graveyard of the people, was filled with a brief resurrection; but it was the life of war—battle-cries, the scream of slaughtered horses, the encounter, ax to ax, sword to sword, club against club. Coucy had been taken by surprise, and the French were surrounded. At dusk victors and prisoners, all who were not left to increase the breath of pestilence among empty stone houses, moved up the ascent to Coucy Castle. An English warder raised the portcullis and let down the drawbridge.

So sudden and ruinous had been the result of this sortie that Pierre beheld the facts about him with slow receptiveness, a peasant's inability to compass the unusual returning upon him. He saw La Hire and De Xantrailles led to the dungeons: Jeanne's two friends—the only friends of all her thousands who had made any attempt to rescue her. And he heard De Xantrailles's mother weeping aloud among her women. And Coucy, the great seat of the Duke of Orléans, vaster and more beautiful than any other feudal hold in the dismembered kingdom, full of such gathered art in marble and paintings as comforted men who had little to live for—a palace suited with everything known as luxury, a fortress proof against assault, had fallen into the hands of the English.

Pierre's captors began to strip off his armor in the court. There were many of them, talking English and Franco-Norman, and the hubbub calmed him. They seemed to have many prisoners, and to have swept much country in every direction about Coucy. Free companions were among these regular troops. He saw faces scowling at him that he traced slowly back to Lagny-sur-Marne, where Jeanne had dealt with English marauders.

He stood with the great round tower behind him, and was glad of the open night sky and the cool August night air. The underground dungeons at Coucy were deep, yet torches continued to spin about the court, and he was guarded, and not housed as the knights had been. A hand gentler than the hands that had stripped him touched his arm, and there stood Brother Pasquerel fixing dark eyes of pity on him.

«We have added prisoners to the English instead of taking any from them, Brother Pasquerel,» said the chevalier. His desperate laugh made the monk sadder. «What will become of my sister now?»

«Think now of thine own salvation, my son. The hour has come.»

«What do they intend to do with me?»

Pierre felt the embarrassment of not being able to take the churchman seriously. He said to himself, «I am to die»; but that seemed to matter very little. He knew nothing of death, though he faced it every day; but that it had arrived gave the moment a stinging novelty, and nothing more.

«The free companions in this troop are permitted to take revenge on you for the man who was turned over to justice at Lagny-sur-Marne,» said the monk.

«Do you understand their words, Brother Pasquerel?»

«I understand their intentions; but they brought in an illustrious prisoner, who now waits in the chapel for ransom, and he knows their tongue, and has told me what they say. The Archbishop of Rheims, journeying from Bourges to his own diocese, hath been molested by these lawless companions.»

«The Archbishop of Rheims,» said Pierre, «will find ransom an easy matter to arrange with his friends the English. If I were brother to Messire la Trémouille, my head would be fast enough on my shoulders.»

A firm-set head it looked, his undergarment being stripped to the waist, showing the round neck and young pink brawn of the torso.

«You confessed to me this morning, my son,» said Brother Pasquerel, as Pierre's

elbows were grasped by his executioners; and the young man had a solemn sense of prayers in his ears as he walked across the court. At the foot of a flight of stone steps leading from one of the towers was a stone block which the knights of Coucy had used in mounting their coursers. Beside it stood the free companion who was to act as headsman, his sleeves turned well back, and a ferocious readiness in his face. His mighty battle-ax would have beheaded a bull.

Pierre looked up at the filmy sky and all about him, feeling that he had neglected giving to the world all the attention it deserved. This was death—this coming withdrawal from things. He felt already far away, but neither afraid nor regretful. He thought of Jeanne, and of one other, and that reminded him of saying a prayer, which he whispered, his young features as placid as marble, having its fine heroic grain. Brother Pasquerel had absolved many a dying man in the pucelle's first campaign, and in her last, to which he had followed her from Tours. But absolving the dying was an easy religious task compared with seeing the life stuck brutally out of this young chevalier whom he loved. He had been from man to man, pleading against the slaughter with imploring gestures,—for the language of the victors he could not speak,—and they pushed him out of their way. The Archbishop of Rheims, with his frightened retinue, had taken sanctuary in the chapel; and Brother Pasquerel had despairingly asked his intercession, receiving an impatient reply from a prisoner who felt little interest in the pucelle or her relatives.

«The pucelle hath been taken in her stubborn pride,» said the archbishop; «she would not listen to counsel, and it is a just judgment that hath fallen upon her. As for this chevalier, I have no power to help him, being hindered on mine own journey, with all these poor people. If Poton de Xantrailles had guarded his own, and left the pucelle and her family to their devices, he could have given me better welcome in Coucy.»

Torches showed the intent and savage faces of their bearers gathered about the stone horse-block. Pierre was forced to his knees. His arms were tied behind his back, and on his naked breast from armpit to nipple was ridged a clean red scar. The headsman spat upon both palms with a zest of anticipation, and Pierre heard the friar's shaking voice like a distant humming of bees as it went on with its office. He looked at the stone, and thought he would stretch his neck well across the hollow worn by feet. And then he felt his head seized by arms and squeezed against the yielding bosom of a woman, and her draperies about his naked shoulders and over him. Thus shut in and stifled by heavenly odors like linden flowers, he could hear nothing but her heart and the rush of her breath.

His own pulses boomed. Oh, this was dying—to have all he desired in life encompassing him as his head was about to drop! Though Pierre knew his state was fixed, he laughed under Madeleine Power's cloak, exulting over the English, and La Trémouille, and the Archbishop of Rheims. It is better to die in the full flower of joy and effort than to linger even a little late.

The headsman rested his ax on the stone, for he saw there would be a controversy with this woman, and the Archbishop of Rheims in wrath pushed through the circle to reach his niece. If these favored prisoners had been shut in a tower before the execution began, much trouble would have been saved. Yet the new Captain of Coucy and all his men admired her, standing her ground in a whirlpool of three languages; for every man in the fortress had somewhere a woman in whose arms he secretly longed, yet scarcely hoped, to lay his head in his last hour. Ravaging and killing was their trade, yet a woman might have her way with them, as it had been since the creation, and particularly since Mary the Virgin had been lifted like a lily over Christendom.

«This man is my betrothed husband,» declared Madeleine in English. «I claim his life.»

«Shame upon you!» spoke her uncle the archbishop at her ear.

«Let her prove it!» shouted some of the torch-bearers, accustomed in their own country to the encroachments of monastic brethren on the offices of priests. «Here is the friar; let him marry them.»

«Hold your base tongues,» said the new Captain of Coucy. «This demoiselle is niece to his lordship of Rheims and to the little king's chancellor. She is not to be wedded for a show to men-at-arms.»

«Off with his head, then! There be plenty of better men to comfort the demoiselle.»

«He goes to the dungeon for ransom,» decided the captain. «A brother of the pucelle and nephew of the chancellor to the little King of Bourges should bring good ransom.»

«Franquet d'Arras was handed over by the pucelle to be beheaded at Lagny,» was grumbled under the smoky glare of torches.

«Stand forth, you free riders who are not satisfied with the government of Coucy!» cried the captain, wheeling in his place. «By St. George, there be cells enough under this rock for all of you! To the dungeon with this man, and with every free rider that hath aught to say further about Franquet d'Arras.»

Pierre's arms were released. He stood up, dazzled in the torch-light, and took Madeleine openly into them—and the archbishop withdrew from the court, leaving her to her own devices. It had not been at his desire that this half-Scot was thrust on him for discipline. He sent her frightened waiting-woman after her—a middle-aged maid who walked close to the black skirts of Brother Pasquerel.

Chinon was like a large inclosed garden, but Coucy was a perfect feudal castle, with central court and massive ancient round towers. The prisoner and Madeleine followed the jailer and his torch down a winding stone staircase. So close were the circular descending walls that Brother Pasquerel and the attendant and a warder following them found the dangerous stone footing scarcely wide enough for one; but they were not borne up by angels. Pierre and Madeleine walked side by side, and his naked guarding arm grazed the rock. He thought of Bertrand, free, outside of Coucy, and felt sorry for poor Bertrand.

They reached the first underground floor before they remembered that they were forgetting to talk, and this separation might last for years.

«Come on,» urged the keeper, waiting below, and lifting his flambeau in the darkness. «We go down to the prisons beneath.»

«Oh!» said Pierre and Madeleine, both drawing a breath of relief. There would be another flight of heavenly stairs, though the dungeon door waited like the grave at its foot. At this stage of their journey Madeleine put her arm about Pierre. She slipped into his hand and closed his fingers upon what had now become their love-token, the small purse of coin, the price of Jacques d'Arc's horse in Tours. France was an impoverished country, yet hoarded money, an unspent treasure, thus passed from hand to hand. The germ of home went hid therein. Pierre forecasted, with the happy certainty which brought good things to him, all the future to grow out of that seed. He saw the fair white-towered château he afterward built in Orléans, and the worship there given to this woman his wife, and to his mother, the mother of the pucelle. For the first time he thought of Jehannette without a rush of anguish.

«At Bourges I could not see you,» said Pierre, implying how much better it had befallen him at Coucy.

«At Bourges I began to think of you instead of my father,» revealed Madeleine.

Then he remembered there was such a person as Louis de Coutes, and inquired, as if such a tie would be of trivial importance compared with this exaggerated moment:

«They did not celebrate your marriage after you left court?»

«No,» answered Madeleine, also slighting the subject. And she added in simple explanation, «I will never have any husband but you.»

«I will never have any wife but you.»

«Here is your cell, messire,» spoke the jailer below.

Pierre and Madeleine clung together and kissed each other with their first kiss at parting. The garments which had been stripped from Pierre were tossed into the dungeon by his keeper. Not a glint of daylight would ever penetrate to this depth under Coucy. Once more, and yet once more, they kissed each other, and he went smiling alone to the chain which his jailer clanked beside the wall.

XVI.

THE lethargy which fell on France during the year Jeanne d'Arc lay in prison was like the sullenness of a beast that has been goaded to its last effort. The momentum she had given to war being withdrawn, the struggle ceased; yet at that very time the tide turned at Orléans was running out toward Britain, carrying the invaders with it.

From Beaurevoir along northern provinces to the sea her journey of captivity had been watched with tears. When she descended the coast and Rouen Castle inclosed her, the English held her by purchase from the Burgundians, and France slept on nearly a quarter of a century before rousing to demand what had been done in the name of law with its maid, at the end of that year's imprisonment.

Other nations took knowledge that a pucelle «of such high chivalry,» says a chronicler, «that there was no knight in Christendom whose fame overshadowed hers,» was on trial among her enemies; that she was put in a cage in the tower of Rouen Castle, chained with three chains, her feet manacled to a log of wood at night, and common soldiers occupied the room with a maid who

had veiled the life of her body from man; that in Rouen, the real capital of English France, it was believed the English would never have any success in arms while she lived.

So low had war-ridden and dismembered France sunk that not only was French money paid by the English purchasers of the pucelle, but Frenchmen were found in a corner of the realm willing to condemn her for the English. Pierre Cauchon, the Count-Bishop of Beauvais, who had resented some horse-dealings of her household, and all of the power so young a creature had acquired over armies, made himself her judge because she was taken in his diocese, and allowed her no counsel for defense. If the king had moved in her favor, he might have had her tried at Rome or Basel, where a religious conference was then in progress. She was accused of intending to settle the claims of the three quarreling popes.

Only one lawyer of Paris had the courage to declare her trial illegal from beginning to end, and he was obliged to leave Rouen in haste and betake himself to a place where he would be safer.

The Inquisition and the University of Paris were ordered to appear in the case against her, but not even a priest was permitted to speak for her.

When Jeanne was at Beaurevoir there was a tale told that she fell from the high tower, and was taken up for dead, in her frenzied attempt to escape and go back to the help of Compiègne; but it is not recorded that Orléans or Compiègne, or any other town, offered anything but processions and prayers for her release.

The Archbishop of Rheims issued from his part of the realm a comforting letter to his flock, assuring them that the maid had been abandoned as an instrument of heaven, but that they might count on the shepherd boy from the mountains.

In Bourges and Sully the winter was merry with cards and lute-playing. There the maid, when any one thought of her, was blamed for leaving court and throwing herself into danger. Perhaps Queen Yolande, and of a certainty Agnes Sorel, moved for her ransom; but meanness bred of long poverty held back, and the English neither held back nor hesitated to tax France for the money.

La Hire and De Xantrailles and her brother were in prison; but where were the young Duc d'Alençon, the Bastard of Orléans, and all those fair captains who had followed her banner to victory?

Seventy accusations, finally reduced to twelve Latin articles, were brought against the prisoner, chief of which were wearing man's clothes, leading troops to battle, pretending to have heavenly voices, blasphemy, and witchcraft. Only six public sessions were held, but the trial with closed doors dragged daily from February until nearly the end of May. An emaciated, fetter-worn maid, not yet nineteen years old, tormented by endless cunning questions, was driven to recite such matters as her secret prayer before the court: «Very tender God, in honor of your holy passion, I pray you, if you love me, that you will reveal to me how I ought to answer these churchmen. I know well, as to this habit, the commandment why I took it; but I do not know in what manner I ought to leave it off. Be pleased therefore to teach me.»

Or she was taunted about those voices, of whom she had spoken only when necessary in her life; or she was lured to confess sorcery in her victories, and answered indignantly: «En nom Dé, I did nothing but tell the men to go in boldly, and I went in myself; and I think it would be a good thing for France if I did now as I did before. Why do not the English quit France and begone into their own country?»

In Domremy the people waited some dreadful event, but Choux enjoyed the May sunshine in front of the Widow Davide's wine-shop. He resorted there because he had long been forbidden to come nearer her door than the boundary of the manure-heap. When Choux encroached beyond that stone line the Widow Davide made a sally with water, which usually struck him in the face and gave him his only experience of it. With his woolen cap-strings dripping, he slapped his breast and danced before his enemy.

«Does the Widow Davide think she can drown me? It is not permitted. Come out and drag me again to the Meuse, Widow Davide!»

«Have a care, or it shall yet be done, thou foul sorcerer!» threatened the Widow Davide. «Thou art spared for Jehannette d'Arc's sake, because she hath taken the tax off Domremy and Greux.»

«Things go better with me than with Jehannette d'Arc. Regard me! I have had a voice above two years, and I am not put in prison. I am indeed the flower of the Meuse valley.»

«Shut the door against him, Haumette,» said the Widow Davide to her daughter. «He will vaunt himself until poor Jacques d'Arc overhears his words. The D'Arcs may be en-

nobled, and Jehannette may have been a great general riding with the king, but Jacques d'Arc sits a broken-hearted man, and she is a prisoner. I see not that the D'Arcs are better off than I am, and I bore much scandal from thy roving summer, and the child that Aveline Laxart found by miracle in the church of Bury-la-Côte and killed by overnursing. Since she hath found one of her own this year without miracle, and can rest her tongue concerning St. Catherine and that other, it may die out of memory; but I see not that the D'Arcs, with two children laid in English prisons, are better off than I am.»

Haumette herself, gazing with chastened black eyes along Domremy street and across the interval to Greux, knew, as her mother did not, that hush of suspense, that martyr-worship of the maid's family, which hung over the villages. The greatness that had flashed upon her and struck her for her sin, and repented the blow in one agonized look of memory and tenderness, was stamped on Haumette forever. She was not sorry about the child in Bury-la-Côte, there being no maternity in her; but she repented with many prayers every day on her knees that she had been unfit for the touch of Jeanne d'Arc's sword.

In the May weather Mengette had the sense of some divine, terrible presence on the hills as she led her geese out early. She looked down at the church, thinking fearfully of St. Michael. If Isabel had not needed her so much during the year, her lonely life would have been unendurable. But Jacquemine d'Arc was now home from Vaucouleurs, and she was careful to keep out of his way. He looked at her in church, and he walked past her house when his work was done. He also sent his mother to reason with Mengette, and to prove that troth had never been broken between them by their quarrel. Mengette listened to Isabel without a word, and avoided Jacquemine.

He had not fared very well in Vaucouleurs. Gerardin d'Épinal said the people of Vaucouleurs refused him at sight as the brother of the pucelle; but when he adopted the name of Du Lys they rose up and cast their official over the city wall. He was needed at Domremy before he came riding dejectedly home; for Jacques d'Arc no longer went afield, or even tended the sheep, but sat always with Jeanne's letter, written before she went into France, spread open on the table.

Jacquemine had been home since midwinter. Usually when Mengette saw him approaching and increased the space between them, he turned off, or retraced the way he had come; but while she was watching her geese nip the short May grass which broke through the white hill soil, he drew quite close to her stealthily. Mengette left the gander quavering at this intrusion, and walked toward the oak woods, pulling wool on her distaff as if she thought only of spinning. Jacquemine followed her. She turned on the upland, having him at her heels, and her geese waddled in a long line to meet her.

«Mengette,» said Jacquemine, «I intend to come to speech with you this day, wherever you may set your face.»

She continued her walk.

«Gerardin d'Épinal says you do well to be rid of me, for I am a poor stunted creature, and you will make a better marriage.»

Mengette turned upon him. «That is not the truth.»

She saw at arm's length how wasted he was, and that the dear lines of his face, which had been hers since his boyhood, were stamped deep by care.

«I wish I had not gone to the vineyard the day we quarreled. I wish I had never gone to Vaucouleurs. Domremy is good enough for me. My father is plainly dying on account of Jehannette, and Pierre also is in prison. My brother Jean is settled at Vauthon. Whether my name be D'Arc or Du Lys, whether I be noble or simple, I have these old people to feed, and you have Choux. I must take my father's place, and tend the fields and vineyards.»

All the little jealousies of Jacquemine's life were swallowed up in fraternal love and anguish, and a sob almost rent his slight body.

«O Jehannette! O Pierrelo!»

Mengette dropped her distaff, and wept upon her own hands.

«But Choux,» said Jacquemine, still sobbing, «will live forever. My mother counsels that we marry at once, without waiting for him to die. We can take care of him together. If your mind be not fixed on making a better marriage, in God's name put me off no longer.»

«My mind was never turned to marriage with any other man, Jacquemine d'Arc.»

He picked up her distaff, and she took it, drawing out a thread, and brightening over the accustomed labor. Long talk and much spinning, following the geese through the grass, seeing their own peaceful world lying at their feet—these were the homely, sweet comforts which would never come to a man

on another hillside at the opposite corner of France.

Moist lush hills, holding Rouen in their lap, sloped skyward, though where the soil cropped out it was white like the soil of the Meuse valley. The Seine, full of wooded islands, flowed at their feet. A little later, cowslips and poppies would be showing through the green—thousands of lustrous-petaled cups massed in smears of yellow and crimson.

The ocean tide came up to Rouen. Bertrand de Poulengy watched the morning glint upon the river at intervals, but his mind was fixed within the walls, where the life of the city was spread below him, diminished only by distance. His horse grazed behind him on the heights which rolled toward Bonsecours chapel. He wore no plate-armor, and his lean body shrunk from his hose and leather cuirass and short tunic of chain mail. On his knees he had spread out a piece of the linen banner Jeanne d'Arc carried through all her battles. An archer had cut it up at Compiègne, and Bertrand's own captor the more willingly divided his fragment with his prisoner because he half feared the magic of the thing.

Bertrand traced over and over the city walls about which he had skirted helplessly. The gray pinnacled mass of Rouen Castle was grim even in May-time. Bedford was lord of that castle, though Warwick was captain of Rouen. Broad light upon hills and long Seine valley showed one of the fairest parts of Normandy; for here the peasant was guarded at his labor, Louviers, still held by La Hire's garrison, being the only unconquered town near by.

He noticed a bell tolling in Rouen, and the blackness made by congregated people, even when their raiment or armor is bright, showed in one quarter of the city near him. It was not very far from the castle's grayness that they were swarming together; and after a while a yellow glare struggled up in the midst of them. Wavering and lofty rose a pillar of smoke.

Bertrand de Poulengy stood up with his arms stretched behind him, the wrists back to back. He knew Jeanne d'Arc had not been condemned to perish at the stake. All the world knew she was a prisoner in Rouen Castle, yet undergoing trial. But who was chained to the iron stake in the market-place below him?

Bertrand began to feel the faintness of excessive heat, and to breathe the quivering air which whirled its white anguish about him. He felt his clothing scorch, and the shame of its cracking upon him, leaving him naked to cruel eyes.

«Water!» he whispered; «holy water!»

And then the flames rose about him, and he was alone in this red, stifling death, sinking in coals and hot plaster as fagots crumbled, breathing flame, his flesh running in liquid agony, his bones warping.

«Jesus!» he gasped; «Jesus!»

And then he felt himself drawn slowly upward, he heard music, he smelt a thousand sweet odors as numbness passed to gladness, the music became half distinct words, and he laughed in exultation:

«The voices!»

Light as air, he shot aloft from the earth, and turned his head to see, shooting up with the same impulse from the smoke in Rouen, a dove. He forgot his own flight, and hung watching it. Without flutter of wings or swerve of body, it rose and rose, and was gone in the dazzle. Sinking, he watched in a kind of trance for that dove to reappear, remembering skylarks on the Vosges hills, and forgetting that he had ever suffered.

Mists gathered from the void, and set a lower sky betwixt the dove and him. The emotions which come like winds from we know not what hollows of space to play upon us, poor helpless stringed instruments of flesh and spirit, played on him and made eternity about him. Bertrand lay on the hill overlooking Rouen until late afternoon.

The rain with sudden little whip-lashes cut him, and water ran in minute tricklings about him. The sun broke out, and the smoke, curved and driven into fantastic shapes by the wet air, again rose straight from Rouen, thinning to airy blueness. He was in peace, as in some divine ether. Sometimes the breathing and low grinding of his courser, the companion of many a long journey on the earth, intruded near by. But the horse was not insistent like a man who stood over him, heavy shod in the herbage, shaking him and saying:

«Bertrand! Bertrand de Poulengy!»

He looked at the man with slow interest.

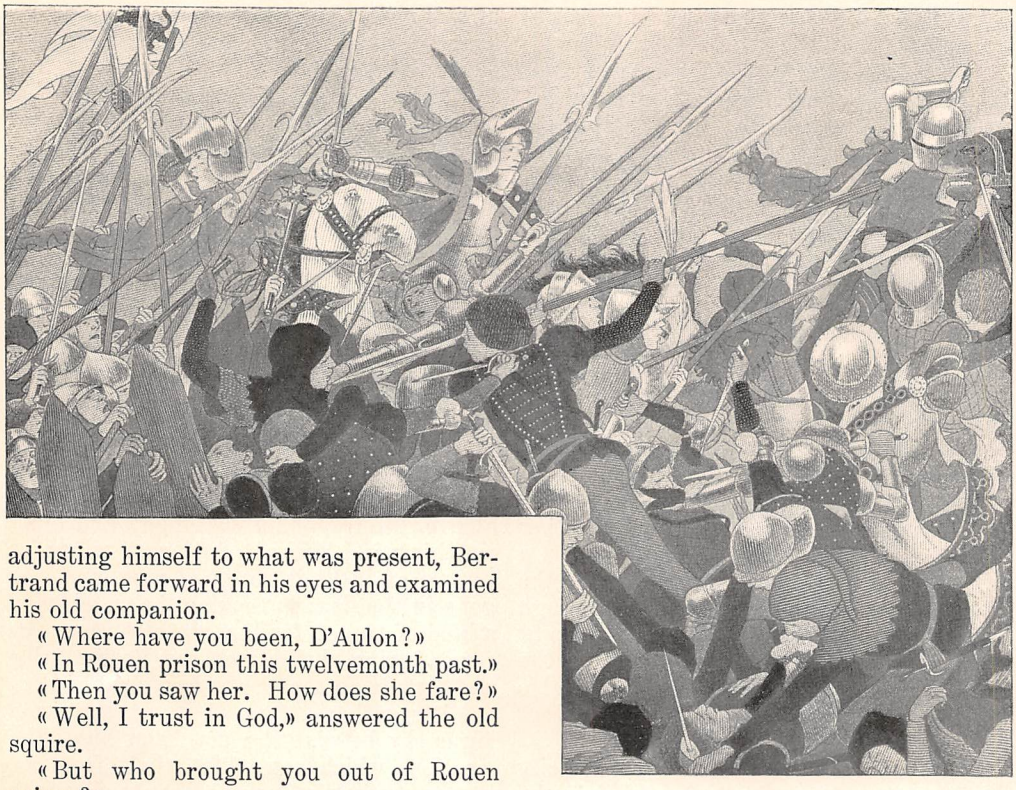
«Is it thou, Bertrand? There is little left of thy face except the bones and blue eyes.»

«D'Aulon, have you died also?»

«What ails thee, lad? Has prison made a ghost of me?»

«I think I dreamed.» The young squire sat up, and the old squire sat on the ground beside him.

The air was sweet after rain, and all scent of smoke was gone. With the instinct of



THE CAPTURE OF

adjusting himself to what was present, Bertrand came forward in his eyes and examined his old companion.

«Where have you been, D'Aulon?»

«In Rouen prison this twelvemonth past.»

«Then you saw her. How does she fare?»

«Well, I trust in God,» answered the old squire.

«But who brought you out of Rouen prison?»

«The pucelle's ransom money that she sent from Bourges a year ago.»

«Yes, she sold all her nags. She ransomed you; but no one ransoms her. D'Aulon, did they burn a prisoner in Rouen to-day?»

«I heard so.»

«Was it a man or a woman?»

«It was a woman, lad.»

Bertrand looked down, and twisted his fingers in the grass.

«Doubtless it was some poor old woman.»

The other squire leaned forward, sheltering his face with both hands. «No; she was young.»

«We are used to war, you and I, D'Aulon. Never mind the woman they burned, but tell me about the pucelle. Does she think we have all forgotten her?»

«Would a poor squire be allowed any speech with the pucelle, lad?»

«No, no; I never have learned in all my service how far beneath her I am.»

«Where have you been, Bertrand, this twelvemonth past?»

«All over the northern provinces, trying to collect robbers to attack Rouen, since there are no longer any soldiers in France. You say they burned a woman to-day. But she was not the age of the pucelle?»

«About the age of the pucelle,» answered the old squire, and he broke into groans and tears, bending forward upon his knees and weeping aloud.

Bertrand made no noise but an audible swallowing, as if struggling for breath in the midst of smoke. He waited a long time for the other to be done wailing.

«They burned a young maid alive—a young maid about the age of the pucelle,» he resumed. «Did you see it done, D'Aulon?»

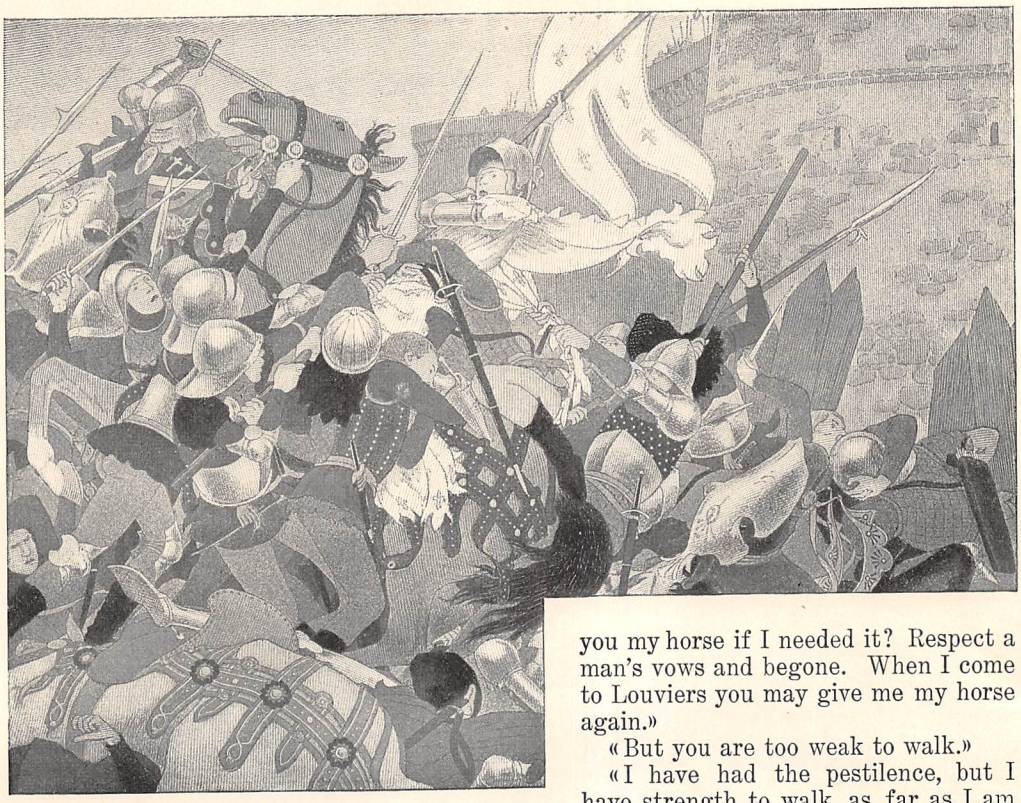
«No, I did not see it. I could not see a thing like that done, but the streets were full of weeping women, and weeping men, too, as I came out of the prison. Her name was on every side.»

«Do not speak her name,» said Bertrand, sharply. «Did this young maid suffer long?»

«I think not very long, though the pile was purposely built so high that the executioner could not reach her to shorten her suffering. She had a cross brought from the nearest church, and held up where she could see it, and she called out for holy water.»

D'Aulon still hid his face in his hands.

«The priest stayed with her until he was in danger of burning also. Then she made him come down off the pile. It was afterward



JEANNE AT COMPIÈGNE.

that she called for water. And the people say she also cried aloud the name of Jesus. No, it was not very long that the blessed maid was forced to suffer. For her head soon fell upon her breast. The flames took wonderful shapes as of wings. And there were men near who heard her speak of something else.»

«What was it?»

D'Aulon looked aside at the young squire, and whispered: «She spoke of voices. And a soldier fell in a fit. He saw a dove rise from the fire.»

Both squires sat like stone, the younger one with an unwinking gaze fixed on Rouen. When the sun was gone he said, without turning his head:

«D'Aulon, I took your name while you were in prison. Whatever I did as her squire was done in your name.»

«Why did you take my name?»

«God knows. It was my whim. She praised you once. I give it back to you with my horse. Take my horse and ride to Louviers. You will find friends in Louviers.»

«By St. Martin, I will not take the courser from under you and leave you here alone in sight of this cursed city.»

«D'Aulon, I never loved you. Would I give you my horse if I needed it? Respect a man's vows and begone. When I come to Louviers you may give me my horse again.»

«But you are too weak to walk.»

«I have had the pestilence, but I have strength to walk as far as I am to go.»

«Let me put you on the courser and fare beside you.»

«Take him, or another may seize his bridle with less right.»

The shadows would overtake D'Aulon on his perilous ride. When he was gone, the young squire made haste down to the Seine and waited there until a great Norman horse came out of the city gates, drawing a cart. A haggard man walked beside the cart, and he turned and carefully backed his horse near the water. Iridescent brine and the reflected rosiness of sunset made pools of fire-opal in the Seine. The tide was up. When it ran out it would carry drenched refuse of a funeral pile, plaster in which the stake had been fixed, ashes, charred bone, and one great darkly crimson clot like a ruby.

«Her heart it was so full of blood it would not burn,» muttered the man beside the cart; and looking across his load, he saw a pinched blue-eyed face at the other wheel. The Norman peasant took off his cap to his superior.

«Are you the executioner of Rouen?»

«Yes, messire.»

«Did you burn a woman there to-day?»

«Yes, messire.»

«For what was she condemned?»

«Sorcery, messire, though there be many say she died a martyr, and ten thousand people wept.»

«When was she condemned?»

«Early this morning, messire. God forgive her judges!»

Bertrand clung with both lean hands to the spokes of the wheel. «What was her name?»

«Jeanne d'Arc, messire—that great captain of the French called the pucelle.»

Jeanne d'Arc!—a splash in the Seine, a dissolving of ashes, a spread of sinking fragments. No! There was a mightier presence in that sunset land. It was the time of evening when she rode in to her victories.

Behind the carter's back, and so quietly that his sinking made no sound, Bertrand let himself down into the water to float with her to the sea. He heard the rush of troops, the clang of armor, the crash of falling walls, and a woman's voice, a leader's voice, an angel's voice, bell-like, spreading its tones wave upon wave, until they seemed to reach the horizon, to ripple over France and around the world:

«Amys! Amys! ayez bon courage! Sus! Sus! Ils sont tous nostres!»

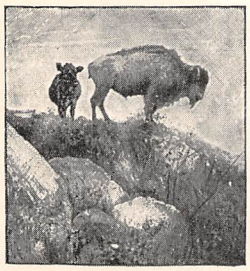
THE END.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

WILD ANIMALS IN A NEW ENGLAND GAME-PARK.

THE CORBIN GAME PRESERVE.

HERD OF BUFFALOES.

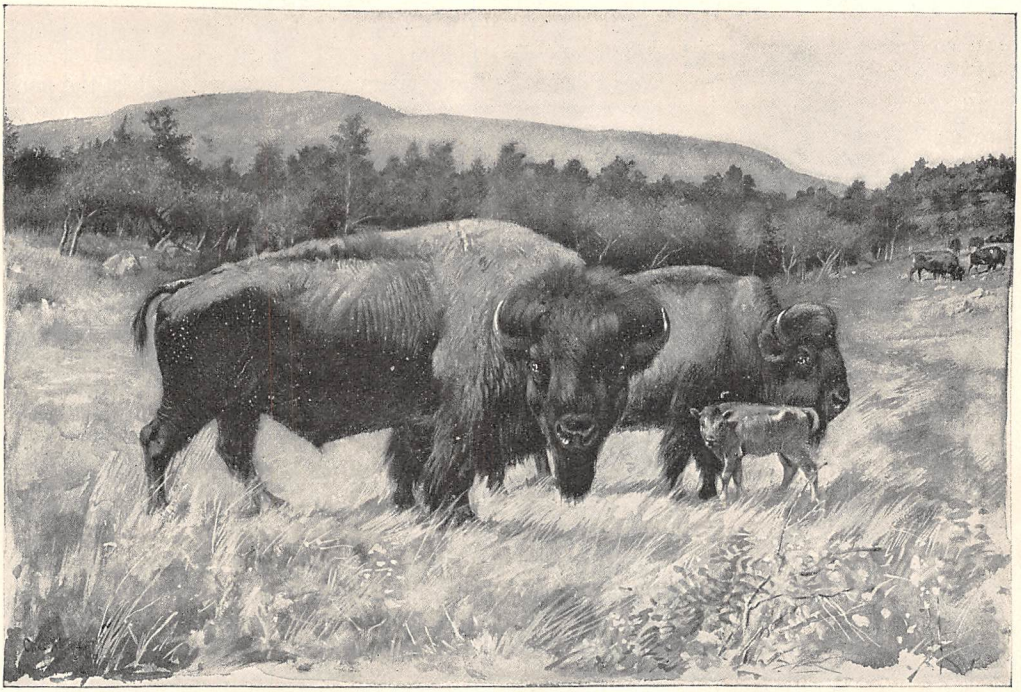


THE propagation of the nobler wild animals under such conditions as suit their native instincts has passed beyond the realm of experiment at the game-park founded by the late Austin Corbin at Newport, New Hampshire. There, a wire fence girdling twenty-six thousand acres, picturesquely composed of mountain, forest, and meadow, imprisons nearly four thousand shy creatures, to find which elsewhere the sportsman or sightseer must penetrate some remote and primitive wilderness where—

> Great Nature dwells
> In awful solitude, and naught is seen
> But the wild herds that own no master's stall.

Yet that can scarcely be called a prison wherein the inmates have such happy freedom of range that they do not know they are captives; where all the disguises of habitat closely follow the dictates of nature; where the moose, the buffalo, the elk, the wild boar of the German Black Forest, and the stag of Great Britain, live very much at home. In the diversities of a park nearly eleven miles long by more than four in width, with every variety of highland and lowland, woodland, thicket, and open, the artifice of man has only modified first estate along those lines which tend to save. The bull moose trumpets to the call of his mate on the wooded crests of Croydon Mountain as lustily as in the thickets of Nova Scotia; elks and stags and buffaloes lock horns and gore each other there as freely as in wilds where man has never trod; and one may see in some glade the great head of a boar scowling in his garniture of tusks and bristles, where, disturbed from his dinner of beechnuts, he lingers uncertain whether to fight or fly.

It is true that in the atmosphere of the «animal-garden» one can never feel the

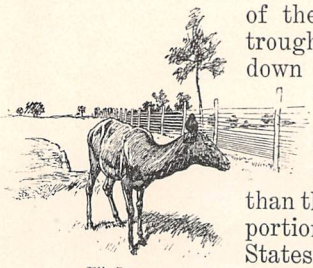


DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

A GROUP OF BUFFALOES.

genuine poetry of the wilderness. The conditions cannot distil that quintessence of delight which sweetens the cup of the sportsman or naturalist gone back to savage habit. The screech of a railway whistle is a sad dispeller of illusions. A group of elk crunching fruit in an apple-orchard (the Corbin preserve includes many abandoned farms) spoils a little the romance of nature; and it is a disenchantment, in facing the red eye of a bull buffalo glaring out of a shag of hair not fifty feet away, to feel that the huge creature is interested only in chewing his cud and whisking away the flies.

Blue Mountain Forest Park, as the preserve is called, includes parts of four townships, and lies near the enterprising borough of Newport on the Concord and Claremont branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It is said to be the biggest game-park in the world, except one owned by the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, and one or two royal demesnes on the Continent. Of course, in making comparisons one must exclude those immense public preserves, as big as provinces, where the British government of India seeks to save the elephant from extinction, and our own national parks in the West. The name of Blue Mountain attaches to the entire spur of hills which bisects the park, while Croydon designates its highest shoulder, rising to the height of nearly three thousand feet. The steep and densely wooded heights of Croydon, curving like a hump, break the sky-line in the shape of a camel's back; nearby a skirting cañon opens a carriage-route across the mountain. In characteristics it belongs rather to the Green Mountain than to the White Mountain range, though it seems disconnected from both. The verdure of an immense forest of spruce, fir, hemlock, pine, birch, beech, and maple infolds it to the very crest, with here and there a brown patch of clearing. The perspective unrolls none of the grandeur of distinctive mountain scenery which makes northern New Hampshire a famous goal of summer pilgrimage. The aspect is gracious, idyllic, picturesque, with that variety of charm which caresses rather than startles the eye. Yet whoever toils up the acclivities of Croydon, through tangled wood and thicket, may easily fancy himself a thousand miles from the haunts of men. He may miss the glimpse of a moose crashing through the trees with leveled antlers; for this shy creature is rarely visible, and must be stalked with patience or watched for many days. But the forest itself is centuries old, primeval in its interlocked gloom, with but little sifting of sunshine through the umbrella-like top. In this section—midland New Hampshire—tree-life is prodigious in its force. The flora


Elk Doe.

of the great glacial trough which sweeps down the Vermont valley and that of the Connecticut River is richer in variety than that of any other portion of the United States or of all Europe. The greater part of the Corbin inclosure consists of abandoned farms, many of them already beginning to bristle with saplings; for the woods are on the march. Dismantled houses with windows and doors gaping like holes in a skull, ramshackle barns rotten and weather-stained, the wreck of stone fences thick-set with brambles—these meet the eye at every turn.

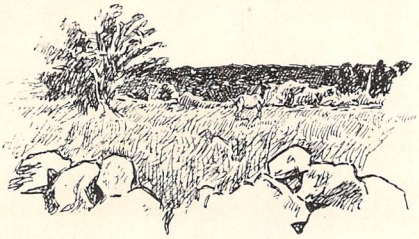
The general outline of the park is that of an ellipse with respective diameters of about four and a half and eleven miles, and the surface is cut diagonally by a backbone of mountain running northeast. The lower slopes and the meadow-levels are diversified with brooks and swamp land, while extensive groves of second growth profusely dot the surface. It is in these that the wild swine, the progenitors of which clashed their tusks against the boar-spears of medieval kings and barons, root and propagate their kind with a fecundity which is a marvel to the keepers. One can scarcely grasp the bigness of the park by figures. But let the reader fancy a demesne considerably more than double the size of Boston and all its suburbs; thirty times the area of Central Park, New York; almost ten times bigger than Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; or fourteen times the acreage of the whole park system of Chicago. Roads, many of them thoroughfares of days gone by, variously intersect the inclosure, and an excellent carriage-track crosses the park from east to west through the picturesque notch. On the western side the declivity is more sloping and open, but has the same agreeable diversity of scene. A wire fence, partly mesh, partly barbed, nearly eight feet in height and twenty-seven miles in circuit, confines the four-footed tenants within its steel barrier. The same posts which support the fence until the trees which have been set shall have grown to take their place, string a telephone connecting the nine substations at the different gates with the central station, the home of the superintendent, the Corbin villa, and the town of Newport. The keepers and other employees of the park vary from twenty-five to fifty, according to the season of the year. It need scarcely be said that the needs of attendance compel a vigilance which never rests. Merely to watch the fence, lest it should have parted somewhere by accident or wanton malice, requires an inspection twice a week. This is the duty of two men who live respectively at the extreme north and south ends of the park. They begin their tramp at dawn, and approach each other on the east side. Crossing the inclosure in company through the notch to the West Pass gate, where there is a little tumble-down hamlet,—Poppy Squash,—now pretty much a matter of bygone days, they part and return to their respective stations.

Listening to the Buck.

These park constables possibly find their duty-round, pursued through rain and sunshine, cold and heat, a dull itinerary, without touch to kindle the fancy or give a tingle to the blood. «The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense,» and one can imagine in these recurrent tours such chances of delightful observation as rarely come to others.

Reports about all matters of interest are made to the superintendent every morning from each substation. The wanderings of the animals, so far as they can be followed, are specially noted; for in the early day the shyer ones more aptly appear in search of breakfast. They are on principle left as much as possible to care for themselves, as in their primitive estate. To insure abundance of drink, however, stone troughs fed by running water are scattered over every square mile; and here and there artificial salt-licks provide what is necessity and luxury alike to all the deer and ox tribes. With few exceptions, the animals find their own shelter, forage for their own food in summer heats and winter frosts, bring forth and provide for their young according to their instincts, without help or hindrance from man. His wardship is practised only to guard against any in-

Doe.

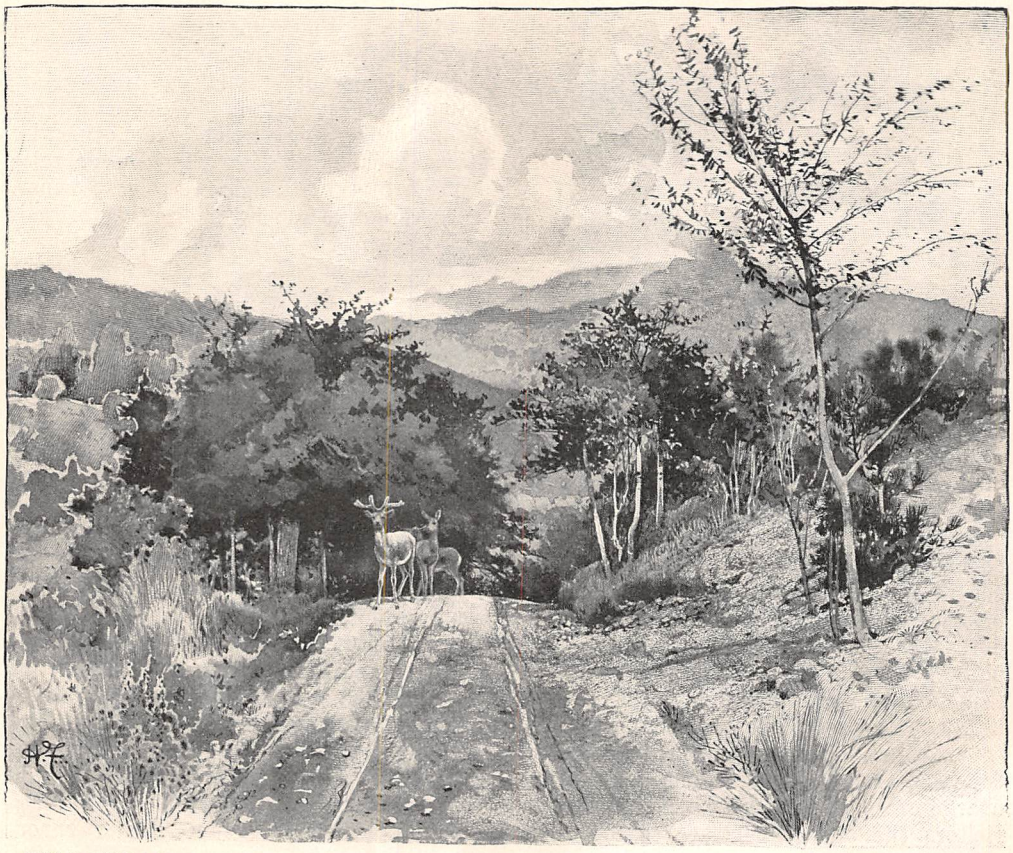


terference with natural laws. The central station, near the southeast corner of the park, is the great ganglion of the system of oversight. Here Superintendent Stockwell, who has had the management since the outset, makes his headquarters, and news converges to him from all directions. His horse stands saddled for him at all times to meet any emergency for his presence, though such flying trips are rarely needed. Here are the barns where is stored the green fodder in siloes for the winter feeding of the buffalo herd and the polled Angus cattle. It may be noted, however, in passing that the full-grown buffaloes, armor-clad against the most cutting wind and cold in the sheathing of their heavy coats, prefer a knee-deep billet in the snow to the shelter of the sheds. Here, also, the boar-hounds are kenneled under the charge of an experienced keeper. To many visitors the dog-kennels are scarcely less attractive than the other spectacles of the park. The eye chiefly fastens on that most stalwart of the canine race, the Great Dane, made recently more famous by companionship with Bismarck, and used in Germany for bringing the wild boar to bay, as more stanch and powerful than any other breed. Its huge bulk is suggestively wrapped in a brindled hide which blends the spots of the leopard and the tiger-stripes, and so befits the ferocity with which it buckles itself to its prey. While these dogs have been successfully used in bringing the wild boar to bay amid the brakes of Blue Mountain Forest, its purpose has hitherto looked rather to the multiplication of animal life as a problem of scientific and practical interest than to its extinction in the pleasures of the chase.

The principle of game-preserving betrays different aspects according to the point of view. In history it has been closely linked with chartered barbarism, with caste proscription, and with the cruelest laws on the statute-book. The same spirit has not yet been wholly uprooted in Europe by the march of time. On the other hand, the preservation of four-footed or feathered game on a large or small scale, to save them from otherwise inevitable extinction, is a righteous exercise of power by the State or the private owner. The annihilation of many interesting forms of animal life in the United States and throughout the world is a threat at which we cannot easily blink. The so-called buffalo, properly designated the bison, a hundred years ago roamed in countless herds from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. In George Washington's diary of his journey immediately after the Revolutionary War, through what is now western Virginia and eastern Ohio, he mentions that the only well-defined paths through the wilderness were the routes to the salt-licks trampled by the buffaloes. At the time of the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad (1869) they numbered, by the estimate of Mr. W. T. Hornaday of the Smithsonian Institution, about six millions. Three years ago there were supposed to be about two hundred head of buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park, designed to be the great game-preserve of the nation. But even the cavalry force under the command of the superintendent has not saved this forlorn herd from the rifle of the poacher. The last report estimates the survivors at fewer than fifty. Captain Anderson recommends that even this remnant should be at once distributed among the zoölogical gardens and private preserves of the country to insure their safety and further increase by breeding.

Herd of Deer.

A great diminution is also true, though in less degree, of the moose and the elk. As in this article the popular names have been given to animals, it may be explained that our so-called moose is the true elk, and that our elk is simply the wapiti deer or stag, the American representative of the red deer of Europe. The moose was once common over the whole



DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

LOOKING NORTH.

United States, from New England to the Pacific coast, in the mountainous sections. It is now, in lessening numbers, found only in northern Maine; and before many years its range will be limited to Canada. The same probability holds true as respects the caribou, or American reindeer. The facts, political and geographical, which retard the rapid growth of human society will probably keep that immense region eminently suitable to the increase and development of wild animals, and one of the favorite hunting-grounds of the world. The elk, from the great range of its habitat, and its more omnivorous feeding-habit, will linger longer; but with the tightening pressure of the farm, the cattle-range, and lumbering enterprise in the wilder regions of the West, and the annual swarming thither of American and European sportsmen, the elk, too, before many years will have disappeared.

The inception of Blue Mountain Forest Park occurred less than eight years ago. Austin Corbin, a native of Newport, New Hampshire, began a unique enterprise amid scenes endeared by early memory and well ordered by nature for the end in view. The germ of the project was paltry beside the bigness and celerity of its evolution, for the plot grew with its planning. The capitalist who, despite his great business operations, had never lost his love of nature was warmly interested in preserving the wilder face of his native region. The Corbin family farm of three hundred acres, which was afterward increased to a spacious country-seat of fourteen hundred acres, lay on the edge of what is now the great animal-preserve. Yet the beginning of the land purchases constituting the park was in part a matter of accident. It led, however, to the further acquirement of desirable property which adjoined at the outset, with the notion of attracting friends to establish summer homes amid picturesque and healthful surroundings. Another factor soon came to the fore. Mr. Corbin had received, several years before, a present of a pair of deer, buck and doe, from his brother, and these he kept at his Long Island country-seat. His love of animals, spurred by ob-

servation, induced further purchases of deer of several varieties, and the herd soon grew to a respectable size. The moist climate of the island did not prove favorable to any but the white-tailed or Virginian deer, which is indigenous to the region; so in the most natural way the thought of his newly acquired New Hampshire property linked itself with the preservation of the wild stock which languished in its sea-bound home.

Out of this stage the larger conception of a park in which could be preserved a representative collection of such of the larger game animals of the North American continent as could safely harbor together, had a rapid birth in the mind of a man whose imagination ran *pari passu* with his passion for animated nature, and who had wealth to execute his purpose. Mr. Corbin, after he had roughly outlined the dimensions and topography of the tract which seemed to be needed, began at once to negotiate for the adjacent properties. His enthusiasm kindled with each step and expanded the scope of his plan as he foresaw the possibilities of a great nursery and breeding-forest of the creatures of the wilderness, from which the wants of other parks might be supplied. It took three years to consummate the purchase, involving from first to last the transfer of three hundred and seventy-five titles. Many of these tracts had been in the ownership of the same families since the first settlement of the country. Many of them were farms wholly or partly abandoned, and some of them ranges of mountain forest where the woodsman's ax had never cut a chip, while a few were as highly cultivated as any agricultural lands in New England. To secure them in continuity required nice diplomacy, and the masking of the Corbin project as long as possible. Some of the parcels were bought in other names, and now and again rural shrewdness pitted itself not unsuccessfully against financial experience. Yet, on the whole, there was no serious trouble in arranging satisfactory terms from one dollar to twenty-five dollars per acre. Superintendent Stockwell, native of a farm now within the park limits, who knew the landholders and land values for many miles about, was the adroit agent of his chief in effecting this web of purchases.

Nor did the stocking of the preserve offer any obstacles not easily overcome by the enthusiasm of the owner. The first-comers of the buffalo colony were purchased in Iowa, where a few had been semi-domesticated, and the last ten were secured from a somewhat noted Western character, «Buffalo» Jones of Omaha, Nebraska. This personage conducted a small wild-stock farm, and his pair of buffalo bulls tamed to the plow, and his team of elk broken to harness, inspired many a newspaper paragraph. The elk and moose were derived from different sources in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, and Maine, at prices ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars for elk, and from one hundred to two hundred dollars for moose. The wild swine from the German Black Forest were imported through Hagenbeck, the famous animal-merchant, at a cost of one thousand dollars for the fourteen progenitors of the droves which now swarm in the Blue Mountain woods. Mr. Corbin's interest soon extended to the inclusion of foreign as well as indigenous fauna. The fallow and red deer were derived from Great Britain, the black-tail deer from Montana, while the Adirondacks and the Aroostook forests of Maine contributed the common Virginian deer, the caribou having also been sent from the last-named region. The prodigious increase in these originals is a suggestive object-lesson, indeed, on the facility with which parks and preserves may be stocked with wild animals.

Of the large fauna indigenous to New Hampshire, the wolf passed long ago with the native elk and moose; and in the vicinity of Newport the visit of a bear, a panther, or a deer was so rare before the founding of the Corbin preserve that such an event was a nine days' wonder. Among the quadrupeds, racoons, foxes, and squirrels (both varieties, the fox and the red) furnished the rural sportsman with his most attractive game. But since the establishment of the park there has been a change full of interest and significance. Several large bears have been killed on the very edge of the inclosure,

DRAWN BY E. E. THOMPSON.

BIGHORN, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

MOOSE.

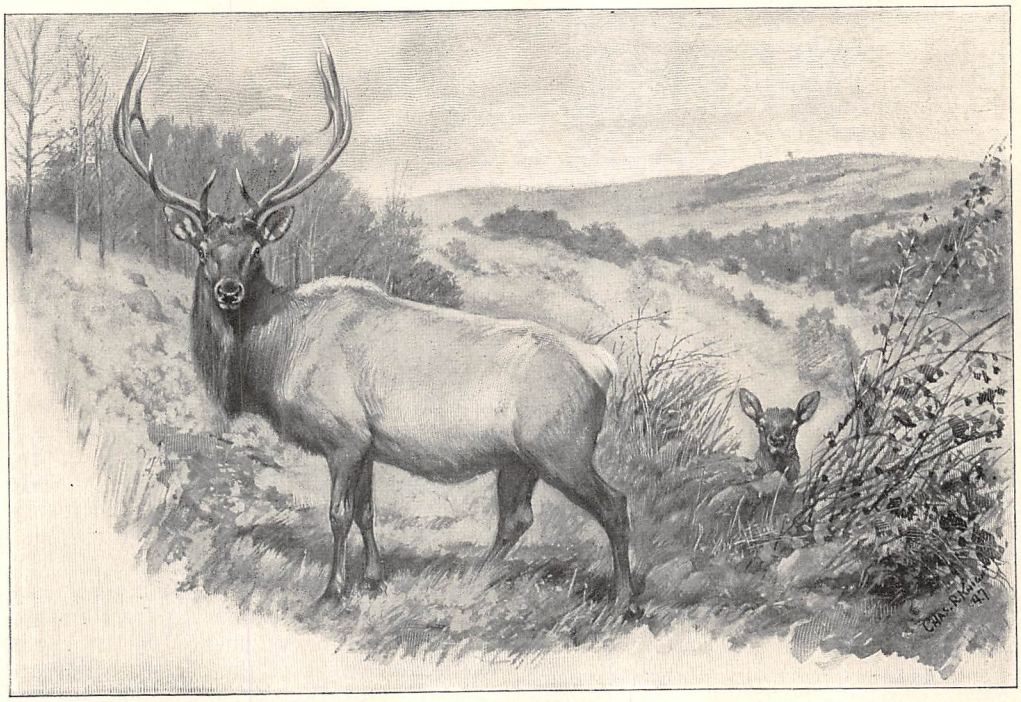
and many have been seen in the neighboring forests. Panthers and wildcats too have become by no means uncommon in a region where they had been previously nearly extinct, and wild deer have become plentiful in the vicinity. This opens a curious field of speculation to the scientist and the natural-history observer. Can it be possible that some mysterious affinity has lured back creatures once native from their distant retreats? or that accidental spies have carried the news, and that the instinct of companionship or the desire of prey has been irresistible? If the fact is authentic as to this reappearance of the *feræ naturæ* in the vicinity of the Corbin preserve (and there seems no reasonable doubt), it suggests additional reason for the institution of game-parks by the lovers of wild field-sports. It becomes a question not only of preserving animals, but of the stocking of wood and mountain, by the force of natural law, about a carefully guarded nucleus, in a region where the utilities of life cannot be economically pursued.

It is roughly estimated that Mr. Corbin's enterprise has cost nearly a million dollars, aside from the expense of annual maintenance, which equals the interest on half as much more. The details of administration have been managed with a skill and care parallel with the lavish expense of money. Study of habit has gone hand in hand with provision against the accidents of a wild state to produce a spectacle fascinating to lovers of the animal kingdom. In the parade of the creatures represented in Blue Mountain Forest it is fitting to give precedence to the buffalo. It is in many ways the most typical animal of the North American continent. The boundless profusion of the herds which marked an earlier period proved how it fared in the natural war known as the survival of the fittest. The buffalo's bellicose front is a ludicrous paradox. Formidable in mass, when its army of glancing horns and shaggy breasts could easily have demolished a regiment of Napoleon's cuirassiers, the individual buffalo is as pacific as a milch-cow. The writer approached one grazing by the roadside with a call of «Bos! bos!» — the same cry with which the Yankee farm-lad and the Roman herdsman twenty centuries ago have called the cattle home. The great creature immediately sidled up with lolling tongue, as if begging a handful of salt. Its ugliness of aspect comes of the enormous size of its head, behind which the great muscles attached for its support build a hump on the shoulders. It is this hump which furnishes one of the epicure's favorite game dishes. Long, shaggy hair of dark brown covers the forehead and shoulders, and in winter this becomes a curly, felted mane extending half-way to the animal's flanks. The small red eyes gleaming from their thicket of hair look singularly sullen and vicious. The great convexity of the forehead, which bulges out and overhangs like a beetling cliff, so different from the angles of the skull characterizing the other *Bovidæ*, adds greatly to the menace of its aspect. The horns curve laterally, and are so hidden in shag that their length can scarcely be appreciated, though they are used with terrible execution by the bulls in their fights. The largest of the bulls at the Corbin preserve is so dangerous a duelist that he is not allowed at large. Last year he killed a rival in what must have been a Homeric battle, though no one saw the conflict. The earth was plowed up and reddened for many square rods, and the vanquished hero was frightfully gored. The victor was found pawing the ground and bellowing with triumph, as proud as Achilles dragging the corpse of Hector around Ilium. However pugnacious with its own kind during the rutting-season, the buffalo, unlike other animals in the preserve, shows no disposition to attack man.

The domestication of the buffalo, and the possibilities of crossing the breed, have been

subjects of experiment at the park. The variety of cattle known as «polled Angus,» foremost among British herds in bigness of bone, milk-giving quality, and delicacy of flesh, was selected for the trial. The buffalo bulls were eager to vanquish the native lords in the trial of horns, and to add the cows to their own following, but beyond this the results have not been encouraging. The attempt, however, has not been abandoned, as there seems to be no important structural difference. Darwin, in his «Domestication of Animals and Plants,» lays stress on the fact that the taming of wild animals to the use of man was a matter of uncounted ages, consummated by very gradual steps in the process of selection, and by a wise use of the accidents of variation. Man, even as savage or barbarian, had scientific instincts. It is a curious fact, too, that the domesticated animal relapses so easily into wildness, and that some of the most formidable creatures in their wild state become the most docile servants of man. The elephant and the buffalo of India and South Africa are illustrations of this. The urus, or primitive ox of Europe, which attained such a size that Cæsar describes it as only a little smaller than the elephant, has been within historic times the hunter's quarry solely. The great Roman emphasizes its ferocity as sparing neither man nor beast, and offering a splendid school of daring for the young German warriors. Yet the bones of the urus have been found so profusely mixed with the bronze, polished flints, and pottery relics of the Swiss and Bavarian lake-dwellers as to make it certain that among this primitive race the savage beast was usefully domesticated. On the other hand, all man's art has failed to tame the native wild cattle of Great Britain, supposed to be the nearest modern relatives of the urus, still preserved at Chillingham, Cadzow forest, and other English parks. The docile temper of the buffalo ought to present no difficulties to its complete domestication, and experiment has gone far enough to prove that its kind will live and breed as certainly as ordinary cattle, with even less protection from stress of weather.

The Old-World congener of the buffalo, the aurochs of the Germans, was two hundred years ago scattered well over central and eastern Europe. Larger and fiercer than its American relative, it attacks man fearlessly, charging the peaceful wayfarer as well as the hunter. A recent report limits their present number to less than five hundred, a rapidly diminishing herd preserved by the Russian czar in a Lithuanian forest. Imperial protec-



DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

AMERICAN ELK.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

VIRGINIA DEER.

tion has failed where Mr. Corbin's treatment has been highly successful. The herd in Blue Mountain Forest now numbers seventy, and a dozen or more calves are looked for in the spring. At the expected rate of increase, not many years should elapse before the Corbin preserve can supply all the park and menagerie needs of America, and perhaps of Europe. It is true that a care is bestowed on this animal which no others in the park receive. The calves and yearlings are housed in sheds during the winter, each grade being kept separate from the others, and the adults have access at will to a similar protection. They are fed with green maize fodder and hay, which serve well in lieu of the famous buffalo-grass, as no attempt to grow it in the park has succeeded. Widely distributed over the Western prairies and mountain-slopes in great patches, this seems to partake of the nature of a leguminous plant as well as of a true grass. During the winter its dried and twisted leaves coil into a bulb, which sheathes a tender green heart, full of sweetness and succulence, as of fragrant clover-blossoms, where bees hum the busiest. The wild herds scent its presence beneath the deep snow with unerring prescience. But the sleek hides of the animals in Blue Mountain Forest after a winter's siege indicate a toothsome substitute.

The cows calve in April and May, and the young ones are weaned in the autumn, just before the early snowfall, though in the natural state they follow their mothers for several years. The process of separation is one of difficulty, not to say danger, and is somewhat dreaded by the gamekeepers; yet cow and calf quickly forget each other. When the snow flies the adult herd is driven into winter quarters by horsemen. The coat now fades to a dingy yellow, which deepens again with the spring running, till late autumn burnishes the fur into a glossy dark brown, and grows it to a downy thickness. Aside from the change wrought by greater familiarity with and indifference to the presence of man, the buffalo of the park and the wild animal of the plains are quite the same in habit. The captives wander about in two parties, sometimes augmented by the Angus cattle, the larger of the shaggy bands accompanied by that valiant bull which has won the primacy in battle. They roam from

ten to twenty miles a day through the lower levels of the park, never consorting with the *Cervidæ*, or deer-people, as Kipling would call them, lazily browsing wherever the herbage is most tempting. But they rarely fail to visit the sand-wallows, in which they roll and scour their hides; for *Bison americanus* is a cleanly fellow in spite of his unkempt and bearded aspect, which promises an abode for clans of parasites.

Up to a very recent date only seven of the buffalo herd had been sold; but at the time of this writing a further disposition of twenty-six head to Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, is said to have been negotiated. The prices demanded have been much below the real value, from four hundred to four hundred and forty dollars each, as sales have been made to favored customers only, public park or private menagerie. The animals are transferred from the park to the freight-station in huge wheeled crates; and when these vehicles are backed up to the car, and the door opened wide, the captives, restless in their close quarters, promptly retire crab-fashion into their new prison. When a single buffalo is shipped, he is kept in his crate till the journey's end.

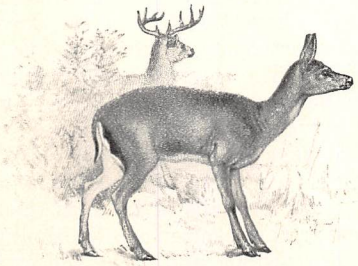
The gregarious habit of the buffalo is much less noticeable in the elk, or wapiti deer, the American representative of the European stag. In Blue Mountain Forest this species numbers not less, probably considerably more, than a thousand. Surpassed only by the moose in size, and far more graceful, it towers a foot higher than the stag, and is correspondingly bigger in horns and barrel. The buck has the most majestic bearing of the cervine tribe, and tosses such a crown of antlers as to make this the coveted prize which, more than any other cause, leads to its pursuit, for as food the flesh is coarse. The neck is long, the color shading from tan to brown, except on the hind legs, where white patches edged with black stamp the universal badge of the elk. The antler-

DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

FALLOW-DEER.

points grow forward and fork into tines numerous and wide-spreading; for it is not rare to find this crowning ornament from four to five feet in width by three in height. They reach their full size at rutting-time in September, when the buck is armed at all points for his annual duels, and are shed during the spring months, unlike other members of the deer tribe, which drop their antlers in the winter. The elk is the most pasha-like in family habit, and its jealousies are curiously human. The duels of the bucks, however, are rarely fatal. Interlocking their great horns, they wrestle with such obstinacy as sometimes to break off a portion of the antlers; sometimes, indeed, one may toss his antagonist: but they rarely gore each other, perhaps from the wide spread of the horns and the too great distribution of the force of impact, for one may fancy the inclination not lacking. Sometimes the bucks turn «rogues,» and are habitually fierce. These may charge working-parties or visitors with fury at any time, so they are speedily shot; but any of the bucks are likely to try conclusions with humankind in the September-October season.

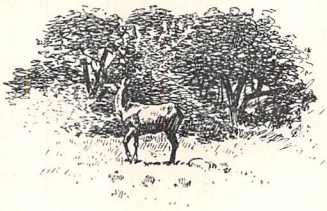
Many are the anecdotes of narrow escape from hoof and horn at Blue Mountain, and these are always associated with the capricious antics of the stag elk. The does bring forth their young in May, amid the dense thickets, and it is not till midsummer that they emerge into the open with their frolicsome offspring. They are rarely seen in association of more than half a dozen, and the sexes do not mingle except at the rutting-



DRAWN BY E. E. THOMPSON.

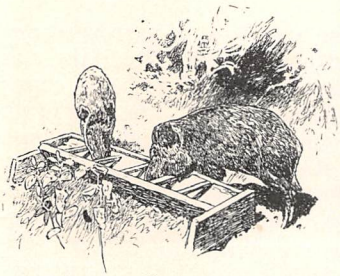
COMMON AMERICAN DEER.

season. Once the stag has beguiled or annexed as large a herd as possible, he becomes for the while the most uxorious of husbands. The superintendent of the park related a curious comedy of animal life in an instance of an elk's cross-purposes, his pugnacity inflamed yet thwarted by conjugal ardor. Driving through the notch, he happened on a large family guarded by its pasha. The jealous stag at once lowered his antlers and prepared to charge. But one eye was ever on the terrified hinds, which scattered in different ways; and though the discharge of a gun had not moved him, the flight of his spouses despatched him on a gallop to round up the fugitives. This done, his ire rekindled, and bellowing with deferred wrath, he threatened again to charge, when the hinds again broke, and again the worried stag postponed action. This was repeated several times before it ended in the total flight and disappearance of the herd. Probably no wild animal is better suited to park purposes than the elk. It is extremely hardy and adaptable to food and climate. This is shown by its immense natural range, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and far down into a warm climate as well as up toward Arctic cold. Its stately beauty of form is unequaled, its fecundity reliable. The only drawback to semi-domestication in parks is its capriciousness of temper. When the rutting-season begins the gates of Blue Mountain Forest are closed to the general visitor, and this exclusion lasts till spring.



One may be fairly sure of seeing groups of buffalo and elk, but he would search long and far for a glimpse of a moose, the colossus of his race, though a numerous herd of them lie ambushed in the upland forests and thickets of the great park. In the spring they sometimes descend early in the morning to wallow in the marshes, but at other times they hide in a home virtually as secluded as a Canadian fastness. Once only, after a repeated search, and then by a lucky chance, has an attempt availed to secure a photograph of a bull moose in Blue Mountain woods. The stalk in the dead of winter for a snap-shot with the camera was even more exciting than if the hunter's weapon had been loaded with deadlier ammunition than a sensitive plate. In its native wilds this hermit is not often allured from its retreats to be seen of men, except by that music of the birch-bark trumpet, more difficult to master than flute or fiddle, which counterfeits the thrilling summons of the cow to her mate. The American moose, dubbed in other lands the elk, is the king of the deer kind. The shoulders overtop a horse, and the palmated antlers slope a little backward from a head two feet long. A coarse, thick brown fur pads the fore body against anything less than Arctic winter. The horns attain maturity in the fifth year, but they augment in size and weight until fourteen branches fork from their base, and then only a strong man could lift the antlered skull. With head thrown back, the alarmed bull will cleave the tangled woods with the rush of a steamship through the water; yet his walk is so velvet-footed that it scarcely rustles a dead twig. Less polygamous than the elk or the buffalo, the ferocity of this animal in rutting-time, though ordinarily the most timid of creatures, is proverbial among Canadian woodsmen, and an attack on any intruder, man or beast, is inevitable. The danger of such an onset, unless stopped by a bullet, may be fancied from the fact that a well-planted stroke of the hoof, the favorite weapon of attack, has been known to kill a wolf or a panther. The augmentation of the stock in Blue Mountain Forest shows how well its moose have thriven; for the dozen originally imported have increased to one hundred and fifty. The cows calve in the springtime, often bearing twins. After this event the family retires to the deepest seclusion of the woods, away even from its lord, and the young calves often remain with the mothers two years. Perhaps in time, as the number increases, this denizen of Blue Mountain will be more visible, and thus add greatly to the attractions of the park. Less graceful than the elk, the strength and grandeur

Elk



Boars.

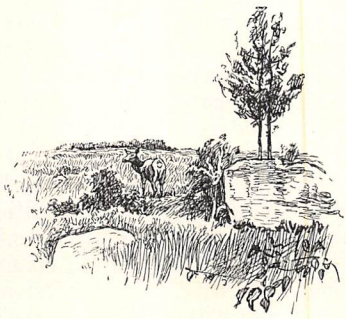
of the bull moose's clumsy bulk, and the huge antlers, solid enough to shatter a stone wall, make a picture that, once seen, is not easily forgotten. If the pleasures of the chase are ever added to the more important uses of this vast breeding-farm of wild creatures, it will share with the wild boar that brevet of distinction which comes of greater difficulty and danger in pursuit. Though the visitor rarely sees a moose, its tooth-marks can be noted with half an eye. In common with the elk, it browses on the forest twigs and leaves, and in winter it devours the bark and smaller branches with avidity. Everywhere the trees of the upper woodlands, especially the birches, maples, and beeches, are disfigured with patches peeled from the surface; sometimes, indeed, the lower growing branches are completely stripped as with an ax. One may be sure that this is the «blazing» of a moose on a foraging expedition.

DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

ROEBUCK.

In addition to the larger *Cervidæ*, there are in the park twelve hundred deer of other varieties, most of them our common American deer, including a few of the black-tailed species, yet with a considerable minority of the European stag and fallow or spotted deer. Both the latter-named have thriven in their transplanted homes, and the stag is one of the most beautiful and stately animals in the park, though one of the shyest. Its pedigree is interwoven with the history, poetry, and romance of the Old World, and recalls, in a magic mirror, a legion of recollections fascinating to old and young. The stag or red deer has vanished from its indigenous haunts, except in parts of the Scottish Highlands and in eastern Europe; and in all cases it survives only by the gamekeeper's care, doomed to time-honored fate at the hands of a privileged few. Its habits are closely analogous to those of the elk, its antlers and carriage scarcely less lofty, and its home in the Corbin preserve appears to furnish an environment fit for all its needs.

Interesting as are such foreigners added to our native fauna with the possibility of giving them a firm foothold, the main significance of a park like Blue Mountain Forest glances another way. Several of the experiments with alien varieties of bird and beast have ended badly—as, for example, the European reindeer, though the same ill-



luck befell its American relative, the caribou. So, too, the Himalayan goats paired off with the Rocky Mountain sheep, in the vain attempt to survive the exigencies of a New Hampshire climate. In the catalogue of failures one must not overlook that most skilful of four-footed mechanics, the beaver. A pair put into the park about four years ago built a dam with great celerity, felling a ring of trees as unerringly in place as would choppers smiting with the sharpest of steel axes. Having built this monument, they vanished down the waterway which they had fortified. Wire fencing proved as worthless a barrier to the «royal pheasants» so lavishly introduced; for the native partridge, or ruffed grouse, and the woodcock seem to be the only feathered game thoroughly at home in these New Hampshire woods.

But if there have been some failures, how splendid the successes! This can be more vividly grasped in a recapitulation which sums up the results in a few figures. The buffalo herd, which now numbers about eighty-five, has sprung from four bulls and ten cows procured in 1889, and two bulls and eight cows added in 1892. It is the largest conventicle of these gentle savages in existence, except, perhaps, some unknown wild herd roaming in British America, and yet not a few of them have been sold to other parks. Of the moose kind, fewer than a score pur-

chased in 1889 have begotten a progeny now rounding a total of one hundred and fifty or more. The elk herd has grown from one hundred and forty, introduced in 1889–90–91, to what is believed to be little short of one thousand; and the higher estimate of twelve hundred attaches to the increase of the original one hundred and twenty deer of four varieties. A limited number of bull elks and bucks are shot every fall to control the inevitable increase. Fourteen wild swine of the German Black Forest, the brakes of which harbored the breed in a savage state centuries before Cæsar carried the Roman eagles across the Rhine, have populated the Blue Mountain thickets with eight hundred or more savage-looking offspring, and each year accelerates the ratio of increase. In all these figures it must be remembered that there is a factor of uncertainty except as regards the buffalo. Scattered over forty square miles, largely dense and tangled forest, many of the animals have never been seen by human eye, and hide themselves in what is virtually an aboriginal wilderness. But in the inevitable guesswork, the park statistics, it is claimed, aim at under- rather than over-counting.

The prolific breeding of the wild hogs will, in the course of the next decade, make their great reduction a necessity. So perhaps one of the most exciting of medieval sports may be revived in this latter day, when again

> The babbling echo mocks the hounds
> Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns.

The pig-sticking (a butcher-like name for a manly sport) of the Anglo-Indian ranks as an adventure scarcely less exciting than tiger-hunting. Though the wild boar of Hindustan is less savage and powerful than its European representative, it would soil the sportsman's unwritten code to use any weapon more deadly to his game, and less risky to himself, than the spear. This means close quarters and personal courage, though the modern sport is less perilous than that which faced the royal game on foot with spear and hounds; for in the forests of Europe the hunter dismounted to assail the boar held at bay by his dogs. The brave Abyssinian of to-day faces the spring of the lion with lance and sword.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

WILD BOARS.

The conditions of Blue Mountain Forest, with its teeming herds of wild swine of a pedigree insuring their ferocity if brought to bay, offer a noble opportunity for introducing a kind of hunting than which none

could better test skill and manhood. It would be far more pulse-stirring than perforating grizzlies with steel-pointed bullets pumped from an unfailing magazine. The aspect of the boar—such a one as the writer was lucky enough to see—rooting in the edge of a wood, yet forever on guard with a wicked eye, ennobles him at once as an enemy to be held in honor. The huge head and snout gleaming with tusks, the square shoulders, the gaunt body with brawny flanks built for a swiftness which almost outruns the horse or dog, all covered with coarse, long brown bristles, made an impressive picture. These swine in the Blue Mountain woods banquet royally on beech-mast in the fall, and it is not often that they show themselves. But when the thickets are whipped clean, and the trees are silhouetted from bole to topmost pinnacle, and the pale winter sunshine filters into the heart of every nook and covert, one does not need to wander far. Then, too, these suspicious animals are lured from solitude to the open glades, where daily rations of corn eke out the scanty provender of nature.

The purpose of the founder of Blue Mountain Forest Park, among several objects eminently worth attaining, included the naturalization of wild animals under such conditions as would effect in some cases modification by cross-breeding. The buffalo, so far, has not crossed with domestic cattle, nor has the elk, so far as known, crossed with its European congener the red deer. Such experiments can come to an issue only with time and patience, and this royally planned preserve is not yet eight years old. But if this problem is yet in embryo, others have met with a full reward. Most of all as a vast nursery of wild creatures indigenous to our continent, the park has multiplied results on a scale outfooting expectation. It is safe to say, for example, that it has insured, not merely the existence of the buffalo, but its increase in a measure to make possible the extensive stocking of other parks. The disposition to found public and private preserves has grown smartly within recent years. Aside from provision to gratify our human taste for more rarely seen forms of animal life in city parks, individuals and clubs have taken steps to enrich and protect hunting-grounds and create artificial wildernesses. Judge Caton's well-known preserve in Ohio, though on a much smaller scale than the Corbin park, and more limited in its variety of animals, antedated it, and is noteworthy as the place where a careful study of the wapiti, or elk, was first made. Mr. George Vanderbilt's later inclosures at his Biltmore estate in North Carolina, though his plans seem as yet unshaped, are big with promise. So, too, the Gould park in the Adirondacks, and Dr. Seward Webb's nine-mile inclosure in the same splendid wilderness, bear testimony to the influence of the Corbin example. Newspaper report also credits Mr. William C. Whitney with the purpose of establishing a great animal-preserve in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. But it is rather in less audacious enterprises that the value of the inspiration of Blue Mountain Forest Park will find its effective vent in regions topographically planned like northern New York, northern New England, and extensive tracts of Pennsylvania.

Mountain lands by the hundred thousand acres, where the farm is giving up its long fight, lie within little more than a half-day's journey from the great Eastern capitals. These regions do not respond to agriculture. Their sole big crops are stones and trees and wild animals. The returns of the harvesters of pulp-wood scarcely pay the chopping. The very corner-stone of sound economics is finding use in the channel of fitness along the line of least resistance. With this thought in mind, the transformation of vast tracts of mountainous New England back to a state of nature loses, even on its sentimental side, somewhat of the repugnance which attaches to the notion of a backsliding of civilization. The entire plateau, from ten to twenty miles in width, which roofs the Green Mountains of Vermont, for example, a section of noble woods and picturesque lakes, is thinly settled, and yields a reluctant livelihood to man. Whole townships, six miles square, with only a dozen voters who send one another by turns to the legislature, may be easily cited. Regions like this seem fashioned by nature's hand for natural uses, such as may be found in park and preserve and the pleasures of woodland sport. The Green Mountain plateau so fitly meets the needs of wild animal life that its woods already swarm with bear and deer. The close law enacted about ten years since, which prohibited deer-shooting until 1900, has so favored multiplication that the does and fawns frequently herd with cows on the slopes and meadows.

G. T. Ferris.

THE BABY CORPS.

(Being some account of the little cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who stood the examination of war at New Market, Va., May 15, 1864, in the front line of the Confederate forces, where more than three hundred answered to their names, and all were perfect.)

WE were only a lot of little boys—they called us a baby corps—
At the Institute in Lexington in the winter of '64;
And while the broad South was a ruin of war, no sign of peace in sight,
We thought it would end in a battle or two if they 'd only let us fight.

We longed for the glory of going to war, and some by night ran away;
And every cadet in the school agreed 't was a greater disgrace to stay;
And General Smith and the faculty had their peck of trouble filled
Every time there was news of a battle lost or a Southern hero killed.

One night when the boys were all abed we heard the long roll beat,
And quickly the walls of the building shook with the tread of hurrying feet;
And when the battalion stood in line we heard the welcome warning:
«Breckinridge needs the help o' the corps; be ready to march in the morning.»

And many a boastful tale was told through the lingering hours of night,
And the teller fenced with airy foes to show how heroes fight;
We challenged Sleep at the gate o' the eye when he tried to cross our line,
And drove him away with a volley of yells and laughed at his countersign.

Some sat in nature's uniform mending their suits of gray,
And some stood squinting across their guns in a darkly suggestive way.
The battalion was off on the Staunton pike as soon as the sun had risen,
And we turned and cheered for the «V. M. I.,» but yesterday a prison.

At Staunton the soldiers chaffed us, and the girls of the city schools
Giggled and flirted around the corps till we felt like a lot of fools;
They threw us kisses and tiny drums and a volley of baby rattles,
Till we thought that the fire of ridicule was worse than the fire of battles.

We made our escape in the early dawn, and, camping the second night,
Were well on our way to the seat of war, with Harrisonburg in sight;
And the troopers who met us, riding fast from the thick of the army hives,
Said, «Sigel has come with an awful force, and ye 'll have to fight fer yer lives.»

But we wanted to fight, and the peril of war never weakened our young desires,
And the third day out we camped at dusk in sight of the picket fires;
Our thoughts, wing-weary with homeward flight, went astray in the gloomy skies,
And our hearts were beating a reveille whenever we closed our eyes.

«Hark! what 's that? The sentry call? A galloping horseman comes.
Hey, boys! Get up! There 's something wrong! Don't ye hear 'em a-thumpin' the drums?»
Said the captain, who sat in the light of the fire tying his muddy shoes;
«We must toe the line of the Yankees soon, an' we have n't much time to lose.

«Come up here, boys,» the captain said, as he waved his only arm;
«A moment of counsel before we start won't do us a bit o' harm.
Why, Jim, you 're standing there asleep! Who 's that you 're whisperin' for?
Yer father! Wake up! You ain't to home; you 're on yer way to the war.

«Hats off!» And we all stood silent while the captain raised his hand
And prayed, imploring the God of war to favor our little band.
His voice went out in a whisper at last, and then, without further remark,
He bade the battalion form in fours, and led us away in the dark.

«I 'm tired o' marchin' night an' day on a road that 's heavy an' wet;
It 's six hours now since daylight came, and we have n't got there yet.
Skirmishers comin'? The Yanks are nigh!» «Swing out at the top o' the hill.»
«There 's New Market! Look at the soldiers there—all o' them standing still.»

The league-long hills are striped with blue, the valley is lined with gray,
And between the armies of North and South are blossoming fields of May;
There 's a mighty cheer in the Southern host as, led by the fife and drum,
To the front of the lines with a fearless tread our baby cadets have come.

«Forward!» The air is quaking now; a shrill-voiced, angry yell
Answers the roar of the musketry and the scream of the rifled shell.
The gray ranks rushing, horse and foot, at the flaming wall of blue
Break a hole in its center, and some one shouts, «See the little cadets go through!»

A shell shoots out of its hood of smoke, and slows mid-air and leaps
At our corps that is crossing a field of wheat, and we stagger and fall in heaps;
We close the ranks, and they break again when a dozen more fall dying;
And some, too hurt to use their guns, stand up with the others trying.

«Lie down an' give 'em a volley, boys—quick there, every one!
«Lie down, you little devils! Quick! It 's better to die than run.»
And, huddling under the tender wheat, the living lay down with the dead,
And you could n't have lifted your finger then without touching a piece of lead.

«Look up in the sky and see the shells go over, a-whiskin' their tails;
Better not lift yer hand too high or the bullets 'll trim yer nails.»
Said the captain, «Forward, you who can!» In a jiffy we 're all on our feet
An' up to their muzzles a-clubbin' our guns, an' the Yanks have begun a retreat.

Said a wounded boy, peering over the grain, «Hurrah! see our banner a-flyin'!
Wish I was there, but I can't get up—I wonder if *I 'm* a-dyin'?
Oh, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—that was hit in the head?
Say, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—My God! Jim 's dead!»

A mist, like a web that is heavy with prey, is caught in the green o' the fields;
It breaks and is parted as if a soul were struggling where it yields;
The twilight deepens and hushes all save the beating of distant drums,
And over the shuddering deep o' the air a wave of silence comes.

By lantern light we found the boys where, under the wheat, they lay
As if sleep—soft-fingered, compelling sleep—had come in the midst of play.
The captain said of the bloody charge and the soldiers who fought so well,
«I believe that the army 'd have followed the boys if they 'd entered the flames o' hell.»

Irving Bacheller.

THE HEART OF A MAID.

IN the first happy confidences after the engagement Maurice had told Nora all about the dear niece down in Alabama. He had been born so long after his brothers and sisters that it had put him out of step with his world; he had belonged to neither generation until Lili claimed him. From his description Nora made a perfectly distinct picture of the sensitive woman-child. He said her round, sleek head, with its heavy braid of black hair, had the swift, shy movements of a spirited and yet a gentle creature. In the old days, when in the intervals of canal-work he went home from Panama, it was quite as much to see her, whose especial property he had so long been, as to see his mother. She made a jubilee of these rare home-comings: when he went to his room he found fresh roses on the high mantel-shelf, while the candlesticks and window-glasses shone with a significant brightness, and in the wide block fireplace was an unlighted fire so cunningly laid that a touch of a match would send it off with a roar; but Lili herself was nowhere to be seen. Once, when she was a little child, he had traced her by tiny bare footprints in the dust from the back porch to the sugar-house loft; but usually the search was a long one, and he would go calling about the place, from the barn to the spring-house, and down into the dark grove of magnolia that stretched to the right of the house. When at last she was captured, it was in a shivering rapture of nervous ecstasy at being taken and kissed.

Nora was hungry for news of all those years before she had known Maurice, and Lili seemed the one being, besides his mother, who had ever gone far beneath the reserve that was an essential part of the man's nature; so to Lili she turned with a tenderness that was an extension of what she felt for Maurice. She made many plans for the time when they should go South to visit Maurice's people. She knew that there was some history connected with the little photograph that his mother had sent her. It was taken of a baby boy in long trousers buttoned half-way between waist and chin with staring white buttons to the little cotton shirt; the tiny hand that clutched his hat was deeply dimpled, and the bare feet thrust angrily beneath the seat of his chair seemed associated in some way with the cloud from a recent squall that hung upon the brow so babyish, and yet so like Maurice's, that it touched thrillingly upon two of the strongest chords of the girl's awakened heart. She had not been able, after studying it, to satisfy herself about what sort of baby he had been. She saw that it was fatuous to write of these things to people she had never met, and Maurice's own testimony in relation to this early epoch was wretchedly inadequate. Down in Alabama there was his mother for the first half of the story, and Lili for the second; they would be as glad to tell as she to listen.

Maurice said he almost dreaded to go back of late years, it was so hard to get away. The last time he recalled perfectly. He and Lili had been for a ride along Sugar Creek; they raced, he on his brother Marshall's big stallion, and she on Bel Esprit. He had been badly beaten, and came pounding along behind, while she, drawn up beside the road, laughing and panting, with her hand pressed against her side, waited for him. Just as he reached her a little negro came toward them at a dog-trot, flapping a thin letter in his outstretched hand. It was Maurice's order to go straight back to Panama. He handed the sheet to Lili. She gave one glance; then, cutting Bel Esprit over the ears, took the low fence, and went galloping across the open fields. As she rode he noticed that her shoulders gave a queer little rising and falling motion. Maurice caught only a glimpse of her face a few hours later, as she ran across the porch and slipped into her own room.

«And you know,» he said, «nothing makes a man feel quite such a hound as to be cried over.»

In the course of time Nora wrote a propitiatory letter to Lili. It was worded with the humble tact of the victorious; but it brought only a very stiff little reply from the finishing academy where Lili was learning to write letters without a flaw upon their sparsely covered sheets.

«Poor child!» Nora said; «she has n't forgiven me»; and she looked with sympathy at the pretty little square photograph of Lili that Maurice carried in his pocket when he

happened to have on the coat he wore when it came. In the picture Lili's hair was not smoothed back, as Nora fancied it would be, but was cut in a short, wavy fringe over the square forehead; but the eyes were, as Maurice had said, very large and beautiful. Her dress, made after a childish fashion with a velvet yoke, wrinkled over the flat and childish breast. She was curiously immature for a far-Southern girl with a strain of Creole blood in her veins that should have warmed the rest to quick maturity.

Again, after her marriage, Nora wrote to the school-girl, and several letters came and went. In them Nora confessed that she had never seen an orange-tree in bloom, and they exchanged statistics concerning their heights, weights, and the size of the shoes that each wore. All these details were in Lili's favor; for although she had a shockingly large foot,—the largest in her family,—she wore a number one and a half shoe, while Nora, who had always been rather vain of her foot, wore a number three. The correspondence languished. Maurice took up this matter of the shoe, and suddenly became aware of the size of Nora's foot. Somewhere from the Lethean ooze of his memory he dug up the fact that his mother wore a number twelve. The morning of this reminiscence, as Nora sat on the edge of the bed regarding her outstretched foot, snug in a prosaic merino stocking, with dawning distrust, he told her, in a burst of unwonted candor,—for he was usually a remarkably lovable fellow unvisited by candor,—that it reminded him of the old plantation song about

De holler ob his foot make a hole in de groun'.

«I don't see why you wanted to marry such a deformity,» she had said, and then managed to laugh a little with Maurice.

The time came at last, after almost two years, when they were really on their way South. Maurice still pronounced it in the caressing Southern way, though his tongue had learned some harsher tricks. It was to be a mere extension of a business trip just long enough to say, «How d' ye?» Maurice said; but they had talked of it a great deal, and were still upon the theme as they leaned back, trying to make a luxury of the hard seats of the car that was taking them over the little single-track line to Meridan. Maurice kindled into almost garrulous animation as one familiar station after another was called. «When I was a boy,» he had said three times, when there was a whirl of skirts and talk behind, and a tiny old lady holding a great, gorgeous club of flowers made a rush at both of them, crying, «Oh, Boy, Boy! It is you and Nora!»

It was with a queer, choking rapture that Nora saw her husband fold the mother and the roses and jasmine in the tenderest embrace.

«And you too, Nora,» she cried, straightening herself instantly. «And Jim,» she added briskly, recovering from clasping Nora. «This is Jim Hawkins; he is our conductor now. You remember Jim, don't you, Boy?» Maurice and Jim shook hands like restored brothers. There was a delicious contagion in the homecoming. Nora felt stirred to the heart by these strange people who had once been near to her husband. «I told Jim I knew you-all would be on this train, and to take me to you; and if he did n't know you, to take me to a gentleman with a pretty young lady. And these are for you,» she added, dropping the flowers into Nora's lap. «Cousin Elizabeth Hogarth gave them to me. She has changed her garden all around since you saw it, Boy.» Then, in a lowered tone of confidence: «I just could n't stand it to wait at home today, so I went off to see Cousin Elizabeth without telling anybody. I knew I would come back on the same train with you from Mobile, and see you before any one else did.» Light-hearted laughter bubbled up among the words.

As she talked, Maurice leaned forward and touched her wrinkled old hand, that lay gloveless upon the back of the seat in front, and Nora saw the quiver about the fine lines of his mouth that she had never seen except for herself; and her heart tightened with a tender pride at his faithfulness to this dear first love. It was a sweet old face, with bright eyes, gay in spite of a little fading and blending of the hazel-brown into the white. The soft, wrinkled skin, and the crisp hair that curled and showed color through the ash of years, seemed so much older than her spirit. The whole face was of the physical mold that she knew in Maurice's; but the gay, expansive nature had drawn lines as strong as the original, and made for itself a character entirely different.

«And Lili,» the mother was saying,—Nora listened,—«Lili is back from school, and she is crazy about your coming home. She has been in your room all day, with the door locked.»

Out on the platform of the car, Nora was a little confused by the Meridan station lamp shining full into her eyes. Maurice sprang out first to lift his mother down; but before

he found his footing, Nora saw a brilliant apparition in scarlet—an astonishing-looking young woman—seize him about the neck and rain kiss after kiss upon his lips and cheeks and eyes.

«Who is it?» Nora exclaimed, with an intonation of disgust, to the little lady, whose activity in alighting she was trying to supplement with a helping hand.

«Why, that is Lili,» she answered, laughing; «she has always been perfectly devoted to Boy.»

«And is this Aunt Nora?» said the tall young woman, half turning, but still clinging to Maurice with a hand so white that it shone against his coat. She shook hands, and placed a misdirected kiss somewhere on Nora's face. «I am very glad to see you, Aunt Nora. I hope you had a pleasant journey, and are not very tired. And, oh, Uncle Boy, won't you ride beside me? I am driving the carryall to-night.»

When they had all climbed in, Nora found herself next the mother, and Maurice beside Lili. Her companion said many things in her high, clear voice, and the two in the front seat were talking in half-tones; but Nora could hear only one passionately repeated question:

«You don't love anybody better than me, do you? You said you never would.»

Maurice laughed, touched her hair, which was bushed out and half confined by a gold fillet running through its roughened black masses, and tried to evade the question.

«But you said you would n't,» she insisted. «I have never changed; have you changed?» She leaned forward so that the line of twilight sky between their dark heads narrowed to a thread and went out. Nora felt a physical loathing settling about her heart; but taking herself by both shoulders, she made herself attend to Mrs. Russel's talk.

When the carryall stopped at a long, low house behind a grove of massive shadow, Lili, with sudden, grave dignity, said in a different voice: «It is good to have you at home. There is papa on the gallery, waiting for us.»

A heavy, handsome figure moved toward them, and in the warm hand-clasp and cordial «Sister Nora!» she felt a lightening of the pain that had made the drive distressing—a restoration of her interrupted mood of happiness.

As they all stood talking for a few moments in the hallway that ran through the house, Nora was able to see Lili as something besides a shock of color. She noticed the square regularity of the modeling of her face, the masses of black hair, vital and wiry, and the extraordinary life and brilliancy of her eyes. It was really the scarlet of the dress, and the fillet giving emphasis to the studied disorder of her hair, that made her so striking, she thought. Maurice was studying her too.

«Do you like me, Uncle Boy?» she said, laughing, and clasping her two hands across his shoulder, and looking full into his eyes. «I had this dress made just for you, because you like red.»

As Nora stood by the fireplace in the square bedroom, where a few sticks burned on the andirons, and a great, greenish-white mass of Lamarque roses drowsed toward the heat from the mantel-shelf, Maurice came eagerly into the room, and before he was half across its wide expanse cried:

«Well, is n't she pretty?»

Nora steadied herself with one hand raised to the mantel, and pushed back a fallen log with the toe of her shoe.

«In a way,» she said; «but she looks like an actress, and she is no more like you said—»

«No,» he interrupted; «she is n't the least as she used to be. I never saw a girl so changed. But I thought she seemed very pretty still,» he added rather blankly.

«Your mother is a perfect darling, Maurice,» Nora said, reaching out her hand impulsively toward him.

As they stood talking, Nora felt that a new element, an unnamable element, had entered into her relations with her husband; and it was a relief that he did not try to detain her when, a few moments later, she left the room.

The next morning Lili came down to breakfast looking very demure in a black dress with broad cuffs and collar of white linen, and Nora realized that it was not the scarlet dress that made her striking. This nun-like severity smote on Nora's irritable sense as a piece of studied effect; and the dress certainly served to accentuate the white-and-black contrast of Lili's skin and hair, and the parted crimson of her lips was dewy bright.

Lili was very grave during the meal, engrossed with an earnest solicitude about her guests' comfort that Nora afterward learned was not an individual, but a universal, characteristic of the Southern housewife. Once when Nora called Maurice by name, Lili flashed a look at her from under her eyelashes, and said:

«Do you always call him that stiff ‹Maurice›? When I love people I don't like to call them what every stranger calls them.»

«When I love any one,» Nora said slowly, her voice trembling a little, for she did not talk of these things, «I do not care to publish it to every stranger.»

North and South looked into each other's eyes.

«Sister Nora,» said the major, from his end of the table, «would you call the rose in the center of that cluster a light silvery pink or a deep carnation?»

Maurice's mother laughed. «The major is always asking hard questions about the flowers. As long as my old eyes can tell a blue from a red I am satisfied.»

«You will come to the swing after breakfast; I want to show you something,» Lili was saying to Maurice as Nora went for her hat to go with the major to the garden. As she was pinning it on she heard voices and laughter in the front yard, and tilting the slats of her window-blind, she saw Lili swaying in the swing, and Maurice trying to unclasp her hands from the ropes.

«Oh, but, Lili,» he was saying, «you used to swing without holding on.»

The girl's face, full of sparkle and joyousness, was raised to his; he leaned over suddenly, and kissed one hand and then the other, so that she, laughing, twisted her arms about the ropes and clasped her hands behind her.

Nora tipped up the slats again, and went to join the major, whose handsome, pompous figure was drawn up in an attitude of dignified endurance on the side veranda. He held a flat, square book in his hand, and wore a large Panama hat pulled down over his forehead. Although they were but two, they walked to the garden as if in procession; and though somewhere in her heart Nora held a sense of pain, she heartily enjoyed the major's earnest talk about his roses. There were rows and rows of little bushes, just coming into bloom, planted in a long space left between the artichokes and the green peas. The rose-bushes had come from all parts of the United States, the major explained; and now that they were blooming, he was familiarizing himself with the names and colors.

«Will you hold this, sister Nora?» he said, handing her the book, which looked like one that she had used at school for compositions, while he adjusted his spectacles. In a moment he was ready for the book, which he opened, and from which he read in a deep, imimpressive voice: «Catharine Mermet, Paul Neyron.»

Between the names he looked sharply under his spectacles at the row of tiny bushes; and as the roll-call proceeded Nora half expected to hear «Present!» from the sandy loam at her feet. Now and then the major stooped to read a little wooden label wired to a bush, or to break off a new bud that she might analyze for him its exact shade of color; and so they proceeded up the long line, while the sun beat down wiltingly upon the thorny handful that Nora held.

At last the major closed the book, wiped his forehead, and sighed; his morning work was over. When they returned to the house, Lili and Maurice had left the yard—«Gone off on one of their long walks,» the major hazarded; and as their steps sounded in the hall, Mrs. Russel came to say that Lili had said they would be back soon, and, she went on, if Nora did n't mind, she should love to have her on the back porch.

It was pleasant and cool out there, for a big climbing rose with a yellow cup and a flaming heart bloomed its way up and past the eaves of the porch, and made an almost unbroken mass of shadow on the floor. On a table in the coolest corner stood bowls and saucers containing little heaps of flour and butter and baking-powder; and Mrs. Russel was busily lashing the whites of eggs into lather with a large slashed spoon upon a long meat-platter; as the wires struck the china at quick intervals it gave out a pleasant hollow sound, for the eggs were light.

No better moment could have offered itself for asking all those questions about Maurice's childhood; but instead Nora spoke of the major's roses. Mrs. Russel sifted the flour from a big round sieve, shifting it deftly from hand to hand till her worn old wedding-ring sounded faintly against the hoop of the sieve. But if the wife could be silenced, the mother could not; and when Celia had taken the pan from her mistress, and interrupted her directions about the baking with, «Law, Miss 'Liza, you knows I kin baike er caike!» a little rocking-chair was drawn up beside Nora's, and of her own accord she told the story.

It began at the very beginning—the story that a mother loves best to tell and a wife to hear. The two women swayed gently back and forth in the shadow of the rose, and laughed and cried, with the name that they both loved upon their lips. Once the voices sank to a whisper, and the wife laid her lips softly to the heavily veined hand that she held. Neither heard the sound of steps on the grass, and when Maurice drew the rose-bush aside, they started as though taken in scandal-mongering.

«Come, Lili! We are just in time to hear how I did n't die of the yellow fever.»

He and Lili seated themselves upon the low steps that led from the back porch to the detached kitchen.

«I 'll be bound that Nora never heard the story about your cousin Kate, Boy,» the old lady said maliciously. «You know, Nora, he was sort of half in love with Kate McDonald. It was n't a real engagement. I don't think he ever cared very much.»

Nora knew that Lili had turned her head, and was looking at her.

«Yes,» she answered good-humoredly; «I believe that is the only story Maurice was ever able to remember enough of to tell me. He told it while it was quite fresh in his mind, and since then I have been able to help him out if he forgets details.» In the past this had been a wound to Nora, and she was surprised to find, on this first touch from an outside hand, that it had lost its sensitiveness.

«I have a picture taken at about that time,» Lili said. «Shall I get it?»

She went back into the house, and presently brought an album; and they all bent over the photographs as if they were new to them. Four or five of the first pages were entirely given over to pictures of Maurice, from long clothes upward. There were duplicates of almost every kind.

«Why, Lili,» cried Mrs. Russel, sharply, «you 've got my baby picture of Maurice. I never told you you could have that, and I know there were no others, for they were all burned in the old house.»

Lili laughed. «I 've taken these from every one's album in the family, and most of them don't even miss them. I have them all, because I care more than any one else.»

«If that was your reason for taking them, you can't resent losing them by the same course of logic,» Nora said quickly, looking up from the book.

«Ah,» said Lili, putting out her white hand and touching the little row of Maurices caressingly, «then I can never lose them.»

Maurice had filled his pipe and reseated himself on the step; his interest in himself, never very keen, had flagged entirely.

Nora turned the page, and caught her breath.

«Oh, Lili!»

It was a large photograph, taking the whole page, of a boy of about nineteen, with a sweet, rounded face; upon it was the expression of dreamy innocence, almost stupidity, that looks out accusingly from our old photographs into our world-sharpened faces, and speaks of a time when we knew less and believed more.

«Oh, Lili,» she repeated with an accent of entreaty, «if you had not taken this one I might have had it.»

«No, Aunt Nora; not that one. There was only one of those; it was Kate McDonald's. I got it from her. She gave it to me to prove to me that she did n't care for Maurice Russel.» Lili laughed a little reminiscent laugh, and seating herself beside Maurice, drew his hand into her lap, while Mrs. Russel told in a syncopated way the rest of the story of Maurice's yellow fever.

«What a little, little hand!» Maurice was saying, pinching Lili's fingers together and turning her hand about; «that has n't grown much, Lili.»

«Lemme go, Uncle Boy,»—she twisted loose,—«I want to find something.» She pushed his cuff up as far as she could on the right arm, beyond where the firm white of the arm met the tan of the wrist, and bent over to look more closely.

«It is on the other arm, Lili,» said Nora, dryly.

«Oh!» Lili exclaimed, pushing the cuff down sharply, «do you know about that? He had that little heart tattooed for me when he first went to Panama.»

With a look of annoyance, Maurice got up, knocked his pipe out on his heel, and strolled off into the yard. The three women sat looking a little conscious until Nora found that she must go to her room before dinner.

She did not brush her hair at once, as she had proposed, but putting back the fleecy bobbin-net curtains of the great bed, stretched herself across it. Presently she heard Maurice's step at the door.

«You can't come in just now, Maurice,» she called; and the door that had begun to open closed again.

When he came next she let him enter.

«Why, what is the matter?» he asked, coming toward the bed, and seating himself near her. He put out his hand and touched her hair, and looked down into her face.

«I don't feel well,» she said, moving away from him.

He sprang to his feet, and said in a hard voice:

«Nora, what is the matter with you? You have been so different from yourself lately. I have almost thought that you did n't want me to be happy in my old home with my own people.»

«I know I 've been hateful, but it is because I have been so perfectly miserable.»

«You poor little thing!» he said tenderly; «can't you tell me about it?»

«Oh, don't pity me!» she cried passionately; «that would be the last straw. You need not make any more of these dutiful efforts to remember me. Lili is probably waiting for you now.»

Maurice uttered a short, relieved laugh.

«Why, Nora, how perfectly ridiculous! My dear little niece! You could n't be so absurd as to be jealous of my niece.»

«She does n't love you like a niece. She loves you as—as I do, and you like it.»

He caught her hand sharply.

«Hush, Nora! That would be disgusting if it were not so utterly preposterous.»

«It is disgusting—so disgusting that it makes me shudder to see you together. She cannot bear you to look at me or think of me, and tries in every way to absorb every moment of your time, and make me feel that my claim is newer and less intimate than hers. I should not mind that if you were different. She has no power to hurt me; it is only you.»

Maurice went to the bureau, and began fiercely brushing his hair with his double brushes. Suddenly he clapped them together, and turned to her.

«You don't understand in the least, Nora; you are so different; but don't you see that it is only that Lili has always stood first with every one she loves? This is the only time she has ever had to come second, and she does n't know how to take it. She is just a passionate, wilful child, and this is her first whipping.»

«Maurice,» called Nora from the big wardrobe, where she had gone for another dress, «this might be a funny situation if there were any one to enjoy it.» She laughed a little hysterically, and clung to the heavy door for support.

«You can't expect me to enjoy anything that puts me into such an idiotic position,» he answered shortly. But the air had cleared.

That afternoon they went for a long drive, and as neither referred to the morning's talk, Maurice's grim humor gradually fell away. It was April, and the Cherokee roses piled their snow in the fence-corners. The last of the pale jasmine stars, as though detached by the weight of their own sweetness, floated from their stems to the warm, sun-spangled earth beneath the beeches. Every breath of air was a sweet luxury of spring. The young beeches grew proudly, reaching out strong arms, the one perfect expression of strength and subtlety: noble muscles, not disguised as in the coarse-hided oaks, but swelling under the close-drawn skin as the sinews of an athlete stripped for the course, and above a translucent world of leaves and leaves. As she leaned and looked, a mood of gentle reverence folded itself about the wife. It seemed a simple thing to be magnanimous.

When they reached home it was almost dark. Lili's figure made a velvety blackness in the hammock. When Nora had laid aside her wraps and returned to the porch, she found Maurice holding Lili's hand with a new awkwardness. Her heart softened painfully when she saw the young girl's pale face and tear-drenched eyelashes; for instead of their vivacious upward curl, they turned down upon her cheeks with a pathetic, childish droop. She was in a subdued mood, hardly responding to Maurice's caresses, and in reply to his cajolery only summoning the shadow of a smile, quickly followed by the filling of her eyes with tears.

The week that Maurice had planned for his visit shortened itself into five days.

«I believe you would have stayed longer if Aunt Nora had asked you,» Lili said bitterly on the last day, when their going was once more futilely debated; and Nora, who, though she had learned to hold her tongue, had not quite curbed her lips, smiled without replying to the charge.

One night, some weeks later, when Maurice came home to dinner he found at his plate a letter.

«That was the queerest aberration of yours, Nora,» he said as he slipped his knife leisurely along the flap.

She made no reply, but sat for a moment with the ladle poised over the tureen as he read.

Maurice cleared his throat ostentatiously.

«Lili says I may tell you that she is to be married next month. A regular Romeo and Juliet affair; she told me all about it when we were down South. Most romantic!»

«Romantic! It must be cyclonic. I have seen Lili as a Platonist; I can dimly imagine the other rôle.»

Louise Herrick Wall.

LETTERS OF DR. HOLMES TO A CLASSMATE.

THE following extracts are from various letters written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to my father, the Hon. Isaac E. Morse of New Orleans, one of his companions in the class of '29 at Harvard. At the time of the publication of Dr. Holmes's memoirs these letters could not be found; but they afterward came to light, and, it is thought, may be of interest to the general public.

Of this very distinguished class almost all have passed away. Indeed, I believe the Rev. Samuel May is now the sole survivor. They are, in part, thus described in Dr. Holmes's own words:

That boy we call «Doctor,» and this we call «Judge.»
It 's a neat little fiction: of course it 's all fudge—

referred to Holmes himself and Judge B. R. Curtis.

That fellow 's the Speaker—the one on the right,

indicated Crowninshield.

Mr. Mayor, my young one, how are you to-night?

referred to Storrow. The «boy with the grave, mathematical look» was Professor Peirce. Others were described as «My-country-'tis-of-thee» Smith; «Bill Gray, one of us millionaires»; Chandler Robbins, «conservative preacher, and amiable in manner as of old»; «our Jo [Angier], who made music with both voice and piano on these blissful occasions» (*i. e.*, class dinners); Devereux, class orator of '29; and «Richardson of Worcester County, very efficient and popular, and spoken of in the highest terms for his humanity»:

You hear that boy laughing—you think he 's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

George T. Davis was meant by

. . . our «Member of Congress,» we say when we chaff;

and James Freeman Clarke by

. . . the «Reverend» What 's his name?—don't make me laugh!

They are all gone, but as long as «fair Harvard» stands, and the «Autocrat of the Breakfast-table» can tell us of the «boys,» their memory will be kept green.

A year or two after leaving college, my father and Dr. Holmes met in Paris, and were much together; and in one of his letters written from there Dr. Holmes refers to him as «my most pleasant and original classmate, Morse of New Orleans.»[1]

Later the thread of their old friendship was taken up when Mr. Morse came to Washington as a member of Congress from Louisiana, and from time to time visited Dr. Holmes in Boston or at Pittsfield—visits to which there are references in letters which are not thought to be of interest to the general reader, although they show in a charming light Holmes's unfailing friendship and gaiety, and his generous interest in the pursuits of his friend.

On January 7, 1847, Dr. Holmes writes:

MY DEAR MORSE: I meant this package for your New Year's present, but little matters took up my attention, and I was too late for the season of gifts.

But though it comes late and brings little, let me hope that as a token from your old friend and classmate it will be not wholly unwelcome; and if you should have thought that I was better as a promise-maker than as a promise-keeper, when you have broken the seal of this packet and seen your long-expected trifles blot out the accusation, and set me down among them of sturdy faith and sure memory. Yours most sincerely,

O. W. HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes's friendship and his sympathy were not weakened by distance or by years. Writing from Pittsfield, he says:

. . . I enjoy this country life beyond anything I ever knew, and the one drawback is that of my ordinary pursuits and habits the very memory seems to lose itself in this new and rapturous state of being. Nothing, I was going to say, holds on but old friendships, and they grow all the greener in the midst of this growing and luxuriant nature. . . .

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

And again in 1853, the year of the great yellow-fever epidemic in New Orleans, when,

[1] «Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes," Vol. I, p. 107.

one black Sunday, there was a death for every five minutes, he writes:

. . . I am thankful to hear that you and yours have been, so far, spared. I have often thought of you while we are hearing the sad stories from New Orleans, with anxiety and apprehension lest I should see some of your names in those melancholy lists. It is hard for us who have been living amidst the wholesome mountains of Berkshire to realize the scenes through which you have been passing. I trust by this time you may have had what we receive without thinking it a special blessing, namely, one of those frosts that seem to kill off the pestilence.

On July 17, 1855, Dr. Holmes writes from Pittsfield:

My dear Morse: I am very glad to hear from you anywhere and anyhow and for any reason. Hoora for the boy of seventeen and a half! My oldest is fourteen; says he is five feet one inch and a half high. I think he stretches the truth and the measure a little, but a very little. He is taller than his mother, anyhow, and can outrun, outswim, and outspatter me. A fair scholar—one of the best, I think, in his school; but loses some scholarship, and gains what is a great deal better, by passing five months in the country with the rest of us. You direct to Boston! Don't you know I am the landlord of a great farm up here in Berkshire County, a hundred and twenty years in my family, with a mile of river running through it, a forest of trees of three and four hundred years' growth, and a meadow big enough to feed all the bulls of Bashan? Don't you know that, hey? Because if you don't, I tell you it is so. Ask Judge Curtis—our old classmate Ben—if it is n't. His house is in sight from my door, two miles perhaps as the bee flies. I don't doubt that I have told all this word for word just so before (*n'épargnant pas un ognon*); perhaps twice before, or oftener. Never mind. The great fact is that I, with mine, enjoy the *opium cum digitalis*, as the retired 'potecary called it, on our broad hereditary maternal acres, which if you shall ever press with your feet, as I hope you may, I will give you draughts of sweet milk, with corn-bread and honey; also a ride, a row, a swim; item, a glass of claret, or, if you like it rather,

The foaming grape of Eastern France,

as Tennyson has it, and finish with a tranquil weed and a cloud of pleasant reminiscences.[1]

About commencement, alas and alackaday! I know nothing, except that I received a great card the other day from the president and fellows—very clever fellows, no doubt; but I can't and sha'n't go. I have not been down to the anniversaries for years. Pittsfield is a hundred and fifty miles from Boston, and I don't choose to leave my garrison exposed to the incursion of hostile tribes until my oldest boy is five feet two at least. . . .

Yours always faithfully,

O. W. Holmes.

[1] See The Century for August, 1895.

The poems mentioned in the next letters were by a relative of Mr. Morse. After her death the family thought of publishing them, and Mr. Morse asked Dr. Holmes's opinion of them. There is another and much longer criticism, which shows the great pains Dr. Holmes took in reading and expressing an opinion of literary ventures; but of his generosity in that respect there are so many examples in the «Life and Letters» that it has been thought best to omit it. The French quotation—Piron's epitaph upon himself—reminds me that in many of Dr. Holmes's letters to Mr. Morse there are little French expressions and phrases, as if a slight flavor of their old days in France still pervaded the page.

Without agreeing to what has been said of Dr. Holmes, that he is a «Yankee Montaigne,» it must be admitted that this son of Puritan preachers was *doublé* with much of that fine, exact wit of France, which is so brilliant, and so difficult to define. His letters show how he tasted the intellectual pleasure of life in France, and make us wonder what would have been the result if, instead of that too brief sojourn in his youth, it had been his fate to dwell there in his more mature years:

Boston, Oct. 25th, 1855.

My dear Morse: You must not break the third commandment when you see my small sheet and brief lines. My table is strewed with letters, and among the busy men of busy Boston few are more occupied than I am at this time. Occupations: college lectures daily—begin in November; evening lectures (I make more money by them than in any other way) five days in a week almost constantly after November begins; poem-writing for Merc. Lib. Association; address before Pilgrims' Society in N. Y., Dec. 22, looming up in the distance; a correspondence which is frightful to think upon (twenty-six letters one morning a few weeks ago; that will do for one who is not a politician or a man of business, so called, won't it?); besides Rachel to see, children to take care of, and untold immensities of incidentals. In summer I am a gentleman, now I am a drudge. So I don't write long letters. To be sure, it will give me great pleasure to read the poems you speak of, and give you my opinion. Not that I like to promise opinions beforehand on any manuscript. I am fastidious, and, I suspect, slow to accept new forms of genius, so that I always tell young authors who come to me occasionally with their manuscripts not to take my opinion as final.

The presumption is, of course, that where you have been pleased I, too, shall find pleasure. I know your old Shaksperian tastes, and I cannot think that even personal attachment would make you see merit where it did not exist. But if you deliberately ask me my opinion, I shall have to give it to you, whatever it may be—politely, you

know; and delicately as I know how, if it should be different from your own; cordially and gladly if our tastes agree. Do not think too much of my judgment, at any rate, whatever it may be; our Northern standards are different from yours. I don't doubt, if Rouget de l'Isle had asked the opinion of the Academicians of Paris on the «Marseillaise,» they would have had a committee, and reported it stuff.

Remember, then, that I am

. . . rien,
Pas même Académicien,

when you send the MSS.

Nothing but still faithfully your friend,

O. W. HOLMES.

Remember Mrs. Holmes and myself to Mrs. Morse, with our kindest wishes.

BOSTON, Nov. 12th, 1855.

MY DEAR MORSE: I have read the lines you sent me over and over, so that I might, as I promised, give you an opinion about publishing. No one can fail of appreciating the feeling they show; they have the truth which real sorrow crushes out of a sensitive and delicate nature, and which is the stuff that poetry is made of. Nothing can be more natural, and, to those acquainted with all the sad events referred to, more touching, than this outburst of emotion at the thought of parting with a place so endeared by the most tender recollections.

In art the lines are deficient, perhaps too much so to be offered to the surly criticism of the public. You will find this axiom of mine true, I think: the more personal and intimate are the feelings which a poet reveals, the higher art is required to justify their exposure.

I think myself that verses like those you send me are not meant for the public. None but friends should read them. They are too artless, too careless, too much like an extract from a private letter, to be made common property. I should not, therefore, recommend their publication; but I am only one adviser.

I am up to my neck in every possible engagement, or I might perhaps talk longer. I will be as frank with you when you send the volume as now.

Till then good-by.

Yours very faithfully,

O. W. HOLMES.

The quotation in the next letter is a decided contrast. It seems to be from a popular doggerel campaign song in praise of General Jackson, or, according to the refrain, «the hunters of Kentucky.» I can remember hearing a few lines:

And for this opportunity conceive yourself quite lucky,
For 't is n't often that you see a hunter from Kentucky.

. . . . . .

We thought you knew geography, but misses in their teens
Could tell you that Kentucky lay, *just then*, below *Orleans*.

It must have been a favorite student song, and for that reason—certainly not from its intrinsic merits—had stuck in Dr. Holmes's memory. I do not know to what «commercial speculation» reference is made:

BOSTON, Aug. 13th, 1859.

MY DEAR MORSE: Once every few years a good, kindly fit comes over you, and I have the pleasure of hearing from you and reviving the recollection of our old friendship and old friends. I was pleased, and perhaps a little amused, at your commercial speculation. New England likes New Orleans. Too far off to be jealous. Sends a great many of her children there. Loves to have a great city that does not consider itself a mere tributary of New York. Of course there must be some jealousy on the part of neighboring cities of such a great, man-swallowing centre as New York; but really I don't think there is so much evidence of it on the part of Boston as there is on the other side. Witness the late attacks on our trade and sales. The truth is, New York is so enormous that a little place like Boston can't be *very* jealous, whereas a great centre becomes so monopolizing, it is very sore to see any other place holding out as if it felt independent. Don't be scared about merchants being prejudiced against making money by their philanthropy; they are not good enough for that yet. If it would «pay» to send a packet once a week to what-do-you-call-it, down there, for a load of what-do-you-call-'ems raised on combustibles instead of comestibles, they would send it every week, wind and weather permitting, from the end of Long Wharf. «Will it pay?» That is all our wicked merchants ask; not whether they agree about this, that, and the other matter with consignors or consignees.

So hurrah for New Orleans, I say!

Should n't I like to go down to «cypress swamp,» where «the ground was,» and I suppose is, «low and mucky,» and see where «Gineral» Andrew Jackson bagged (cotton-bagged) his mortal game and immortal glory! . . .

Truly your friend,

O. W. HOLMES.

The last letter, so kindly and temperate in tone, full of good feeling for old friends and «our brothers of the South,» yet as inflexible in its expression of adherence to the Union as a stanza of his fine poem, «The Voyage of the Good Ship ‹Union,›» was written at the very beginning of the war:

BOSTON, April 15th, 1861.

MY DEAR MORSE: Your letter came most opportunely, for I had been for some time thinking that I would write you a few lines, at least, at my first leisure moment. Your letter (to one of the boys) was read at the last class meeting, and called out many expressions of kind feeling toward you. I

think I promised then that I would write and tell you how kindly you are always remembered among us.

Here we are under two different flags. I do not see that this has anything to do with our personal relations; at any rate, it is no question of political difference that can alienate us here from our old comrades and friends. In point of fact, until within the last few days there has been comparatively little excitement here among us. The firing on Fort Sumter, and its reported surrender, which has just come to us, are beginning to wake up our people. I do not think that there is anything like that hostility to the South which, no doubt, is honestly supposed to exist by many of our Southern compatriots. The violent abolition party does not at all represent our Northern sentiment; yet our democratic and part at least of our Bell and Everett press are always trying to make the South believe it.

We all look upon the Southern movement very much as Mr. Rhett does, as *not an event of a day*, not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln's election or by the non-execution of the fugitive-slave law, but as a matter that has been gathering head for thirty years. That is the way he sees it, and that is the way we do. The plain truth is, our civilizations have been diverging, and the old constitutional joints have worked loose. The slave system and the free-labor system have each come to a consciousness of the differences they had, as the nation has grown. I am afraid our difficulties are not functional, but organic. You may be right; certainly your position seems forced upon you by nature: but unfortunately, as one of the most accomplished ladies of the South wrote the other day to one of our classmates, civilization is against you.

I was exposed to bitter abuse a few years since in New York for reprobating the unkind feelings and language too often used among us toward our brothers of the South. I have never learned to approve the spirit of the language which I then reprobated. But now that the national property is appropriated, and the national flag assailed, the necessity seems to be forced on the government to measure men and money for a while with those whom it is necessarily bound to consider as conspirators. To make the duty of the government perfectly plain, nothing more was necessary than that its capital should be menaced! Henceforth you will find the North a unit.

It is a great grief to all good men on both sides that they may be called upon to spill the blood of those who were their brothers; but there are principles which can only make themselves recognized by trying the souls of their advocates. I have so much confidence in your honesty of purpose that I know you will join in saying, «God speed the right!» however we may differ in its interpretation. At any rate, if any of the boys of '29 ever meet under hostile banners, I know we should come out, like Glaucus and Diomed between the Greek and Trojan armies, and exchange arms, as did those doughty warriors, instead of fighting each other. Up to this time there has been nothing to show a visitor to Boston that there was any cause interfering with the usual prosperous order of things. *To-morrow* the regiments called out by the governor are to be mustered on the Common; and then, for the first time, our people will begin to realize the great fact which has reached them so slowly. Sooner or later, after thousands of lives and millions of money have been spent, we shall learn, as England and Scotland have learned, that we must live together in peace, in *some* fixed amicable relation. But is not suffering a part of the discipline of nations as much as of individuals? An old lady said long ago: «We want a war here in the North; we have been at peace too long.» No doubt we of the North have become too much like what Napoleon called England—a nation of shopkeepers; too rich, and many of us too lazy and selfish. If it could but have been a foreign enemy against which the steady North and the fiery South could have waved sabers and charged bayonets side by side! But I think the South is deceived in thinking that our commercial habits have in any essential point changed our old manhood.

Let me talk about pleasanter matters. My boy is six feet high within a fraction of an inch, if not quite that. Rather slight, good-looking, gentlemanly, strong on philosophy and art, pretty social; belongs to all imaginable societies—Φ B K, Porcellian, Hasty-Pudding, etc.; is one of the editors of the present Harvard magazine; took the prize for the best essay in the «University Quarterly» (open to all the colleges of the country); does not write much poetry, but chosen class poet almost without opposition. I will make him send you something of his com-positio-n. I don't think his poem will be printed; it is not usual to do so.

Hoping that nothing need ever change our old friendship, and that we may live to see peace between our States once more, I am

Always your friend,

O. W. HOLMES.

The friends of so many years never met again. My father died in February, 1866; and in announcing his death to the members of the old class Dr. Holmes wrote:

. . . Another of our companions, college classmate, life classmate, has taken his last degree—missing, but not lost from that

One circle, scarce broken, these waiting below,
Those walking the shores where the asphodels blow.

O. W. H.

Mary Blake Morse.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Heroes of Peace.

THE virtue of military courage, and the part of that virtue in making and preserving nations, are never likely to be underrated. As Professor William James said in his recent address, quoted in the August CENTURY: «Man is once for all a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle instinct out of us; and military virtue is the kind of virtue least in need of reinforcement by reflection, least in need of orator's or poet's help.» Military courage, indeed, seems to be latent in the mass of mankind—so much so that, put to the test, its absence is exceptional and surprising. Nobody likes to be shot at, but few men will refuse to go into battle. There were panics in our Civil War; these are psychological phenomena by no means implying genuine cowardice; but in the whole war, and on both sides of it, how many genuine cowards were brought to light? The moral bravery we call «civic courage» is indeed a rarer virtue than the courage military among the citizens of the Republic.

But without, at the moment, dwelling upon the kind of patriotism which is sometimes displayed, and is so greatly needed, in times of peace, we wish to call attention to the series, now being published in THE CENTURY, on those «Heroes of Peace» who have done valiant deeds, not for their country, but for their fellow-men; who have been physically and morally brave in the emergencies of hazardous occupations, or in those of more commonplace and every-day life. None of the readers of this magazine can accuse it of having neglected to glorify the courage of the battle-field. Aside from those periodicals altogether devoted to military and naval matters, THE CENTURY would probably be called, on its record, the «fightingest» magazine of modern times, with its «war series» and lives of great soldiers, sailors, and war-time statesmen. In the language of the Southern orator, we and our readers have «fought, fit, died, and bled, no end» together this many a long year—and we still seem to see some fighting ahead! Perhaps a magazine with such a war record owes it to the fitness of things to make an equally powerful peace record. Not that the arts of peace have been neglected, but that the «Heroes of Peace» deserve from such a source particular and conspicuous attention.

It will be remembered that the first article of the series was Mr. Gustav Kobbé's «Heroism in the Lighthouse Service,» published in THE CENTURY for June, 1897. The second, on heroism in the police service,—that metropolitan police service of which Mr. Roosevelt, the author of the article, was lately the official head,—appears in this number. It is a study of the subject from the point of view of an expert; and it has a secondary, but most timely, interest in its bearing upon civic government—in fact, upon the pending campaign in the greater city of New York; for it shows the tremendous necessity of the government, not only of the police force, but, by implication, of every municipal department, without interference from national political organizations, especially from such organizations as are given over to selfishness and spoils. Mr. Roosevelt's story of the attack of the spoilsmen upon the board, because it insisted upon promoting fit men and heroes instead of the favorites of bosses, ought to make the blood of every honest citizen of New York boil, and boil to some purpose in this very campaign.

What Mr. Roosevelt says incidentally about the courageous lives of «engineers, firemen, brakemen, and train-hands generally» reminds us that an article from the most authentic sources will be here published on this very subject. Another, on the heroes of the Fire Department, will be from the pen of Mr. Jacob A. Riis. Other «Heroes of Peace» will have their place in the series, which promises to be as curious as it will be exemplary. The only difficulty in the way is the great embarrassment of riches in any such undertaking, as one may prove by the merest glance at the newspapers of almost any day of the year.

Leaders of American Thought.

IT is sometimes remarked as a misfortune of the American political system that the method of choosing legislators directly from the district to be represented, added to the habit of making frequent changes in the representation, tends to drive many men out of public life who are natural leaders. This, it is maintained, somewhat lowers the standard of our representative bodies, and deprives the country of the benefits which it would derive from a larger number of well-known and highly trained public servants. It can be shown, even, that while conspicuous success in Parliament means an uninterrupted career, a similar success in Congress may be the very thing that will stand in the way of the return of the congressman to the next Congress. For instance, if a congressman becomes a leader of his party, and actually carries through some party measure, the opposite party may think it worth while to concentrate its campaign work in his particular district, in order to discredit the cause by the personal defeat of its champion. Something like this has happened in at least two conspicuous instances in recent years, and to leaders of first one and then the other party in the House of Representatives.

Without stopping to discuss this subject further, or to quote the opinions for and against the American system, we only wish to note that, however frequent may be the changes among the official representatives of political policies and public opinion, America possesses a permanent group of representatives and leaders who are without any political position whatever. Our public thought is, to a certain extent, swayed by men of national reputation who are not in office; who, in some cases, have never held office, either representative or executive. This country has indeed a noble body of intellectual leaders—in numbers all too small, to be sure, but men honored everywhere for ability, character,

public spirit, and that unselfishness, that disinterestedness, which in a democracy like ours is a source of almost unlimited power.

We are moved to these reflections by the reading of two books of essays which have just come to our desk, one by the bishop of a metropolitan diocese, the other by the president of a great university.[1] Even more than by the intellectual and literary force of any one chapter of these works are we impressed by the ideality, the instinct for noble things, the passion for the nation, that permeate the whole of each of these high-thoughted volumes. The word patriot is in danger of degradation from the often confounding of the disgusting imitation with the sacred reality; but here speaks that sort of patriotism which is the continual salvation of the Republic; that noble pride in country which will have the country pure; that love of country which is in truth the love and service of humanity—which has in it a kind of worship surely acceptable to him who is the God of nations.

So long as the Republic nurtures and listens to such leaders of thought as these, no patriot can despair. The reign of corrupt bosses exists largely because of our absorption in the opportunities of freedom. It takes some imagination—some *attention*, at least—to realize the demoralizing empire of professional spoilsmen, when, after all, one finds himself comfortable in his home and business. But our true leaders—men like Lowell, Curtis, Schurz, Potter, and Eliot—are the creators of that nobler public opinion which finally reacts upon the entire machinery of government and the entire life of the community, to their gradual cleansing and bettering.

Fortunate in Enemies and in Friends.

WE heard an interesting conversation, the other day, on the value of enemies. One of the speakers maintained —and who shall deny it?—that enemies discover and correct weaknesses, create definite policies, stir up friends, and excite energies that lead to victory. Enemies are as useful for causes as for individuals.

The last observation is appropriate to the obvious good turns that the enemies of civil-service reform are always doing that beneficent and triumphant cause. The recent activity of the enemies of the reform at Washington seems to have had much to do with the victory the reform has just enjoyed there. The congressional inquiry has developed unimpeachable testimony as to the practical superiority of the merit over the spoils system; and the threatenings with which the air was at one time filled were the means of showing the new administration (if it needed any such demonstration) how deeply the reform is based in the common sense and conscience of the American people. And now a most valuable object-lesson is being prepared, in the interests of the reform, by the formation, on the part of certain hungry patriots, of an Anti-Civil-Service League.

But the merit system has also been fortunate in its friends. President McKinley, by the widely extended guards he has put up against unjust removals, has again proved himself one of the chief friends of the reform. The new rule requires that no removal shall be made from a position subject to competitive examination, except for just cause and upon written charges, of which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defense. A similar rule, applying to clerks and carriers in the post-office department, was put in operation three years ago under Postmaster-General Bissell and President Cleveland. It has worked well there, and the principle is now made to apply to the entire competitive civil service.

President McKinley's action is all the more creditable as it is taken in the face of clamorous attacks upon the entire merit system by unwise members of his own party. The President is helping powerfully to fulfil his own prophecy, contained in his declaration, made years ago on the floor of Congress, that civil-service reform «has come to stay.»

Beauty as a Principle.

NOTHING is more common than to find among otherwise well-educated people an incomplete development of the sense of beauty. There are people in whom the love of any art—music, or painting, or poetry—seems to be developed at the expense of the other arts, if not to their exclusion. The indifference of certain painters to music, or of certain musicians to pictures, may be accounted for on the theory that the sense of beauty is innate,—«born, not made,»—or that it is atrophied on one side by reason of excessive growth on another. But besides this lack of a nice and comprehensive esthetic sense among those of one's general acquaintance, one sometimes meets an artist who exhibits not only indifference to beauty of all sorts except the sort which he pursues, but an actual contempt for it. We have known admirable painters—who might better have been lamenting their lack of appreciation of the «faculty divine» —to waive aside the work of the great poets, as though they were deceivers or deceived, instead of new eyes with which to look at nature and truth. It has been said that «no one who has acquired an art in his youth can be wholly unhappy»; but it is certain that this acquisition may be obtained at the expense of a greater happiness, and even to the detriment of a larger sense of beauty. This broader sympathy is quite as likely to be found in those who merely enjoy beauty as in those who create it. The narrowness of musicians is proverbial, due, perhaps, to the necessity of specialization on the executive side; but in composition their feeling touches a more extensive range of human emotions. The influence of nature-study and of travel upon our people has been great, and yet one is often shocked by the failure to respond to natural beauty on the part of those who have chosen some form of art as a career, or who at least are part of the artistic world. It is not by the segregation, but by the unity and interplay, of the arts that the highest results are obtained, as in the Renaissance, when they went hand in hand in an activity the like of which has not since been seen. For one's own advantage, and for the advancement of the world, it is well to cultivate hospitality toward all forms of art, remembering that

> . . . God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

[1] «The Scholar and the State, and other Orations and Addresses,» by Bishop H. C. Potter. «American Contributions to Civilization,» by President Charles W. Eliot. (THE CENTURY CO.)

OPEN LETTERS

How Boston has Systematized its Parks.

A LESSON FOR ALL AMERICAN CITIES.

IN answer to the editorial request to describe the Boston park system, I would say that it deserves careful consideration, on the part of all friends of municipal progress, as an exceptionally felicitous example of wise and artistic planning with reference to all the various recreative and sanitary needs that open spaces of a public character can be made to serve. It is notable that Boston was the last of the older great cities of the United States to become alive to the necessity of public parks, in the modern sense of the term, in the equipment of a progressive municipality. The reason for this lay in the park-like beauty of its suburbs, with woods and fields easily accessible to the population, and in the existence of the large, old-fashioned Common, and the more recent Public Garden, in the very heart of the town. But with the expansion of the city, and the consequent gradual disappearance of rural charms, the necessity for the preservation of areas of open space within convenient reach became apparent. It was twenty-two years ago that a special park act was accepted by the citizens, and it is about eighteen years since the work of construction was begun. Up to the present time something over twelve million dollars have been expended upon land and construction.

The regret has frequently been expressed in many quarters that the work could not have been undertaken years before, in view of the many lost charms of the surrounding landscape that might thus have been preserved. But, on the other hand, it is felt that it is better, after all, that the delay should have occurred, on account of the more artistic methods that have been developed, the growth in public appreciation of such methods, and the consequent disposition and ability to do things in a larger, more intelligent, and consistent way.

If a large city were to be planned for location upon a beautiful and virgin site, with our present knowledge it would be a comparatively easy task to adapt it to the conditions of the place with regard to all the requirements of use and beauty, and there would be an unspeakable advantage in the utilization of the natural landscape opportunities of the region. A city of ideal beauty might thus be created, and the work would be possible of accomplishment with remarkable economy of resource. While such an opportunity would be a piece of rare good fortune, it is worth remembering that in the assured expansion of many small towns of to-day into large and important centers there exist, in large measure, opportunities not dissimilar in character, and that the problem of the growth of our great cities also includes similar conditions. Intelligent growth, instead of the haphazard expansion of former periods, should be the aim in the municipal activities of the present age. Modern science has placed in our hands the means essential to such growth, together with a knowledge of what the circumstances demand. Of cardinal importance are the adaptation of every scheme for municipal development to topographical requirements, and a wisely considered use of the natural features of a site in determining the permanent character of landscape surroundings.

This principle has to an unprecedented degree governed the designing of the Boston park system. While that system has by no means been planned as a whole, these ideas have been followed as its development has gradually progressed from comparatively small beginnings. It would be instructive to trace the various steps in this development; but present limitations forbid, and it can now only be said that the system comprises a series of public open spaces, each related to and complementing the others, each possessing a marked individuality in landscape character and in the part which it plays in the general scheme of public recreation in the open air.

Boston is fortunately situated in regard to these ends: a maritime city lying upon an island-studded bay, with estuaries penetrating a strikingly diversified landscape; a region not modeled upon a grand scale, such as distinguishes the country about New York, but with a broad and liberal graciousness in the charmingly picturesque commingling of hills and valleys, woodlands and marsh levels, with many ponds and various clear streams, and margined by the sea in an irregular coast-line of bluffs and rocky headlands alternating with shining beaches —the whole country toned and softened by nearly three centuries of human occupancy. Much of this has been ruthlessly mutilated, and conspicuous areas are hopeless wrecks of former beauty. But much yet remains unspoiled, and the city, with such landscapes lying upon nearly every side, has been enabled to take good advantage of its natural endowment.

Boston had the good fortune to obtain the services of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted at the outset, and the entire park system has been designed by that great artist and the firm of landscape architects at whose head he stands, and has been carried out under their immediate supervision. The Park Department is governed by a commission of three members, prominent citizens appointed by the mayor, who consider it an honor to serve the community without pay. They have had the good sense to follow the advice of the experts in charge of their work in practically all matters of design, construction, and administration. The department has been singularly free from political interference. The attitude of the commission in this respect has not infrequently aroused most vindictive resentment on the part of the mercenary element in city politics, but the civil-service law has been a strong bulwark against such aggressions. These conditions have given the Boston parks a noble artistic unity, which underlies and assures the widest popular utility in providing the various forms of recreation which public open spaces of different kinds can be made to serve.

The central feature of the Boston system is the great park of the city, Franklin Park, which corresponds in its general character to Central Park in New York and Prospect Park in Brooklyn, but more nearly resembles the latter in the simple breadth and unity of its scenery. Vistas of a noble range of hills bring several miles of country-side within the park so far as landscape effect is considered. A line of parkway, unique in character, connects Franklin Park and a chain of other pleasure-grounds with the heart of the city by an irregular route of something like seven miles, with drives, rides, walks, and a long reach of waterways. First in order comes the Arnold Arboretum,—the beautiful great «tree museum» so well described by Mrs. Robbins in THE CENTURY for April, 1893,—a tract of hill and dale where every variety of tree and shrub which can be made to grow in the Boston climate flourishes under the most favorable conditions in a way that combines delightfully the highest demands of botanical science with popular instruction and recreation. This has been done under the coöperation of Harvard University with the city of Boston.

A half-mile farther on is Jamaica Park—a fresh-water pleasure-ground, with most of its area occupied by the beautiful Jamaica Pond. The land acreage is just sufficient to assure an attractive margin of pleasant shores. At this park aquatic recreation is the main feature, with excellent opportunities for skating in winter.

Leverett Park is a continuation of Jamaica Park, with a striking diversity of scenery in groves and tree-clumps, grassy slopes, small ponds, brooks, and cascades, and provision for the establishment of a zoölogical collection of fresh-water aquatic life in and about a series of shallow pools.

Leverett Park continues the parkway along the valley of a charming stream, one of whose sources is Jamaica Pond, and which forms the boundary between Boston and the town of Brookline,—this and the succeeding division of the improvement having been carried out jointly by the city and the town. The next division is a long and comparatively narrow section called the Riverway, which in landscape character recalls some of the loveliest aspects of rural England. Then, just as the neighborhood of a streamlet on the New England coast changes as it approaches the sea, so as this clear little river joins the creek that now safely carries the waters of a once very troublesome stream—Stony Brook—to the estuary of the Charles, the scene gradually assumes a littoral aspect, and brackish waters meander through marshy levels with bosky banks. This remarkable reproduction of the tranquil landscape of salt-marshes is a novel feature in park design, and is notable as an absolute creation of scenery upon a foundation of nothing but repulsive mud-flats and a shallow bay, just as the Riverway is an instance of the restoration of a formerly beautiful landscape. «The Fens,» as the marsh scenery section is called, form the artistic guise of a necessary and very important engineering and sanitary improvement. A short and narrow section, the Charlesgate, brings the parkway to its terminus at the Charles River. A chain of picturesque and ever-varying scenery is thus presented all the way from Franklin Park. Under formal urban conditions the system is carried through the handsome residential Back Bay section to the threshold of the business districts at the Public Garden by way of Commonwealth Avenue, now in charge of the Park Department.

Another very important element in the system is Marine Park at City Point and Castle Island. This is the seat of the greatest yachting headquarters in the United States, and the maritime movement forms a brilliant and animated spectacle through the summer. The use of Castle Island for park purposes has been given by the National Government. The island has been connected with the main, and between it and a long iron pier at the Point a «Pleasure Bay» with a horseshoe curve gives opportunity for safe boating. Facilities for beach-bathing on a large scale are provided, sites for club-houses are allotted to the various yacht-clubs, and a great aquarium is contemplated. For two miles along the shore of the peninsula of South Boston the Strandway, now under construction, makes a beautiful bayside drive, and, continued as Dorchesterway to the end of Massachusetts Avenue, the chief cross-town thoroughfare, gives Marine Park a pleasant and convenient connection with the rest of the system. Another parkway line, just determined upon, will connect Franklin Park directly with the Strandway, and make a continuous line of park roads, about thirteen miles long, from the Public Garden to Castle Island.

There are several minor public grounds in various sections of the city, recently established by the Park Department, not connected with the main system, but models of their kind as local and neighborhood open spaces, in contrast to the sixty-five open spaces of various kinds which, for the most part, are shabbily and yet expensively maintained by the Public Grounds Department, apart from the regular park administration.

The municipal park system of the city forms but a minor portion of the area of public open spaces included in the Metropolitan Parks District of Boston, which in 1892 was created for this purpose, comprising a cluster of thirty-six municipalities. The metropolitan system already includes more than sixty-five hundred acres, with other large areas publicly held in various ways under the administration of that department by a board of five commissioners appointed by the governor. There are two noble public forest reservations,—the Blue Hills, with over four thousand acres, and the Middlesex Fells, with about thirty-two hundred acres,—besides the Stony Brook Woods, of about four hundred acres: the latter an expansion in a picturesque grand parkway which is to connect the Blue Hills with the Boston system at the Arnold Arboretum. Within the district is also the important public forest of the city of Lynn—the Lynn Woods, comprising two thousand acres. All these are wilderness tracts of remarkable sylvan charm, requiring only the simplest forms of judicious improvement to let Nature do her best and to adapt them to public use. This improvement need be little more than the planting, thinning, and care of trees, with expert disposition of appropriate varieties according to landscape conditions, together with a well-devised system of good roads to make the scenery in all parts conveniently accessible for the public.

A small tract of great importance is the Beaver Brook Reservation, to the westward of Cambridge in Waltham

and Belmont, embracing a famous group of grand and primeval oaks, and the cascade celebrated by Lowell in his exquisite poem. Of inestimable value in the metropolitan park scheme are the dedication to public use of several miles of ocean front at Revere Beach, and of the shores of the Charles River for a large portion of its course through the metropolitan district. Also included are the similar improvement of the shores of the two other rivers, the Mystic and the Neponset, so far as practicable, and the connection of the various reservations with the city and with each other by lines of boulevards and parkways, the latter to comprise in their chain the most important large ponds of the district, several of which are very beautiful.

Several of the metropolitan municipalities outside of Boston have recently engaged in the work of park improvement, most important being Cambridge, which has taken for the purpose nearly all the shores of the Charles River within its limits. Notable park works of picturesque character have also been undertaken by Newton, Waltham, Malden, and Winchester. Including the local grounds, there are already within the metropolitan district available for recreative purposes a grand total of between thirteen and fourteen thousand acres of public open space.

The metropolitan system as projected is a work which demands years for its consummation; but it is felt that the lines cannot too soon be laid down and adopted. Altogether the Boston scheme of park development, including with the metropolitan the several separate municipal undertakings, is undoubtedly the broadest and most comprehensive yet planned for any city; and by its thoughtful adaptation of the most essential elements of the regional landscape to the needs of a great urban population, it has justly aroused the enthusiasm of the foremost authorities on the subject.

Sylvester Baxter.

A New Parliament of Religions.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A EUROPEAN ADVOCATE OF A NEW PARLIAMENT IN 1900.

WHEN, in 1893, the news came that a Parliament of Religions was in session at Chicago in one of the palaces of the Columbian Exposition, it gave old Europe a great and almost anxious feeling of surprise. We were told that before an assemblage of thousands, surrounded by one hundred and seventy representatives of the most diverse religions, Cardinal Gibbons had risen, his fine and gentle face set off and illumined by the scarlet of his cardinal's robe, his eyes beaming with celestial joy, and had recited the Paternoster, in the silence, as it were, of a sanctuary. The whole assembly had accepted *that* prayer as «the universal prayer.»

The Parliament of Religions, however, did not limit itself merely to this solemn and ideal manifestation. Following a very practical and precise program, the representatives of religious humanity, in their various sessions occupying seventeen days, studied the gravest problems of the present time. They spoke only of agreement, conciliation, souls, union, and fraternity. It was the first council where there were neither disputes nor anathemas.

Now, although Mr. Charles Bonney, a religious-minded thinker, was the first to propose the idea of a Parliament of Religions, and the Rev. Dr. Barrows, a Protestant minister, was its practical and effective organizer, yet it is but just to recognize that the coöperation of the Catholic Church in the United States made it a possibility, and assured its success.

As for the advantages which may have resulted from the Parliament of Religions, Mgr. Keane, who was obliged to attend the International Scientific Congress of Catholics at Brussels (September, 1894), in order to defend the great work of the American bishops against the attacks of the Jesuits and the non-compromising spirits (*intransigéants*) of the Church, set them forth thus in an eloquent discourse: «Mankind begins to detest hatred and hostility ever more and more. Humanity is making an undeniable effort toward milder forms and a more prolific blossoming of charity. And is it not the aim of religion to unite man with God and with his brethren? Religion is charity. Even though we may not be able to agree on questions of faith, may it not be possible to come to terms on charity? It would be much to give even *this* lesson to Christians: that in order to love God it is not necessary to hate one's brother who does not love him in just the way we do; that so as to be faithful to our belief, it is not necessary to be at war with a hundred who understand faith differently. But there was another very desirable utility—that of uniting the protest of every form of religious belief against materialism and agnosticism, against all forms of irreligion and unbelief, and thereby showing how contrary these things are to the fundamental ideas of mankind and its happiness.»

Might not old Europe, renouncing her past contentions, renew so great an act of generosity, liberality, and progress, and convoke a new Parliament or Universal Congress of Religions? That is the question which some French Catholics, Protestants, and Israelites asked one another. The year 1900 is to be glorified by the Universal Exposition at Paris, and it will rest on the apex of two centuries. Why should it not be chosen to mark the date of an immense religious rendezvous, where all believers might make a sole and same declaration of faith, «I believe in God»; and unite in a sole and same prayer, «Our Father, who art in heaven»?

Above all, at the present time, while problems of social transformation are engrossing and carrying away all minds, it is the duty of those representing the moral and religious ideal in this world to recall the fact that religion, whatever may be said to the contrary notwithstanding, has molded the soul of humanity in the past, has stamped its deep impression in the flesh and blood of all the generations whose heirs we are; and hence no dreams for reorganizing the world can afford to neglect the indestructible element of mystic aspirations.

The social benefit of these aspirations is incontestable. They alone are able to preserve a trace of idealism for us in the terrible struggle for life which, without them, would be merely material, brutal, and ferocious. «For the immense majority of men,» said Renan, «established religion constitutes the only share in their lives given to the worship of the ideal. To suppress or weaken this sole and great remembrance of nobility, in the classes deprived of other means of education, would be to debase human nature and take away the sign that distinguishes it essentially from animals.»

The inspiration most needed by humanity in our terrible times is surely that of charity, brotherly love, justice, and social solidarity. But whatever theories the sociologists may frame, those sentiments can have a solid foundation only in the supreme religion of the paternity of God and the fraternity of men.

The proclamation of this humanitarian religion, because it is best fitted for the social needs of the present time, would assuredly not imply the renunciation of more complete beliefs that go beyond it. There would be no recantations or vague compromises of doctrine. Every believer would keep his complete faith.

The very principle of a Parliament of Religions would be to proclaim the respect due to every sincerely pious conscience, and to every religion, in the individual form it takes in each conscience. Faith would be considered less on its *absolute*, and more on man's, side in relation to his heart and intelligence. Without failing to recognize the value and the rights of metaphysical truth, subjective or moral truth would be declared to be more important. It would be less a question about *truth* than about *sincerity*. Faith and sincere conviction would command every one's veneration.

If it were said that this is going too far, that this is in a manner recognizing the equal value of all religions, we can reply: «No; all religions are not equally valuable; but all honest and sincere consciences are, and they have the right to demand the respect due their free convictions.» It would be impossible to maintain the equal value of all religions, as regards their dogmatic assertions, in the *absolute*, but the equal dignity of religious consciences is an undeniable principle. The very nature of the Parliament forbids the discussion of the absolute truth of creeds. The gaps in one denomination's creed would not be considered any more than the superiority of another. Yet the mere spectacle of believers of such various faiths in session in one and the same assembly would proclaim that if a perfect faith is God's greatest gift, «good faith in incomplete truth, or even in error, is man's greatest merit, and is his sovereignly sacred and honorable right.»

The Parliament of Religions, in short, would accomplish what we should like to call the «moral union of religions.» But there would be a compact of silence on all dogmatic peculiarities dividing men's minds, as also a compact of common action on those points uniting their hearts, by the uplifting and consoling virtue dwelling in all faith. It would be the end of sectarianism. It would be a breaking away from that long tradition of wranglings which kept earnest men quarreling about subtle differences of doctrine, and would herald new times, when men would care less about splitting up into new sects and chapels, digging trenches and building barriers, than to spread the benefits, both moral and social, of religious sentiments by noble and cordial goodwill. The sublime example of tolerance and brotherly concord would tend powerfully to the formation and the progressive education of the general conscience of humanity—that is to say, the fundamental conscience of its moral and spiritual unity; and thereby religion would resume its true rôle, which is to reveal charity to men, and, amid the diversity of minds, prove the brotherhood of hearts.

Abbé Victor Charbonnel.

Is Common Sense un-American?

It is quite generally admitted that there are some serious defects in the working of popular government in this country. Few intelligent Americans deny that there is something left to be desired in our management of the business and finances of a great nation—its revenue, currency, and banking methods; in the treatment which our statesmen and legislators give to international questions; in the quality of our national and State legislators; in the way in which our nominating machinery works; in the assumption and exercise of the functions of government by party bosses, without regard to the rights and wishes of the people; and in the general results of universal suffrage as applied to the government of cities. Upon these and other points which might be mentioned there is virtually unanimous agreement among Americans who are not politicians and who are in the habit of giving thought to the subject. But with this general admission the agreement ends, and a division is made into two great classes, one of which contends that the only way by which the evils complained of can be remedied is by full and frank recognition of them in all their seriousness, without qualification or attempt at extenuation; while the other contends that full and frank recognition, especially in plain speech and terms, must be avoided as an unpatriotic reflection upon our institutions, as a pessimistic and degenerate proceeding unworthy a true American citizen, and that the only really patriotic and effective remedy is to refrain from plain or harsh characterization, and to claim that everything is sure to come out all right in the end, because we are the greatest and most glorious nation that the world has ever seen.

Let us see how plain common sense—what General Grant called «horse sense»—will operate when applied to these two methods of treating the evils which we have enumerated.

1. *National Revenue, Taxation, and Currency.*—Common sense would say: Follow, in the management of these questions, the teachings of experience throughout the world, which, summed up in a sentence, would be to take them out of politics and put them absolutely in the control of experts. Every business house in the world does this, not because it is the surest method of success, but because it is the only method, not merely of success, but of existence. No intelligent man can deny that if our national business were conducted in this way the results would be in every way an improvement upon our present condition: taxation would be more light, because more scientific and just; confidence would be universal and permanent, because of a sound currency and banking system; and periodic upheavals in trade and industry because of uncertainty about tariff rates would cease. Is there any other way by which such results can be achieved? Can things be bettered by questioning the patriotism of those who point out the defects of our present methods? Is it un-American to say that we should be intelligent enough to exercise common sense?

2. *International Questions.*—Common sense says: Conduct these in such a way as to preserve our own self-respect, to prevent a disturbance of our own trade and industry by causing unnecessary alarm, and to hold

us before the world as a civilized, Christian nation desiring to be just and honorable in all its dealings. This seems to be a very simple method of procedure, and one that is patriotic as well, unless it be true that there is a conflict between common sense and true Americanism.

3. *Quality of National and State Legislators.*—How many persons of intelligence are met in private life who maintain that the quality of our legislators is satisfactory? There is a virtually universal admission that the quality has been deteriorating steadily for many years, and is now little short of deplorable. This being the case, what does common sense say? Does it say the quality can be improved by concealing the facts? Does it say that we shall get better legislators by denouncing everybody who says we have poor ones, and holding him up to contempt and scorn as a degenerate American who is slandering the institutions and statesmen of his country? Is such a method of procedure as that calculated to drive unworthy men out of politics?

4. *Our Nominating Machinery.*—It is a notorious fact that in national politics this has passed out of the control of the people, and is now in the complete possession of bosses, who use it to put their servileagents into the public offices. What does common sense say about this? Does it say it can be remedied by concealing and denying it, and assailing as bad Americans all those who denounce it as an evil which must in time break down popular government if it be not rooted out? Does it say it can be remedied by everybody's going about and declaring that this is the greatest nation in the world, that nothing can harm us, and that all will come out right in the end? Does it not rather say that the danger must be recognized in all its force, and the best method possible devised to encounter and defeat it? And how can this be done without first arousing the people to the necessity for action by showing them what the danger is?

5. *The Misgovernment of Cities.*—What does common sense say about this universally admitted fact? Does it say, Shut your eyes to it, and wait for it to work out its own cure without your aid? Does it say you can reform it by denouncing as un-American all those who venture to call attention to it and to speak of it as a disgrace and a peril to free institutions? What is patriotism? Can there be a better definition of it than Lowell gave when, in asserting his own love of his country, he asked:

What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

Joseph B. Bishop.

«The Withdrawal of the French from Mexico.»

OLIVER P. MORTON'S
CONFIDENTIAL RELATION TO THE EVENT.

On October 28, 1865, Oliver P. Morton, the «War Governor» of Indiana, after undergoing extraordinary labors in keeping his State in the column of those loyal to the Union, was stricken with paralysis, a disease which came upon him like a thief in the night, broke down a frame of great vigor and endurance, and entailed continued suffering for the remaining years of his life. His physicians prescribed absolute rest, but for Morton this was impossible, and he was soon at work preparing an elaborate message to the legislature. They then insisted that he should withdraw absolutely from the duties of office, and that a change of scene and climate was necessary for his recovery. He had been told of the success of Dr. Brown-Sequard of Paris in the treatment of paralysis, so he made up his mind to go abroad and seek the aid of this celebrated physician. His message to the legislature was delivered on the 14th of November, and on the evening of the 17th he left Indianapolis for Washington, where he spent the week prior to his departure for Europe. While in that city he had several interviews with President Johnson, a man with whom he had held cordial and even intimate relations. In one of these interviews Mr. Johnson confided to him a secret mission, asking him to make a personal request of Napoleon III for the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico. It had already been determined by the administration that the French must leave that country, even if it involved the necessity of war; but President Johnson hoped that the Emperor would consent to this voluntarily, if he could do so without too great a loss of prestige. The demand through the regular diplomatic channels for the withdrawal of these troops would be embarrassing to the French government, which as late as October 16 had insisted upon a recognition of the empire of Maximilian before the French army should be recalled.

It appears from an article in the May, 1897, number of The Century Magazine that General Schofield had already been sent by the State Department to communicate to the Emperor unofficially the necessity for recalling the French troops; and President Johnson, learning that Morton intended to go to Paris, asked him also to intimate informally to the Emperor that it would be impossible for the administration to withstand the pressure of public opinion in America, which demanded the expulsion of these troops, if their withdrawal were longer postponed. He asked Morton to say that it would be easier for the French government to recall them voluntarily than to submit to the humiliation of acceding to official demands, and that by a voluntary withdrawal the good feeling between the two nations could be better preserved. Mr. Johnson impressed upon Morton the necessity of keeping this mission entirely secret, and he gave him the following autograph letter, which stated nothing of the object of his visit:

«Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.,
«December 11th, 1865.

«His Excellency Governor O. P. Morton of the State of Indiana has been *entrusted by the Government of the United States of America with important business in Europe.* As the executive of one of the States of the Union, and as a citizen possessing the confidence and respect of his country, he is cordially recommended to the kind consideration of all whom it may concern.

«Andrew Johnson.»

A physician had been detailed by the Secretary of War to attend the governor until the departure of the latter in the *Scotia.* The voyage was long and uneventful. Morton arrived in Liverpool the day before Christmas. He proceeded to London, stopping only two days in that city, and then passed directly on to Paris, where he remained till the 1st of February. Here he had to undergo the ordeal of the moxa, or cautery, of the spine, which was performed by Dr. Brown-Sequard. Previous to this operation he had an interview with Baron Roth-

schild, who arranged for him a private audience with the Emperor. He delivered to Napoleon the message from President Johnson. The Emperor replied that it had never been his purpose to keep permanent possession of Mexico, but that his object had been to secure the rights of French creditors and residents, and to leave the people of the country free to make their choice of rulers. He spoke regretfully of a speech which had been made by General Logan in Congress, demanding the summary expulsion of Bazaine. It was shortly after this interview that the Emperor delivered his address to the Corps Législatif on January 22, to which General Schofield refers, in which he declared that the French occupation of Mexico was reaching its limit. After his private interview Morton also received a formal invitation to a reception at the Tuileries. He wished to go, but to do this he would be obliged to wear court dress and sword. At first he determined to do it. He went with his friend Berry Sulgrove, who had accompanied him to Paris, and selected a costume; but he had a great distaste for appearing in that way, and believed that standing for a long time at a great reception would be injurious to his health, so he remained away.

When Morton found that the operation of the moxa was not successful, and that his paralysis could not be cured, he became very impatient to return, and after a few days in Switzerland he started for England, and thence back to America.

Although Sulgrove knew that Morton had had a private interview with the Emperor, it is not believed that Morton ever spoke of the subject of this mission until during his final illness. The Hon. R. R. Hitt, who had been his private secretary in the Senate, visited him at Indianapolis shortly before his death, and read aloud to the sick man during a great part of the night. On this occasion Morton drew him down close to the side of his bed, and said: «I want to tell you about that mission to Paris. There is not a word about it on record, and when I die the secret will die with me. I was asked by Johnson to have an interview with the Emperor, and if possible to secure the removal of the French troops from Mexico. Mr. Bigelow was minister at the time, but he knew nothing of it.» Morton then related to Mr. Hitt the foregoing facts.

It is of course impossible to say positively to what agency the withdrawal of the French troops was mainly due. Possibly several things concurred to convince Napoleon that this step was necessary; but it is a fair inference that the distinguished statesman who talked face to face with the French Emperor in secret conference had much to do with it.

RICHMOND, INDIANA. *William Dudley Foulke.*

Kindergarten Progress in Indianapolis.

THE public schools of Indianapolis have received extended notice from the press throughout the country. No less admirable is the branch of training found in the free kindergartens, which are the result of ten years of persistent labor. The free kindergartens of this city are recognized in the National Association of Kindergartens as among the most progressive in the country. During the year just closed (June, 1897), 5297 children were reached by the kindergartens, of which there are eleven, all numbered but two, to which have been given the names of Arabella C. Peele, who was for a number of years president of the Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society, and of Miss Mary Turner Cooper, who did so much for the colored children composing the school. The kindergarten work proper is much the same as that in all similar schools. For a number of years no fine hand-work has been done, as Mrs. Eliza A. Blaker, who has been superintendent of the schools ever since they were opened, believes that the close attention demanded of the pupil for this work creates ailments in later years. A unique feature is the domestic training, which is not like the kitchen-garden, but is real training in practical housekeeping. One phase is to teach that cheerful faces, kind words, gentle tones, and clean rooms are as valuable as well-cooked, nicely served food and a clean dress. Thirty-one guests were served in the Domestic Training-school during the winter, with the entire menu of potato-soup, toast-sticks, breaded veal, green peas with white sauce, potato-balls, biscuits, celery and nut-salad, snow-pudding, and coffee, prepared by the pupils. The sewing-classes learn how to make dolls' clothes, and as the children grow larger they make dresses and underclothes, make and trim hats, mend, darn, and crochet. Under the supervision of Mrs. Blaker, there are kindergartens at many of the public institutions. Each school keeps a record-book containing the name, age, health, temperament, physical defects, etc., of each child. This is taken when the child enters, and the children are tested from time to time, and the result is added to the record-book, in order to keep a study of the child and meet the individuality of each. There is teaching in patriotism, the flag salute and national airs being an oft-repeated part of the exercises. Last Fröbel Day (April 21), in addition to the usual program, each child was presented with a packet of seeds, both flower and vegetable. The effect was almost miraculous, for in two weeks' time the greatest improvement in the yards of the families represented by the children was noticed. They were in order, patches had been fenced off, and one father made a little fence and gate for his child. A summer school is being maintained this year, with excellent results and large attendance. From the modest beginning special features have been added, until now the work reaches out in every direction, and not only the children but the parents are brought under its influence. Mothers' meetings, for an hour of rest, change, pleasure, conversation, instruction, and social intercourse, with some light refreshment and a story or song, make a bright spot for them, with an annual mass-meeting of mothers for an event of special importance. Friendly visiting to each family secures the coöperation of the family; evening socials for the fathers enlist their sympathies; and the Mothers' Band is helpful in raising money, visiting the sick, attending the entertainments, and assisting in the work. The literary societies in all of the schools are well attended, and are aided by the school library, which loans books to the families of the children who attend the kindergarten. The boys in the wood-whittling classes do all of the cabinet-work of the schools, and make articles for sale. Through the many influences of the schools which the different departments afford, a wonderful work of reformation is almost silently going on. On the social side, there are evening parties once a

month, where lessons of politeness and many courtesies are shown by example, and the children take turns in playing host and guest, or in serving. At the end of the school term the children know more of entertaining properly than many persons of the same age who have been brought up in homes of refinement. In addition to the kindergarten, there is the Normal Training-school, which offers professional training for teachers, making a specialty of primary and kindergarten work. Teachers have been sent from this school to all parts of the country. Wonderful work has been done by the introduction of kindergarten work in insane-hospitals and schools for the feeble-minded. Mrs. Blaker and her assistant, Mrs. Nash, are at the head of the schools in this city, which are supported by voluntary contributions and subscriptions.

Anna McKenzie.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Latest Fad.

NANNETTE is just the dearest girl;
To her I vow my love and duty;
From slipper-tip to shining curl
She 's my ideal of dainty beauty.
She 's all a fiancée should be;
No words are fond enough to praise her;
But life has lost its charm for me
Since Nan became a crystal-gazer.

The passing fad of each new day
Has caught and held her fickle fancy;
It nearly took my breath away
When she went in for chiromancy.
She studied psychical research,
And hypnotism did n't faze her;
She even joined the Buddhist church;
But now she is a crystal-gazer.

Some of her fads I rather liked—
Her cult of Ibsen or of Browning,
Her swagger costume when she biked,
Her dress-reform and Delsarte gowning;
I liked it when she tried to cook
Crabs à la Newburg in her blazer;
But life takes on a different look
Since Nan became a crystal-gazer.

Her fervid gaze she concentrates—
That crystal ball her constant focus;
She ardently invokes the Fates
And all their mystic hocus-pocus,
With muscles tense, and head erect,
Until the gleaming crystal sways her
(I 've known it to have that effect,
Though I am not a crystal-gazer).

Of course I know it 's but a freak,
The very latest London notion;
She may forget it in a week,
And find some other new devotion.
But with my heart too long she 's played,—
I wonder if it would amaze her
If I should woo another maid
While Nan remains a crystal-gazer.

Carolyn Wells.

Spontaneous History.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A DUKE of Normandy, Robert the Devil,
Casting about him in search of evil,
Espied a tanner's daughter, Arletta—
The less that 's said about *her* the better.

. . . . .

Forty years rolled away into line.
Duke Robert's son, aged thirty-nine,
Raised some forces and managed to land them
In England, met the Saxons, and tanned them.

. . . .

None of recorded historical bastings
Is more complete than the battle of Hastings;
And William the Conqueror promptly determined
To have himself crowned and sceptered and ermined.

This purpose was shortly a realized hope,
By the aid of a sword and a bull of the Pope
Which was brought by a bishop, his own half-brother
(Quite unrelated to William's half-mother),
Who dropped vague hints about milk and honey,
Which, in the case of a bishop, means money.

William, with density almost alarming,
Bluffly confessed he knew nothing of farming;
Honey, he thought, should be easy to find,
But in following bees keep a trifle behind;
Then, too, if the bishop's milk-can was not full,
Why, doubtless, the bishop could milk the bull!
However, the bishop still harbored a doubt,
So was sent to a prison to think it all out.

The monarch now passed quite a number of acts on
The every-day manner of life of the Saxon;
He mapped out the land in a Doomsday Book,
In which all the Saxons were privileged to look
For the boundary-lines of their farms, great or small,
And to find that they did n't own any at all.

If their despair to unpleasantness led,
The king yanked the curfew and sent them to bed,
And turned to the Doomsday Book to enlist 'em
As villeins or serfs of his new feudal system.
Thus, in time, fair England was Normandized;
William, with dignity, rested and gormandized.

The Normans, meanwhile, their energies bent
To founding old families of Norman descent;
And modern statistics have rendered it plain,
By the number of people who come of this strain,

That most of the Normans abandoned as dead
At the battle of Hastings were buried—and bred!

Concerning usurpers, 't is often deplored
That in peaceable, prosperous times they are bored.
And William was wont to be fully content
Until he had nothing on earth to resent.

Thinking, in France, there 'd be some one to trounce,
He crossed to a place that I cannot pronounce,
Tendered some cheek to the king, who returned it;
Captured a queerly spelled city, and burned it.

He rode o'er the ruins; his horse, a mere foal,
Absent-mindedly stepped on a red-hot coal;
He thoughtlessly shied, and his rider's inside
Was severely tried—something went—and he died.

RICHARD III.

'T WAS softest spring. King Edward's internals
Collapsed; their possessor joined the supernals—
Or else the infernals. However, he died;
And Richard, observant of decency, cried.

Fearing the king might be lonely, though dead,
He sent for Lord Hastings, and cut off his head;
Sent for Lord Vaughan, who arrived at eleven,
Departed in sections, and lunched in heaven;
Sent for Lord Grey and the good Earl Rivers,
Who shortly appeared in a fit of shivers;
Begged them to follow the dear departed,
And in an hour they also had started.

While he was dying, they failed to remind
The king of his crown—Edward left it behind.
Such a contingency, as it appears,
Richard foresaw, and for several years
Had made preparations and plans of his own,
Of int'rest to those between him and the throne—
Slyly transforming each living impediment
Into an oozing, graveyard sediment.

For instance, that feeble Lancastrian hope,
Henry the Sixth, had neglected to slope;
And, minus his liberty, minus his reason,
Had taken apartments in town for the season—
In a romantic, historical bower,
By fashion frequented, and known as «the Tower.»

His son, whom Richard regarded askance,
Returned with his bride and his mother from France.
The trio were captured in Tewkesbury's hollows,
And Richard disposed of the family as follows:
The son, as a matter of course, he stabbed;
Paused to marry the bride, then jabbed
A hole in the father, and jailed the mother;
The rest he forgave—as there *was* no other!

Just at this moment it came to his ears
That Clarence, his brother, drank hard for his years;
And Richard determined at once to insure
A homeopathic but permanent cure;
So, stifling natural brotherly qualms, he
Drowned the young duke in a hogshead of malmsey.

Edward the Fifth, with his little brother
(Sons, by Edward the Fourth, of their mother),
Started for town to take up the crown
That Edward the Fourth had just laid down.
Richard and Buckingham, to their rapture,
Safely effected the princes' capture—
Their mother, indeed, was the only objector.
Richard, however, now lord protector,
Swore to father 'em, swore to mother 'em,
Hired a fellow named Tyrrel to smother 'em;
Heard of their death with the utmost delight,
Ascended the throne, made Tyrrel a knight;
Sent for the princes' mother, kissed her,
Poisoned his wife and proposed for their sister.

Buckingham, always the king's right hand
(Whose services Richard retained at command
To compass whatever unusual villainy
Called for a criminal expert to kill any
Relatives, enemies, foes, or friends—
In short, to subserve the good king's ends),
Remembering, foolishly, quite a lot
Of things that the king would have wished forgot,
And growing dissatisfied, quietly dusted;
Wrote to the monarch: «Dear Sire, I 'm busted,
And write to remind you it may be as well
To purchase some secrets I 'm anxious to sell.
Yours, B. P. S.: I must not be pursued or
I 'll join the forces of Henry Tudor.»

The fellow, indeed, was a good enough tool
When Richard directed, but simply a fool
With vague, rudimentary notions of evil,
Compared with his master, that pride of the devil.
As a matter of course, he was presently caught,
And straight before Richard the Third was brought.

The king addressed him gently: «Buck,
I 'm sorry to hear you 're out of luck.
You merit reward; perhaps there 's some
Reward for you in the world to come,
Where minds are exposed, but mouths are closed—
Headsman!» . . . Buckingham decomposed.

The census of 1485
Found few of his subjects remaining alive.
Toward the end of spring it became the thing,
With ghosts of fashion, to haunt the king:
Till, while in search of another victim,
Richard met Henry Tudor, who licked him,
Stabbed him repeatedly, broke his head,
Married his niece, and reigned in his stead.

Rows of histories—rows on rows—
Contain King Richard's life in prose.
Of verse, however, there 's not a line,
Except in Shakspere's works—and mine.

Walter D. Robinson.

How Would He have Painted Foxes?

DE DAUBER painted portraits in a rather funny way;
He had his brushes side by side in very odd array:
For flesh he used a flesh-brush, and a hair-brush painted hair;
A tooth-brush painted pearly teeth in mouths of ladies fair;
A nail-brush, clothes-brush, hat-brush, painted those for which they 're named.
«It is the only way to do,» De Dauber loud proclaimed.
And when he painted India shawls (I know you can't suspect)
He used a brush of camel's hair to get the best effect.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Conversation on Golf.

Suggested by the claim that it would show more skill to play golf with one club than with driver, brassey, mashy, lofter, cleek, putter, niblick, bulger, mid-iron, etc., etc.

SHE

«WHY play that foolish game
Of chasing up a ball
With fifteen clubs, you name,
When *one* would do it all?»

HE

«Why use a spoon for soup,
When, if it does not spill,
Your eating with a fork
Would show so much more skill?

«Why use an oar to row,
When rowing with a pole,
I 'd really have you know,
Is harder, on the whole?

«Why use a hook and fly
To fish, when pin and worm
Will take a ‹kelly's› eye
And land him safe and firm?

«Why use a rake to rake,
Or yet a hoe to hoe?
A spade will surely make
A place for things to grow.»

And so on without end.
Why make we such ado—
So many a thing pretend
To need, when one would do?

So with this game called Life;
Hate, scorn, revenge, we call
To aid us in the strife,
When love would do it all.

Alice M. Ditson.

Foolin' Wif de Seasons.

SEEMS lak folks is mighty cur'us in de way dey t'inks an' ac's;
Dey jes spen' dey days a-mixin' up de dates in almanacs.
Now I mind my next-do' neighbor—he 's a mighty likely man,
But he nevah t'inks o' nuffin only but to plot an' plan.

All de winter he was plannin' how he 'd gether sassafras
Jes ez soon ez evah springtime put some greenness in de grass;
An' he 'lowed, a little sooner, he could stan' a cooler breeze,
So 's to mek a little money f'om de sugah-watah trees.

In de summah he 'd be wearin' out de linin' of his soul
Try'n' to ca'kilate an' figger how he 'd git his winter's coal:
'Twell I b'lieve he got his jedgment jes so tuckered out and thinned
Dat he t'ought a robin's whistle was de whistle of de wind!

Why won't folks gin up dey plannin', an' jes be content to know
Dat dey 's gittin' all dat 's fu' dem in de days dat come an' go?
Why don't folks quit movin' forrard? Ain't it better jes to stan',
An' be satisfied wif livin' in de season dat 's at han'?

Hit 's enough fu' me to listen when de birds is singin' roun',
'Dout a-guessin' whut 'll happen when de snow is on de groun'.
In de springtime an' de summah I lay sorrer on de she'f,
'Cause I know ol' Mistah Winter gwine to hustle fu' hisse'f.

We been put hyeah fu' a pu'pose; but de question dat has riz,
An' made lots o' people differ, is jes what dat pu'pose is.
Now, accordin' to my reas'nin', hyeah 's de place whah I 's arriv':
Sence de Lawd put life into us, why he put us hyeah—to live!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Larry is There.

THE Band is a-playin',
An' the best player there
Is Larry—bowld Larry!
Sure, an' niver an air,
Or onything fair-
Ly worth playin', i' sooth,
Could the Band be a-playin',
An' Larry not there!

The Band is a-playin',
An' Larry is there;
An' Katie Maginnis
An' Mary O'Hare,
Wid their ribbons a-flyin',
The byes are all eyein'—
For the Band is a-playin',
An' Larry is there.

The Band is a-playin',
An' Larry is there;
Faith, what *sh'u'd* I care
If Pat, Tim, an' Dinnis
An' all o' thim byes
Bees—well, *onywhere*,
Whin the music is soundin',
An' Larry is there!

The Band it is playin',
An' Larry is there;
Whisht, now, an' 't is joyous!
Thin, 'fore yees are 'ware,
Comes a sobbin' an' grievin',
An' thin, like a prayer,
Is the music a-throbbin',
Whin Larry is there!

. . . . .

Och, the Band it kapes playin',
An' Larry is there;
An' me heart it is kinder
Than Larry is 'ware;
For the cowld looks I gave 'im
Were jist to desave 'im—
I 've a rose in me bosom
For Larry that 's there!

E. S. Stilwell.

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